

Special Treats

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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“So, you know... where are we going tonight?”

The question was asked by a young boy, ten winters in age. His black hair stirred in the cold, blustery wind of late fall; a strand of caught on a scar on his cheek, the results of an accident with a knife many years ago. As he spoke, his brown eyes looked over to his friends, a boy of eight and a girl of eleven years.

His male friend shrugged and toyed briefly with the short, wooden staff he was carving. In his other hand, the curved blade of his knife sparkled in the cold sunlight. His face relaxed as his eyes unfocused in effort to come up with something. oohs After a second, he shrugged again, “No idea, Gerid... no idea.”

From the edge of the curb, her feet tapping in ice-cold water, she looked up at Gerid, “Are we going to Zoria’s?”

A hard wind slammed against her, blowing her hair into a massive bloom of amber brown. She reached up and pushed it aside, tucking it behind her ears for the few seconds it took for the wind to wiggle it free and and send it flying again. Her hands were soft, except from the occasional scratch of her needlework. Her other hand pushed down the edge of her dress, to prevent it from flying up in the harsh wind.

Gerid made a face and looked out into the busy main street of Willow’s End, “It’s so far away. It’ll take us at least an hour just to get there. I don’t know, Laci.”

“Yeah, but she makes the best candies.”

The boy with the staff nodded cheerful, his hands still carving with the deft skill of someone who mastered the art. Under the

blade, the image of some horned creature, powerful and snarling, was taking shape.

Laci frowned and pulled face as she looked at the staff, "Why are you making that, Haron?"

Haron grinned and finished a complicated curve along one of the massive claws. His back straightened as he spoke in a mock powerful voice, "With this staff, I shall command the demons themselves to gather our candy and bow down upon me."

Laci stepped on the edge of her dress, to prevent it from exposing her as a hard wind slammed into all three children. Above them, massive clouds of bitter white slid majestically across the sky.

"Careful with demons. Play with the too much and you'll end up their slave."

Gerid scoffed, "How would you know?"

Laci responded with the conviction of a girl of nine years who knew what she was talking about, "My mother."

Haron shrugged and started a new line along the second claw, his artful fingers easily bringing shape to something he saw in one of his dreams. He worked in silence for a few seconds as Gerid and Laci argued about how much Laci's mother really knew.

Looking up at the bickering two, he spoke quietly, "So, let's go to Zoria's? It's been over a month since we were there last."

The bickering stopped as both children looked at the boy on the curb. The short staff, a meter and a half in length, rested on his thighs. All three found themselves staring at the staff for a few seconds before Laci responded.

"Good idea, think our parents will come?"

Gerid laughed for a second, bitter and angry, "Why? They aren't even bothering to come with us for the rest of treating? Why would they go an hour to see someone they don't like?"

Haron sighed and set down his knife, letting the burning sensation of a hand cramp fade away. He's been carving the last three years of his life, but he still needed a break. He looked up at Laci and sighed again.

"She lives so far out of town. They don't have the time to visit her and they never have the time when she manages to come here. It's as if she doesn't exist to them."

Laci nodded, her innocent eyes sad with a realization far beyond her years, “It’s horrible that no one likes her... except for the younger ones.”

“Yeah, but I’ve been avoiding her lately. She is getting strange.”

All three children were silent for a second.

Gerid chuckled, “If it wasn’t for us, she probably would be an insane old lady brewing potions over a cauldron, chanting some spell to enslave us all.”

Laci glared, “Between Haron’s staff and your stories, it’s amazing our parents let us out at all!”

She jumped to her feet and stomped away. The boys grinned at each other and followed after her, Haron waving his staff and Gerid starting another intricate story of horror and darkness.

Gerid was closer to the truth than he realized.

Zoria was home, as always. Her small house was tightly shuttered against the pounding wind that rattled the loosely-fitted planks covering what was left of her windows. A heavy carpet shook in the door, her only protection against the cold of winter.

The floor was hard-packed dirt, bits of straw and stones glimmered in the flickering light of the fire that roared in the center of the largest room.

Zoria was standing there, wearing nothing but a short shift. Her soot-streaked face peered into a massive cauldron as she stirred it with a thick staff. Both of her hands, thin with age and shaking with stress, grasped the middle of the staff, straining to pull it around the cauldron. Tiny runes puckered the surface of the ancient wood as it slowly creaked through a thick brown muck that filled the black metal pot.

She was handsome more than pretty, harsh lines showed many years of starvation and suffering. Long black hair, uncombed for weeks, plastered itself against her face and shoulders. Her breasts, soaking with sweat from the heat of the fire, clung to the shift, pressing out like two large melons begging to be freed.

Her ass was framed on the other side, the sweat turning the thin fabric almost transparent as she bent closer to the cauldron to break up a piece of something with the dripping end of her wooden stick. Underneath, only her bare flesh pressed against the fabric; the fire

was too hot to wear anything more. A faint hint of her dark pubic hair pressed against the sweat-soaked shift.

The fire popped and sent a shower of sparks into the air, to drift up through the hole in her ceiling. Years of fires left a massive black circle around the clear opening into the sky, like a solar eclipse burned into her roof. One of the sparks landed on her breast, but she brushed it off with callused hands before it burnt her skin.

Zoria was only thirty, but her face and body spoke of someone far older. Her posture was stiff from years of training, but her eyes told that more than age haunted her dreams.

Finally, she rested the staff against the side of the cauldron and stood away from the sweltering heat. Her eyes felt themselves being draw into the corner, toward the “book”.

She found it almost a year ago to the day, a small book barely twenty centimeters square. The surface was covered in a thin, almost translucent leather over some dark wood. The metal fittings appears to be made of something oily and black, but she never noticed.

The book was in the stump of a rotted tree and she picked it up. Something on the edge scratched her, causing a drop of blood to splash against the black lock of the book. It clicked opened. When she didn't open it, it locked itself again.

It took her a month before she got the courage to prick her finger and open the book again. This time, she began to read it. The pages were the same thin, translucent leather. Thick runes glimmered on the page, swirling with a dark power.

She read it anyways.

As she tried to puzzle out the unfamiliar runes, she caught brief images of something with teeth, horns, and claws. She pushed it aside, focusing on the words, trying to find something she could understand. Soon, the desire to read the book became an obsession, a desire that kept her up for days at a time, puzzling over something that looked vaguely familiar.

In her dreams, the book haunted her. The brief images of something continued to swirl around her dreams, never coming into focus; it's words teased her mind, always out of reach and understanding.

It scared her more every day, but the book continued to obsess her. She spent day after day reading it, only taking a break to spend time with the children, on their occasional visits.

She didn't notice when they stopped coming as often. It used to be every day, then every other day, then once a week. In the last month or so, they barely came every three or four weeks.

Zoria didn't notice.

She had her book.

One day, after a horrible dream of violence and sex, she woke up screaming. Her eyes went to the book and she stood up, naked in the cool air. Something called to her and she slowly walked up to the leather bound obsession.

Zora could read it.

Words and runes came into focus, as if she was just looking at the book upside down. She found herself caught in the spell of the words, enjoying the hard, bitter taste of them as she spoke softly to herself, in a language she didn't know she understood. Her throat hurt from pushing out the words, but she let them come out.

Months later, it still hurt to say the words as she chanted over her cooking. Smells of cooking chocolate flooded the room as she returned to stirring the massive cauldron with her staff. As she spoke, the harsh, guttural words tore at her throat. Each strange cadence, powerful in its own manner, dripped power and energy into the cauldron, mixing with the dark brew of chocolate and spells.

She continued to push the words out, each syllable hurting her chest as she had to force her tongue to move. Each thought that led to a spoken noise tore at her mind and sanity, but anger and revenge pushed her forward.

Her hand gripped tightly on the staff until a trickle of bright red blood dripped along its length. The drop dipped into each rune along its surface, filling the pucker before cascading down to the next. Zoria continued to hold the staff tightly, stirring as she felt the cut rub hard against the rough wooden surface.

As the first drop touched the surface of the chocolate, she whispered the first human words she spoke in a long time.

“Blood of a virgin.”

The words felt smooth, too easy to speak. Part of her mind wanted to never speak the harsh tongue ever again, but the obsession grew inside her, begging her to continue.

In the cauldron, the chocolate turned crimson; the red spread out faster and brighter than was possible for the few drops that fell into the candy, but soon it was the color of bright blood.

Zoria found herself drifting away from the spell and forced herself to continue, to shout out the harsh words that tore at her throat. Her lungs screamed in agony, strained beyond her normal effort to breath as each syllable hung in the air for a second, gathering a haze of power around her.

She felt the end of the spell, the last rune of power that burned in her mind. She carefully crafted her thoughts and struggled to speak out the last bit of the guttural language. As she started, she could feel her vocal cords rip, a thin trickle of blood choking her as she pushed out the word. Her internal organs twisted and pulled as the syllable burst out into the room.

The fire flared up horribly, all colors except one burned away leaving an intense flame that burned pure yellow that scored her body without hurting it. The cauldron started to glow cheery red, then an intense white heat as the red chocolate inside boiled without burning.

Finding herself light-headed, Zoria began to laugh a strange, insane noise. It echoed harshly against the brightly lit room, but only the book could hear it.

Gwin pushed herself up from between Jacin's legs. Her tongue explored her own mouth, tasting the strange salty taste that filled her mouth with warmth and life. Her cheek was coated with cum, runny and thin, as it dribbled down along her neck.

She glanced down at the boy in front of her, barely thirteen years of age. She just hit her own thirteenth birthday a few days ago and already considered herself a "woman". Her mother didn't think so, but Gwin thought she was too old anyways.

Jacin was grinning, his mouth stretched as far as it could go as he looked up at Gwin with a mixture of awe and worship.

"Wow... that was... wow."

Gwin giggled at his lack of speech, then swallowed hard to clear her throat. Her own body felt strange, detached from her mind, as she let her eyes drop down to Jacin's hard cock.

It was large to her. Only a few hairs sprinkled along the bottom against the two tight balls. His skin was smooth; after they got married in a few years, he would spend most of his time out in a field.

Gwin knew she was going to marry Jacin. She called it "woman's intuition". Her mother called it "childish fantasies". The girl grinned to herself, after her mother finds out what she was planning, she would be forced to marry Jacin.

Jacin sat up awkwardly, his muscles still getting used to moving with the sudden growth spurt he was going through. Gwin smiled and thought how handsome he was, strong and powerful.

His hands reached out and brushed against her chest, stroking the hard nipples briefly, almost painfully. Gwin shied away, "Careful."

Jacin looked down, ashamed, "Sorry."

"They're sensitive. You have to be gentle," she emphasized the word and Jacin nodded. Her eyes dropped down to his cock, watching it shiver as it grew harder again.

A dull desire burned inside her as she wondered what it would feel like inside her. If it would hurt as he entered her. Jacin caught her staring at his shaft and wrapped his fingers around it, waving it in her vision.

He whispered with a hopeful sound and he smiled shyly, "Again?"

Gwin answered by leaning back, pushing her panties down off her hips and onto the floor. Jacin watched with a groan, not believing his luck as he watched her tiny slit come into view. A few hairs gathered on her mound, framing the pink opening in a way that brought a hot sensation back to his shaft.

A few drops of precum formed at his smooth tip and dribbled down the shaft as Gwin shoved her panties under his pillow, away from his father's sight.

Jacin tried to figure out what to do with his hands, but Gwin seemed to know what she was doing. Gwin was making it up as she went, imitating the times she spied on her parents.

With an awkward movement, she managed to pull herself over to Jacin and straddle his hips. His cock bobbed up and down with each beat of his heart as he saw the dripping slit poised right above the narrow length of his sex.

His hands found themselves on her bare hips, aiming her slightly as she looked down between the two. His cock, barely ten centimeters in length, was immense to her as she worked herself up to take the plunge.

The smooth shaft twitched again and she let go. Her body slid down slowly, feeling the spongy tip press up against her slit. The very tip pressed against her young clitoris, catching itself against her smooth lips.

A few more tries, wiggling her hips, until she felt the very tip press against her virgin opening, already stretching the tightness around the throbbing head.

Jacin held on, watching with rapt fascination, waiting for the next move. Gwin held her position, feeling the strange sensations flooding through her senses as she experienced something new.

After a second, she pushed down, forcing the hard shaft deeper into her sex, sliding it into a place only her fingers have gone. It slide into the hot, wet hole until a pressure stopped them both.

Jacin was in love, his eyes shining with worship as he watched his cock disappear into the tight hope, marveling at the wet heat that seemed to soak into him, sending a feeling of warmth through his shaft and into his balls.

The pressure confused them both and Jacin looked up with disappointment in his eyes, "That's it?"

Gwin shook her head, remembering her father's shaft as he rode her mother. She was hiding under the bed and watched in the mirror; she didn't make a noise because she didn't want her rear swatted.

She pushed down again, trying to find how it fit in deeper. A pain built up inside her, convincing her to pull away. She almost did until she felt a strange, tearing sensation inside her.

Feeling something give, she shoved down hard, shoving Jacin's cock past her maidenhood and into her pussy. Jacin gasped in surprise as the pressure built until his cock burst into the hot, wet depths of her virgin sex.

Gwin panted, feeling his cock lodged inside her, deeper than she ever shoved her fingers. It felt hot and throbbing, pushing against her insides in a strange manner that made her desire more.

Remembering her parents, she pulled up, gasping at the pleasure of withdrawing and the emptiness it left behind. Jacin saw his cock smeared with red, but he didn't think about it; he didn't know what it was except that it felt good.

She pulled almost halfway off the hard shaft before letting herself drop again, shoving it back into her body. The pleasure built inside her, teasing her, begging her for more.

They looked at each other, extremely joyful they found something so pleasurable. With a quiet understanding, Gwin pulled herself up to drop once again on his throbbing shaft.

She was a woman.

And there was nothing her mother could do about it.

Next door, ignorant of what was going on, Dori sat at the kitchen table, her feet swinging between the edges of the chair and up against the solid leg of the table. Her mother, tired of working ten hour days, ignoring the kicking noises as she stirred the pot of oatmeal. The warm smells of cooking teased her senses but it brought a shadow of sadness into her eyes.

She looked over her shoulder, at the youngest of her three children. Dori was drawing large circles with a wax stick, some of the circles stained the wooden surface of the table, but were hidden compared to the other years worth of stains that cleaning never seemed to remove.

Dori was barely ten, bright brown eyes shimmering underneath a rich cascade of dark brown hair. Magie smiled, thinking her daughter would eventually break the hearts of many men; she just hoped that Dori's husband wouldn't die on her and leave her alone with four children.

The brief thought of her eldest son brought a half-choked sob to her throat. He died less than five years ago, but the wounds still felt raw and painful every time she saw his face in her mind.

Dori looked up at her mother's sob, her hand slowly stopping.

"What's wrong?"

Magie shook her head and stared at the pot of oatmeal. It was the last of the food in the house and she was already trying to think of

what odd jobs she could do to pay for her next meal. The pot was depressingly empty, barely enough to feed three growing children much less herself.

Once again, as she's done many times in the last few years, Magie considered killing herself, to end the misery. But something held her back. She looked over into Dori's bright eyes and figured she had too much to lose if she gave up now.

Smelling the food was done, Magie poured out small amounts into three bowls. With a sigh, she flicked a few wet clumps into the bowls, scraping the pot clean.

Setting it down, she carried all three bowls to the table. Dori grabbed hers and started to wolf it down, it was her first meal in close to twelve hours. Magie watched her daughter polish off the bowl with frightening speed.

"Are you going treating?"

Dori nodded, her mouth full. She tried to say something, but Magie's expression forced her to swallow before answering.

"Yeah. We going to Zoria and to Boris and to Haron's and to Smith Street and to..."

Magie laughed, "I get the point. Do you want me to come along?"

Dori stopped, watching her mother for a second, "You don't want to."

Tears started to well up Magie's eyes and she looked away, "If you need me, I will."

The young girl knew what her mother was going to do instead. She shook her head, "I don't need you."

Magie gave a quick glance of thanks to her daughter, wondering if Dori knew how much she was struggling. Dori grinned as she thought of something.

"Gonna see Duket?"

"Dori! That was uncalled for. We already had this conversation, Duket it not interested in me at all."

Dori rolled her eyes, "Yeah, yeah. He only has eyes for Jena."

"I don't want to hear you telling anyone that. They have a right to their privacy."

"But everyone knows, except for Hivin. He just runs the store and goes to bed late; I'm surprise he even bothers going home."

Magie sighed and stopped as she heard something. Nodding her head toward the door she smiled at Dori, "Why don't you run off, I think I hear Gerid and the others walking down the street."

Dori's face lit up as she launched herself away from the table to quickly hug her mother before diving through the door. Magie watched and listened for a few seconds before picking up Dori's bowl.

She looked for anything to eat in it, but the young girl managed to lick it clean while she wasn't watching.

The door rang to the general store and both Hivin and his wife, Jena, looked up. Jena's eyes started to shine as she saw the imposing silhouette of Duket framed in the cold sunlight. She hesitated for a second, then watched as her husband hobbled over to their guest.

A brief flush of excitement filled her body, spreading out from between her legs as she blushed softly. Her hands resumed their task of dusting and sorting books, all twenty of them. Hivin was very proud of those books, they cost a small fortune.

She lost herself in the task until she felt Duket walking up. Her eyes caught his, feeling the sensual heat from them until she realized her husband was there also.

Blushing briefly, she focused her eyes on her husband. The scared face that filled her vision disgusted her, but she didn't dare divorce him. She had to stay married, for the children's sake.

"Mr. Turnis has requested two apple pies for tomorrow. Do you have the time?" Hivin's voice was harsh and gravelly. He was born in Willow's End and he planned on dying there, running the store until his dying breath, just as his father did.

Jena suppressed a shiver and nodded, "If I leave in a few hours, I can have them done tonight."

Hivin nodded, "Because of the holiday, I'm not going to be home until well after midnight. So, I won't be able help."

Jena smiled at her husband, but inside she was cringing and cheering at the same time, "I'll be find."

Hivin looked at Duket, "Will that be acceptable?"

Duket smiled at Jena, sending a hot flash of pleasure through her sex, "Great, I'll slide on over and pick them up about eight?"

Jena blushed and smiled, "Seven-thirty if you want it hot."

"Seven-thirty it is then."

“I’ll be waiting.”

Both of them only had eyes for each other and missed the dangerous glitter that burned in Hivin’s eyes.

Many hours later, a large mob of children invaded the path leading toward Zoria’s house. The sun was beginning to dip to the horizon, sending red streaks of light across the entire sky. The wind continued to blow, tugging at clothes and hair as it ripped path. There was an angry bite to it, but none of the children noticed as they giggled and laughed as they moved.

Zoria heard them coming long before they came into sight. The thick trees around her house tightened, as if in response to the primal destructive force of that many children.

Her thoughts on her spell and the huge bowl of chocolate in her lap, Zoria just smiled to herself. As the first child, Lacin, ran into view, she smiled broadly and stood up from her chair. The mob was close behind them as they charged forward.

Her hands shook as most of the children manage to shove close to her, peering into the bowl at the rock-shaped red chocolate. Sounds of “ohhs” and “ahhs” filled the air as they stared at the chocolate and at her with rapt worship.

Zoria, happier than she has been in a long time, nodded. The children cheered as hundreds of hands dove into the bowl. Zoria felt the wood jump out of her hand, but none of the chocolate hit the ground.

As the more aggressive children backed away, half of their mouths stuffed with the red candy, the more timid children looked at the empty bowl, sniffing.

Zoria grinned and produced another bowl, this one larger. The timid children got more than a few handfuls before the first ones returned for thirds and fourths.

“There’s so many, Zor!”

She laughed warmly, “Then take it home with you. I don’t need it.”

There was a ragged cheer as they gathered more chocolate and shoved it into pockets and bags. Red-stained lips and cheeks filled her vision as the sugar high began to take its effect on the young children.

Screaming happily at the top of their lungs, the mob raced forth back to the village. Haron stayed behind for a moment, looking at Zoria with a strange expression. The woman looked back, confused.

“Something I can help you with, Haron?”

A few things stirred through his mind before he picked one.

“You’re lonely, aren’t you?”

“Not for long.”

Her words confused him as he got a brief image of his dreams. The staff felt suddenly heavy in his hands as he looked down at it. A master’s skill looked back at him, almost lifelike except for the empty eyes of the demon-like creature on it.

He felt a need push at him and he didn’t resist it. Walking up, he hugged her tightly, as if he would never see her again. Tears started to pour down her face as she looked down at the child who cared for her. Only the children cared for her, not their evil parents.

Haron handed her the staff, “This is for you.”

Without waiting for a response, he quickly away. Zoria watched him disappear into the trees, toward the village, then looked down at the staff. The face that was haunting her dreams looked back, a snarl of anger carved onto its face.

Zoria screamed and threw the staff away. Without looking back, she ran into the hut and shoved the carpet back.

As the mob reached the very edges of town, it split up like a horrible army. Streamers of laughing children poured into the streets, knocking at every door and demanding candies. Giggling filled the air as girls talked about boyfriends they wanted. Occasional fights over choice candies broke out, but they didn’t last long and no one was hurt.

The parents, watched and handed out treats, some toys but mostly candies. Very few gave away chocolate, only Zoria gave that away. They watched their children in joy, knowing they were safe in this small village away from the big cities.

Laci and Dori were walking alone, their bags brimming was loot as they talked quietly to each other.

“Where is Gwin?”

“Didn’t you hear?”

“What?”

“She and Jacin did it.”

“No!”

“Yeah, Jacin told my brother he wasn’t going because he had more important,” she sneered the last word, “things to do. According to Jenith, they did it for over THREE hours before Gwin had to go home.”

“I wonder what it felt like.”

The two girls continued, trying to figure out what it would be like without having any clue. Their conversation quickly drifted to other topics, like Hivin’s candies and Zoria’s loneliness.

An hour later, the curfew drew closer and the children filtered home. The town breathed a sigh of relief and started to lock the doors. Many of the parents went through their children’s bags, stealing choice bits of candy and Zoria’s chocolates. Most of the children didn’t care, they hid most of it before coming home.

Pivis crept toward the door to his house, listening. Muted screaming pushed through the thick wooden door as he listened to his mother yell at his father. In his mind eye, he knew his father would be cleaning or reading, barely paying attention to the almost constant bickering that swarmed around his mother.

Hearing parts of her arguments, he caught on to the words “candy” and “chocolate.” Guess what his mother had in mind, he grinned to himself as he pulled out another bag and poured half of his loot into it. With care, he picked out another few handfuls of choice candies and Zoria’s chocolates. Throwing the handfuls into the second bag, he shoved it between a few logs on the family woodpile.

Shuffling his bag a little, Pivis took a deep breath and pulled his submissive personality to him. The carefully crafted persona was the only way he could survive his mother; any sense of defiance earned him a beating. His father couldn’t do anything to save him; the last time he tried to stop her, he spent the rest of the week sleeping outside in the snow.

Pivis sniffed and shivered, remembering the black toes of his father, before the town doctor had to cut them off. His mother scoffed and told him he deserved it.

The intelligent shine in his eyes faded as he pulled his personality around him like a cloak of protection. It felt used and cold, with little life compared to the other characters he’s created over the years.

Letting the dull, unemotional mind flood through him, he shuffled to the door, swinging his bag listlessly.

As his foot reached the doorstep, a bright light flared around him. His mother reached out with both flabby hands. Pivis found the urge to dodge and let her grab him around the shoulder. Her thick fingers pinched down hard on his right shoulder as her left fumbled for his bag.

Pivis' fingers were almost crushed as she forced her fingers into the loops of the bag and shoved his out. With a ripping sound, she yanked the bag away from him and shoved him into the brightness of the room.

He stumbled, trying to drop near the ground, but he wasn't fast enough to avoid the bag of candy as it swung around to slam him in the back. The force of the blow threw him forward; Pivis felt his knee protest as he landed hard on it.

Forcing his mind to still, he waited for the second blow. When it didn't come, he listened for his mother's actions. The shuffling sound brought a half-hidden smile to his lips; she was digging through his bag of candies.

A mew of pleasure escaped her thick neck as she pulled out a large hunk of Zoria's chocolate. With a disgusting grunt, she shoved the bright red chocolate into her mouth and slobbered around it.

"Go to 'ya rum, boi!"

Pivis barely understood her, but he knew what he said. With a dejected sigh, crafted to keep her away from him, he pushed himself off the ground and toward the ladder leading into the attic.

Binia ignored him, sorting out the candies she wanted and throwing aside the healthy or sour types. Her mouth was stained red with the crimson chocolate, but she didn't seem to care. Her fingers found more of Zoria's chocolate and she stuffed it into her mouth.

Pivis crawled up the ladder and sat down on his bed. He heard his father mount the ladder behind him and take a few steps up until his head peeked up from the square of light.

"You okay, boy?"

Pivis nodded, feeling his dull personality begin to slide away.

"Good. Did ya hide some of it?"

The boy nodded again.

“Smart boy.”

Pivis' father started to say something else, but closed his mouth slowly as he heard Pivis' mother moving around again. Sadness filled his eyes but his father nodded once more and crawled back down.

Pivis sat there, fully clothed, thinking and planning. After a few of minutes, he crawled over to the cracked window and looked out. He saw the quiet shadows of someone waiting for him and smiled.

With deft fingers, he silently pushed the window open and crawled out on the room. His ears straining to hear his parents, he moved across the tiled room.

He jumped down on the massive pile of wood, organized so he would land safely. A few logs threatened to cascade down, but a carefully hidden rope prevented them. Pivis smiled and thanked his father as he headed over to the gathered children.

Inside, Pivis' father, Jon, was beginning to gather the dirty dished and place them in the sink. His wife was sitting in her chair, sorting out Pivis' candies and gobbling down the choice bits. Her chin and throat were coated in half-melted sweets as she shoved fist after fist of her only son's candies into her mouth.

He started to sweep up the candies she threw on the floor when she shoved her large bulk away from the table and stood up.

“I'm going to bed with a real man.”

Jon looked up with sad eyes as she cackled at him. Grabbing the bag with one hand, she stormed off into the bedroom and slammed the door. Jon's eyes slide to the couch, making sure his blankets were still there, before going back to cleaning.

A few moments later, he heard the grunting of his wife as she fucked herself with a massive dildo.

He hated that dildo. She brought it home soon after Pivis was born, showing it to him with an undisguised glee. It was massive, 30 cm in length, and polished smooth with years of use. She dragged it out on him, comparing his own length against the wood's and proclaiming her love of wood.

Jon sighed, “Looks like another night of me and my hand.”

He bent over to start collecting the candies, brushing off the dust and putting them into a bowl for his son, when he came back home.

From behind the door, he heard the first of many orgasms of his wife.

He hated the dildo.

He didn't care for his wife either.

Some houses down, Duket was thinking he really liked Jena. She just happened to be married to Hibin, but that never bother him. The old man should be happy enough being married to her. Her firm body was wasted on the old man and his foolish store.

His feet almost floated over the paved street as he drifted down the street to her door. The sweet smells of her apple pie slipped out between the cracks. Duket breathed deeply, enjoying the scents as he tapped on the door lightly.

The door opened slowly as Haron looked up into Duket's eyes. The older man smiled down, his white teeth sparkling in the torchlight as the sullen boy waited. In his right hand, a fresh stick of wood already had signs of being carved.

The older man's eyes looked over the wood, then frowned as he saw the disturbing images of death and demons already forming in the wood.

"You shouldn't carve those things."

Haron looked up with an expression of disapproval, "Mother is in her bedroom, as usual."

Duket sighed and rolled his eyes, "Thank you. Try not to watch."

"I won't," Haron's voice dripped with disgust as he pushed past the older man and stepped into the street. Duket didn't look back as he entered Jena's house and shut the door behind him.

A few steps brought him past the kitchen and the two pies sitting on the table, and to the door leading into her bedroom. His manhood stirred in his pants and he gripped the door knob tightly.

He shoved the door open.

Behind, Jena was waiting for him. Her body was barely twenty-five winters in age and almost glowed with the repressed sexuality burning inside her. Duket's jaw dropped with a sigh as he hungrily gazed over her naked body.

Her breasts, two small but firm mounds, pressed up into the air, begging for his mouth. Pink nipples ached to be touched, the smooth nubs standing at attention for him.

Her light brown skin was flush with excitement as she sucked on her fingers, cleaning off the last of the crimson chocolate from the tips. Her eyes burned sensuously, promising many hours of pleasure before her husband returned.

Duket's eyes drifted down her body, his cock surge to life as his gaze slide between her naked legs. Her thighs were hooked on the arms of the chair, spreading her sex open like a pink butterfly. A few drops of excitement glittered in the torchlight as he hungered for her. Nestled against the opening of her sex was a sphere of red chocolate; a few red stains dripped from her sex and between her thighs where the heat her own excitement was melting the candy.

Moving forward dreamily, he let his clothes fall to the ground. Jena giggled, watching his hard body come into her view. Her feet curled, pulling her thighs further apart as the chocolate threatened to slip out of her wet opening.

Duket dropped to his knees, his eyes full of worship and his cock full of lust. He leaned forward, as if bowing, but his hungry lips reached for her bright pink folds and the blood-red chocolate nestled within.

Jon was finishing the dishes as he heard the loud scream of pleasure from the bedroom, it had a sense of finality to it's echo. He looked briefly at the candles, measuring the time since she slammed the door.

“That was shorter than usual.”

Shrugging, he went back to the dishes, scrubbing the plates until they shone. His mind drifted to the couch as he looked forward to masturbating like he's done for five years. Even though he hasn't been with a woman in over seven years, he never looked further than his own couch.

He grinned, thinking of Dori's rough attempts to fix him up with Magie, but he resisted. Magie was an attractive woman, but even if he was married to a demonic wife, he was still married.

Behind him, the door to the bedroom opened, but he didn't care. His hands scrubbed at the dishes, thinking of a better time when he and his wife loved each other.

Jon sensed his wife moving closer, feet scraping along the ground. From the noises, he identified where she was in the room and frowned briefly as he realize she was moving to him.

Many ideas floating through his mind, but none of them were of Binia wanting him to do anything other than be yelled at.

Taking a deep breath, he turned around, a pot and brush in his hands.

The demonic creature vaguely looked like his wife. Her wide, snarling face was there, but wider and covered in a thick black skin that had the same texture as her horrid dildo. Bright teeth, the color of rotted wood, shone in the torchlight of the room as it leaned forward on its impossibly flexible neck.

A deep, rasping breath rattled through his mind as he looked into the blood-colored eyes, trying to find sense of humanity in the dark eyes.

There was none.

Jon began to tremble as the demon lifted on paw and stroked it along his cheek. The massive, single claw was almost as long as his head and tipped with a series of barbed edges; some of the tips opened shallow cuts along the side of his face.

His eyes dropped down, catching briefly on the demon's body. It was fat, fatter than his wife as rolls of the black skin hung off its hips in thick bulges. Its breasts, the size of massive watermelons, hung loosely in front of it; the amber colored nipples almost touched the ground as it rocked back and forth slightly.

A hissing noise dragged his eyes further down, into the unseeing eyes of the amber-colored snake that pushed between the massive melons. It opened its mouth, exposing a gaping maw filled with splintered wood; something white and creamy clung to its teeth as he was blasted with a rotted smell of his wife's excitement.

He looked down at its feet, jet black and tipped with claws. The jet-black skin shone in the torchlight, setting off the amber-colored toenails that curled down like claws.

The snake between the demon's legs hissed again and Jon saw clearly that it was buried in the demon's pussy, sliding in and out in time with the rasping breath. Part of his mind began to crack, as he realized it was the dildo she has been taunting him for all these years.

With a whimper of building fear, he pulled his gaze back up to the red eyes of his wife, now a demon by some power. Her mouth opened, impossibly wide as the jaw slide out of place.

Jon's eyes widened, watching the teeth-filled mouth as it opened wider than his head. His body began to tremble as he felt trapped by the horrible creature standing in front of him.

His last thought was a prayer that his son never returned home as her claw snapped out, cutting him from throat to groin. The jagged edges of the claws tore painfully into his balls before the demon flicked her claw and ripped them from his body.

Intense pain shot through his system as he watched his intestines pour out of his stomach with a wet, slurping sound. His right hand tried to keep them in, but the hot blood made them slippery and he watched them fall to the ground.

The demon pulled up, ripping his cock out of his hip with a spurt of blood. With a snap, it threw his manhood into its mouth and chewed on it, watching the glazed fear in his eyes.

In his stomach, past the burning pain that swamped his senses, he felt a crunching noise. With a tired slowness, he looked down to see the black snake-like creature nuzzling inside him, biting down on the hard bone like candy.

His gaze looked up, trying to find pity in the demon's eyes. He saw nothing but his death as she reached out and punched through his chest, searching for his heart.

Across town, Zoria was startled to hear someone knocking on her door. She set down the book, with its awful words, next to the chair and pushed herself up. The world shook for a second as she felt dizzy, but she pushed it down and headed toward the insistent knocking on the door.

A thick voice drifted through the door, "Zoria? It's me, Jacok."

Zoria frowned, trying to remember a Jacok. She drew a blank as she threaded her way around the remains of her spell and cooking, trying to think as she moved.

As her hand brushed the door, a memory burst into her mind. Jacok was a guard for the temple she was a nun for. He was a headstrong, powerful man who wanted nothing but her company. They spent a great deal of time together, but she was dedicated to her god and couldn't marry. After many years of platonic companionship, Jacok was pulled from the temple to protect a shipment. He never came back.

A tear of hope sparkled in her eye as she fumbled with the door, trying to remember how to throw back the bolt to open it. Her fingers felt clumsy and thick. She managed to wrap them around the cold metal before throwing it back and tossing open the door.

Jacok was standing there, a dark man with dark eyes. His face was scarred, signs of many battles. His left hand twitched, probably a sign of magical torture.

But he was there.

He had the same smile as it brightened at her look. Zoria blushed, feeling naked in her thin shift. His eyes admired her form, a look of lust and happiness bringing the blush stronger on her skin.

Zoria gasped, holding her hand to her mouth, "Jacok."

"Zoria."

He would have said more but she threw herself into his arms, holding him tightly. He found himself holding her close to him, never wanting to let go.

Magie sat down in her chair at home as she licked the last of Zoria's chocolate from her fingers. The door was locked and her children were staying with others that night. She was alone.

She felt the tears begin to well up and she pushed them down. Her eyes drifted up to the single picture in the house. The proud man was standing there in a guard's uniform. The smirk haunted her, both during the day and in her dreams. She remember him hiding something that day, when she commissioned the picture for their first year together.

Underneath the picture was the framed certificate of his death. She never did figure out what he was hiding.

A sob escaped her throat as she struggled with her emotions, still raw and bitter after many years. An ache grew inside her, wanting her husband back from the dead and wanting the pain to end. It grew inside her as she remembered the laughter, the fun.

He died ten years ago, to the date. There was a riot in the town's prison and he rushed out to do his job. Her last memory was of him trying to pull his uniform on in a mist-filled street.

"Oh god!" Her sob burst out into the room as fresh tears poured down her face. The ache grew inside her, consuming her emotions until a bitter pain was left behind.

Magie cried for a long time before the tears stopped flowing. An emptiness filled her as she stared into the fire with unseeing eyes. Memories, blunted with use, sluggishly danced through her head.

Slowly, she parted her legs, hoping to fill the emptiness with something. Her fingers slide down, pulling side the fabric of her panties to expose the thick thatch of hair that barely hid the pink lips below.

A sigh of frustration and depression escaped her as she pushed her fingers through, slowly parting her labia and searching for her clitoris. She found it after a second, soft and cool to the touch. One finger, rough with many years of working, stroked along it, trying to feel it grow harder.

After a minute, it stirred, hardening under her finger as she coaxed it back to life. Her soft breath brushed along her hair as she stroked around it, feeling her body respond sluggishly, as if remembering how to feel pleasure.

Dull whispers of pleasure began to seep into her body as her other hand slide under her shirt to tease her right breast. Her soft skin was cool as she coaxed her nipple into a hardness; her body resisted even the pleasure she craved.

Her pleasure built slowly as she ran her finger along her inner folds, teasing her senses. Below, she could feel her opening begin to warm with a reluctant moist heat. She tried to push her finger inside, but her body clenched against it.

Frustrated, she pushed harder but she could bring herself to slide her finger into her own aching sex. The damp finger slid back up, to tease the hard nub for a few moments before she realized she would be able to reach even the hint of a crest.

It's been ten years since she came. Ten very long, painful years.

With a disgusted sigh, she yanked her fingers back and pushed the dull white underwear back into place. Wiping her fingers briefly, she pulled a blanket over her lap and picked up her book.

In Jena's bedroom, Duket was thrusting his aching cock into her wet opening. The pink folds clung to his shaft as he felt every ripple of her sex around his length. With each stroke, Jena screamed loudly with pleasure.

Duket grinned, watching her face contorted with passion as he felt her velvet sheath around his thick rod. Each stroke brought

another scream of pleasure as his cockhead slammed up against her cervix.

Jena's fingers clung tightly to his muscled back, holding him tightly against her as he rammed his cock into her body. Each movement sent hard bolts of pleasure through her eyes, flooding it with the ecstasy her husband could never give.

Duket felt good as he slammed into her hips, spreading her legs further apart to bury more of his length into the hot depths of her body. A strange, excited energy ran through him, inspiring him to longer, harder, faster. His body gleamed with sweat as he did everything he could to plunge his length into the screaming woman.

He shoved his legs forward, pushing hers up until his thighs were cradling her tight ass. He grabbed her tightly, pulling her closer as he changed angles. Each stroke of his cock rammed up against the front of her pussy, stroking powerful nerves that always pushed her over the edge.

Her screams turned to whimpers, begging for him to go faster and harder. Her back arched as her fingers reached for the headboard and clung to it. Duket felt his smile plaster itself to his face as he felt strong and powerful. His emotions pushed him harder as he pounded his cock harder against her hips, spreading her legs apart with each powerful stroke.

His breath grew ragged as he gripped hard on her hips and pounded her with all his strength. He could swear he saw his cockhead push up against her stomach as he put all of his strength into each pounding action.

Jena's whimpers turned into screams of pleasure as her orgasm slammed into her. Duket, sensing her coming, continued to pound hard as his own cock burst inside her, flooding her sex with his hot juices.

Even as the last of his cum poured into her sex, he felt invigorated. Under his hands, he felt the young woman pushing once again on his pounding cock, trying to bury it once against inside her body.

It looked like a long night of pleasure.

Duket decided to give her all he got.

With a growl of excitement, he tightly clung to her hips, almost crushing the bone and thrusting hard. Each stroke pounded into the

tight pussy, feeling the wet heat pushing him closer to another orgasm.

He looked down in time to see his cock rip out of her abdomen with a burst of blood. The immediate shock left him continuing to thrust with hard stroke, pushing more blood out of her stomach as she screamed with a strange mix of pain and pleasure.

Below, he could see the crimson-stained lips clinging to his pounding cock tightly, each motion gripping them tighter as he dumbly continued to fuck the screaming woman.

He felt his fingers change as claws pushed themselves out to bury into the soft, hot flesh of his lover. A powerful rage slammed into him and he let it loose, sawing his throbbing shaft in and out of her sex and stomach.

Jena arched her back to maximum the feeling of pleasure and pain that mixed together. Around the hard, pounding shaft, she felt her own body twitch and twist. Her eyes caught the sight of the purple shaft sliding in and out from between her hips, sending jets of blood across the entire room. She frowned, trying to figure out why it felt like someone else's body being torn apart when the same rage slammed into her. The bitter-sweet smell of fresh blood teased her senses as she screamed into the air.

The pressure around his cock tightened and Duket pounded harder, not wanting the velvet vice to stop. His hips thrust forward, ignoring the blood and screams and he strained to orgasm once again.

Something stopped him.

He looked down, at the pink clamp around his shaft. Each vein in his hard length throbbed as he tried to slam forward.

The pink lips around his shaft quivered then started to tighten. His fear began to push into his mind as he watched the pink folds tighten until the skin of his cock began to part under the pressure.

A hot fountain of blood blossomed from his cock as Jean's inner lips bit through his cock, slicing through the hard flesh like butter. His desire to thrust inside her buried the stump of his cock into her sex until a thick fountain of blood poured out of her stomach.

They both stared at the blood and pain for a second, then something took over them.

Duket's body screamed in agony, sending reports of each cell being burned as he transformed. Claws buried themselves deeper into her hips, crushing the bone like balsa wood.

His skin turned red as his eyes burned with an unholy glow. His cock, severed by Jena's pussy, crawled out of her stomach, looking around with one burning, red eye. A mouth opened as it growled, deeper than possible for something so small.

With another growl, it slammed into her stomach, burrowing through her intestines as it plunged toward her heart.

Duket, his mind lost in the unnatural rage, yanked his claws out of her hips and grabbed the firm mounds of her breasts. The bitter claws dug in, slicing through flesh easily until they scraped against each other.

With a roar of anger, he yanked.

Jena's scream was lost in his roar as she felt her breasts being ripped off her body. Pounding waves of pain slammed into her as she felt every nerve stretch and tear in a fountain of blood.

Dark spots began to swim in her eyes as she snapped out with her own black claws and buried her fist in Duket's stomach. Her legs tightened around his waist, pulling him closer as she felt her sex began to chew on the stump of his manhood.

Inside her, the writhing length of his cock continued to bury into her body, ripping into organs with a hard, sharp pain that threatened to consume her.

Duket's one fist plunged into the gaping wound of her right breast, puncturing her lungs as his claws cut through the soft organ. Jena, in the small part of her that was still human, screamed in agony as she felt her throat fill with her own life fluids.

The part of Jena that was no longer human growls horribly before ripping up with the claw in his stomach. The hard flesh cut easily on her claws; it cut four straight lights from his stomach, through his sternum and into his throat. Two of the claws finished their angry trail in his eyes.

Duket's body screamed once, a pure human sound as the demonic rage flooded out of him suddenly. Only human, he looked into the eyes of his lover, still blinking in her own sudden humanity before he collapsed on her.

Jena tried to scream, but Duket's demonic cock finally reached her heart and began to feed.

Pivis and Gerid were standing in between two buildings, waiting for the wind to die down. In the young boy's hands, the staff quickly took shape of a massive, snake like demon beneath his skilled hands. Gerid silently admired how Pivis could talk to him and still carve with a master's skill.

In the middle of a long, drawn-out description of Gerid's conquests in the woods, they were interrupted by the dual screams from Pivis' and Haron's house.

Gerid trailed off as Pivis looked back at the door to his house, "Sounds like Binia wanted to fight some more."

His friend nodded, his eyes locked on Haron's house, where Duket disappeared into just an hour before, "Sounds like Jena is getting the screw of her life."

They both looked at each other, "Adults."

Pivis started to say something, but the door to his house suddenly exploded in a burst of splinters and metal. Both boys dove deeper into the alley and meter-long shards buried themselves into the walls where they were standing.

Scrambling to his feet, Gerid peeked around the corner in time to see the dark, demonic form of Binia burst out of it. Her large tits swung around as the snake-like creature tasted the air with a blood-stained tongue.

Binia stretched, letting her bones crack. Something inside her shifted and her arms and legs extended to almost twice their natural length. Her mouth widen, blood dripping from her mouth as she wiped off the last of her ex-husband. In her right hand, Gerid could see the swinging head of Pivis' father, Jon. The expression of terror on his face threatened to give him nightmares for the rest of his life.

He started to duck back, but stopped when Binia's eyes locked onto his. With a brief growl, the dark demon lunged toward him, bouncing on the unnaturally long arms and legs.

Gerid turned and shoved Pivis toward the back of the alley, "Run!"

"Why? Why happ-"

"RUN!"

Gerid shoved his friend forward and bolted to the other length. The black form of Binia reached the narrow alleyway and jumped up, clearing the two-story building easily.

Gerid and Pivis raced out of the alley as Binia slammed into the ground in front of him. Her wide, dripping mouth snapped forward to shove itself into Pivis' face.

“Going somewhere... boy?”

Pivis' eyes grew very wide as he started to tremble. His eyes flickered over to his father's head, still swinging in Binia's grip. A whimper of fear escaped his lips as he looked around for an escape.

Binia growled, pulling back her free hand to slash his throat, “Now you die!”

Her raspy voice still echoed in the alley as her claw swung forward faster than a human eye could follow. It whistled through the air as it aimed for Pivis' throat.

Mere centimeters from his death, a brilliant yellow flare exploded at her claw, burning the hard claw with a burst of light. Curls of yellow energy crawled over his body as Binia was thrown across the street from the silent explosion that left the boys unharmed.

They stared at her in shock as she flipped back up. The demon snake between her legs hissed as she raced forward again. As she got closer, she jumped into the air, all four of her claws aimed for Gerid's stomach.

The young boy screamed and cowered; Pivis tried to push Gerid away from him, to protect his friend, but he missed and fell flat on his face. As she reached out for him, a yellow flare of energy burst from his skin, halting her fatal plunge in mid-air. The light crackled along her claws for a second, holding her above him, then exploded out.

Binia's scream ripped through the air as the demonic form left her. Her wooden dildo, charred almost beyond recognition, fell from the burnt corpse as she crashed to the ground, once again human. The stench of burning flesh filled the air and Gerid suddenly vomited on the ground.

Pivis stood there, shaking. His mind blank with shock and fear.

Zoria moaned in pleasure, spreading her legs apart as Jacok gently set her down on the bed. The hot smell of her excitement

filled the tiny bedroom as he looked over her with a sense of lust and longing.

He tenderly knelt between her legs, stroking fingers along the soft flesh. New sensations of pleasure coursed through her system, teasing her as she whimpered for the hard cock nestled between his legs.

He leaned forward, letting the heat of his cock press against her soaking opening. His eyes, green as a summer's grass, looked into her brown eyes as he entered her, breaking her virginity without pain.

Haron ran through the street, trying to find his way home. Demonic shapes, howling and screaming, chased behind him. Their hot breath burned at the back of his neck as his lungs ached for him to stop.

He skidded to a halt, grabbing the door frame to slide into his house. The thick stench of death and corpses slammed into him, throwing him to the ground as he gasped for breath.

His eyes watered for a moment as he shook his head, then looked around for a hiding place from the creatures chasing him.

What he saw turned his blood to ice. The carved staff, glowing with its fresh polish, clattered to the floor as he stared in disbelief and horror.

His father, Hibin, was kneeling on the ground, tears rolling down his face. In his arms, the limp remains of his mother rested there, stains of her own blood staining what remained of the smooth, tanned flesh.

Powerful sobs shook in his father's shoulders, but he wouldn't let himself vocalize his pain. His hands stroked her face, ignoring the expression of terror and stroking the wife he loved more than anything else.

On the ground next to his father, Haron saw a knife, clean and shining. Its purpose was untold, its blade untouched.

Haron pushed himself off the ground, sobbing as grief began to filter through his cold veins. He sobbed, stumbling as he almost fell forward. His hands reached out for his mother, praying she wasn't dead. When his fingers touched the cold skin, he realized this wasn't a trick or illusion.

Reality slammed into him as he looked into the sorrowful eyes of his father. The smell of death disappeared as he briefly remembered her perfume, always a soft flower from the east. His fingers pushed her shoulder, ignoring the gaping wound of her breast, but she didn't move.

Tears burst out of him as he screamed her name over and over again, as if it would bring her back to life.

He would have cried longer, but demons from outside hear his cries and burst into the room, growling and hissing as they bounded over to him. Haron heard them and dodged out of the way, slamming his head against one of the chairs as a brown beetle-like creature lunged for his back.

Hibin saw them, but reacted sluggishly. He spun around, protecting his dead wife with his body as the powerful claws arced through the air. They buried themselves into his back, snapping his spine and puncturing his lungs in a single slick movement.

He didn't scream out, but Haron did. His screams grew stronger as the demon began to feed on his father and mother, ignoring the blood that dripped from its poisoned mandibles.

The second demon leaped on the table, growling down at the young boy with a hungry, angry sound. Haron looked up, frightened into shock as he watched the mouth open widely to swallow his head.

The dripping fangs grew closer, but suddenly a flare of yellow energy slammed into them, throwing the creature back. An answering flare of energy exploded from his staff, startling everyone living in the room.

The one demon looked up, Jena's arm dangling out of its mouth as it looked with curiosity at the glowing staff and boy. The other demon snarled, shaking its head as smoke poured out of its mouth.

Haron scrambled for his staff, feeling a sense of safety. The demon on the table reached out for him, but the boy reached the carved stick before the claws removed his spine.

As the young boy's fingers touched it, both he and the staff flared into a brilliant yellow flame, bursting out into the room with the force of a raging inferno. Wood, stone, and even metal burned and melted away in a matter of second.

The two demons screamed as they felt their flesh burn off, leaving two naked and scared adults behind. They had barely a moment's notice of their shame before their own bodies exploded into flame. Their screams haunted what remained of the room as the fire blew out just as fast.

Haron looked up, unharmed and stunned. Only one wall remained of his house, the other's blasted away by the yellow energy. Around him, he could hear the roars and screams of demonic creatures as they fought and died in each other's arms. Cries of humans, adult once more, were choked off with their final breaths, aware of every breath they took as a demon.

Gwin and Jacin huddled underneath one of the houses, nestled between two joists of the house. There was a small crawl space, a little over a meter in height and ten meters square.

She was still dressed in her costume, a nun's outfit complete with holy book. Her skirt was missing and the faint smell of her sex hung in the air; signs of previous activities before the screaming started.

Jacin sat near the entrance to the crawl space, alternating between looking outside at the deserted alley and looking over at Gwin, the woman of his dreams. He was about to orgasm once again inside her hot body when the first scream reached them.

It ruined the mood, but Gwin was too scared to try again. Jacin smiled to himself, enjoying the face she was too distracted to put some clothes on. The sight of her bare ass and legs was enough to keep him hard.

Something dark blocked his vision as Gwin jumped back with a yelp. Jacin snapped his head around, looking into the inky darkness as the demon's max reached out and clamped into his neck. His scream was choked off as teeth crushed his larynx and collarbone. He tried to beat the creature with the last of his breath, but his fist broke against the hard carapace of the demon.

His last thought before the demon ripped his throat out was happiness he died a man.

Gwin, on the other hand, crawled into the back of the space, whimpering in fear as she watched the demon rip off her boyfriend's head and toss it aside. Burning red eyes looked into the area and locked on to her; a low hiss of violence filled the room.

She whimpered, curling up in a ball to protect herself. As she did, she watched the demon crawl into the space after her. Something caught her attention as she found her eyes fixated on the demon's cock.

It was huge and distended. A gnarled shaft filled with bumps and whirls. Compared to Jacin's cock, this was an immense monster tipped with short, wiry hairs. The thick ridge of the demon's glans were rimmed with tiny white teeth.

It chuckled at her and leaned over, snuffing out the single candle and plunging the crawl space into darkness. Gwin's whimpers grew louder as the demon's eyes flared an angry red light. Behind it, she could see more pairs of eyes flare up.

She tried to crawl deeper into a hole, but she couldn't escape the grasping claws. Sharp, burning pain plumed from her wrists and ankles as something pulled her into the middle of the room, ripping apart her legs until her hips screamed in agony.

When the first demon entered her, she let loose a pain-filled scream that burned the soul. More screams burst out of the dark opening of the crawl space as demons pushed their way in to join in the rape.

Gwin screamed for a long time until her voice gave out, each ragged breath interrupted by the horrible things the demons were doing to her body. As the last, rasping scream faded, Gwin prayed for a quick end.

She didn't die until many pain-filled hours later.

Gerid and Pivis ran through the streets, avoiding demons as best they could. Behind them, a mob of children, almost all under the age of twelve, followed with a quiet fear.

Occasional demons burst out of darkness, rushing the children. Many screamed, but a powerful force of energy, burning yellow in the night, threw back the inhuman creatures. Many of them tried again, bursting into flames as they crumpled to the ground. The burnt remains were of their parents, of the adults of Willow's End.

Gerid found Laci huddled in a tree, three demonic dogs ripping away at the wood as they howled up at her. They started to move closer when Haron dove between them, cracking his staff against one of their heads.

The demon dog's growl was interrupted as its head exploded in a mass of wet blood and bone. Pieces of it slammed against the burning yellow aura around the boy and slide to the ground, smoking.

The other two dogs lunged at Haron, but his staff barely touched them and they exploded into red clouds of blood and gore. Laci, her fingers wet with sweat, screamed as she fell out of the tree.

Gerid raced forward, skidding along the ground to catch the young girl as she slammed into him. Her scream almost deafened him as she punched and kicked at his face and chest.

Avoiding the worst of the blows, he set her down and backed away from the fury attacking him. After a few seconds, Laci regained enough senses to stop attacking and looked around.

"Wh-What is happ... why?"

She was barely on the edge of tears as she looked at Gerid with pain-filled innocent eyes. Things were happening too fast, threatening her innocence as she tried to rectify the world around her.

Gerid shook his head, "I-I don't know. I think our parents turned into some sort of monster. They are attacking everyone."

"What was the yellow... thing?"

Haron shrugged as he inspected his staff, "Something keeping us alive. They can't seem to hurt us if the yellow stuff is around us."

"W-Why?" her voice was calmer, but still frightened.

Haron looked at Gerid, "I don't know. Gerid thinks it has to do with sex. Everyone who turned or died was sleeping around. Some of our parents were doing it when they changed."

Laci frowned, confused and Haron tried to explain a little more, "We heard them attacking Gwin, but we couldn't find where they were hurting her. You, me, and the other's haven't done... it, and we're safe," he smiled apologetically, "it's the best we could guess, we're not adults."

She tried to say something, but a scream of terror echoed down the street. Both Dori and her looked down the street at their house as Magie's second scream ripped out of the door.

"Mother!"

Laci burst forward, avoiding Gerid grip. Behind her, her sister Dori raced behind her.

"Laci! Dori! Don't, she's already turn-"

There was a dark, muffled explosion as their house exploded into a brilliant flare of yellow flame. The curls of energy crashed through the doors, windows and ceiling, sending great gouts of pure power bursting into the air. A sweet smell rushed past them as the sounds of dying demons filled the air.

The energy burned for a long second, turning the sky a sickly yellow-green before it faded. Laci and Dori looked up from where they fell, their knees bloody from scrapes and bruises.

The house shuddered once and crumbled into itself, crushing everything into dust. Both girls screamed as the cloud of dust flung up into the air, filling the sky. Dori burst into tears as she scrambled to her feet. She raced into the building, heedless of her own safety.

As she reached the edge of the cloud, Magie stepped out with an expression of confusion. Dori slammed into her and her mother automatically wrapped her hands around her sobbing daughter. The last remaining flares of yellow flame curled around the older woman's shoulders and head before flickering out.

With a gasp of hope, the children surged forward, surrounding her, begging for answers, looking for shelter.

Magie was inundated as she tried to figure out how she survived the demon attack alive. Four demons, their black cocks grossly distended were about to rape her; then she found herself standing the remains of her house, with thirty children begging for help and answers.

“Quiet. Quiet. QUIET!”

The children hushed, looked at her with pleading eyes. In a quiet, calm voice, she asked what was going on. The flood of answers, broken by the viewpoints of five to twelve year-olds was confusing and it took her a long while to build together what was happening.

It took her almost twenty minutes to calm the children down. The demons appeared to be content to kill each other, ignoring the mass of children glowing with a faint yellow light.

Magie took a deep breath and looked back at the remains of her house. She was a survivor even if this was something new.

“Okay, I think it's safe to say everyone in town is either protected or killing each other. Why don't we go to Zoria's and wait for morning? She's a nun and probably has some protection against this.”

The children nodded and the mob started to push its way through the battle-torn streets.

Zoria was woken by the yellow burst of light. She stretched her naked body, enjoying the feel of sheets against her. Between her legs, a strange dampness contrasted to an ache deep inside her sex. The memories of being filled still burned brightly in her mind as she enjoyed the feel of sheets against her body.

Her fingers trailed over her body, briefly touching and sliding along slick flesh of her sex, still wet with Jacok's juices and up to her breasts, feeling the hard nubs that ached in the cool night air.

The sheets were damp with their sweat as she breathed in the earthy smell of her lover. Her lover. The words were still new to her as she felt an indescribable joy of finding someone who declared his life to her.

On her hand, a bright silver right sparkled. In a year's time, she and Jacok would be married. And in this room, he would take her once again. A moan of pleasure vibrated out of her throat as she stretched again, feeling new pleasures coursing through her body.

A couple flashes of yellow brought her attention to the window. She stood up, letting the cold air brush against her as she threw open the window. In the distance, in Willow's End, she could see the flares of the protection spell light up the horizon.

She let herself smile.

"Soon, only the children will be left. Leaving behind their parents who avoided me, cast me out of their lives to die alone."

She hugged herself, holding her breasts tightly, "But, I'm not alone anymore. Who knew it would come to this."

Her finger dropped down to her crotch, teasing the cum-slicked lips as she watched more flares and the faint hints of screaming drift in the wind. The feeling of power surged through her as she dipped her fingers into her hot opening, rubbing against her sex as a lust burned in her eyes. Each scream pushed her closer to an orgasm, knowing that she caused the horrible creature to die with their own lust.

Her first orgasm was powerful, cracking through her body with an intensity that left her holding the window while she gasped for breath. The quivering sex ached for more as the feelings of power

and lust coursed through her veins, burning new sensations into her mind and body.

A strangled scream reached her ears, the remains of someone screaming “Why!?” before their throat was torn out by something as horrible as they just were.

Zoria chuckled, her fingers pressing against her naked flesh as she answered, knowing they couldn’t hear her, “You should have never eaten the choco...”

Something hard formed in her stomach as she remembered the chocolate. In her house, somewhere, was Jacok and the remains of her spell-bound chocolate. After their passions, they would both be vulnerable to her spell.

Fear pushed through her system as she dropped her hands and reached for the door. As her fingers stretched for the harsh wooden handle, the door burst open. The flickering light of the fire glared painfully in her eyes as she blinked away the tears.

Zoria screamed, throwing herself back against the bed. Her naked breasts heaved as she gasped for breath. The half-focused silhouette loomed over her, it’s circular claw sliced through the air to rest heavily against the wooden table.

Jacok finished setting down the platter laden with cheeses and crackers and raced to her, a worried frown on his face. Zoria whimpers and pushed away until she recognized the shape trying to comfort her.

With another whimper, she threw herself into his arms and held him tightly. Soft sobs shook her body as she clung tightly, looking into his yellow-green eyes.

Jacok smiled and kissed her tenderly. Zoria hesitated for a second, then kissed him back passionately. The food forgotten, Jacok slid his hands along her back and pulled her tightly, his hungry mouth seeking hers.

In a few moments, they were passionately kissing and touching, stroking each other’s bodies. Between them, Zoria could feel his cock hardened from excitement; one hand dropped down to gently caress the throbbing member.

Jacok slide his fingers down, sliding along the sides of her body until one finger brushed between her legs. Zoria moaned softly,

parting her legs to feel the firm tip of his digit against the hot, wet folds of her sex.

Still slick from her orgasm and juices, his finger easily slide against the hard nub of her clitoris, sending a warm wave of pleasure through her body. Another moan escaped her lips as she continued to hungrily nuzzle against his neck and shoulder.

He guided her down on the ground, her back against the cold dirt floor as his finger explored her sex with delicious pleasure. Each dip pushed his finger into her cum-slicked sex, rubbing against hot nerves begging for more.

Zoria moaned, watching his eyes with lust as she felt each twitch of his finger. As he added a second, her eyes widened more. He smiled at her, sliding both fingers in and out of her sex, stretching it slightly. With each stroke, he wiggled his fingers in the taunt wetness inside her body, sending more waves of warm pleasure through her system.

Zoria's kissing was forgotten as she focused on the moving fingers plunging in and out of her tunnel, teasing her. Her breasts heaved as she gasped for breath, feeling another orgasm build inside her.

The third finger was tight, pressing firmly in the tiny opening as he continued to push in and out of her body. The tightness sent more bolts of pleasure into her system, flooding it with the addictive drug of sex and pleasure. Her legs spread, one of them hooking on his leg as she tried to open herself more to the pleasure his fingers wrought inside her.

For a long time he stroked his three fingers in and out of her sex, teasing her inner walls expertly as her orgasm continued to build to almost frightening heights.

A small, shorter one burst into her scene and she moaned loudly, begging for more. The thickness of the three fingers drove her wild and she wanted more.

Jacok forced a fourth finger into her dripping slit, wiggling his fingers together inside her. Another small orgasm slammed into her and she spread her legs as far apart as possible, wanting to feel the four fingers buried deep inside her.

“More, please more!”

Her pleading voice hung in the air as yellow flashes of light splashed against the window. They were ignored as Jacok nuzzled closer his fingers plunging in and out of her soaking sex with wet slurping noises. Somehow, he manage to twist his hand inside her, bringing a fresh wave of pleasure, and slid his palm into her tight, aching sex. The intense tightness threatened to overcome her as she felt his thumb pressing against her clitoris.

Each thrust brought multiple waves of pleasure, except for the tapping against her center of pleasure. She moaned, stroking his chest as she looked into his yellow eyes.

Yellow eyes?

She frowned, realize he had yellow eyes when suddenly Jacok manage to slide his thumb into her tight, stretching it almost painfully as his entire hand slide into the hot, wet depths of her body.

Zoria's scream of pleasure echoed against the walls as the building orgasm exploded inside her. Her inner walls clenched against his fist, wetly clinging to it as her body tensed around the crest of pleasure that rocked through her.

Even through the waves, she could feel him rolling his knuckles inside her tightly stretched pussy, sending more intense sensations through her body until she thought she was going to explode. The wet heat built inside her, flooding her as a thick sheet of her juices coated his wrist and arm.

She whimpered as the crest fell from her, leaving her shaken and almost glowing with the fading pleasure. She whimpered, feeling his hand still buried tightly in the wet depths of her core.

Zoria's eyes snapped open, "Oh, god. The chocolate. Did you eat it?"

Jacok smiled softly, "Do you like this body?"

"No, you can't eat the chco... what?"

Jacok rolled his knuckles inside her, moving her inner walls to send another wave of hot pleasure through her body, "Do you like this body?"

Zoria searched his eyes, trying to find the source of the question. The yellow looked back, shifting and violent. Zoria, feeling fear beginning to grow inside her nodded, "Yes, I love your body."

“Does it bring you pleasure?” Jacok’s voice was smooth as sugar, leaving a faint taste of sexual bliss to her lips. Inside her, the fingers continued to manipulate her pussy, driving more pleasure into her veins. Zoria felt her breath quicken as she nodded.

“Yes, oh yes.”

He rewarded her by wiggling his fingers inside her sex, pushing against the slick walls with a delicious pleasure. His other hand stroked her breasts, toying with her hard nipple until it stood out like a warrior begging to fight.

His mouth smiled and he leaned down, capturing the hardness in his mouth and sucking on it lightly. Zoria moaned, leaning back and pressing up against the mouth on her breast and the hand in her sex. She could feel another orgasm, this one threatening to consume her, building hotly inside her.

For a long moment, Jacok stroked her fires hotter and higher, building an orgasm until her body almost vibrated with the desire to release.

“Why did you come without me?”

His voice was soft, sweet, and full of pleasure. Zoria stared at him confused for a long second, rocking her body against his fist as she tried to comprehend the words.

“I felt... I needed... the light... yellow...”

She felt it difficult to push out the words as the fingers continued to wiggle inside her, bringing the orgasm every so close to a crest without letting her body release. The ache inside her was gone, filled by the hard fist buried in her most private of privates; each motion of his arm, shoulder, or arm send powerful waves of pleasure into her, pushing her closer to the edge of an orgasm.

“There is no pleasure greater than I give. There is no release except that which I grant.”

Zoria started to say something, but a memory darkly pushed it’s way into her mind. Two things came to her at the same time.

The front page of her book, the source of her obsession, said the same thing. The words, written the foul language, burned in her mind, but she never understood the meaning. The dreams of the dark demonic creature also said spoke those words, a half-forgotten memory that reasserted herself in her sex-fogged mind.

And, Jacok was speaking the foul language as if he born to it. The harsh words were somehow sweet and soft as they passed his lips. The shifting yellow eyes looked at her with a mixture of pity, curiosity and violence.

“Oh, lord.”

Jacok smiled but there was no humor. Inside her sex, the hand felt hard and unyielding; the pleasure of her building orgasm was still there but it was still, as if waiting for something.

A whimper escaped her lips as she felt fear pour through her veins, “Now what?”

“You die.”

As he spoke, Jacok’s body began to change. His face rippled, pushing away the tanned skin of a human and peeling back to reveal a hard, dark face. Horns pushed out of his forehead, curling and splitting into a strange mixture of deer and goat. Fangs pushed out of his mouth, cutting the lip as they curled back into painfully-looking barbs.

Inside her, she felt his fist change inside the tight sheath of her sex. The wetness increased as she felt it grow, intensifying the pleasure until it started to burn inside her. The fight continued to grow as Jacok rotated it back and forth.

Zoria screamed as she felt her inner walls, the edges of her sex began to tear as the fist grew larger than she could handle. A wetness flooded her insides as the balled hand continued to grow until it tore open her vagina with a painful ripping sensation that was felt more than heard.

His cock grew in front of her eyes, going from the normal eighteen inches and growing up and out while it thickened. Hard ridges of bone swirled into the surface, giving it ridges no human shaft could ever experience. It continued to lengthen, pressing up against her stomach and sliding up until the arrow-shaped cockhead nestled between her large breasts. A thick dribble of yellowish pre-cum poured out of the jagged hole that stared up at her, soaking her cleavage as she tried to think past the burning pain inside her sex.

She looked in fear at the black shaft resting against her stomach and cleavage. From her position, it looked almost a meter long and filled with painful-looking ridges of bone and skin. The entire thing

pulsed and throbbed with a powerful heartbeat that almost doubled the width of the shaft with each stroke of the demonic heart.

In the span of a few minutes, she watched the love of her life turn into the demon lord of her nightmares. She screamed and hoped to pass out, but the burning pain inside her sex, pressing tightly against the front of her stomach forced her away and aware.

Jacok chuckled in a harsh language. His yellow eyes shifted shades in a violent array of energies that frightened her more than anything else.

The toothed maw came closer until she felt the hot breath against her face, "You have a choice, slave."

Zoria gasped against the pain as the demon flexed his hand inside her sex, sending bolts of pain through her system and crashing against the pleasure that somehow remained inside her.

"You can die in two ways. If you please me, give up everything you have and accept the pain as pleasure, then you will just die. If you scream, if you struggle or resist, I shall eat your soul."

She struggled to think through the pain inside her; the demon flexed his hand again inside her, tearing more of her inner walls as he waited for her response. His other hand reached up, almost tenderly, and sliced open her nipple, letting a hot flood of blood and pain spurt out onto her chest.

The sharp pain decided it for her as she forced her body to obey. Fighting every survival instinct inside her, she shoved her body harder against the fist ripping her sex apart and up against the claw that pierced her nipple. The sharp blade sunk into her breast, barely ripping the flesh as it plunged inside her.

The pain ripped through her, cutting through everything she felt until it flooded her system. It continued to build, almost like an orgasm, until she felt it crest inside her. There was a brief moment of lucidity, then all the pain in her world crashed into her.

Zoria screamed.

Her scream echoed loud and hard against the walls as the pain kept coming. Each agony, each pain seemed to rip across her nerves, sending her body into a hot flame that would never end.

Part of her mind crumbled, leaving a babbling mess behind, but the raw emotional side of her sudden blossomed, filling her body with a strange mixture of pain and pleasure. The agony shifted to

ecstasy as her mind found a way to handle it; each wave of pain turned into a bolt of pleasure as her body screamed.

The surviving part of her mind latched onto the pleasure, forcing everything to translate into it's terms. The burning pain inside her sex, from her torn pussy, slide into a growing heat of an orgasm that would end with her life. The piercing pain of the claw in her left breast shifted, transforming into an intense sensation that sent her surviving nipple into a hard ache, begging for release.

Then there was no pain, just pleasure.

Jacok, the demon lord, smiled, this time with pleasure.

The hand buried in her cunt shifted, growing longer until a second elbow pushed it's way out of the hard, dark skin. The arm grew almost double it's length as he turned it over. Zoria, lost in her pain and pleasure, felt her body being turned and didn't resist. She curled over, feeling another intense burst of pleasure as his fist tore more into her ripped vagina. The fist turned her over until she dropped to her knees, a hard fist still buried in her abused sex.

Jacok stepped over his lengthened arm, standing over it as it curled behind his back and between his legs. On the far end, he felt the wet tightness of Zoria's body clenched tightly on his fist. His cock arced upward, splashing hot cum on her back as he pulled her closely by the fist buried in her hips.

Zoria moaned in pleasure, her body changing the pain as she felt the fist expand enough to pull her back by her hips. Inside, she could feel her inner walls tears further, but it just sent more burning bolts of pleasure further into her system.

Jacok's hard cock rested heavily on her sweat-soaked back. The throbbing heat burned against her back like a hot brand. It slide between the two mounds of her ass; the demon lord watched as she flexed her muscles around the hard shaft on top and the burning fist buried inside her core.

Her moan vibrated through her body as she leaned up against the bed, looking back at the demonic master as he continued to rock his cock against the valley of her buttocks.

The demon lord's legs slid apart, pushing her legs with them. Her knees buried themselves into the hard dirt until her hips protested against the pressure he was forcing on her. Her whimper of pleasure contrasted with the pain he was obviously causing her.

His actions forced her buttocks apart, exposing the pink ring around his wrist as he wiggled his fingers deep inside her sex, sending more bolts of pain turned pleasure into her body. Above it, the tiny brown opening of her ass quivered.

Her dark hair plastered itself against her back as she gasped in pleasure, watching the lord rotate his fist inside her tightly stretched sex; a hot flood of juices boiled inside her as she moaned in pleasure. She tried to rock her hips, but the massive fist buried inside her prevent almost all movements.

Jacok rocked his hips, drawing the throbbing length of his meter-long shaft between her buttocks, until the arrow-shaped tip slide down and rested against the opening of her sex. His massive shaft dwarfed her anus, a massive log compared to the tiny opening.

Zoria's eyes darkened in pleasure, anticipating the demon lord penetrating the last of her virginity. Her whimper spoke volumes as she pressed up against the immense rod about to rip into her.

Jacok shoved his hips forward. The tip of his shaft briefly caught on the dimple of her anus, tearing it slightly before the cum-slicked shaft popped out and slid along her ass.

She whimpered, partially from the pleasure of her ass being abused and mostly from the disappointment of not being torn into. The demon-possessed man rocked back and tried again, his shaft clinging a little longer in the tiny opening before slipping out. He tried again, a patient motion that teased her more as she whimpered to be ripped into her.

Zoria's begging grew more frantic, more insistent. Her dark eyes showed the recession of her logical mind; the primal animistic side was beginning to burn deeply as she pressed her ass back against the pointed shaft. She ignored the building pleasure of the fist tearing her from the inside.

The demon pulled back his cock, resting it once against the tiny opening of her ass. His fist wiggled inside her, sending a few warm wave of pleasure crashing through her veins as he rested his hand on the small of her back. She moaned as she felt the sharp points of his claws rest lightly on each side of her spine.

Her senses assaulted her. Between the burning pleasure in her sex, the potential ecstasy pressed at the entrance to her ass, and the

sharp sensations on her back, she could figure out which one was building her orgasm faster.

The heartbeats of the demon's cock rocked the very tip of his shaft against her ass, slipping in and out and around the dimple of the most sensitive of her openings.

Zoria looked back with pleading eyes, "Please, master, enter me. Rip into your slave's body."

Her voice was submissive and begging as she tried to push her ass against the hard shaft, but the cum-slicked tip kept slipping away from her virgin opening.

The demon lord pressed tightly down on her back, digging his claws into her as his fist pushed hard up against her. Zoria moaned under the renewed pleasure that flooded through her system as he leaned forward. The tip, caught hard between two fists pressed tightly against the tiny opening, obscuring it with the thick log of his shaft.

"Oh master!"

Her body screamed with pleasure as the immense shaft began build pressure against her anus. The tight anal ring resisted the pressure, tightening hard as Zoria gasped in the intense pleasure her body was experiencing.

Zoria threw her head back, pushing it against the bed as she pressed back against the immense width of the throbbing shaft. Her ass, sending sharp bolts of pleasure hard against her, resisted her movements, but she continued to grind back against the cock.

The pleasure increased sharply, building up to a sharp intensity that swamped her senses. She could feel the skin of her ass being pushed in by the pressure her dark lord was exerting on her. Her anal ring resisted but she felt it rip under the intense pressure; she felt it tear around the thick rod threatening to tear into her.

"Please, master, please."

Jacok rocked forward, tearing into her rectum with his massive length. Zoria screamed in pleasure, feeling it radiate in hard, burning waves as the shaft tore into her insides. She moaned and shoved back, the pure animal side of her hungry for more. Her body shivered as she thrust back; her demon lord pounded forward, burying the first part of his immense cock into her rectum, filling it

beyond it's capacity. The tearing sensations inside her pushed her closer to orgasm, one built by a pain her mind turned into pleasure.

"Please!"

The lord looked down, seeing the torn ring of her ass white around his cock. He pulled back, watching her body feel every ridge of bone until her ass dimpled out from the width of his cock. He shoved forward, tearing into her until he met the resistance of her innermost ring. She whimpered as he pulled back, his cock red with blood. Letting her feel the pleasure flood through her veins like the sweetest of drugs.

Inside her sex, flooded with her excitement, she felt his fist open. The inner walls of her sex tore apart, flooding her with hot blood as the fingers wrapped around the immense shaft buried in her ass. Only the thin wall between her sex and ass stood between the clawed hand and the immense shaft burning inside her.

Zoria screamed for more, her ability speak deserting her as she begged for more of her lord's demonic cock.

He gave it to her, pulling out with a bloody slurp before stuffing it back into her gaping ass. Each thrust buried more of the hot length into her intestines, stretching them out into a tight sheath around his length. His claws gripped his shaft, guiding it into her body along tender organs.

The pleasure built up to intense levels, leaving her gasping for breath as she felt the hot invader plunge inside her, pounding it's own wet tunnel into her willing body. She screamed for more, grunting when she felt her stomach pierced open by the arrow-shaped cock.

The dark lord ignored the burning sensations from her stomach as he continued to pound inside her. His claws on her back dug in, burying into the sweat-soaked flesh like a hot knife in butter. Fresh wells of crimson blood wells out of the deep cuts as he continued to push his claws harder against her.

Zoria whimpered for more, feeling the immense length slam against her diaphragm, driving the air from her lungs with each powerful thrust. Inside her, the tearing sensation flooded her with a wet heat and drove her closer to an orgasm that never crested.

Inside her, she felt his fist tear into her womb, wrapped around the hard shaft plunging into her body. She screamed as she felt her

body torn inside, the pleasure overwhelming her with intense sensations that shook her to her very core.

The rock-hard shaft ripped into her, cutting through her internal organs with frightening ease. With each stroke, she screamed in pleasure as feeling more of her body torn apart. Each withdrawal, she whimpered at the empty ache that consumed her.

She managed to find her voice for a moment, between the hard thrusts that shoved her against the bed, "Please, master, I want to feel it al—"

Her voice was choked off as something immense burst into her throat, choking off her air. One hand grasped her throat as she felt his cock slip out, allow air to reach her lungs once again. She took a deep, shuddering breath and felt the wet sucking sensation from her pierced organ.

The pleasure built as her lord thrusted into her, pounding his cock into her throat and tearing it from the inside. Her one hand clutched against his, enjoying the feel of it stretching under her palm as he thrust hard inside her.

His upper claw cut into her skin, wrapping around her spine like a handle. The sharp, burning pain consumed her senses as she screamed for more, begging for the pleasure that continued to build. Blood splashed everywhere as he yanked back on her spine, pulling her onto his shaft as his other fist held her tightly from the inside.

Getting a good grip, he started to thrust hard and fast, shoving the entire length into the bloody opening with inhuman speed. Zoria felt her body scream with pleasure with each thrust, the immense cock holding her away from the bed as it plunged in and out her with a wet, slick speed. She brought her free hand down to her stomach, feeling the hand wiggling inside her wet sex as her other hand felt her throat being torn into by the massive cock plunging in and out.

"Mast... please... rape... your... slave..." each word was choked off by the hard length burying itself into her throat and she felt the hot taste of her blood filling her mouth with each violent movement. Her body was consumed in pleasure, the intensity was intense that she felt her mind began to shatter under it's force.

The demon lord felt his own orgasm come closer and he slammed forward, shattering her hip as his cock burst out of her mouth. He

could feel her scream wordlessly around his shaft as her own body, exploded in an orgasm to intense her mind broke under it's intensity.

Her eyes glazed over as her body tightened every muscle from a single hard wave of pleasure that burst through her. The demon lord felt her life force slip out as he exploded into his orgasm.

An intense yellow flame burst from his shaft, burning her from the inside. Her eyes melted from the heat for the brief moment before her entire body exploded in cloud of blood and organs. He roared a deep, inhuman sound that shook the walls as the flames exploded out from him. Waves of each crashed against the walls, igniting stone and metal in a matter of seconds.

The energy of his orgasm continued to build. bursting up into a massive pillar of yellow flame that could be see for kilometers. His roar of release echoed against the burning trees that surrounded the crater that was once Zoria's home.

He looked down at his shaft, somehow still covered in Zoria's blood.

"You pleased me, slave."

In his hand, he held the glowing spirit of Zoria, vibrating with the pleasure of her last, fatal orgasm.

Magie saw the immense pillar of yellow flame burn across the sky, sending the brilliant fire across the clouds. The mob of children gasped and huddled closer, their wide eyes shining in the light of the burning sky. As they clutched together, the protective field of yellow wisped around them, comforting them with it's strange energies.

Dori clung to her mother's hand, "Mom, what do we do?"

Magie watched as the pillar of yellow flame faded away, leaving a brief greenish glow to the sky before fading into darkness. She looked down at the children, confused by the wisps of yellow energy that boiled around them, but wanting to protect the survivor's of Willow's End.

"I don't feel safe, let's find someplace to hide for the night. How about the cave by the stream?"

Murmurs of agreement filled the air as the mob slowly turned to head back they way they came. The yellow wisps of flame continued to flickering around them, somehow visible after the pillar of flame.

They barely walked more than a few meters before the first demon appeared in front of them. The burning red eyes flickered in the darkness before it stepped out into the light of the protective flames.

It used to be one of the children's father, a dark misshapen form that growl from where it hung from the tree. In it's hand, the terror-filled expression of a teenage boy hung loosely, blood dripping from the torn off skull.

"Billy!"

Lucin, a boy of sixteen, raced forward, the yellow shield flaring up as raced over the rough ground. The demon snarled and tossed aside the head with a wet cracking sound. Dori started to race after her brother, Magie's only son, but her mother grabbed her tightly.

The teenage boy's attack brought him very close to the demon as he swung back. The yellow flare of energy collected on his fist with the arc and he collected powerfully against the demon's chest.

The energy flickered out.

Lucin stared dumbly at his fist, looking up to the demon who grinned back. A powerful fist, ending with three powerful claws, slashed up, cutting his hand off at the wrist. A fountain of blood spurted out as he screamed in agony.

The other children started to scream also, huddling together in the protective yellow field.

It snuffed out, plunging the area into darkness. Only the burning red eyes of the demon flared up. Then another, then another. Hundreds of pairs of eyes opened up, flooding the entire area in a flickering, demonic glow.

The children screamed and huddled closer. Lucin scrambled back, clutching the stump of his hand as he whimpered in pain. Magie raced to him, ripping off part of her dress to bind the flow of blood. The demons gathered around the mob, trapping any chance to escape with their horrible red eyes.

Her eldest looked at her, his eyes glazed with pain, "Why aren't they killing us?"

Magie hugged Lucin tightly, "I don't know, honey, I don't know."

They waited there in the light of the demonic eyes for over an hour before a flickering yellow light began to filter through the deep woods. Magie looked up from her singing to the youngest

children, a note caught in her throat. The eyes of the demon turned to face the yellow glow, a shining adoration glowed in their eyes.

The demon lord Jacok stepped out of the darkness and into the mob's view. His body was wreathed in an aura of brilliant yellow flames. As he brushed past the ancient trees, they withered and burnt away in a matter of seconds.

He smiled warmly as he stepped up to the children. The ground underneath him shriveled and burnt away. Magie stood up, staring at him as she stepped in front of the children. Her eyes looked over the naked demon, briefly looking over the cruel claws and powerful legs.

His cock was closer to normal looking, a smooth shaft at half-mast. A thick, rounded head hung away from his body, the tip shiny with his pre-cum. The shaft itself was immense, as long as her arm and as thick as her wrist. Compared to the rod that penetrated Zoria, it was small, but to Magie's eyes, it was larger than was humanly possible.

Magie held her daughter back behind her as she stood up against the demon lord, "What do you want?"

Jacok smiled and spoke in the harsh language, but somehow she and the children understood the sweet words that flowed from his lips.

"Why, Magie," she gasped at the sound of her name in the demonic tongue, but he continued, "I have what I want," he gestured to the mob of children, "all of you."

Some of the children stepped back, but the demons circled closer. Magie looked around, fear growing in her eyes, "W-Why?"

The demon lord growled and spoke as his eyes glowed yellow, "There is no pleasure greater than I give. There is no release except that which I grant. Those who seek my nature alone are doomed to fail. Those who fail will die."

Magie frowned, trying to understand the words. Pivis looked at Gerid who grinned, "So, it was sex."

The demon lord nodded, "Yes, the young boy is right. Those who feel the crest of pleasure are doomed to die by my hand."

The older woman shook her head, denying the inhuman man, "But, I-I been with... oh dear..."

Jacok shrugged, bursting a tree into flames, “You, my dear Magie, has never experienced that pleasure in your life. Even with your husband of ten years, he never pushed you over the edge into your doom.”

“Never?” her voice was a whisper as she tried to remember.

“Never, my pet.”

Magie whimpered softly, “Pet?”

She stepped back a step, but stumbled against the children packed tightly behind her. The demon lord slid forward, his yellow flame flickering along his body as it lit up her face. Her eyes widen as he place one jagged claw under her chin, forcing her eyes to look into his deep, shifting yellow ones. Her breath caught in her chest as she found her gaze pulled into those eyes.

Those violent, shifting eyes.

His voice was soft and sweet, those harsh demonic words passing past his lips and into her ears. As he spoke, the yellow in his eyes shifted and boiled, swirling with the energy hidden inside the body of the demon.

“Yes, my pet. I’ve been watching you for a long time.”

“How long?”

He smiled but didn’t say anything. Some of the children whimpered as a breeze blew the stench of burning trees across the clearing. Magie’s hands held Dori’s and Laci’s shoulders as she tried to back away; her body resist, holding still as she found herself staring into the demon lord’s eyes.

A long silence filled the clearing, except for the crackling of the burning trees. Magie found her voice, but couldn’t tear her eyes away from the demon lord’s.

“What do you want?”

He smiled, not saying anything. Around him, the demons and children shifted on their feet as the silence grew between them, woman verses demon lord, human verses the supernatural.

In her mind, she found herself thinking about him. She could still smell the fresh blood on their claws as the wind ripped around her. The crackle of the burning trees teased her senses as she tried to figure out her odds.

The claw under her chin prickled lightly, reminding her how closer her throat was to being sliced. Her imagination filled the gaps

as she felt as if her blood was cascading down her chest; Magie shuddered and pushed that thought out of her mind.

She continued to stare into his eyes, searching for an answer. The violence pushed aside, leaving an animal lust behind. She thought about his cock, wondering if he really could give her pleasure. Part of her screamed at the thought of that massive shaft buried inside her, but she felt her sex begin to stir with the thought. Many other memories and thoughts passed through her mind in the silence as the demon lord's eyes spoke their silent message.

After a long time, she finally spoke into the silence as the wind suddenly died down.

“What do I have to do?”

The clawed hand snapped open and wrapped around her throat. The powerful muscles tightened around her fragile neck, threatening to snap it. A whimper escaped her throat as he pulled her closer until his tooth-filled maw was mere centimeters from her lips.

“You must give yourself to me: mind, body, and soul. If you resist, you die. If you fight, you die. If you ever seek pleasure outside of my touch, you will die.”

She choked briefly, “And the children?”

He growled for a moment. The demons circled closer until their blood-filled breath washed over the frightened children. The demon lord look at her with his horrible eyes, “Your surrender will save them until they are ready for my touch. From then, they will be my pets just as you will become.”

Magie had a choice: death of her and the children or surrender of everything to the demon lord.

Behind her, the children looked at her with pleading eyes, begging for an answer as the demons circled around. If she said no, they would descend upon them with no mercy. For some, their deaths would be quick but filled with pain. For her and the others, there would a great deal of suffering before they were allowed to perish. If she surrendered, her mind and body would no longer be hers to command. Beyond that, she had no idea what the demon lord had in mind for her and the unknown scared her. It scared her more than anything else ever did.

The demons growled around her as the yellow, silent eyes of the demon lord gazed over her. Lucin whimpered as someone brushed against the stump of his arm. Magie's eyes hardened as she returned the yellow gaze.

“My son.”

Jacok nodded and growled something she couldn't understand. A movement in the demonic crowd drew her attention away as she saw two demons step out. One of them was female, six firm breasts on her chest as she looked over the crowd with a hungry, lustful gaze. The other demon looked like an insect for the brief moment before it leaped forward and grabbed Lucin's arms.

Both he and Magie screamed as he was dragged out in front of her. His feet scraped along the ground, but the demon's strength easily dragged him along the hard-packed ground. The female succubus followed being, her hips swaying with each sensual movement.

Reaching in front of her, the insect demon clicked before ripping the cloth off the stump of his wrist. Lucin screamed and tried to pull away, but the female demon pressed her naked body up against his back, holding his waist tightly as her breath brushed against his neck. Lucin's struggles slowed as an embarrassed flush grew along his neck and cheeks; the succubus smiled, pressing her firm breasts tighter against his back.

A hot river of blood poured out of Lucin's stump as he shivered. The insect creature wrapped one of its claws around it's own wrist. With a single motion, it ripped it's claw off with a spray of black blood. The black fountain splattered against Lucin's and Magie's clothes as they watched in fear.

The severed claw twitched a few times as the insect creature turned back to face Lucin with it's segmented gaze. He leaned back, partially to escape the demon in front of him and partially to feel the firm breasts behind him. A growing bulge quickly became evident to him and his mother. His blush grew hotter as he looked nervously around.

Jacok chuckled and nodded. The insect demon grabbed the stump of Lucin's arm. The boy whimpered then yelped as the creature shoved the severed fist, still dripping with black blood, against the bleeding stump of his arm.

He yanked his arm back as the burning sensation slammed through his arms. To his fear, the claws clenched together as if they were now his natural hand. He tried to shake it off, but his action stop as the succubus slide her hand around to grasp his manhood.

His new demonic claw forgotten, he looked with wide eyes at the female succubus. She smiled, small fangs glittering in the light, and stroked him harder. Lucin glanced over to the demon lord, frightened.

The lord chuckled, "Make him a man."

The female demon purred warmly, stroking him as her other hand fondled her buttocks. She spun him around and grabbed his hand. Still purring, she started to lead him into the crowd of demons.

Lucin looked back at the demon lord and mother. Jacok nodded, "My pleasure comes in many forms, she is one of them."

His mother forgotten, Lucin's smile plastered itself again his face as he turned to follow the naked demon. Magie stared with dumbfounded shock at her retreating son, her mouth slightly open. She closed her mouth with a snap as she realized that the life of her son was now owned by the demon lord in front of her.

Jacok looked back at Magie, his eyes almost burning intensely, "Choose, my pet, choose your life or death."

Magie looked frightened at the demon lord, then back over her shoulder at the children watching her with fear and trust. The decision pained her in more ways than one. Resisting meant a painful death for her and the others. Surrender meant a life filled with pain, agony, and probably sexual suffering—she's seen what the demon's hand in mind as they stroked their black cocks.

Her gaze slid back to Jacok, refusing to meet his eyes as her mind spun with her decision. Consequences and predictions slammed around inside her, making her choice harder.

Finally, she came down to the conclusion in a short period of time. If she resisted, she would die. She was a survivor and there was no chance to survive that. Even though it might be the end of her life, there were more chances if she surrendered.

Jacok's cocks began to stir as he felt her reach a decision. It twitched and grew harder as he watched her trying to convince herself to say the words.

Her mind and body resisted her attempts to speak as she opened her mouth silently and then closed it. She tried to stand forward, but her muscles froze in place; her unconscious mind screamed at her to resist, to die and end it.

With an incredible effort, she choked out the words, feeling the claws digging into her throat with each movement. Her eyes shone with her conviction to survive and continue. As she spoke, she stood up straighter.

“What must I do.”

A smile crossed Jacok’s face, “There is no pleasure greater than I give.”

“You want me to... pleasure... me?”

He didn’t say anything. His smile reached his yellow eyes, the flickering depths hinting at a world of pleasure and lust. She felt her body respond, a warm building between her legs. With a gasp, her lips parted as her gaze looked down to the throbbing length of his shaft.

It was hard, almost painfully hot. A thin sheen of clear fluids coated it’s entire length. Two massive balls, the size of apricots, hung loosely underneath his shaft. These veins coated the balls, throbbing in time with the veins along the entire length of his shaft. Two ridges ran along the bottom edge of his shaft as they led into a thick, narrow tip. His cockhead barely had a ridge, instead it looked like a sharpened point to some thick, gnarly stick.

Magie found herself licking her lips, wondering what it would feel inside her. Her body warmed at the thought as a faint trickle of her juices dribbled down her inner thigh. Her hand slid down her side and between her legs. She frowned as her fingers easily slipped into her sex, her sex was drenched with excitement. Bringing her slick fingers into view, she looked at it curiously.

Her hand reached out to Jacok, her fingers grasping the thick shaft of his length. Her fingers barely reached around the black width as she pulled herself closer. The musky smell of his excitement brought a renewed rush between her legs as she brought her other hand to the throbbing rod.

“So hot...”

Her voice was barely a whisper, but it carried over the clearing, startling the children. They watched in silence, their fear gone as they and the demons watched with rapt fascination.

Her hands stroked up the shaft, the soft skin sliding between her palms as the thick layer of pre-cum soaked it's length. She slid her hands up and down, feeling it's hot length between her fingers. She gasped as she watched another fresh flood of pre-cum dribble out of the tip of his shaft and over her fingers, soaking between her fingers with the slick, yellow juices.

She scratched her nose, accidentally coating her mouth with his hot juices. Her tongue flicked out, tasting him on her lips. A smile crossed her face as she felt a warm seep down her throat from the warm, comfortable taste.

Wanting to taste more, she bowed her head as if in prayer. Her lips brushed against the slick tip of his rod. Her lips parted as her tongue tasted him again, enjoying the warmth as she pushed her mouth along the thickness of his cock.

Her fingers continued to stroke up and down on his shaft, stuffing her face with his cock. She purred happily and pulled more of his length into her mouth, stretching her jaw around the black width.

Wanting more, she leaned forward, pressing his length into her cleavage. The heat soaked through her dress and she started to pull her body up and down in short movements. Her mouth continued to suck on the tip, drawing the musky juices from the tip of his cock.

A whimper of frustration escaped her lips as she started to fumble at her shirt. To her surprise, the fabric ripped easily. Looking down, she saw that the black blood from the insect demon burned her clothes, tearing it almost to shreds.

Magie moaned in pleasure and ripped her dress off her to press the hot length of Jacok's hotness against her body and between her firm breasts. With another moan of pleasure, she rocked her body up and down the length, coating her entire front with his juices.

For a long time, she stroked his shaft with her body, squeezing it between her breasts and licking the wet juices from his skin. When she finally looked up, there was a look of wanton lust in her eyes.

"Master...?" she asked as if she was asking for his proper title.

Jacok nodded, "Yes, my pet?"

“I... I want you... inside me.”

He didn't say anything.

“...please?”

The demon lord's arms reached down to pin her wrists against her waist. Flexing powerful muscles, he didn't even grunt as he picked her up completely off the ground. She whimpered as she felt her legs leave the ground, “Oh, master.”

He lifted her up while pulling her closer until she felt the hot tip of his cock brush against her dripping sex. At the first touch of the heated bulge, she moaned loudly, parting her legs to the limits of her muscles.

“Please master, I want you. I want you inside me.”

“Will you surrender to me, my pet?”

Magie didn't think, her body screaming for the black length of her lord's cock.

“Master, I am yours. I need you... I... my body is yours to command. My soul is yours to use. My mind... my mind is your toy. Please master, take me.”

She spoke quietly but firmly, her conviction burning in her eyes. He didn't speak, but he responded by pushing her down on his shaft. The massive width of his length easily entered her soaked entrance, plunging inside the tight channel.

With the first flood of sexual sensations, Magie threw back her head and screamed in pleasure. Her voice, high and lustful, echoed against the trees as she felt the hard length of the cock bury its way into her body, filling her from the inside to her limits.

His cock barely slid halfway into her quivering entrance before the tip pressed tightly against the back of her vagina. The intense, wet heat filled her, sending bolts of pleasure into her veins.

He pushed down for a moment, almost painfully, before he drew her up along his shaft. The thick ridges tugged and pulled at her inner lips, stretching them tightly before slipping out with delicious sensations of pleasure.

Her whimper vibrated through her chest as she felt the hot length slip out of her body, her tunnel quivering from being stretched so wildly open. Her legs feel together, but she pushed them apart as she felt the hardness begin to stretch its way back into her aching hole.

A long, drawn out moan of pleasure followed the hot rod as it pushed inside her, teasing her inner walls with each ridge and bump. Her head rolled forward, her hands straining against the claws that pinned them to her hips.

Finding no movement there, she looked up into her master's eyes, feeling the shifting yellow lust in her own heart. The cock inside her buried deeply inside her, pressing tightly against the limits of her pussy with a burning warmth.

Magie gasped as she felt his length throb inside, sending more pleasure into her with each bump and twitch deep inside her wet core.

Jacok lifted and dropped her on his shaft with a little more force, plunging hard inside her body with a smooth stroke. He grinned as he lifted her body, a velvet sheath around his hardness, and pushed her down. The stroke rammed his length hard into her until the thick head of his cock slammed against her cervix. He held her there, slowly building up pressure against the opening to her womb.

She felt the pain grow inside her as her cervix began to tear under the immense pressure of the demon lord. The sensations in her body were felt, not heard as the wet tearing continued to burn deep inside her.

Her arms flexed, trying to break loose, but Jacok's strength was far in excess of hers. Finding her trapped, she remembered her words. With a moan of pleasure, she looked up into the shifting yellow eyes.

"Master, please."

The wet tearing snapped inside her as the cock plunged hard inside her, his ridged length rippling along her tight opening until the base of his length slammed hard against her labia, pounding a spark of pleasure through her system.

Magie whimpered as the demon lord lifted her and shoved her down hard, sending more pleasure into her system. Her breasts bounced with the force of his stroke as he contained to pound her up and down his length. Each motion provoked a scream of pleasure as she felt something hot and burning building up inside her.

It continued to grow inside her, an intense sensation that built inside her, growing like a raging fire inside her. The demon lord

continued to shove her up and down on his length, pounding her body with a merciless intensity.

The hot rod inside her began to burn with an intense yellow flame. The flickering light plunged in and out of her with his hard strokes as she felt something grow inside her, a throbbing heat and excited her body beyond her comprehension.

Jacok came inside her, a hard powerful burst that flooded her very womb with his demonic seed. She felt the burning heat fill her around the throbbing length; something burst inside her.

Her first orgasm crashed into her with the intensity of a charging dragon. Every cell of her body screamed in pleasure as her body ignited in a burst of yellow flame. Her entire sex tightened around the shaft, squeezing tightly against his length as the last of his cum pumped into her sex.

Burst after burst of pleasure exploded inside her as she screamed in pleasure. Her body writhed on the shaft, wiggling around in the final throes of her first orgasm.

As the final burst of pleasure faded from her system, all energy drained out of her with a rush. A final whimper of pleasure escaped out of her throat as she fell unconscious; her dreams of pleasure started as soon as she slumped against her demon lord.

Jacok dropped her to the ground. Her naked body sprawled against the packed dirt as a massive flood of cum poured out of her sex. She whimpered in her sleep and curled up, one hand pressing tightly up against her sex to keep the cum inside.

“I love you, master.”

Many months later, spring poured into the town. Half-rotted buildings sagged in their foundations, their doors torn off by wind and rain. The streets were filled with garbage, mostly torn from the houses and soaked by three months of snow.

A small group of people reached the edge of town and looked across it. Twelve of them were wearing the same uniform of Franome Royal Guards. They carried their weapons with dangerous ease as they suspiciously looked over the deserted town.

In the distance, they could see a thin plume of smoke; it appeared to be far outside of town, but it was a sign of life. Silence and signs of life made all of them nervous, it was only silent before a fight.

The thirteenth man was young, about twenty-seven winters old. His armor was light, barely a chain vest covering his body as he looked around with trained suspicion. There was a sword at his waist, but he didn't really like using it. The leather creaked as he circled around the guards. Around his neck, the badge of the Royal Tax Collector shone in the spring sunlight with each motion he made.

The head of the squad, a dour man with many years of suspicion, stepped forward. His weapon glittered in the sunlight as he scratched at a healing scar on his face. The tax collector stopped next to him and looked over the village.

"Think it's really abandoned?"

The squad leader shook his head, "Look like it, but that doesn't mean anything."

"Like that one a few months ago?"

The guard scratched the scar on his face, remembering, "Yeah, that boy had a good aim with that dagger, Loren. If you weren't screaming like a baby, I would have lost an eye."

Loren made a face, then chuckled, "Anything I can do to help."

The guard glared at him briefly, "Don't go wandering around on your own, this time. You'll get yourself killed or worse."

"What is worse than de... never-mind. I'll stay while you send the squad over the village."

The guard barked out some orders and the rest spread out quickly. Their chain armor whispered as they disappeared between the streets. They worked in pairs, moving with a grace of many years of experience.

Before the head guard moved out on his own, he looked back to Loren, "Going to be okay by yourself?"

The tax collector grinned, "Yeah. I'm not going to make that mistake again. I have a wife and child at home."

The guard grinned, "Planning on making another?"

"As soon as I get back."

"So, stay here and don't go wandering off. If you die, I don't want to have to explain to them why you were stupid."

Loren nodded and made a point of sitting down, setting his weapon aside. Folding his hands on his lap, he looked up with feigned innocent. The squad leader chuckled, "Right."

He walked into the village, moving as if he owned the place. In a matter of moments, the tax collector was alone on the edge of Willow's End.

He was content to stay there, but a girl's voice called out on the wind. His head snapped up as he tried to identify the location of the pleading voice. It called out again, a soft cry for help.

"Hello!? Anyone?"

No guard answered, but the begging sound called out. He jumped up to find her, then remembered his sword. Grabbing the weapon, he called out for her. She answered, a muffled voice tinged with fear and exhaustion.

Loren followed the voice, calling out for the guards, but no one came to him. The trail led him between two buildings, where the fresh smell of life hung in the air like dust motes.

"Hello?"

From behind some rubble, he heard a response, "Help me. It's so cold and it hurts."

Loren flung himself forward, his sword dropping as he pawed at stones and wood, throwing them aside. Her voice called out from behind the rubble, from a dark hole his clearing revealed. He shoved aside broken glass and twisted metal until he cleared the opening.

It was dark, even with the sunlight filtering in the alley. The darkness clung to the opening. Loren stopped right before diving into the hole, some primal instinct stopping him. His hand, centimeters from the opening, locked in place, shaking.

From the utter darkness, a girl's voice called out, "Please help me, I'm trapped. It hurts so much." The voice choked off with a whimper of pain.

Loren tried to look into the hole, but he couldn't force his body to move. His stomach screwed up in pain and he started to shake.

From behind him, a sweet young voice spoke out, "Don't."

Loren spun around, jumping back against the wall as he noticed a girl of eleven winters standing less than a meter away from him.

Dori giggled as he slammed up against the wall, his feet slipping closer to the darkness. Something shifting in the hole as a smell of a rotting corpse burst out of the hole. Two burning red eyes flared up and Loren flung himself away from the hole and the wall.

His feet twisted on some loose glass and he felt himself falling. With a desperate movement, he managed to spin himself onto his back before slamming hard against the rock. His breath was driven out of his lungs and black spots swam before his eyes as he gasped for breath.

The first thing he saw when he recovered was an eleven-year old pussy, poised over his mouth. The hairless folds were puffy as the sweet smell of her sex drifted into his senses. A few drops of excitement clung to the pink folds as she looked down and smiled. There was a sensual look to her face as he gaped dumbfounded.

Dori smiled again, her eyes glittering briefly, "Are you okay?"

"Wh... what was that?"

"Gwin."

He frowned and looked at the darkness of the hole. The two burning eyes looked at him with a growl, then faded as the darkness clung deeper in the hole.

"What is a Gwin?"

"Not it, her. She died with everyone else."

"But... but I heard her."

Dori smiled and stepped back slightly, drawing his attention back to her dripping sex and the smooth skin of her thighs.

"I know. She still moves, but any man who goes in there dies."

Loren felt his manhood ache with hardness and did everything in his power to look up at her face. His body resisted, sending desire and lust through his veins like the sweetest of wines.

"We should move..."

Dori stepped back and crouched down, pressing her young sex directly on the ridge of his cock. The wet heat of her excitement seeped through his pants, drenching it in a matter of moments.

Loren groaned with desire. His hands lifted to push her off, but stopped when he realized he wanted to hold her hips and drive inside her. Dori, as if reading his thoughts, smiled sensuously and grounded her sex against him.

"What... what... are you... doing?"

Dori looked surprised and Loren found his thoughts wanting to feel his shaft in her mouth. He shook his head and Dori leaned forward, rocking her hips against him as her still forming breasts

pressed lightly against his chest. Her lips moved slightly as she spoke, "Is there something wrong?"

"Yes... no... yes! This is wrong."

He grabbed her shoulders but couldn't force himself to push her off. She smiled, a hungry look that soaked the front of his jeans with lust. His hand shivered on the young girl's shoulder, fighting off the almost supernatural seduction of her body.

He almost screamed, "I can't. This is wrong! I'm not into girls!"

Dori wiggled against him, pressing her body tighter as she rubbed her soaked sex against the ridge of his manhood, "You say no, but your body is screaming for me," she pressed down hard on his cock, "it wants me so badly. Can't you feel it?"

He started to say something, but suddenly her attitude changed. With a sexy pout, she stood up, "Would you like to talk to our mother? She can explain things for you."

Loren found himself in shock for a moment as he tried to figure out what changed about her. There was still the rampant sexuality that dripped from her, an intensity unbecoming of a girl less than twelve years of age. But, there was a dangerous glitter in her eyes as she held out her hand.

Automatically, he took it. Dori pulled him up with surprising strength and smiled warmly. Her leg caressed against his, reminding him that his cock still ached to slide into her body. Her mouth was dangerously close to the organ in question as she looked up with pleading eyes.

"Come, we would love to have you for dinner."

t'Sade

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

t'Sade

About the Publisher

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