

Modern Times in Durik

Story 4: Sake with a Bakedanuki

Characters in Story:

Flint – A 21-year-old male fennec fox with beige fur and yellow outlines. A writer and music composing hobbyist. Lives in D-05 with Rorark.

Rorark – A 20-year-old male skunk with slate fur and green stripes. A SFW streamer by day and NSFW streamer by night. Lives in D-05 with Flint.

Manik – A small male cat-like demon with red and black fur and piercing yellow eyes. Acts as Durik's caretaker when none of its inhabitants are present and is commonly requested for his magic. Lives wherever he wants so long as it's within the house.

Other Characters:

Karby – A 23-year-old male rat with silver fur and a pink tail. A historian with a love for the occult and magic. Is Durik's 1st tenant. Lives in D-01.

“No, no, and for the 122nd time, NO!” Manik looked at the tenants of D-05 with pure disdain. “Refuse to allow that tanuki ANYWHERE in this house!”

Flint got closer to the demon with somewhat pleading eyes. “Aww~ come on Manik!”

“Absolutely NOT! He’s bad news!”

Rorark looked on with a curious smile from his desk. “What’s so bad about The Legendary Tanuki?”

Manik only grew more frustrated. “You two can summon literally ANY OTHER GOD BUT HIM!”

“What do you have against tanukis Manik? Are they some kind of demon bane or something.”

“No! They’re not! I have no problems with ANY tanukis or raccoon dogs or whatever they want to call themselves! It’s only Danzaburou! That tanuki is forbidden from being here!”

Flint’s face turned annoyed as he looked at the name on the demon’s open grimoire “Then why is he on the list? Surely, he can’t be THAT bad~”

Manik sighed. “He’s on the list because when you put a god or entity on the list they are there permanently. Things have changed and I shall not be permitting his summon. End of discussion!”

The cat-like demon grabbed and closed the book with a frown and began drawing a symbol. When he finished, he snapped his fingers, creating a thundering sound throughout the house. A silence held over the room for a few seconds before he let out a deep exhale. “There... The parameters have been set. If Danzaburou is ever summoned...” A dark aura began emanating from him. “***You too will have hell to pay...***”

The tenants watched Manik disappear from the door entrance and walk away. Flint and Rorark gave each other a look before shrugging and sighing.

“Well that really sucks...” Rorark said, leaning back in his chair.

“I know right? He wasn’t this pressed when me and Karby summoned Ratatoskr.”

Karby would soon pop his head into the door. His normally jovial face turned sad at Flint and Rorark's demeanors. "Hey... Oh... He said no didn't he?"

Flint looked at the rat downtrodden. "Not only did he say "no", but he also put up a Commandment. Can't even summon Danzaburou without him noticing now."

The rat soon formed a smile. "Hmmp~ Are you sure about that Flint?"

"Wha? Huh?" The fennec fox's eyes widened as Karby pulled out a familiar bottle. "Is that..."

"“A bottle from Manik's liquor stash?”? Yes... Indeed it is."

Rorark sat back up in astonishment. "Kar bro... You're not saying what I think you're saying are you?"

Karby's face only contorted further into a smirk. "Depends~ How badly do you want to experience what me and Flint got to experience?"

The skunk's face only grew flustered. "I... Uuh..."

Flint merely burst into laughter. "Bahaha~! I always love this about you Ror. You act like a hard-ass on stream but you're really just a down bad simp like us! Hah!"

Rorark blushed harder. "S-Shut up you! I'll put your cage back on for more experiments!"

Flint remained unfazed and continued laughing. Meanwhile, Karby walked further into the room and placed the bottle on Flint's desk. He then reached into his pocket and pulled out a small bottle of thyme...

"Heh... Alright. If you too are done, remember... a small sprinkle of this will make him a satisfied demon~..." He winked at the two before departing the room.

Flint and Rorark eyed the bottles before smiling...

About 1 hour later...

Manik sat on the couch flipping through mortal tv. Most of the tenants were now at work... Well... "What do you two idiots want?"

Flint and Rorark wore polite faces as they presented Manik's bottle.

The cat-like imp raised an eyebrow. "The hell? Where did you find my stash!?"

Flint merely chuckled. “Heh~ We didn’t find your stash. We just found this one laying about by itself.”

Rorark nodded on. “Yeah Manik. You should take better inventory. I found it in my room after streaming.”

The demon narrowed his eyes slightly but got off the couch anyways. “Welp... If I did, I did... I’ll take the L as you lot would say...” He swiped the bottle out Rorark’s hand and popped it open.

The two tenants watched in amazement as Manik drank and gulped down the liquor in a single few sips. He let out a sigh of relief when finished and then yawned. “Ahhh~ Mmmph... Yeah... That’s a... good punishment... I don’t know why I feel tired though... f-fuck...”

Manik said nothing else, instead he attempted to walk out of the living room a few more steps before collapsing on the floor. The imp made one last stretch before letting out a loud snore.

Flint and Rorark gave each other smiles before propping the demon’s sleeping form on the couch. The fennec fox picked up the grimoire and flipped through it. “Alright... Ahh~ Here! Danzaburou: 1 bottle of sake or hard liquor, 1 green leaf, and a bag of at least 80 dollars...”

Rorark shook his head. “Sheesh... Steep pricing...”

“I don’t know bro... 80 bucks for the best day of your life sounds like a steal. We get it back anyways~.”

The skunk shrugged. “I guess...” He took out his wallet. “Would this count as a bag?”

“Perhaps? Karby does always say that demon magic can always have multiple interpretations if you’re creative enough.”

Rorark tossed his wallet onto the floor while Flint gathered the other materials. The fennec then wrote down the symbols for Danzaburou and placed the paper on top of the collected items.

Immediately, the paper absorbed all of the materials, creating a wondrous noise and brilliant green light. After shining brightly, the light faded with a single large leaf slowly settling on the ground.

Rorark raised an eyebrow. “Uuh... Where’s the tanuki?”

Flint shrugged.

“Did it not work or something? What did we miss?”

Flint flipped through the book again. “I have no idea Ror... This didn’t happen when we summoned Ratatoskr...”

Almost on cue, the leaf glowed brighter before exploding. Rorark and Flint’s eyes widened as a clothed tanuki stood in place of the leaf.

The tanuki would stand up with a slightly tired sigh. “Yare yare~ Did I really have to be summoned in the middle of the night? Mendokusai~...”

The fennec and skunk’s faces both contorted into smiles. Rorark fell to the ground with glee. “So... It really does work! The legendary tanuki Danzaburou stands before us!”

Immediately the tanuki god turned to face him in anger “Hey! That’s “The Legendary Danzaburou-danuki” to you! You mortals need to learn some respect!”

“Ack! My apologies!” Rorark quickly prostrated himself.

Danzaburou smiled at the gesture. “Ehehe~ I like you already. What’s your name sukanku?”

“R-Rorark sir...”

The tanuki began walking over to him. “Ohoho... Naruhodo. You’re the one that summoned me aren’t you?”

Flint perked up. “Umm... I was the one that made the circle for you Lord Danzaburou.”

Danzaburou gave him a malicious side-eye. “Honorifics are how I function mortal. “Danzaburou-sama” is what you use...”

The fennec flinched in embarrassment. “S-Sorry!”

“Anyways~... It was Rorark’s money offering that I received. Therefore, Rorark is the one I’ll listen to.”

The skunk’s eyes lit up. “Oh! Danzaburou-sama all I wanted to do was also worship you! All aspects of you! Especially your... uhmm... y-your...” He couldn’t stop his eyes from panning down to the god’s crotch area.

Danzaburou was not in his normal clothing. It was nighttime on Sado Island anyways. He was summoned here in cloth akin to pajamas. He gave the skunk a smirk for being able to sense his modest package under his robes. “My~ “special” sake?”

“Y-Yees?” Rorark looked away guiltily.

“Say no more!”

Rorark’s eyes widened briefly before he felt his head yanked down to the tanuki’s crotch. Immediately his senses flooded with a scent of sake. He moaned as he felt his cock harden.

Danzaburou grinded his sheathe on the skunk’s soft fur until his cock began to poke out. He smirked at the feeling and turned to Flint. “You! Undress Danzaburou.”

The fennec’s eyes widened at the command. His heart fluttered as he felt the god’s overwhelming presence compel him. “Y-Yes sir...” He walked over and began removing the knots holding up the god’s clothes.

Rorark moaned under the pressure again, causing Danzaburou to look back at Flint with annoyance. “Hurry up! My worshipper is earning his keep and I never keep my worshippers waiting!”

Flint yipped in response and hurried, quickly removing the last knot and opening the robe.

Rorark’s eyes lit up as the tanuki god’s cock laid in front of him. His lust-drunk mind immediately went to service it. He licked the sheath coaxing more and more of the precious length it was hold out.

Danzaburou couldn’t help but let out a soft moan at the feeling. “Ahh~ Very good. Keep that pace...”

Flint found his own nose overwhelmed with the smell of sake radiating off of the tanuki’s body. He shivered as he felt himself obey his urges and slump himself down with his roommate.

Together, the both of them serviced the god, licking and kissing his balls and cock. The delicious taste seemed to drip from every part of the organ. The two heard their god chuckling as they felt their vision shift slightly and become unbalanced at the alcohol.

Danzaburou would let out another chuckle as he finished pouring his small bottle of sake on his cock. The mortals were too enamored with worshipping him to

notice. Now their eyes were half-lidded, and the occasional hiccup left their systems in the brief breaks of worshipping they did.

He would let his worshippers continue until he was on the edge. “Ahh~ Sugee~ Now then, who wants their prize first?”

“ME!” Both of the mortal’s eyes lit up with glee.

“Hehehe~ Naruhodo... Thankfully Danzaburou has enough sake for everyone!” He grabbed his favorite worshipper, Rorark, by scruff and positioned his mouth in front of him.

Rorark’s clouded instinct told him to lick the god’s cock again. When doing so he was met with a growl and a flood of seed pouring onto his face. He opened his mouth in hopes of catching the goodness on his tongue.

Danzaburou let out a sigh as he turned to the uncoated fennec to pump his seed onto him. Flint began wagging his tail as the cum splattered onto his fur and muzzle.

Flint opened his mouth to drink up the sake that the god was giving him. It tasted sweet and burned his throat. He moaned while gulping it down, savoring every last drop.

“Ehehe~ I take it you both enjoy Danzaburou’s sake no?”

The two mortals frantically nodded their heads.

“Well~ You know what they say! “The best addiction comes from the strongest source.” I’m glad you two took an extreme liking to it!”

The tenants said nothing, choosing to remain in their stupors.

Danzaburou laughed at the sight before letting out a yawn. At the same time, a certain cat-like demon would let out a guttural snore. The tanuki god turned to the source and smiled even wider. “Ehehehe~ Ahh Manik...”

The demon only slightly stirred at his name being said but remained inert. He only seemed to begin shifting slightly more as the tanuki god got closer. “...Mmf. S-Sake...”

“Ehehe~ Typical... You never change bakemono...”

Danzaburou hopped onto the couch and lifted the demon’s tail. He poured some sake onto his hands before prodding the hole with his digits.

Manik's sleeping face turned into a relieved smile and became wider with every extra digit the tanuki used. A rare, occasional moan would escape him as the god plunged his fingers deeper.

"Ehehe~ Nice and ready..." The tanuki god turned to his worshippers. They had both instinctively began stroking themselves at the sight. "...Watch closely you two. You are about to learn how to beat this yokai..."

Flint and Rorark looked on in glee and hunger as they watched the tanuki god pierce Manik with his cum-covered rod. The tanuki's balls still looked full and heavy despite how much the two worshippers had already drank.

Danzaburou couldn't stop himself from yawning. Normally he would have made this moment with his friend last longer but the god couldn't ignore his instincts. He let out a very low growl and quickened his thrusts.

"Mmmph~ ... F-Fuck... Danza..."

The tanuki smiled. "Heh... Fuck you too Manik..." He reeled back and thrust into the cat-like demon one last time.

"Gghh~ Fffk..." Manik's own cock splattered cum onto his stomach and the couch as he endured the flood of the tanuki's seed. The sheer volume began seeping in excess out of his anal ring. His still sleeping form curled and attempted to milk all of the tanuki's god cock, causing a small bulge to form in his stomach.

Danzaburou sighed in delight of his afterglow. His balls still felt heavy, but this experience was good enough for him. He waited a long few seconds before pulling out his cock.

The demon let out a shuddering moan as the tanuki god's cum began spilling out of his used hole. Flint and Rorark found themselves cumming at the same time, surprisingly shooting their loads onto the body of the demon.

Danzaburou smiled once again. "Shinji rarenai! Well done my worshippers!"

Rorark shivered, finding it extremely difficult to handle his afterglow. "F-Fuck~ I-I didn't know I could do that..."

Flint was also shivering in mostly the same way. "I-I've never cum that far. E-Even with Manik's requests..."

The god merely chuckled. "Well then~ Now you know the difference between lowly demon magic and tanuki magic!" He then walked over to collect his robes

before patting himself down. “Sayonara! I am off to bed. You will summon me again no?”

Flint and Rorark’s eyes couldn’t be any more different. Flint’s eyes lit up in glee. “O-Of course Danzaburou-sama! We promise to summon you again!”

Meanwhile, Rorark’s eyes turned into grief. “B-But wait! I-I can still service you more Legendary Danzaburou-danuki!” He quickly turned around and presented his ass to the god. “P-Please let me take you! I-I can service you more!”

Danzaburou could only chuckle yet again. “Hehehe~ I adore your praise and need sukanku, but you are not ready to take The Legendary Danzaburou-danuki. You still need a bit more practice.”

The skunk frantically turned back around. “H-How will I even know if I’m ready!?”

Danzaburou reached into his robes and pulled out a seemingly normal leaf. He held it in his hands for a bit before blowing it towards Rorark. Reaching its location, it landed softly in his hands. “When you are ready, that leaf will grow and one of my devoted tanuki will test you. Pass their test and you will be ready for Danzaburou...”

The tanuki looked around the room one last time before silently chuckling. He then did an extraordinary flip before transforming into a large leaf. The same leaf...

Flint and Rorark looked on in awe as the leaf began to float despite its size. It began glowing a brilliant green before fading away.

The room began shifting before returning all of the items used for the summoning...

Soon... The two would be left alone...

The skunk couldn’t help but yawn. “Ooh~ Shiit bro... I-I uhhmm... Th-that~”

Flint turned towards him, feeling slightly less fatigued. “Yeah~!? You see!? IT’S AMAZING!”

“Wh-When can we summon him again?”

The fennec stumbled over to the unconscious imp’s grimoire. Just as he somewhat expected, Danzaburou’s name was faded out, exuding no magic from even thinking about his name anymore. “Uuh... A while... Never really asked Manik nor the gods about that.”

Rorark slowly managed to get up. “Well then... guess we’ll need to ask when said demon wakes up! I’m off for a quick nap.”

Flint chuckled as the skunk’s still cum-covered face turned around. “Haha! Not even going to shower?”

Rorark looked at him in shock. “The fuck!? And wash this godly jizz off of me!? Heck no!”

Flint merely rolled his eyes and went to clean things up before leaving the room himself. “Oh! Ror! Seems like your money is gone! Can’t see it in your wallet.”

The skunk merely waved it off and kept walking. “Eh! It’s a good offering to someone as majestic as him anyways...”

Flint sighed and shrugged before following him.

The only things that remained was a sleeping cum-covered cat-like demon and his grimoire...