

There was the smell of something burning, an acrid stench that burns the nostrils going in, like fumes from an industrial cleaner. And there were noises too, a deep shaking that echoed in Vasili's gut. Room pa-pa, room pa-pa, room pa. Room pa-pa, room pa-pa, room pa. Drums. And chanting? Yes, he could distinguish that as well as the fog of unconsciousness started to thin. It was unintelligible and guttural, following the beat of the drums.

Vasili opened his eyes and saw light. It was dull and weak, and after he blinked a few times he noticed the candles. They burned low, with a light that did little except illuminate the darkness and tint it a sickly yellow. Turn his aching head to both sides, he noticed the walls curled up around him; he was in some form of basin.

He attempted to move his arms, but at their first pained movements his wrist caught on something and he heard the metallic rattle of chains. Moving his legs produced the same result. As adrenaline sharpened his mind, he felt a hot wind over his body and without looking knew he was naked.

Memories re-emerged in fractured images and sensations. The sound of the door shattering as they broke through. Terror at finding neither prayer nor holy water made them flinch. His shock as one terrible fanged mouth had bit down on his blade and shattered it like it was made of glass. The sight of his companions falling, the sound of their flesh being defiled and devoured. Vasili raised his head, and his neck exploded with pain, but before he let himself drop limp again he noticed bandaging over where he had plunged his broken sword into his chest. He cursed to himself, in anger and dread.

The tempo of the drums changed. The warrior priest nudged his head forward, gritting through the pain to look in front of him, at the base of the tub nearest his feet. There was some clicking, and he heard the sound of... hissing. No, it was the sound of something being drug across the ground. He watched as a figure emerged, bone white skull of a goat fixed on its head, greasy black locks flowing over its chest. Its stomach was gigantic, the flesh of it hanging forward and inscribed with a pentagram spanning its girth. The creature's thighs were thick and inhuman, covered in coarse black fur, and the clicking Vasili had heard was the sound of its hooves as it approached. And, he discovered shortly after, the dragging sound he heard was the creature hefting its massive testicles forward with each step.

The monster raised his hands, and Vasili saw two other creatures emerge. They had the swarthy feline faces of panthers, but their bodies were human, peach toned and muscular with sweat reflecting the light from the candles. Vasili's lip curled up in disgust as he saw them rip away the satyr's black loincloth, revealing a penis that would be oversized even on an elephant, foreskin drooping over its head.

There was a big THUMP, and Vasili whipped his head around. The drums again. When he looked back, the panther men were each hefting up the creature's massive cock, lean muscular bodies pressed against the satyr's fat one, their faces nuzzling into the bush of armpit hair on each side. Another THUMP, and they pulled back his foreskin, revealing a purple cockhead with a pentagram printed over the satyr's slit.

Vasili started to struggle now, to scream and gnash and beg. The THUMPS grew more frequent, the panther men masturbating their master, whose length grew bigger and longer as it engorged

with blood. They moved their heads around his chest, sucking at the large discs of his nipples, kissing the top of his belly as he stood there stoically, veins thickening on his barrel thick erection.

After the THUMPS had grown in frequency to twice in a second, Vasili felt something pelt his stomach, and again. He looked up to see thick ropes of spunk flying from the satyr's dick. In horror, he looked down at his body, and found it covered in a thick goo, black as a starless sky. It felt hot and cold at the same time.

Vasili gritted his teeth and turned his head away as he was layered with more and more demonic cum. The two panther men were on the floor now, underneath their masters dick as it steadily belched seed onto the bound preist, holding their bodies close together and kissing.

The satyr's ejections were so voluminous that Vasili had to turn his head back up or risk drowning in the oily spunk. He shook his head as it stuck to the side of his face. Suddenly, his ear began to feel a strange itch inside, and he realized some of the satyr's orgasm had made it into his canal. He shook his head violently to try and dislodge it, but as soon as he began to thrash he found semen under his head oddly thick and unyielding.

His ear began to hurt. More of it was pouring in. It was *forcing itself inside*. Vasili began to panic, screaming again as the ebony fluid forced itself into his other ear. He pushed his hips up as far as he could off the floor of the tub as he felt it start to enter him anally. It forced itself in violently, so much at once that he felt he was being stretched out. He could feel it rolling around inside him, filling up his intestines, and he could easily imagine it starting to coat his brain.

Vasili screamed obscenities, sobbing with rage as he was violated, but stopped when he felt pressure on his chest. Coiling up above him, with its base on Vasili's cum covered chest, was a massive tentacle, streaked with the reflections of candlelight surrounding the sacrificial basin. It swayed and dipped, like a worm in the rain, and it stunned Vasili into a terrified silence.

The tip of the tendril stopped moving when Vasili silenced himself, and bent downwards, as if looking at him. When it started to rear back, Vasili had just enough time to start another scream, before it was cutoff by the oily tendril slamming into his face, pumping itself into Vasili's mouth in rhythmic surges.

As the fluid level continued to rise, Vasili's hands, right before they too were swallowed into the blackness, unclenched and hung limply in their chains. Shortly afterward, the surges of black cum from the satyr eventually subsided, and the pool remained still, save for an inconsistent bubbling on the its surface, where the preacher's face used to be. And that too ceased after a time.

Then the drums began again. They started softly, in three evenly spaced beats separated by a long pause, like someone knocking on a door. Thump-thump-thump, Thump-thump-thump, neither getting faster or slower. The satyr's glowing eyes stayed fixated on the tub of his ejaculate, while at his feet one of the panthermen yowled as his brother sodomized him. A minute of consistent drumming passed, the darkly shining surface of the pool settling into a smooth pane of glass as Vasili ceased his stirrings.

Suddenly, a ripple of rings radiated from the center of the black pool. Three at a time, just like the drums. Seemingly in response, the sounds from the darkness intensified, and the ripples became wild

undulations that broke as waves against the sides of the basin, droplets of it appearing around the rim where it splashed over. Each stray glob of tar-like cum slowly moved back toward the pool in the basin, despite the surface around the mouth of the tub being completely flat.

Flecks of pitch fell onto the panther demons, both of whom had rolled closer to the tub in the throes of their rutting. One was on his back, his legs lifted up so that his ankles rested on his brother's shoulders while his ass was repeatedly impaled by his kin's oversized appendage. Each thrust pushed him further back, toward the mouth of the basin.

The basin full of satyr cum continued to slosh wildly, no longer heeding the beat of the drums. A large wave of pitch crashed over the interlocked brothers, whose only reaction was to clear their mouths of the gunk and continue their bestial fucking. Another wave coated them, and another, the pool rocking back and forth in the basin, launching vast quantities of itself onto them. The hungry tide gripped at the pair each time it receded, and the panther demon being sodomized beneath his brother was eventually pulled in, rolling down the side of the tub and disappearing beneath its surface in a splash. His deserted companion waded into the pool after him, glistening human cock bobbing in front of him as he followed his brother.

The satyr watched his minions, the expression of his skeletal face unchanging. They did not thrash or struggle to escape the tub, their only concern seeming to be a continuance of their rutting. The panther who chased his brother in quickly found him again, laying on his back beneath the sludge. He lifted him up by his armpits, black cum cascading off his brother's body as he was hefted up, and then slammed his cock into his hole with a wet *slap*. As soon as he was hilted, the panther rolled his head around on his shoulders, letting forth a gurgling yowl as the black cum cascaded off his body, coating his twin as their stomachs mashed together, pinning the sodomized panther's cock between them.

Thin, vein-like tendrils snaked up the panther's legs as he bounced his brother on his lap, connecting to the filaments dripping from their bodies in mid air. The mass of satyr cum advanced upward upon them in throbbing surges, layering upon their muscular contours until not a sliver of their peach toned skin was visible. It stung their bodies as it pushed itself into any hole it could find, eating away at their skin and replacing it with itself. The pain was intense, but the demons did not balk.

The standing panther was brought to his knees with a splash, legs giving way under the increased weight of pounds and pounds of strange new flesh. He continued to hump into his brother, but it was instinctive motion. Nothing kept their flesh separate now, and with each pivot of his hips, his brother's torso was forced deeper into his body. The black pool continued to lap at them, converging on them until their forms were nay indistinguishable from the thrashing undulations of the living cum, save for glimpses of their gasping mouths and glowing yellow eyes.

A sudden silence descended. The satyr had raised his hand, and the drums had ceased. Inside the basin, the sloshing pool of spunk slowly quieted, returning to a flat mirror which reflected the hazy light of the candles surrounding the basin. The satyr opened his mouth, the goat skull parting its jaws and issuing forth a guttural sound that was like a growl from the bowels of the earth. The terrible noise shook the ground, twisting and changing as its master used it to sing a dark incantation in the language of dying stars.

The satyr raised his hand, and the pitch in the basin raised up with it, a single black tendril as thick as an industrial drum shimmying up into the air. He raised his other hand, and the intensity of his unearthly song increased, turning the palms of his hands to face each other, both of them shaking as if struggling to hold some invisible force.

The pitch shifted, floating in the air. Shapes started to manifest in its bubbling mass. Arms, legs, the beginnings of a torso. The satyr forced his hands together, voice becoming loud enough to shake the ground. A head formed in the quivering mass, and then another next to it, both shapes vaguely feline in nature. They shifted toward one another, combining, four glowing red eyes opening on its head. The stomach of this creature curved outward, gravid with mass. Another face appeared, twisting out onto the surface of the creature's overhanging belly, mouth open wide in the appearance of a terrified scream, but it dissipated quickly. The satyr dropped his hands, and the silence that followed when he closed his mouth was almost as deafening as his song had been.

This new creature was the only thing in the basin now, aside from Vasili's former restraints. Its skin had hardened into something resembling rubber, though when it swung its leg out of the tub and stepped out, there was a certain fluidity to its movement which implied it retained its viscous nature to a degree. The creature stared at the satyr with its four glowing red eyes, and then knelt to its knees before him.

"Master," it growled, in a voice that sounded much like Vasili's.