

## Blood in the Water

“Yo! Ori!” Sully shouted from the kitchen, the Charizard anthro flipping eggs in his pan. “I’m making eggs? Want some?”

Silence. The little drake had been silent for quite some time. Sully huffed, tongues of flame licking at the corners of his maw.

“Yo! Ori and the Blind Forest! Does your demon summoning ass want the flesh of the unborn or what!?”

Sully craned his thick neck, the Zard was very much like his ancestors in the sense they had strong, muscular necks, solid pecks, and a nice healthy gut. Sully was built like a strong man his stubborn gut wouldn’t go away no matter how hard he dieted or trained. He had begrudgingly made his peace with it and decided to simply work the rest of his body to even out the proportions. So now he had a healthy, sculpted keg for a gut, framed by obliques and strong arms. He was currently standing in his boxers and an oversized shirt.

The door down the hall swung open and Ori came shuffling out, his blue eyes were sunken from lack of sleep and his wings dragged behind him. He was a lithe little drake, curvy in all the right places and on the small side. His black hide was accented by red tips on his wings and along his tail that ended with a demonic fork. His crimson dragon horns swung back over his head like a nice wavy haircut while a singular, shallow horn tried to work its way out of his forehead. He was wearing sweatpants and scratching his scarlet under scales and yawning.

“Dude, no need to shout,” Ori sighed, sitting down at the fold up chair at their card table that made their breakfast nook. “I was up late last night trying summon something.”

“Yeah,” Sully smirked, a mischievous gleam in his sapphire eyes. “I know. You kept me up past midnight you little shit.”

“So, this is payback?” Ori raised a brow.

“Payback, with a peace offering,” Sully came over with a plate of fresh eggs, melted cheese on the top with chives and green onion from their window garden. “Try to keep it down next time.”

“Yeah, I get it,” Ori sighed. “My summoning magic hasn’t been pulling much lately.”

“Isn’t this the slow season for summons? Could be that they just aint biting like they do in the fall.” Sully sat down across from his roommate.

“Yeah, I know, but that also means fewer people to compete with when trying to pull a strong one.” Ori scowled at his eggs and stabbed the yoke with his fork, yellow ooze steaming out of it as he started his ritual of chopping the eggs up with the yolks to evenly coat them. “It’s just exhausting, ya know. To put in all that work for scraps.”

“So you got a few imps?” Sully asked, munching on his eggs.

“Worse. I got hell rats. Don’t worry. I kept them contained and sent them back. We don’t need another infestation.”

“More like I don’t need to catch the plague again. Lucky for us, antibiotics still worked on the black death that came from hell.”

“You’re never going to let that down, are you?” Ori rolled his eyes.

“I almost died!” Sully snarled.

“But you didn’t!” Ori angrily bit down on his fork, shoveling eggs into his muzzle and munching them down. “Besides,” he continued with a mouth full of food. “I sucked you off! You said you’d forgive me if I swallowed your nut and I did!”

“Whatever man,” Sully waived off his argument. “Let’s just forget about it then.”

“I would if you didn’t keep bringing it up,” Ori mumbled around his eggs.

“Whatever,” Sully rolled his eyes. “I got to get to work. Try not to burn down the security deposit before I get back, huh?”

“I fixed it last time,” Ori shot back.

“*Times*, that’s *times*, with an ‘S’ at the end. Plural,” Sully smiled taking his finished plate, the Zard having gobbled down his breakfast.

“Didn’t know you were clocking me,” Sully crossed his arms as he continued to munch.

“I’m not, the fire department is,” Sully pulled on his jeans and started putting on his button down. “Drinks after work though?”

“Yeah, whatever,” Ori slouched in his chair.

“Hey, Ori,” Sully was putting on his shoes and looking back at his dejected roomie. “You’ll get there, dude. I know you will.”

Ori’s shoulders relaxed, some stress leaving his bones as his roommate’s words banished the voices in his head, if only for a moment.

“Thanks,” the dragon smiled.

“Good on ya,” Sully smiled, putting his hat on as he walked out the door, the embers from his tail flickering out in his wake.

Ori pursed his lips into a thin line, thinking about how to move forward with his ritual. He needed to summon something. His familiar exam to become a hell mage was coming up and he needed to be able to procure some sort of results. If he didn't, he'd be kicked out of the program and have his magic sealed away. He couldn't let that happen.

Ori took his dishes to the sink and then returned to his rituals. He had to keep trying. Ori's room was a mess, his bed pushed off to the side, the hardwood floors covered by a circular rug that Ori drew runes on. The fibers of the rug were crusted with mana infused blood; several flesh sacrifices of pet store rats meant for snakes were in the center, their flesh almost shrink-wrapped around their bones from having their nutrients feasted on from the spell. Ori's red claws clicked against the floor as he went over to his desk, a pile of herbs and utensils used for crafting potions were caked with the leftovers from his most recent brew. They were mainly used to help him bolster his hellish attunement, but white magic can only take dark magic so far before it circles back.

Ori snagged a potion from the table, popping the cork and gulping it down, a fraction of his mana being returned to him as his blood pumped through his veins with vigor. It was a simple potion, but he didn't have any ingredients for anything else.

The drake turned to the circle, the lifeless rats in its center void of any energy. He would have to use his own blood for the ritual. Not that he wasn't doing that before, but less was required when supplemented with a flesh sacrifice. Ori curled his tail around so his red spines were within reach. He gripped one and pricked his finger. He then squeezed a few droplets into the center of the circle.

“Oh shit, right, almost forgot,” Ori snagged a silver pendant from his desk. “Can’t go in raw, got to use protection.”

He fastened the pendant around his neck and held out his hands, energy flowing through him and focusing directly on the few drops of blood in the center of his summoning mat.

“I call upon that what burns, what hungers, what relishes in the splendor of flesh and blood. I offer this droplet as a taste of my flesh, in the name of the false saints and sullied virtuous. I command that you come forward and be my servant, be my servant and give me the power I desire.”

The incantation went on like this, repeating itself like an open SOS into the void hoping someone would answer.

“Maybe if I add another droplet,” Ori pondered and squeezed more blood out of his finger, the crimson droplet adding to the first. A faint molten glow started shimmering off the circle, the blood stains looking like clear glass far above an inferno.

“Oh great, another imp,” Ori sighed, the light far too weak to be anything other than a low level summon incapable of fusing with a hell mage. He added another droplet, and then another while reciting his incantation.

This is the kind of thing that people forget about rituals. They take time, and they are dreadfully dull. All it was, was Ori dripping blood onto a mat while droning a government issued incantation in monotone.

“Come on. Give me something, anything of value,” Ori gritted his teeth, his fangs glinting in the light glow of the circle.

“How about you *give* something of value,” a dark voice rumbled.

“Who was that?” Ori pulled his hands into his chest, a spell already forming between his fingers.

“You’re the one who’s been screaming like a bitch in all the hells’ rings begging to be pegged by a real demon. Why don’t you offer something of value?”

“I’m not offering my soul,” Ori narrowed his eyes.

“You should know that a hell mage’s soul is already damned, we don’t bargain for what we already own,” the voice rumbled. The mat glowed brighter, staining the room red.

“I’m just looking for a low level demon that can help me with being a hell mage,” Ori responded.

“Well I’m the only one answering,” the demon responded, a dark shadow fluttering through the light as though something were swimming just below the circle. “You can’t be *too* picky, now can you?”

“I’m not offering you anything more than my blood and a place by my side in the mortal plane, I will not offer anything else.”

“Really?” The voice was much louder...no, it was closer. That shadow fluttered under the seal, the dark shape larger than before. “You’ll offer me nothing more than your blood? There’s nothing else in your life you can part with? No loved one? A first borne? A pet? Are you truly all alone in this world?”

“No, I mean, I have a roommate,” Ori furrowed his brow. “But you can’t have him.”

“Are you sure?” The demon rumbled, the feeling of a claw brushing Ori’s chin made him flinch away, a shadowy essence was speaking directly to his soul, the fear he was feeling was the pain he just inflicted upon his essence, nothing more. “I could go get him from another room if that’s the case.”

“No, you can’t have him, he’s not even here anyway,” Ori was getting frustrated with the demon and was going to prepare closing the door.

“So you are truly alone?” The demon asked again.

“Yeah, what of it?” Ori spat back.

“Oh child, didn’t your parents ever tell you to lie when you’re home alone?”

Ori put his hands up and clapped them together to slam the door to hell closed...but the glow didn’t dissipate. The seal wasn’t listening to his commands anymore. He had lost control of the circle!

“Poor child, all alone without a hand to guide him, not a shoulder to lean on, not even a finger to swipe his tears,” the demon’s voice mocked in his soothing tone, his voice deep and powerful.

“I banish you demon!” Ori shouted, but the demon simply laughed, the glow from the circle getting brighter as something started to emerge from it.

It was as though the matt were made of water, rippling as bubbling crimson darkness parted around a fin. A dorsal fin red as blood emerged from the circle, and then a crown of black messy hair. A lot of hair! A head emerged from the matt, a vicious shark face with its eyes folded back as though going in for the killing bite. His gills split along the sides of his powerful muscular neck, his shoulders forcing the width of the matt to expand as he continued to ascend. His underside was white, thick corded muscle smoothed out with a healthy belly of fat. His monstrous hamstrings and ass caused the matt to expand as well, the dimensions of the room shifting to accommodate the beast emerging from the hells. He refused to kneel or bow, the room would simply have to bend to fit him.

Ori was already speechless, but then the demon’s dick came into view. A massive duo of demon shark dicks with thick foreskin hung over a duo of monstrous , coconuts, slapping around his knees. He ascended until his entire body was in the room, his feet finally made ground, the matt flowing between his clawed toes like water. No, not like water, like magma.

The demon took a deep breath, his gills sucking in air as he parted his lips, his maw lined with razor teeth. As he drank in the atmosphere of the world, he tasted it too, the air sucking between his teeth. His powerful chest inflated with air before he let out a sigh, his teeth parting to show a whirlpool of lava in his maw, the distant cries of tortured souls echoing on his breath.

Then his eyes snapped open. Energy filled the room as golden chainmail formed over his chest, massive rubies lashed onto his wrists and ankles, fishhook piercings lined his dorsal fin, his black hair pulled into various black seaweed like dreadlocks. And those eyes, they were flames, a duo of burning coals that radiated a confidence that was palpable.

“Go back now demon!” Ori shouted, his voice cracking. “I release you back to hell from whence you came.”

The demon simply smirked.

“Kid, not a demon alive can tell me what to do,” he chuckled, his voice like the crackling of flames and the sizzling of embers in ocean waves.

“But my circle binds you, you can’t go any further into this world,” Ori hissed.

“Really now?” The demon lifted his foot, the appendage was larger than Ori’s leg. He put his heel down on a rune and snuffed it out with a twist of his leg, the white underside of his foot being stained by the embers of the magic. “You missed a spot.”

“Fuck! Get back! I have protection,” Ori lifted his pendant. “This’ll smite you down where you—”

Ori was cut off as a golden trident flashed into existence in the demon’s hand, his black claws only gently holding it so the point of the spear was right on the pendant itself. Ori was sure he had been

run through with that spear so close to his neck, but the sting of a blade piercing his neck never came. The fact he could swallow without a metal pole choking him was evident enough.

“Saint Hubert,” the demon mused as he pulled his trident back, the pendent stuck on the tip. “Patron saint of demon hunters. Cute,” the demon smiled, the silver pendent glowing before dripping off his spear as molten metal.

“What the fuck are you and what the hell do you want,” Ori pushed up against the wall, his heart pounding.

“Most would be groveling for their lives by now,” the demon’s trident disappeared as he took the chair from Ori’s desk and sat on it, his ridiculous frame threatening to break the base, the shark’s tail flopping off to the side. “I can respect that.”

“Do you want me to grovel?” Ori spat back. “Well I won’t.”

“Slow your roll,” the demon put his hands up. “I came top side to get you to stop with your insipid screaming. Don’t you know it’s the off season for us demons to rest? I came here to smack down the gnat that has been buzzing in my ear for the better part of a week, but why don’t we have some fun.”

“You going to torture me?” Ori’s eyes went wide.

“No, I want you,” The demon smiled, his eyes narrowing. “More specifically your flesh and bones. My body is impressive, but a hell mage, one of Babylon’s children are hard to come by in this world. What do you say we make a deal?”

“A deal?”

“Yeah, I’m up for a challenge,” the demon smirked. “You will give me your flesh, and I’ll give you your deepest desire.”

Ori frowned. Did he even know what he wanted? Sure he wanted money, but that was so he could live, not to just keep working and make more money. He didn’t want status or fame. What the hell did he want?

The embers in the demon’s eyes flared as though they were gleaming with mischief.

“Or I can just eat your body and soul,” the demon shrugged. “Your choice.”

“I...don’t have a choice here, do I?”

“No, you do,” the demon smiled. “You can either be my meat puppet, or you can be cast into the void.”

“Can I at least retain my consciousness?”

“Sure,” the demon chuckled. “So long as you’re a good little bitch boy and bend to my every whim and desire. In return, I’ll give you your own deepest desire.”

“Deal then,” Ori held out his hand to shake. The demon chuckled and held the drake’s hand between his thumb and forefinger, the thumb claw cutting into the drake’s forearm and causing his blood to trickle down that claw.

“Deal,” the demon agreed and he vanished. It was like the entire display was a flickering flame that had just been blown out, the form of the demon sifting away in black tendrils in a sudden gust of wind.

“What the *huk*—” Ori was cut off as that smoke spiraled into his maw, his lungs filling with the burning sulfur of hell, the place where the demon’s claw pierced his skin was no better. It burned like he was stung or bitten by something with life threatening venom.

Ori wanted to scream, but he was choking on smoke, his throat full of spiraling darkness as that demon’s essence filled him up. Fear bloomed all over his body, the pain of the soul, as his soul was touched, and then cut and filled. Essence bled with essence, his flesh seared with power not meant for mortal men as he was forced to assimilate the demon.

Ori felt like his body was filled to bursting, his every fiber overflowing with demonic essence and still it flowed into him. His limbs going taut as though he were a jumpsuit that someone much larger than him was slipping into. His hands shook, his claws extended as his fingers flexed, then the veins across his body pushed up against his skin. It started with one arm, the fingers plumping up, flexing, cracking, and then reshaping into a thicker, more muscular paw. The changes rolled up his forearm, thickening it up, the essence filling him so much he couldn’t contain it.

*“Such a small vessel, we’ll have to change that,”* the demon rumbled in Ori’s mind. The drake’s eyes were flicking rapidly as though in deep sleep, his body pulsing as his pecks pushed out, each duo of abs plumping up like some waterfall of power before the obliques framing them crunched into place and the lats spread out behind them like wings.

The dragon’s maw hung open as black drool oozed from the corners of his muzzle, bubbling corruption that dripped and stained his collarbone. His jaw cracked, shifting and forming spines along it like some crimson beard. His brow broadened, his dragon horns becoming more streamlined as his tail extended outwards. His tail and spine shot him up further and his legs swelled and cracked, his foot claws slipping further along the wood as Ori continued to choke on that demonic essence. His sweat pants burned away, scorched by the power and heat ricocheting off his body. The fork at the end of his

tail burst open into a shark's back fins, the blood red spines along his back smoothed over into various dorsal fins going up along his spine. Several of these spikes formed along his body, his elbows and edge of his jaw to give him more sharp angles.

Then that essence pooled in his loins. It was painful at first, as though he were being kicked in that sack from the inside, but then it burned into pleasure. Each nut jostled and shunted into place, thick softballs of drake nuts pulsing with power. His cock sprung from its slit, getting harder than humanly possible before reeling out further, pulsing thicker, the veins along that red shaft black as night. The dragon's dick formed spines along its under side, almost making an armored layering of onyx fuck flesh while the tip tapered into a blood red head.

A growing feeling of power surged into his loins as his slit spread further apart, the opening being gaped almost beyond its limit as a second cock sprung forward wetly, both soaked in a musk that radiated off them like the steam from hell's vents.

Ori's toe claws touched down as tendrils of smoke rolled off his skull, forming onyx locks of obsidian hair. The center horn, that little red nub, rose, splitting his crown of onyx locks with a final dorsal fin, like a Damascus blade where the exposed steel glittered like rubies and the sides were solidified magma.

Ori slumped forward, his eyes closed as he let out a hot breath, steam rolling from between his shark teeth as he looked over his hands before swiping the ichor from his maw with the back of his palm. A dark chuckle emanated from his throat, a giddiness bubbling inside him as he stood back up, his black hair falling in feathery locks as a confident smirk slanted the corner of his lips. Then his eyes flashed open, both glittering sapphires with glints of red.

Ori was still Ori, but he wasn't Ori anymore. He was more than the sum of his parts, his soul and body mingled together with this demon. The pride from the demon and the anxiety from the drake mixed to form arrogance, their personality being corrupted by the darkened virtues of the demon housed in his soul.

"Holy shit," Ori breathed, his shark teeth causing his words to hiss a bit. "I...I feel amazing."

Ori spread his wings, the tips of them smacking either side of his bedroom and still had more give in them. He was a beast. He clenched his fist and the demon's trident flashed into existence...no, his trident. He wasn't Ori, nor was he the demon, he was something more.

Say your name, you are a demon reborn, speak your full name.

"Oriax," the shark drake rumbled. "I shall now, and forever be, Oriax."

Those blue eyes bled to purple before they glowed a demonic red. A new demon was born, and the world would know his name. But first, he wanted to have some fun and really stretch his wings.

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Kalaron sipped at her drink at the bar, the straw bubbling with the fizzy drink. She really needed this.

The protogen was a next generation cyborg, her long slender body almost like a fox's, but more languid. Her fur was white as snow, but her henna dipped hands were a vibrant purple. Her shoulder length hair rolled back in gentle waves, starting out white at the roots, then forming gradients of aurora pinks, cosmic violets, and silvery blues. Her visor covered everything above the jaw and below the brow, her face displayed as though she were simply covering her muzzle in a purple visor. Her pointed ears

rose above her hair, the tips looking henna dipped as well, but a gradient of purples and blues. She wore a simple blue windbreaker and a white skirt to show off her luxurious legs and purple foot paws.

“Kal! You want anything?” Her rat coworkers shouted from the bar, the place a black lit dive bar with neon paints and decoupage bar tops.

“No, I’m...I’m good,” Kal giggled. “I shouldn’t have anymore. I just want to get a light buzz. It’s a school night, ya know.” Kal joked to her coworkers. She finally worked up the courage to go out with them and she didn’t want to get sloppy.

“Happy hour is almost over, you sure you don’t want to hit the reset button?” Her goat coworkers asked.

“Oh no, I couldn’t possibly,” Kal chuckled and put up her paws, the pads a violet blue that seemed to radiate like sensors. “I just wanted to see what the hype was about, and you guys definitely live up to your reputation.”

“Oh, come on now Kal, you know why we invited you,” a hyena chuckled. “Some of us wanted to get a slice of what the boss is getting.”

“I...” Kal’s cheeks blushed, her display going from dark purple to a muted pink.

“Don’t be a dick Ty,” a rabbit smacked his chest.

“Oh come off it Viv,” the hyena gave a little hiccup, his own face blushing, but not from embarrassment. “Even you’ve trash talked him-*erp*-I mean HER cuz you’re jealous you don’t have the nads to fucking...well...fuck!”

“Ty!” The rabbit smacked their coworker upside the head.

“What!”

Kal suddenly felt very self-conscious and put her drink down, most of it gone anyway. “I mean...I didn’t know you wanted to do stuff Ty,” Kal crossed her arms, her pert little breasts hidden beneath the swishy fabric of her windbreaker.

“Holy shit,” Ty practically stood on his stool. “You mean...I have a shot.”

“Probably not anymore asshole,” Viv gripped him by the ear and forced him back down into his stool. “Now drink some water before you get us kicked out. Kal, you doin okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine, I just...I need some air,” Kal walked out of the bar, her chest fluttering. Why did such a jerk like that get her circuits all in a twist! Her long, fluffy tail twitched back and forth as she left the bar and stood outside. The sun had gone down and she was suddenly feeling very exposed. She walked to the nearest lamppost and pulled her phone from her purse.

“Maybe I should just order up a cab and call it a night...they wouldn’t mind me texting them, right?” Kal muttered to herself.

“Hey there little girly, what’s going on?”

Kal almost jumped out of her fur as she realized someone was leaning in the alleyway just outside of the lamppost’s light. The protogen could have sworn her sensors picked up on a red glow, but maybe it was just a glitch. Not that she had to wait long as the man in the alley stepped into the light.

First a strong, muscular foot paw clawed into the concrete, the claws on them clicking against the cement. It was almost as if he was a predator ready to strike, but what emerged from the darkness wasn’t some leaping beast, but a man.

A sexy beast of a man!

A black and red drake shark stood in the light wearing some athletic shorts and a cutoff hoodie. The shark did a little hair flip that knocked the hood back and exposed the sapphire eyes of that tall, dark, handsome drake.

"I...I'm just calling a cab."

"You really leaving already?" A sly grin spread across the drake's muzzle, a single gold tooth glinting. "But the fun is just getting started."

"I...I really think I should go," Kal wanted to turn away, but a sudden twitch in that shark's muzzle changed the cocky grin into an annoyed sneer.

"Stay," he ordered.

Kal's body seized up. That was a command, that was...a very powerful command. The way he said it made her spine shudder and her face glitch beneath her visor before it flashed back with a blush.

"Put your phone away," the drake commanded in that threatening tone.

Kal gulped and her hand shakily complied. Why was she listening to this guy?

"Now, tell me your name," he demanded.

"It's...Kal..." the protagonist squeaked out. Were his eyes always red?

"No," the drake cocked his head as though he were getting tired of a child not understanding.

"Your *full* name."

Red flags flew up in Kal's mind, knowing she should resist, but those ruby eyes glared into hers, her blue eyes taking on a reddish hue around them.

"Kalaron," she finally let her name loose.

Then...he smiled. A warm and cocky grin as he leaned in, bending down to breath his words directly into her ear.

“Good girl,” the drake murred.

*Good girl? Good girl?! Good Girl!*

Those words had never sounded so good, so sweet, so...sexy. She had heard it plenty of times before from many other men she had dated, but this...this was like having someone pull the tone and tambour straight out of her dreams and hotly waft it over her ear.

“l...l...” Kal blushed, her face glitching to a goofy grin as her maw hung open.

“Oh? You like that? You like being called a good girl?” The drake continued to murr his words directly into her ear. Each time he spoke, shivers ran down her spine, her nipples grew hard, and her pussy quivered.

“l...”

“Don’t hold back, tell me,” the drake murred.

“Yes,” Kal let the admission out in a pained squeak as though that confession was wrung out of her.

“That’s a good girl,” the drake rumbled.

“Oh-H-Oh,” Kal’s voice warbled as her eyes glitched to hearts before blinking back to normal. She felt a cool breeze. Then she heard it, the methodical and slow sound of her jacket being undone.

Zzzziippipp...

One little chink at a time the drake pulled down the zipper from her neck, slowly sinking beneath her collarbone, exposing her purple blouse.

"I...I don't even know your name," Kal tried to string some sort of thoughts together, but for some reason it felt like only the mechanical parts of her brain were working, her organic bits felt like they were on fire.

"My name is Oriax," the drake rumbled. "Ori for short, but you can just call me Sir."

"I...I don't know...if I want you to do that...Sir..." Kal's hand felt heavy, so very heavy as she brought it up to stop Ori, the zipper already half way down.

"Yes you do," Ori rumbled, his hand gently continuing it's decent as Kal's hand fell away. "You've wanted this kind of man for a long time. The kind that can make you feel like a real woman. The woman you always were."

"Kal!" Ty shouted as he burst the exit doors open. "I'm sorry, Okay, come back in and keep drinking with us." The hyena was a sloppy mess.

"Kal isn't here," Ori said, his eyes glowing as the hyena paused and stopped the doors from closing.

"Shit...*hick*...she isn't out here. I'll...I'll just apologize tomorrow or whatever," Ty spun on his heel and went back into the bar, his drunken eyes glowing an unholy red.

"Ty?" Kal blinked and lifted her hand as if to beacon him forward, but Ori gently took it and pulled her from the light, leading her into the alleyway.

“Forget about him, I’m the only one that matters now,” Ori rumbled, finishing the unzipping of her jacket. Kal knew those words were untrue and quite alarming, but...she didn’t feel in danger...or...at least not as much as she thought she should.

“Who...who were we talking about,” Kal could remember someone walking out of the bar just a moment ago, but it was distant.

“Forget about them,” Ori murred his order into her ear. “I’m the only one who matters now. The only one you should care about. The only one you should think about.”

“The only...one...”

“Yes, that’s my good girl.”

“I’m, a good—*huk!*” Kal’s breath hitched on a surprised gasp as she felt warm fingers petting her panties. She knew something was wrong. She didn’t want this. This wasn’t something she agreed to.

She closed her eyes and tried to turn away, but she was guided back into Ori’s arms.

“Hey, come on now,” Ori murred, but Kal resisted and tried to tug away harder.

“Hey!” Ori snapped and yanked Kal back, smacking her against the wall and quieting her yelp by gripping her muzzle shut. “Open your eyes.” Ori ordered. “Do it!”

Kal knew she shouldn’t open her eyes, fear was prickling in her gut, but it felt muted and far away. So, she complied.

She saw those eyes, those burning embers burrowing into her soul, scorching away any resistance she had. She gave a little muffled cry, a single sob shaking her chest before any resistance was lost. She kept looking into those burning orbs, her eyes turning to spirals.

“Good girl,” Ori murred, his fingers slipping under her skirt again and rolling up her inner thigh.

“You going to turn away anymore?”

“I...”

“Answer me,” Ori snarled his order through his shark teeth.

“No,” Kal just said it. It was like a hiccup or a sneeze, completely involuntary.

“Good,” Ori murred, his grin returning as those eyes glowed and whirled with power. “You going to try and stop me again?”

“No-ooohahhaaaahhhhaaaa,” Kal’s voice warbled as she felt a duo of fingers slipping past her panties and gently stroking her pussy, her clit being circled with an attentive paw.

“Good girl,” Ori kept his eyes locked on her. “You going to be my good girl? My little princess? My bitch? My pup bucket?”

“Y-Yes...” Kal muttered before gasping, her maw hanging open in a silent “O” as Ori’s fingers slipped into her tight cunt.

“Yes what?”

“Yes, Sir...” Kal corrected herself

“Good girl,” Ori murred, his hand slipping under her blouse and undoing her bra with a single claw, the thing falling out from under her blouse and hitting the dirty alley floor. “You know your place, don’t you princess?”

“Yes...Sir...” Kal nodded as those fingers stroked her sensitive walls while Ori’s thumb flicked over her clit Ori’s hand came up to cup her breast, the cute little B cup a nice little mound for him to mold, the nipple being tweaked and tugged by the folds in Ori’s palm.

“So, when I tell you to forget something, you’ll forget it, right?”

“Yes Sir,” she gasped.

“If I tell you to drop to your knees, you’ll say?”

“Y-Yes Sir.”

“And if I tell you to drain my fucking nuts, what are you going to say to daddy?”

“Yes Sir!” Kal quivered, her back arching as her limbs twitched, her toe paws splaying as her pussy quivered on those talented fingers, clamping down and cumming from being talked down to.

“Now, I have one more question for you, Princess. You know what to say, right?” Ori’s athletic shorts smacked the ground, the thick dark spots on them a testament to his virility.

“Yes...yes sir...” Kal gasped.

“Are you ready to take me?” Ori smiled, sliding his fingers from her cunt and pulling her up by the thigh, his hand cupping the back of her knee.

“Yes Sir,” Kal shuddered and then had to stifle a gasp as her pussy was spread by the largest dick she had ever had. She felt those dragon ridges slip in one at a time, flicking over her sensitive bits as Ori hissed his lust into her ear.

“Fuck yeah, give it up you stupid bitch, you’re all mine,” Ori thrust, one of his dicks slipping deep while the other flopped about outside that warm pussy.

“Yes, Sir,” Kal shuddered, her pussy glowing a violet light as her face blushed in her visor, her pupils pixilated hearts surrounded by her hyper realistic eyes.

“That’s my good girl, take it, take it like a good bitch,” Ori rumbled as his hips started to slap against her cunt, his balls swinging up to smack her ass as he held her leg higher and higher, forcing her to spread wider and wider. Ori’s other hand gripped and massaged her breasts, fondling them and gripping them possessively as he fucked her nice and deep. His other cock dripped ropes of pre all over her thigh as he spat wads of pre in her warm, unprotected hole.

“Fuck, you gunna get some pussy upgrades for daddy?” Ori growled into her ear. “Gunna get some ribs? You gunna vibrate for me?”

“Y-Y-Yes S-S-Sir,” Kal’s eyes were rolling into her skull, the image playing over and over like some cheap Tomagachi toy that was glitching out. Kal’s maw hung open as she started to purr, her whole body started to vibrate.

“Fuck yes, keep doing that. Fucking make me nut! Take my fucking pups!” Ori rumbled, his cock slipping and slapping the sweet femcum back from where it came. His dick frosted in her pleasure glaze as she purred and vibrated. She had some wits about her, taking that last comment as an order and took one of her hands to his other cock and pressed it firmly against her thigh. The thigh was warm, soft, and slick from his pre, the sensation too much.

“Fuck yeah! Take it!” Ori grunted thrusting deep and bottoming out in that pussy as his balls drew up, his taint snapped into action as his cocks spewed their double load. Ori bared his teeth and bit down on the Kal’s neck HARD! Blood welled up around his teeth as he marked her, his claws gripping so hard they drew blood while he pulled her close possessively while he busted his nut. One deep where

god intended, thick ropes spitting and warming the protogen's cervix, and the other spewed over the wall and Kal's thigh.

Kal let out a warbled wine that evolved into a half scream that Ori slammed his hand on to muffle, the protogen sucking on those fingers with her long tongue. That seed was other worldly. It seeped into her like some living magma, curling deep into her and reaching her most intimate of places. It scorched Ori's claim into the walls of her womb, frothing with power as it kept gushing and spitting that baby batter disrespectfully against the back of her inner most walls. Kal's face would twitch and clip out, her voice doing the same, her paw pads on her feet and fingers rapidly rolling like some rave lights. That corruption curled inside her, a pleasure deeper than anything she could have ever known was taking root. She knew, deep in her programing what files were being downloaded inside her by those pulsing nuts.

Broodmotherhood...

Something in Kal's mind snapped, her brain rewriting her code as she murred and nuzzled into her new Admin's neck. She was no longer the owner of her own mind and body. She was Oriax's property now. She wasn't a person, she was a dump for his brood, for his clutch, for his frustrations and pleasure. She was his broodmare, a place to house his infernal seed.

"Good girl," Ori huffed as he drew his teeth from her neck, giving a final thrusts and burst of cum into that warm snatch. "I'm going to fuck an army into you, just you wait. Fuck, I'm going to have a fun time breaking you into a proper house whore, but there's just one problem."

"What's...what's that Sir?"

"You can only ride one cock at a time. Daddy's going to have to find a prince for his other dick."

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“Yo, Ori! I’m home,” Sully trudged his way into the apartment. “Did you manage to get your summoning to work?”

There wasn’t a response that the Zard could hear, but then again, he was more trying to let the drake know he wasn’t alone. He didn’t want a repeat of walking in on him naked while doing laundry. That was an old misunderstanding, but he still didn’t want to have to deal with that if he didn’t need to.

Sully hung up his work hat and kicked his shoes off, his clawed toes clicking on the linoleum. He shuffled his way into the kitchen and opened the fridge, assessing the ingredients and determining what he could make for dinner, but his brain was fried. He closed the fridge and put his forehead against the cool metal, letting his mind relax for a bit.

But then he heard something. It was...wet shlorping. Repeated slurps and squelching that was coming from the living room behind him.

“I swear Ori, if you’re jacking it right now I don’t want to know,” Sully closed his eyes. “But seriously, I’m not going to turn around and I’m going to wait until I hear you go into your room. So please, I’m not in the mood to deal with how you handle your depression.”

The wet slurping continued, squelching, and shlucking filled the air, only getting faster.

“Dude, seriously! Go to your room!”

“Turn around.”

That voice was deeper than Ori’s and rang profoundly inside the Zard’s bones. His eyes flashed open, the sapphire orbs tainted with a ring of red as he felt compelled to face the source of that voice. Sully’s feet moved, almost of their own will, until he had turned to face the intruder in their home.

“Good boy,” the man murred. Sully’s eyes went wide as he looked on at the man on their couch. He looked like an extremely buff version of Ori, his body several magnitudes larger than the little dragon’s frame, but also with so many other manly features. He was shredded with definition, his muscles on clear display and his shark like features were accented by draconic sharpness. He was a killer, a hunter, a beast of prey, and he was sitting naked on their couch. The demon drake-shark sat with his elbow on the backrest, his fist propping up his head as he smirked, his rows of teeth glinting in the low light. His chest was on full display, crimson and corded with rippling definition. His abs like a brick road down to the protogen bobbing her head on one of his jaw breaking cocks. One of his legs rested on the protogen, his thick thigh like a pillow for the little bitch between his legs while the other leg spread out wide and hung off the end of the couch, the purple protogen head-butting the shark-drake’s stomach as she gagged on his bitch breaker.

“Who are you?” Sully muttered, his voice weak as his knees shook.

“It’s me, Ori,” the shark demon murred, his eyes curved up into a cocky glare.

“How?” Sully felt the power in those eyes as they burrowed into his soul. Were they always red? He swore they were blue before.

“It worked,” Ori’s grin grew, his vicious shark teeth grinning hungrily.

“What worked?” Sully let the words rattle out of his maw, but he already knew the answer. He wasn’t looking at Ori anymore. He was looking at a demon in Ori’s flesh.

“You finally figure it out? Come on now Sully, you must be exhausted. Come suck your troubles and thoughts away. I got your spot all ready for you.” Ori patted his unoccupied thigh.

The Zard looked over at that other cock, the thick spire of ribbed dragon meat, the barbs like armored scales that ran up the underside before it reached the deep red tip. A thick wad of pre shot from it, splattering the ground.

“I...I don’t...”

“Come now Sully,” Ori murred through those teeth. “You know it’s your favorite place in the whole world.”

“No...I...” Sully shook his head, his tail flicking behind him and the flame sending off embers as he tried to clear his head. He hadn’t ever sucked Ori’s dick...right? He...he swore they never...but...then why did his mouth water. Why did his knees shake. Why did his height feel like an insult to his...his master? He should...be on his knees, right?

“Come now Sully,” Ori smiled. “You know your place, don’t you? Or do you need me to remind you again?”

“No, I’m...I’m not...you’re not...” Sully huffed, flames licking at his lips as he growled and looked at his demon possessed friend. “Let Ori go!”

“Oh, Sully,” the demon shook his head. “You don’t get it. We’re one. I fused us together so we couldn’t be banished back to hell. No, Ori is no more. We, or more accurately, I am Oriax.”

“You’re lying! Demons lie all the time.”

“True,” Ori shrugged, putting one large hand on the purple visor of his cock sucking pet and stroking her hair back like he were petting a cat in his lap. “But I would never lie to my favorite slave boi.”

“Your favorite...slave boi?” Sully cocked his head, but his tail started to swish behind him happily. “I’m...I’m your favorite—NO!” Sully gripped his skull.

“So defiant, why don’t you come here babe,” Ori gripped his fist in the air, a leash of flames leaped forward and lashed around Sully’s neck, the Zard shouting and falling to his knees.

“Fucking, *gak*, stop!”

“But you like being leashed up,” Ori murred, his eyes glowing brighter. “You like being dominated by your master. By your owner. Don’t you Sully boi?”

“I...I like...no, I need to...fight...”

“Fight what?” Ori cocked a brow as he slowly reeled that leash closer to him. “Fight for your current life? A job that drains you dry? Fight for a march down a path that leads nowhere? Or would you rather give in and be my pet. My good boi. Daddy’s good little prince.”

“I...I can’t...” Sully grit his teeth, but he felt that collar dig into his neck, dragging him closer and closer to the demon. The way it lightly choked him sent shivers down his spine.

“But you can,” Ori murred. “Princess, why don’t you give him a reminder of just what he’s been missing out on.”

Kal paused before peeling her muzzle off that cock, a single strand of drool connecting her lips to that pillar of man meat. Kal crawled over on all fours over to Sully, the Zard’s eyes had a flickering red ring around them, the Zard resistance just barely keeping him sane.

Then Kal cupped the Zard’s skull, pulled him close and pressed her lips to his.

“Open,” Ori gave the order and Sully simply couldn’t refuse. He opened his maw and Kal’s lips parted as well. Their tongues mashed as a thick wad of cum and pre sloshed over their muzzles. All that squelching and slurping had formed a massive warm wad of musky demon essence that was now rolling between the two’s tongues. The musky mess dripping down Kal’s lips and slithering down into Sully’s maw as they messily made out.

Sully’s eyes went wide as the ring of red became solid. He moaned, his tongue lulling into Kal’s muzzle to deepen the kiss. Thick smacking and wet tongues lulled around one another, the musky mess tainting their muzzles with the salty bitterness of their...their...

“Master,” the two broke their kiss and moaned onto each other’s lips. That was master’s flavor, the essence they craved, the only flavor that would matter. Sully suddenly knew what he wanted for dinner, what he wanted for dinner every night, what he craved for every meal. The Zard licked his lips before kissing and making out with Kal, her pert little nips growing hard as Sully ran his claws over her back, his thick tongue lulling into her muzzle and making her eyes roll back as he slapped her tonsils, dredging up that salty boon from her throat.

“That’s right, you two are just crazy for my seed, aren’t you?”

“Mmmhmmm,” the two murred into their kiss, agreeing and huffing into each other’s maws.

“You’ll do anything for my cum, huh? You two are just my little whores working for my nut, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” Sully moaned.

“Yes Sir,” Kal moaned, her voice warbling a little.

“Good, now come and show your master some overdue respect,” Ori murred.

The two felt the command like a paddle to the ass, each moaning as they got on all fours and crawled between Ori's legs. Sully and Kal were about to deep throat those jaw breaking hogs, but Ori put up a hand.

"Wait, start by saying thanks to your meal. You know my balls have been working really hard all day to make you this nut. So show them your gratitude."

Sully was confused, but a quick glance over to Kal showed him the appropriate answer. She was wrapping her maw around one of Ori's nuts. A thick strand of cum dangled from her muzzle and twitched with the slow and methodical lulling of her tongue around that massive orb. Sully huffed, flames licking at his lips before he opened his muzzle and lulled his larger tongue out to wrap around that other low hanging nut, pulling it into his muzzle where he gently suckled. Their tongues lashed and slurped at those orbs, rolling them in the sack as Ori put his hands behind his head and leaned back into the couch.

"That's right, suck my fucking nuts," Ori moaned. "Fuck yeah, suck that sack. Show me the fucking respect I deserve."

"Yeth thhhir," Kal moaned into that nut.

"Yegth mathir," Sully rumbled into that sack, the words rolling into his balls and up his shafts. Each pillar of meat throbbing and shooting an arch of salty pre onto the backs of each of his slaves.

"Fuck yeah, keep sucking those nuts," Ori murred and lifted his legs and laying them on the backs of each one of his sex slaves, his talons flexing as he relaxed into the wordship. "Suck the salt right off my sack, then get working on your meal."

Sully's thick tongue finished first, the massive nut flopping from his maw as he licked up that shaft, those dragon barbs brushing his tongue before he opened his muzzle and sucked down that cock.

The Zard's naturally thick throat took that fuck spire down to the base while Sully's tongue lulled out and flicked over that nut he just cleaned.

"Fuck, such a good boy," Ori murred down at the enthralled Zard. "That's your favorite place in the whole world, isn't it boi?"

Sully's eyes smiled, his lips parting a bit to drip drool before he nodded, his head bobbing on that cock as he started to draw up and down on that spire of meat. Kal wasn't far behind. Her much more delicate maw wasn't a stranger to deep throating, but she couldn't do it as seamlessly as Sully. Her maw wrapped around his other cock and bottomed out half way. She angled herself and Ori felt his cock slip into her nice, slick throat as she gagged and schlorped on that knob.

"Oh fuck yeah," Ori moaned, his foot paws bouncing on the backs of the two sex slaves gagging on his cocks as they bobbed and dove for that dick, their muzzles being imprinted with the musky essence of their master, a brand of ownership.

Sully gave a deep murr, drool oozing out of his lips and rolling down onto the nut he had in his maw earlier. His eyes glowed red as he slipped further and further under Ori's influence. The pressure in his throat was nearly orgasmic, his own dragon cock beating the inside of his pants as he oozed and dribbled pre. He took his hand and cupped that sack, gently tugging and messaging those nuts and getting his fingers nice and slick before he slipped them down to Ori's taint and rubbed it, loving how the prostate would twitch and flex when he did. Each flex of that prostate would preamble a spit of pre into the back of his throat as he continued to bob.

"Holy shit! So close! Ready for your fucking meal!"

The two answered by doubling their efforts, their heads bobbing and slurping faster before Ori let out an orgasmic cry. His prostate flexed against those talented fingers, his taint pulsing and shooting

thick wads of cum deep into his slave's guts, their throats gulping and slurping down that essence as their muzzles pressed into his groin.

"Fuck yeah! Don't waste a single fucking drop!" The thick gargling squelches of those shots audibly gurgled down into the two's stomachs, Sully's eyes half sheathed as he succumbed to his master's influence. Each shot of that cum in his gut was like a power washer shot blasting away any resistance and memory of his old life.

"Fuck yeah," Ori moaned as he leaned back into the couch and cracking his eyes open. "Oh come now Sully. You know the rules." Ori snapped his fingers and Sully's clothes vanished in a shower of sparks. "No clothes when it's just us in the house."

"Yes master," Sully moaned as he peeled his maw off that cock. His tongue lulling out to lick up a strand of cum he left behind.

"Good, now, get into position. It's time I broke you in," Ori snapped his fingers, the position being sent to his slave's mind. Sully grinned darkly and gripped Kal, peeling her off of the dick she was sucking on. She giggled as Sully pulled her close and started to make out, their maws a stringy, cummy mess that they slurped from each other's maw.

The Zard laid themselves down on the coffee table, his legs splayed in the air with Kal on his thick belly, the two making out as their holes were exposed.

"Good," Ori murred and stood up, his toe claws meshing in the wet carpet as he got into position. "Are you good my princess?" Ori emphasized this by brushing his hand over her round ass, his thumb playing with her slightly gaped pussy.

"Yes Sir!" She arched her back and moaned, a little dribble of cunny honey dripping down her folds and onto Sully's hard dragon cock, his balls bouncing as his cock was a musky mess.

“Good girl, and how about my good little prince?” Ori murred, his fingers swiping up some of Sully’s pre and rubbing it down over his pucker.

“Oh fuck, so good master,” Sully moaned, his asshole winking as it tried to suck those fingers in.

“Good, very good,” Ori gripped both his cocks, angling his hips so one cock was lined with Kal’s dripping folds and the other with Sully’s hole. “You two just keep enjoying your dinner, and I’ll get working on dessert.”

With that Ori thrust, his cocks sinking deep into those holes. The two sluts moaned whorishly before making out with one another. Sully and Kal’s maws desperately licked and lapped at one another, their tongues locked in a spiraling dance while Ori started to thrust in, gripping Kal’s tail and throwing it over his shoulder as he thrust in.

“Oh fuck, that’s right, fucking take my dicks. A nice warm hole for each,” Ori murred, his dick digging deep into the wet folds of Kal’s unprotected pussy and Sully’s ribbed dragon hole. Sully’s hole was much warmer than Kal’s, but the protogen wouldn’t be outdone. Since she linked with the internet, she downloaded some upgrades, her pussy twitching and slowly vibrating, her ass cheeks jiggling from the movement.

Wet slapping filled the air as Ori staked his claim on their holes, his dicks digging deep while the two made out. Kal’s pussy quivered and popped, gushing over the dick in her and sending a spray of honey down to coat that other dick and making it slide into Sully’s hole easier with each thrust. Ori lifted a foot up and put it down on the coffee table, leaning into his thrusts and smacking deep into those holes over and over.

“Yes! I feel it! I’m getting close! I’m going to breed you two. When I bust, when you feel my nut flooding into you, you’ll forget your previous lives.”

“Yes!” The two moaned, their eyes rolling into the back of their skulls as the pleasure built in them, riding higher and higher.

“This orgasm, this next orgasm will wipe your minds clean and your entire existence will be devoted to me. Nothing will make you happier than to ride my dick, to get me off, to worship me and fulfill my every whim and desire. Making me happy is the only source of joy, and making your fellow slaves happy. Do you understand?”

“Yes! We’re Yours!” The two shouted.

“Good! You’re fucking MINE!” Ori roared, slamming his hips forward, his balls churning before drawing up, his short thrusts slowly pushing him over the edge and making the shark drake roar in triumph as his cocks throbbed. The two sluts beneath him felt like they were caught in a perpetual edge, until that first blast of cum hit their inner walls. It was like every orgasm they had ever had came roaring into them at that moment. They screamed, their voices hoarse as they seized up. Every muscle tensed as they came. Thick washes of fem cum gushed between them as Sully’s dragon dick blasted thick jets of cum, his prostate cramping with how hard he was cumming.

And their former lives washed away with each wave of orgasm. Their memories being replaced by endless nights of pleasure in service to their master, their God!

“Fuck,” Ori groaned, his cocks pulling out to watch the thick wash of cum oozing out of each. Kal’s pussy was a waterfall of cum while Sully’s hole was a slow oozing of that seed, his pucker still strong enough to hold some in.

“That’s my good little sluts. Who’s ready to break in the bedroom?”

That night was filled with endless fucking, the demon's stamina heavily outweighing the other two. He would just need to find more sluts for his harem, but these two, they would be special. They were his family, and he would never let them go.

They were his, and he was their master. It was everything he could have ever wanted.

Then Oriax remembered the deal he made, he would have his heart's deepest desire, and now he had it. A family of sexy slaves to fuck with. He smiled and chuckled darkly as he reveled in the fulfillment of his deal.