

Binding Backfire

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21-09-13

A Personal Work

Azura Belongs to Me

The lust of a demon is a critical alchemical ingredient in many potent potions. Tired of paying high prices for her own supplies, Azura decides she would be better off securing her own source. Does she have the summon skill to accomplish such a feat?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and the following tags apply: Female, Possum, Male, Demon, Size Difference, Magic, Bondage, Body Paint, Hyper, Hyper Growth, Hyper Cock, Hyper Balls, Soft Vore, Cock Vore, Endosoma, Orgasm Denial

A bolt of lightning flashed through the air and cracked the sky, unleashing a boom that shook the earth. Rain poured from the punctured clouds, dousing the land with their bounty. The storm's winds howled through city streets, funneled to frightening speeds between buildings. These natural voices culminated in a din that rocked the neighborhood, masking a similarly potent outburst in Azura's lab. The forces that howled and rattled at her workshop's windowed were answered by supernatural counterparts, forces and energies that poured in from planes far beyond. Focused by a sparking circle at the center of her floor, the jagged rift twisted and contorted at the center of competing wills. Azura herself stood rooted before it, clad in little more than glimmering runes and sigils, while her prey beyond writhed and railed against her arcane pull. The struggle drained the stamina of both, but gradually a clear winner emerged.

The possum dug in her heels, drew on her strength, and pulled on her arcane ties with all her might. A spine-shilling roar thundered out from the rift, and shortly after followed its master. A pair of horns poked through first, sharpened to viscous points. The lust demon's head and face followed, furious with the indignity of such a summoning. Wearing nothing more than scales and spite, he spat at the witch, swearing to subjugate and overwhelm her with lust. Azura simply grinned, then tugged on her lines once more. The demon's broad shoulders spread the rift wide as he squeezed through, and after claiming his widest point, the rest of him followed easily. The creature flopped through the air as Azura wrenched his waist and legs free, suspending him for an instant before the rift snapped shut. The luminous patterns that adorned her floor shifted, one circle fading to allow another to shine. The instant it charged, arcane chains leapt from the ground, snaring the demon's wrists and ankles. A token struggle revealed their strength, spurring the demon to seek another avenue of escape.

He glared at the chubby possum, hardly half his height, and his mouth split in a scowl. "Why did you bring me here, mortal?" The storm outside calmed, and the walls rumbled with his low tone.

"I'm sure you know what I need already," Azura answered. "Why does anyone summon a lust demon?"

His eyes narrowed. "You cannot simply take my seed without offering something in return."

"Oh no, you misunderstand. This isn't a summoning. This is a binding."

The creature cackled, a sound that drove the stars from the night sky. "You have no hope of such a feat! You drained all your strength bringing me here!"

"I wouldn't be worried about me, if I was you," Azura grinned. "I know what I'm doing."

"If you are ready to throw your will away, do it and save us both the trouble," the demon taunted. "Stronger and smarter summoners have failed to bind me."

"Maybe, maybe," she granted, "But you've yet to deal with a summoner like me."

The demon launched into a speech regarding the witch's arrogance, though it went unheeded as she sauntered to her work station. Azura made sure to pop her hips as she walked passed her catch, a gesture that derailed his train of thought. She laughed to herself in the instant he spent recovering, then turned her attention to a set of drawers. The possum reached in and fetched a small basin of paint and an equally small brush, then returned to the demon, His continued rant went ignored while she crouched before him, and his words caught in his throat when she cupped his ample sac. Supernaturally potent, the pair of orbs filled and overfilled her hands. A smoldering heat radiated from their core, and they practically churned with virility. The demon rolled his hips as she gently traced over their contours, noting the details of his inner form. His cock twitched and throbbed with the beginnings of arousal by the time she finished, another of his gestures she paid no mind.

Instead she dipped her brush in her paints, gathered a droplet on its tip, then brought it to her starting point. A shiver ran up the demon's spine at that first, delicate touch, stunning him with the temperature of her pigments. That initial rush paved the way for the rest of his lust, and it didn't take long for the creature to cautiously indulge in Azura's subtle ministration. A far cry from his usual encounters, the teasing touch of her brush brought him to a slow boil, an ascent occasionally interrupted by the possum herself. While skilled enough an artist to deal with his gently shifting lust, she couldn't compensate for the full motion of his hips. A deep sigh passed her muzzle when she laid down her first stray mark, spurring her to raise a hand and close it. The demon paid that gesture with the same nonexistent respect she gave him, though her binding circle listened attentively. A second set of sparking chains lanced from its perimeter, seizing his waist and easing her work.

That measure came with an unexpected side effect, however. Tightening her grip on the demon stoked his lusts higher, hardening his shaft until it reached its full length. Easily the size of Azura's arm, it rose from the cleft of his balls and leaked his desire, saturating the air with his carnal influence. The rune and sigils adorning the possum's form ignited in response, and a faint, protective glow radiated from her figure. It protected her from the worst of the creature's corrupting influence, but though it did little for her natural inclinations. Her own hips subtly shifted and rolled as her core smoldered, a distraction that threatened to compromise her work. Azura took in a breath and re-centered herself, then let it out in a slow huff. Her hands steadied, and a complex pattern of lines and arcs slowly took form. The witch's canvas grew as the demon's sac swelled and flooded with pent-up need, though she compensated with a little forethought. A constant trickle of his lust seeped through her hair and down her back by the time she finished, leaving the demon panting and huffing with need.

Azura stepped back to appraise her work, and as she did so, spent conscious effort to keep her hand away from her thighs. The tip of her tail flicked as she cleared her

thoughts, then wrapped around her ankles while she measured her work. Her circles and symbols looked clean, no stray lines or errant marks, and their proportions seemed intact. The possum reached out and touched the marks, ensuring their circuit was complete, then charged and powered them with a grin. Her look of triumph was not lost on the demon, and he started to bellow in complaint, until a surge of bliss stole his breath. The creature's head rolled back in unrestrained rapture as Azura's guided magic seeped into his core, enhancing his already supernatural virility. The claws of his toes carved furrows in the floor and his chains rattled as he struggled to reach for his length. Despite his protests, the most he managed was fruitless noise.

The witch won the moment, and her spell blossomed. Arcane light filled her workshop as the demon's sac swelled with lust, surging well beyond its typical size. Azura rubbed her hands together in glee as his orbs grew down and out, easing passed his knees and surpassing the width of his shoulders. A subtle slosh sounded with every subdued rock of his hips, and a stream of pre leaked from his tip as he surpassed his own capacity. The creature's arousal spilled to the floor in glittering streamers, dropping in ling strands until the curve of his balls grew out to meet them. The fragrant fluid gathered in that deepening canyon until it gained enough mass to flow free, by then landing several feet from his toes. A shiver ran up the demon's spine when his globes reached the chill of the floor, easing the mounting pressure on his hips. Their weight likely bound him as effectively as his chains, though neither tested that possibility.

Azura shuddered in sympathetic lust and her protective runes flared to life. A burst of light not unlike a thunderbolt flashed through her lab, though it blinded neither of them. The possum took the warning to heart, while the demon relished her straining defenses. The creature opened his toothy jaw to let loose a taunt, but the words caught in his throat when Azura approached and caressed his shaft. A single stroke was all it took to complete his arousal. Her soft paw pads glided across his sensitive length, drawing a deep, rumbling groan from his chest and a thick shot of pre from his tip. The witch giggled with how easily he wrapped himself around her finger, and while he was distracted, reached

down for her paints. The enchanted pigments tingled on her bare skin, an effect that multiplied on his sensitive surface. The demon hissed in bliss and throbbed with surging need, but the rush of release escaped him. Azura took great care to ensure that would remain the case until she finished.

Despite her playfulness, the witch carefully laid her lines down along and across the demon's demonhood. A new set of spells and bindings took form with each motion, contoured to the topography of her throbbing canvas. The demon cared little about the nature of these new enchantments in that moment, far too fixated on the bliss of her touch. Azura placed her broad strokes down and across his length, creating the framework for her details, then backtracked toward his root and filled them in. She only stopped her ministrations to reapply the paint to her fingertips, focused on her work more than her service. Thoughts of the latter arose naturally, however. The possum's own arousal smoldered while she traced out her runes and sigils, spurring her to squeeze her thighs together and push thoughts of giving in away. It only took one pheromone-laced breath to re-center herself, though the embers of her need remained.

The demon's passive efforts aside, Azura finished her second round of painting before either of them gave into desires. Her captive watched her with intent and interest as she stood and stepped away from his floor-dragging balls, only to lean back in and draw a charged finger down his length. The prepared enchantments charged and ignited in her wake, infusing the demon with yet more of her magics. The creature rolled his head back and roared, a howl that shook the walls with his perceived victory. A distinct throb swelled the base of his shaft and pulsed down its length, bringing with it a wave of growth. His cock thickened as it passed and lengthened when it reached his tip, granting him a minor boon to his size. It wasn't much on its own, though the effect quickly compounded with repetition. The demon's curling toes carved deep furrows in the floor, further marking her workshop with his lust. He squeezed his eyes shut and relished the rolling growth, until the possum expended the spell's energy.

By the time the demon's debilitating bliss ended and he opened his eyes, he was truly the envy of his peers. Azura grinned with approval while he surveyed his enhanced size, unable to see the end of his length passed the curve of his balls. An experimental flex confirmed the unseen, kissing his tip to the lust-soaked stone. A shiver run up the creature's spine at that chilly touch, and a deep, approving rumble thundered in his chest. Azura took an almost equal interest in her work, stepping through the puddle of his pre to appraise it herself. A quick touch was all she needed to verify her success, though her hand lingered for a long moment. Hesitation froze her ministrations when her apprehension and desire collided, however. In that moment of weakness, Azura's lusts flared. The demon's influence seeped through her defenses, or perhaps she simply threw caution to the wind. In either case, in that instant, she saw fit to explore every contour of her catch's prize.

The demon rolled his head back and groaned with triumphant bliss as she knelt as his tip and ran her soft fingers along its surface. Slicked with lust, every touch was electric, and each careful caress only brought forth more. Azura retained a modicum of control to her credit, exploring with cautious brushes instead of throwing her full form at him, but even that proved ineffective. It only took a single, lust-drunk dip of her finger at his tip, and the demon seized his chance. With a powerful flex and throb, the demon bounced his spire from the cleft of his balls, just enough to slurp Azura's hand to the wrist. Were her reflexes quicker or her muscles stronger, she may have been able to free herself before his second swallow. The creature struck first with a deep, rolling ripple however, dragging her arm in and sealing his grip. The possum offered a token struggle when she realized her predicament, though her overwhelming desires dulled her efforts.

Thick squelches sounded through the workshop, announcing every swallow of the demon's ravenous cock. His lust saturated her fur and tore at her protective runes, but luckily for the witch, those glowing patterns held against his assault. They held the worst of the creature's corruptive influence at bay, blazing with an arcane light as they did so, though they couldn't save her from her own mistakes. In the moment, the witch thought

little about that, however. Further conflict raged between her body and mind while she watched her arm disappear, first to her elbow, then to her shoulder. For better or worse, that inner conflict didn't last long. Faced with the inevitability of the demon's victory, the possum decided it better to enjoy the moment as well. The demon groaned in approval when she reached for his slit with her free hand and slid it in alongside the first, committing to her choice with carnal intent. He shuddered and shivered with the stretch brought by her second arm, and that sensation only strengthened as she gradually dove into his arousal.

The demon's pulsing passage spread before Azura, inviting her deeper and deeper with every long, languid throb. His inner walls shined with sheets of his pre, outlining every ridged contour of the witch's descent. That preview only lasted until she worked her head into his entrance however, blocking the ambient light of her shop and plunging her world into lusting darkness. The creature's pheromones worked unmitigated on the possum's senses, flooding her perception with his being. Every inhale carried with it his potent scent, combined with the heat and constriction of his insatiable lust. Azura's tail flicked across the floor and scattered his lust across her workshop, masking the scents of herbs and reagents with abyssal essences. In the back of her mind, she wondered how long his influence would linger after their encounter, but a constrictive gulp shoved that notion from her head. She let loose a muffled groan when he claimed her breast, squishing those sensitive mounds down while advancing toward her waist.

The demon's inner passage stretched onward without end. Every rippling swallow and slick gulp only reveled more tunnel ahead, each section as tight and hot as the last. The oppressive heat and thick scents wore Azura's endurances down, chipping away at her inhibitions with worrying speed. Her mock struggles turned into deliberate wiggles deeper, a change that wasn't lost on the demon. Bound how he was, however, there was little he could do to answer his prey's demands. All he could do was flex and swallow, exactly as he had been. Time lost its meaning for both of them as his tip inched over the possum's hips, claiming their bountiful swells as a serpent might devour its lunch. Azura's

generous ass and thick tail marked her widest point, a crest that only offered momentary resistance before the creature overcame it. His slit gaped just passed her crest, and with the most daunting part of his meal swallowed, he made swift work of the rest of her.

A faintly hour-glass bulge followed the path of his cock with lazy but persistent speed, a slow dive that eventually brought the witch's fingers to his base. A shiver ran down her tail and her toes wiggled in anticipation, her only remaining external methods of communication. Azura let out a soft, muffled gasp when her hands finally slipped through the entrance to the demon's sac, a sound easily drowned out by his growing thunder of pleasure. That tight gate squished the possum's arms together as she passed into the source of his virility, an overwhelming nexus of lust and desire. Her head swam in the unfiltered presence of the creature's pheromones, glossing her eyes over and endowing her with a dreamy grin. Her ankles flexed as she sought leverage from the ground, but found nothing but open air beneath her feet. The witch found herself at the mercy of the demon, a position she didn't at all regret or lament.

For better or worse, the demon was equally constrained. Unable to do anything beyond flexing his inner muscles, he continued to do exactly that. The frequency and ferocity of his internal ripples increased as he pulled more and more of the witch from the outside world, leaving only her toes and tail-tip outside of his heat. Azura wiggled and squirmed with gleeful need as each contraction pushed more and more of her through his inner workings, gradually lowering her head toward the surface of his accumulated cum. Her tongue stretched from her lips and strove for a taste, until she lurched forward and plunged into the ocean of lust. The demon's balls wobbled and sloshed with her landing, and with her shoulders freed, the witch groped around for extra leverage. Azura planted her hands against the muscular ring surrounding her chest, then pushed with all her might. A thick, continuous shuck sounded through the workshop while she battled against the demon's lubricated vacuum, slowly dragging more and more of herself into the musky chamber.

The witch slowed her efforts and savored the moment once she was able to surface from the demon's heated need, only just managing to break into the saturated air. Still, she remained braced as her stomach slipped through, and once her hips emerged, she dropped into his pool. Unable to clench fast enough to grip the possum's tapering legs, the creature lost his grip. The sensation of her legs and tail gliding across his inner passages broke the last of his endurance however, and every fiber in his body thrummed with rising rapture. The walls of his sac squished in as muscles around and above quivered and coordinated, sloshing Azura around his rising pool of cum. The first contractions of climax thundered through him, but to the creature's surprise and dismay, nothing more happened. The blissful tension in his muscles faded, and his rising rapture dissolved.

The demon took a moment to recover from his brush with climax, and once he did, glanced down to his floor-dragging sac. Faint bulges showed through its surface when Azura bumped the edges of her carnal spa, but the lit runes adorning its surface drew his attention more much effectively. Nestled within several enchantments sat the culprit of his denial, and it only took the creature a few moments to piece its nature together. On its own, it was little more than a set of limiting sigils, designed to be released at the creator's discretion. The ink had yet to fully set, and a grin spread across the demon's face as he reached down to smudge the seal. His arms refused his motion however, instantly reminding him of his other binds. He spent only a few seconds dreading his situation, until the beginnings of another climax welled up in his core.

Azura, for her part, was much slower to come to the same realization. In fact, the thought never crossed her lust-drunk mind. She was more than happy to bathe in the demon's lust and virility, eager to embrace a transformation, that thanks to her own protective measures, would never come. Their cat and mouse game ended in a stalemate, one that would last until Azura's arcane or carnal endurance wore out.

If you've read this far, thank you <3

I hope you enjoyed what you saw, and if you'd like more, there are a few places to find it~

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<https://www.weasyl.com/~victorthemaker>

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