

Irrefusable Offers

By Victor Waite

A coyote gets far more than he bargained for while exploring a derelict casino and falls in the realm of a lesser demon lord. He must gamble with his soul to win his freedom, but one of the demon's minions has other plans for him.

Content Warning: This story is intended for adult readers and contains a Male Coyote, a Male Demon, an Herm Omnibus, Use of Alcohol, Trickery, Transformation, MtH, Hyper Cock and Balls, Multiple Breasts Cocks and Balls, Lactation, Excessive Cum, Heat, Public Sex, Exhibition, Impregnation, Rapid Pregnancy, Oviposition, Bondage, Pet Play, and Dom/Sub elements

Shards of glass fell to the sandy floor as the coyote crawled through the broken door. He stood up and dusted his vest once inside the decrypt interior, brushing the dangerous fragments and irritating particles away. The tan canine plucked the hat from his head and stuffed it into his bag, sure he wouldn't need it until he was on his way out. He pulled his bag back onto his shoulder and surveyed his surroundings, and the excitement of impending exploration welled up in his chest. The abandoned casino was dark and ill-kept, and the previous owners took most everything of value with them, but that didn't dispel the incredible rumors about it. Whispered legends of a lost vault key and money free for the taking persisted in the local history, inspiring a few to brave the crumbling building for them. Nothing about the place seemed inherently dangerous, discrediting the accompanying tales of people vanishing in its halls. The few disappearances linked with meaningful evidence were inconclusive at best, but they did well enough at keeping the casual looters away. The coyote assured himself his experience in urban exploration would spare him such a fate, and he delved into the darkened casino with high spirits.

The dog made it a few feet inside before he fixed a lamp to his head and switched it on, illuminating the stuffy floor with a bright cone. Motes of dust danced across the revealing beam while he pulled a mask from his pack and pulled it over his muzzle. His allergies would thank him for the foresight. Puffs of fine sand rose from the faded carpet with his steps, adding to the room's gloomy haze. He kept moving to keep it from surrounding him, and nothing he found along the first leg of his expedition gave him reason to stop. Depressions in the shaggy carpet showed where gambling machines and tables once sat, and splintered furniture showed where patrons used to enjoy them. He wandered aimlessly through the wallet-draining ruins until he came across the remains of a bar, which he easily hopped over and checked. The cash register and appliances were long gone, but with any luck, there could be a stray drink waiting to be found. The coyote opened and slammed empty cabinet after empty cabinet, and his disappointment grew with each successive one. A grin spread across his muzzle when his hunch finally paid off however, and he reached deep into a low drawer to retrieve his bottled prize.

What he retrieved perplexed him. The bottle's deep purple, almost black, glass didn't line up with anything in his knowledge, and time had worn its label to illegibility. The dog puzzled over it while he referred to his phone for enlightenment, but a lack of signal kept him in the dark. A closer look revealed an unsealed cap, plummeting his hopes of selling it for more than a few dollars. The coyote shrugged and decided to make the best of the disappointment by, popping the cork free, rubbing its opening with his shirt, then taking a swig. His eyes widened the instant the drink hit his tongue, and he nearly dropped his consolation prize when he doubled over and coughed. His throat burned as the spicy tar oozed down to his belly, and it clung to his mouth despite his attempts to wash it away with water. Each gulp offered a fleeting relief, but it resurged again and again for minutes after. It eventually wore off, and the coyote wiped his lips and shuddered, then glared at the dark bottle. He slammed the cork back in its neck with intent to leave it there for the next chump, but his plans changed when his balance abandoned him.

The darkened room spun as he tumbled to the floor, and he threw his arms out just

in time to save his head from striking the floor. His muscles rebelled when he tried to stand, and disorienting lights danced across his eyes. The canine dropped to the floor again, from a much more merciful height, where he fought against his uncooperative body. He squeezed his eyes shut and concentrated against the haze consuming the edges of his vision, and to his surprise, he beat it back and recovered. The coyote clawed his way up to the bar and threw himself across its surface, and immediately wished he hadn't. The room he found himself in vaguely resembled the one he entered, the columns were in the right place at least, but the other similarities were few and far between. The casino looked to be completely restored, and an army of small, impossible creatures patrolled its floors and kept its monstrous patrons satisfied. The canine sank back into hiding and checked his head for bumps, but a gruff voice interrupted him. He jumped with surprise at first, then remembered his situation and clapped a paw over his muzzle in a vain attempt to stay hidden. A second call told him he'd failed, and he stood on shaky knees to face its source.

A gigantic, three-headed dog stared him down with triple glares until his middle head spoke up. "Come with me."

Fear rooted the coyote in place until one of his side-heads turned and growled. He muttered a meek apology, then trailed the cerberus just out of biting range.

The imposing creature guided him through a palace of opulence and hedonism, and the coyote glanced aside as often as he could to steal away the odd sights. From a distance, the place seemed right at home on the Vegas strip, but a second glance showed it went well beyond anything on the mortal plane. Masterfully crafted golden artwork wrapped around the pillars supporting the marble ceilings, and grandiose chandlers lit the floor with everlasting flames. Nothing cast a shadow despite them, furthering the illusion of a non-existent place. The coyote's focus drifted from the environment to its residents in the interest of self-preservation, though they raised just as many questions. The beings at the machines, the casino's patrons, came from all walks of life, many of which he'd never seen before. Bizarre hybrids and species encountered nowhere else mingled and gambled, filling in the space between walkways and attractions. The canine's pace slowed to a crawl when a nearby slot machine paid out, overtaking the beast before it with a luminous glow. The cerberus reached back and physically pulled him away before he could make sense of the outcome, but he swore the thing that rose through the ceiling wasn't the same thing that was in the chair.

The bulky casino attendant kept an iron grip on the coyote to prevent any further delays, and for the most part, the sights repeated until they neared their destination. Flashing machines gave way to ornate card tables as the pathways converged, and a large dais rose from the center of it all. The three-headed canine dragged the smaller dog up its many steps, high above the casino floor, where a lavishly decorated throne awaited them. The coyote shied behind his captor as the gigantic chair spun, reveling the lord of the realm. A colossal demon leaned in and loomed over the pair, casting a long shadow as a devilish grin spread across his muzzle. Despite his stature, he looked fairly normal compared to the rest of the casino's denizens. His bottom half was that of a goat, and his top half that of a

wolf, though a set of ram's horns curled around his ears and broke the sharp division. His hooves clacked against the polished stone as he adjusted his posture, sending his heavy cock and balls over the edge of his seat. The coyote backed away when a familiar scent hit him, and he blanched when he realized where his cursed alcohol came from. The reaction brought a booming laugh from the hybrid ruler, which did little to ease the canine's nerves.

"Let me guess. Ya drank the booze."

The coyote nodded and looked at the ground.

"Then you must not'a liked it."

He nodded again, but wondered about how the demon knew that.

"Yer aloud ta speak, you know. I ain't gonna slap your mouth off if that's what yer worried about." The half-goat leaned down and set his elbows on his knees, then addressed the cerberus. "You wanna save me the trouble and spell this out for 'em?"

The larger canine glanced up at the hybrid, then turned back to neutral, drawing an exasperated sigh from the realm lord.

"Can't get good help these days," he muttered. "That don't get ya out of this though. You drank my booze, so now you gotta gamble for yer freedom."

The coyote finally spoke up. "What the hell kinda policy is that? How was I supposed to know it was yours?"

"This is just the kinda shit ya get yerself into when you drink from weird lookin' bottles," he retorted. "Of course, we could just skip all'a that and I can take yer soul now, if that's what you prefer."

"N-no, lets do the other thing."

"That's what they usually say," the demon grinned. His eyes flashed and a stack of tokens appeared in the coyote's paw. "Thems yer soul-chips, and you got 7 of 'em. Coincidentally, that's what it costs ta leave."

"What's stopping me from cashing out right now?"

"Nothin' if you don't want yer soul no more," he shrugged. "You can leave with less than 7 too, but you ain't gonna be completely you if ya do."

The coyote's expression blanked as the weight of the situation set in on him.

"Come on now, at least try to have fun with it," the demon groaned. "It ain't every day this

happens."

The demon's complaint didn't reach the smaller canine, and he lumbered off without further remark.

"And don't think you can just hide and bide yer time," the realm lord called out. "My staff 'ill come after ya if yer sandbaggin'."

The demon laughed and snapped his clawed fingers, teleporting the coyote away in a puff of flame. The tan canine clutched his head to stop the room from spinning, and he found himself not far from where he entered the strange realm. A full gambit of lesser devils roamed the paths between the gambling machines and their patrons, ranging from tiny imps to sultry succubi and brutish enforcers. A few of them eyed him with predatory grins as they passed, but none immediately confronted him. The dog knew they were sizing him up, and he took the opportunity to make a decent impression. He steeled his nerve and puffed out his chest, then strutted to the nearest slot machine and took his seat. Its text was written in a language he couldn't decipher, but the pictures with it told him what he needed to know. It accepted his soul tokens, and if luck smiled on him, it would pay them out. The coyote fished the first of them from his pocket, but hesitated before putting it in the slot. His inaction didn't go unnoticed, and a yelp of surprise slipped from his throat when an unknown hand clapped down on his shoulder.

"You didn't hear this from me, but all these machines are rigged," the voice crooned. "You're better off at the card tables."

The dog spun to find a omnibus with a knowing smile and not much else. Their exposed breasts rose and fell with their breathing, and their cock bobbed and throbbed with perpetual lust. "Why would you tell me that?"

"I'm tired of seeing the same thing over and over again," they sighed. "It was fun the first few hundred years, but I want to see someone shake things up. I think you got what it takes."

"I bet you say that to everyone."

The devil held their hands up. "You're not wrong, but that doesn't make it any less true." They curled their tail over his shoulders and tickled his chin with its heart-shaped tip. "Just don't blow through all your tokens in one go. You new arrivals are the only entertainment I get anymore."

The coyote leaned away from their touch and held his tongue as they sauntered away until a tingling sensation blossomed in his core. He staunchly ignored it as it spread across his pelt, but he found it harder to keep it out of his thoughts as it intensified. Curiosity and concern soon got the better of him, and he took his shirt off to figure out what it was. His eyes widened at what he found, and his heart sank when he saw the omnibus

lingering in the corner of his vision. The fur on his belly fell out in thick clumps to reveal smooth, red skin beneath, immaculate and free of blemishes. His breath caught in his throat when the shedding front reached his chest, and a lance of pleasure pierced his chest as his breasts filled out. His cheeks flushed and he shamelessly panted as he rushed through the alphabet, his new bust rapidly obscuring his lap. Pinpricks of pleasure sparked beneath them as additional sets grew in, adorning his front with four pairs in total. Their size diminished as they approached his hips, but he couldn't hope to ignore their weight and heft. A brief distraction presented itself when the wave of alteration reached his crotch, shorting his nerves with another blast of bliss. A low moan resonated in his wobbling chest as his arousal surged free, pushing passed his waistband and reaching into his compound cleavage. A second shaft stretched his sheath and followed its brother, and twin spurts of lust painted the underside of his chine by the time his growth slowed.

A satisfied laugh cut through the borderline orgasmic haze fogging his thoughts, and he turned to see the omnibus flicking two of his tokens between her hands. "You're not gonna last long if you don't keep your guard up," they teased. "But given how much you seemed to enjoy that, I don't think you'd make it far anyway."

The coyote searched for the willpower to refute them, but couldn't before the omnibus closed the space between them and traced a claw under his chin.

"Since you seem to enjoy the idea of being my pet, how about we make a deal~?"

"Why should I after you tricked me?"

The devil's tail whipped around the mostly-coyote's side and plucked one of the tokens from his pocket, restarting the wave of transformation. "Don't get me wrong, you don't have a choice in this," the omnibus laughed. "I'm just giving you a chance to embrace and enjoy your downfall a little bit." They produced a collar from somewhere and twirled it around their finger. "And if you cooperate, I might be convinced to take you with me when I get out of here."

The coyote dug his fingers into the carpet and trembled as blast after blast of pleasure accompanied the deepening changes, rapidly eroding his argument against. He knew there was nothing stopping the devil from taking the rest of his tokens and sealing his fate for good, meaning he had nothing left to lose. "Alright," he huffed. "What's your plan?"

"I'm gonna tie you up and let people fuck you until we have enough tokens to get out of here."

A moan resonated in the canine's chest. "Do you really think that's going to work?"

"It has before," the omnibus shrugged. "Besides, that's not your call to make."

"Alright, I'll give it a shot." He bit his teeth and fought back a whine as he fired jets of

precum into the carpet. "It shouldn't take too long to get fourteen of those, right?"

The omnibus threw their head back and laughed. "Oh honey, that's how much *your* freedom is worth. Mine is *much* more expensive."

Dread and bliss mixed in his thoughts as he teetered on the edge of orgasm, and he struggled to maintain his presence of mind. "How much more?"

"Let's just say I hope you didn't have any outstanding plans before you got here." They clasped a collar around his neck, and his remaining tokens flew into their open hand. "That said, we should get started sooner rather than later if you ever want to get home again."

The mostly-coyote dug his claws into the floor and opened his mouth to spite the devil, but only a groan of pleasure tumbled out.

A chilling wave rushed from his collar down the length of his spine, ushering with it sensations that put his previous transformation to shame. Every nerve in his body burned with blissful agony as the omnibus imparted their will upon him, warping him into an image suitable for their needs. His quadruple set of breasts heaved and swelled with soft mass as his milk production spiked, sending a web of ivory rivulets down his front. His cocks pulsed and throbbed with supernatural virility as his balls filled the gap between his thighs, and his hips widened to accommodate their pendulous girth. A sharp gasp interrupted his shameless panting when his sac tightened, then gradually loosened as it adjusted to an additional set of balls. Precum flowed from his tips in constant streams, adding slimy viscosity to his endless flows of milk. The quartet of pulsing orbs made walking impossible until his hips finished spreading, and even then he had to take great care with his gait. The changes to his sexual features completely overshadowed the loss of his fur, though he did eventually notice the bright red scales that replaced it.

His attention moved to his head when his muzzle shifted and warped under his pelt, lengthening and sharpening into a distinctly draconian snout. His vision blurred as his eyes drifted to fit the streamlined profile of his skull, then sharpened considerably with enhanced accuracy. He winced and brought his paws, or claws at that point, to his temples, where the nubs of forming horns pushed through his hide. The no-longer-canine followed their tips as they spiraled outward into a set of proper horns, and a set of scaly frills pushed out where his ears once were. He looked around for any reflective surface as his transformation slowed and lost momentum, but its resurgence cut his search short. The former coyote hunched over and roared into the milk-saturated carpet as his spine elongated, stretching out his bushy tail and replacing it with a thick, scaly one. The heavy appendage slapped to the floor and counterbalanced the considerable weight hanging from his front, making it possible for him to stand up. A thick web of milk and lust connected him to the floor and stretched as he got his feet under him, only breaking once he reached his full height. He towered over the omnibus and bristled with sexual energy, though he wasn't completely finished changing just yet.

A sweltering heat bloomed in his core as he examined himself, and an unstoppable tide of lust washed over his disoriented mind. The floor shook when he dropped down to his hands and knees again, though he retained the coordination to raise his tail. The heavy appendage looped over his back and dangled by his muzzle while he swayed his hips and offered himself to everyone passing, though an intimidating glare from the omnibus kept the gamblers at bay. The former coyote's needy whimpers grew in volume as the inferno in his belly blazed to new heights, until a heated tendril bubbled to the surface between his thighs. Every muscle in his body seized with rapture as his feminine lips came in, fighting for space against his crowded sac and flexing pucker. The omnibus sauntered to his front and sat down on his muzzle as his pants and moans devolved into growls and roars, both asserting her dominance and muffling his outbursts of pleasure. There was little they could do about his fluids, however. A combination of milk and cum flooded from beneath him and soaked the carpet, collecting in a pool that threatened to take the entire isle. His first feminine climax only added to the puddle, and his mixed pheromones rapidly filled the air.

His heat subsided as he came down from his orgasmic high, but it remained smoldering in the back of his mind. The omnibus carefully stepped through the pearly moat surrounding their prize and hooked a leash to his collar, destroying any ambiguity about their partnership. They gave their new pet a moment to catch his breath and get up, then sauntered deeper into the strange casino. A sharp tug commanded the perpetually horny dragon to follow, and he did with remarkable obedience. Lust bubbled and dribbled from the submissive sexpot as they walked, carving a trail of enticing pheromones that coaxed the gamblers to follow in their wake. Weak willpower seemed to be a common thread among them, and the pair amassed a modest crowd by the time they reached their destination. The dragon tore his eyes from the devil's shapely rear once they stopped walking, only to come eye to eye with a padded stockade. He tilted his head and puzzled over the apparatus, but an insistent tug on his leash pulled him from such thoughts. The omnibus gestured for him to get in, and he did so without hesitation. The devil closed the simple device over his arms and neck, leaving him hunched over and exposed to everyone behind him. He became more so when they raised and tied up his tail, removing his ability to preserve his modesty. Not that there was much left to preserve.

The omnibus slid a low, padded bench between his legs, the perfect place for someone to suckle from his many breasts or preform any number of lewd acts upon him. His cocks bobbed and pulsed at the mere thought of what they had in mind, and he looked to the omnibus for further instructions. They gave him a pat on the head and affectionately scratched between his horns, and a faint whine resonated in his throat when they stepped away. The devil circled around their bound pet and surveyed their audience, and a grin spread across their face as they made their announcement.

"Ladies, gentlemen, and everyone in between," she began. "It's my proud honor to introduce you to The Pit's newest attraction." She paused and gestured to the restrained dragon, earning an intrigued chorus from the crowd. "Step up and fucked or be fucked by my little pet here for a chance at all the tokens you need, all for just one token to start! If the two of you can make a golden egg, you win!"

Mixed murmurs spread through the group, but a few of the more eager gamblers started forming a line.

"And of course, that includes all the dragon milk and cum you can drink. Consider it a consolation prize."

That convinced yet more patrons, and the line behind the dragon weaved its way through the more conventional games as it grew. The omnibus took her place at its head and collected admission, then waved people up to take their chance. The dragon craned his neck back as his first taker approached, but the stockade blocked most of his view and left him wondering. Any concerns he had about being used evaporated the instant the player thrust into his heated folds, shorting his thoughts with a burst of blissful fullness. His toes curled and a needy whine resonated in his chest when they withdrew, and his breath caught in his throat on their reentry. His horns knocked against his bindings as he rolled his hips back into the gambler's forceful rhythm, relishing the nubs and ridges on their otherworldly spire. His range of movement was too limited for his reciprocation to do much, but it drove the gambler's own lusts and spurred them on. They grabbed the dragon's hips and sank his fingers into his love handles, then launched into a series of quick and ruthless thrusts. The dragon's pleasure became a secondary to their own as they neared his release, and they only stopped his needy pumps when climax crashed down upon him.

The rush of heat sent the dragon over the edge in sympathetic orgasm, and they each dug their toes into the carpet and rode out their combined carnal highs. Thick ropes of reptilian cum lashed the unoccupied bench as pleasure boiled over into his masculine features, filling the air with the potent aroma of sex. The display enticed everyone who could see it, inspiring a few of them to drop their pants and warm up for their turn with the dragon. The gambler eventually withdrew their shaft at the omnibus's command, making room for the result of their attempt. The reptile's stomach softly groaned as their seed took root, and his middle rapidly swelled and sagged toward the floor. A single curve dominated the tightening dome, revealing he was growing a single large egg rather than a clutch. A rush of hormones washed over the dragon's body as it prepared for its first lay, propelling him into a dreamy high that mixed well with his afterglow. He absently tugged at his restraints in an effort to bury his claw between his thighs as his petals swelled and dripped with lust, and a grunt of exertion leapt from his chest as the first contraction rolled through him.

The omnibus crossed their arms and watched with satisfaction as the dragon's first egg spread his passage and rippled towards his lips, filling him with an overwhelming mix of pain and pleasure. The solution drifted toward the latter as his laying trance deepened, sparing him from what would otherwise be the worst pain of his life. His knees bent and dropped his ample rear as the tip of the shell emerged, and a collective sigh passed through the crowd at the absence of glittering gold. The omnibus simply shrugged, but the gambler lingered to collect his consolation prize. They fetched a drink glass from a passing imp and

chugged its contents, then lowered it to one of the dragon's shafts. The patron grabbed his tip and held it to the cup's rim, then gingerly stroked the ridged length. The bound dragon bit his lip and let out a muffled roar when he came again, filling the gambler's cup and moving the egg a few more inches down his passage. The transformed pet rolled his head back and shamelessly moaned when he reached the ovoid's widest point, where it lingered for a few agonizing seconds before finally slipping free. Gravity took over the rest, and the reptile trembled with triumph as the watermelon-sized egg dropped harmlessly to the floor. His breath came in ragged pants while he recovered, but the omnibus eagerly cut his rest short. They guided a pair of patrons behind and below him for his first double run, and his libido surged in anticipation. A wavering sigh tumbled past his muzzle as he slipped into the gambler beneath him as the one behind him did the same, and the thick slaps of skin on hide filled the area as the one at his rear set the pace.

The dragon lost track of time as the unending line of gamblers took their turns, filling him with egg after egg and sieging his willpower. The breeding sessions blended together in a seamless orgy, only broken by brief windows of laying. Each egg spiked him with as much pleasure as the first, preventing any mental recovery until the omnibus decided to close the attraction down. Based on how well the gamblers took to their game, there was very little chance of that happening anytime soon. Many hardly cared they didn't win a golden egg, content to spend a token to simply breed the curvy dragon and partake of his milk and cum. The omnibus grinned to himself and counted their collected tokens and neared two hundred by the time they stopped. The temptation to cash some of them in and expand their operation came to mind, but they mustered the wisdom to push that notion aside. The risk of drawing the realm lord's ire was too great, and the opportunity to grow their business would be available later. Until then, they simply bid their time to see just how far their innovation would take them.

The answer to that curiosity arose when a pillar of flame erupted from the center of the crowd. The gamblers scattered, including the ones tending to the bound dragon. He woke from his carnal haze just in time to feel the sting of a deprived orgasm, bringing a pitiful moan to his muzzle. It died in his throat when he met the demon lord's gaze, however, and he struggled against his stockades when he remembered he'd lost his tokens. Fortunately, the omnibus intervened, and unfortunately, the lord's brow furrowed with disgust.

"What'd I tell ya 'bout fuckin' with my mortals," the demon boomed.

"Not to, and I didn't," the omnibus replied. "I stole a few of his tokens and he swore allegiance to me."

The realm's ruler appraised the dragon, seemingly looking for falsehoods in their story. "I seen dumber mortals come through here. Why'd this one listen to you?"

"Because of this." The omnibus produced a bag containing the tokens they'd gathered, and the demon cocked his head in interest.

"A broken clock's right twice a day. What are you getting at?"

"I want to buy our freedom."

The demon let out a harsh laugh. "That's more than enough for 'em, but you don't got that option," he sneered. "You ain't under the same contract."

"I know," they said flatly. "I want to cut a new deal with this."

The demon lord rubbed his chin. "'ight, I'm listenin."

"I want to franchise," they answered. "Gimme an operation on the mortal plane, and I'll give you a cut of what I pull in."

The larger demon considered the offer for a long moment. "I rekon I got nothin' to lose. But if you can't meet my quota, I'm taking the difference out on you," he grinned.

The omnibus suppressed a shudder. "What's your quota?"

The demon pointed to her bag of tokens. "That much, daily, paid every two weeks."

"Deal. But I keep the dragon."

"Add another seven tokens to my quota. Then we got a deal."

"Agreed."

The demon shook the omnibus's hand and sealed the pact, then snapped his fingers. A pillar of fire rose from the floor and circled around them, whisking them away to the mortal realm. A bright flash heralded the dragon's return, and he looked around while the omnibus gathered their senses. The abandoned casino looked significantly different in the dragon's low-light vision, though he quickly recognized it for what it was. He wandered off to recover his things and potentially explore the rest of the decaying building, but a tug at his neck stopped him. He looked down to find the omnibus reattaching his collar, and a renewed wave of submissiveness washed over him. The devil knowingly raised their eyebrows and tugged him closer.

"I can't let my main attraction just walk away before I get things going," they crooned. "So if you want your freedom, I suggest you help me get established and find a replacement for you."

A blush spread across his muzzle. "I don't think I want to leave," he admitted.

The devil tugged his head down to their level, where they planted a kiss on his snout.

"Good, because it's not your choice, pet."

Another tremble of submissive pleasure ran up his spine.

"Now, we need to figure out where to find some chumps. Any ideas where to start looking?"

"Right here is probably a good place to start."