

The Dark Demon of Seed

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Sonia sat in silence, shocked that Aaron was able to rematerialize. As many times as she'd swallowed furs with her cock, this was definitely a first for her.

For his part, Aaron wasn't saying much, either. The maned wolf's grin had faded, and now the two of them were both faced with the knowledge that Sonia had in fact cock-vored him—despite his protests—and then had spat him back out.

"Aaron, I—"

"That was—"

They both fell silent again, looking away.

"You go first", Aaron suggested.

Sonia shook her head. "No, you go."

Aaron shrugged. "I was just gonna say, that was...kinda freaky."

Sonia nodded. "Yeah."

Aaron frowned. "You...look surprised to see me."

Sonia's hand crawled up her chest and scratched the back of her shoulder uncomfortably. "Maybe a little, yeah."

"What, you've never done that before or something?"

"Well, no, it's just—things don't usually turn out *like that*."

"How do you mean?"

Shit. Think, Sonia! What can you tell him that won't make him run screaming bloody murder right here and now?

"Um...well, ah, we usually just, um, don't *go* that far," the snow-leopard-arctic-wolf cross lied. "Usually I play with my dick a little bit, and then that's kind of it."

"Hum," Aaron replied.

Sonia's eyes darted to the maned wolf, whose brow was furrowed deeply.

"Y—you're not *mad*, are you?" she asked hesitantly.

Aaron pursed his lips. "*Mad*...no. A little irritated, maybe; I *did* say that I didn't want to do this, and you pushed it anyway."

"Yeah, well—"

"But, I get that maybe you were just trying to broaden my mind a little bit." He looked at her askance. "So, let's leave at as: no hard feelings, but don't do that again without me telling you it's okay first."

Sonia let out a huge sigh of relief. "Deal," she said, though her usual, cocky smile did not quite return.

Aaron nodded slowly. "Okay. Well, look, it's been fun, but I gotta get home. I've, uh, got some stuff I need to do." He got up and quickly got dressed.

"Yeah," Sonia replied. "Sure..."

The door opened, then closed.

"How in the hell did *that* happen?" she wondered aloud.

To say that things got a little awkward after that would be a bit of an understatement. Aaron couldn't shake the feeling that as high as his hopes had been for the encounter with Sonia, things...hadn't really gone the way he'd expected. Sure, the things she could do with that massive dick of hers felt good, but the whole

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getting *swallowed* by it thing—not to *mention* literally becoming a spurt of cum on her wall—now *that* was just...too weird, man.

For Sonia's part, she'd tried to play it off initially, that she knew the risks when she agreed to meet him and that he wouldn't be nearly the first for her to swallow up in her testicles, save for a little while, and then spurt out later. But things were different this time, weren't they? And, it wasn't just because Aaron was able to rematerialize. She'd be lying to herself—and indeed *had* lied to herself—by saying that Aaron was just another hookup, a one-time fling. Sure, the sex had been fun, and he had felt *particularly* good as he slid down her urethra (and even better once inside), but there was something about his personality that made him particularly fun to play with, and Sonia couldn't help but think that she'd messed things up.

So, for about a month, their daily conversations screeched to a halt as the two avoided each other, deliberately switching games when they saw the other was online, neither wanting to play cooperatively with nor competitively against each other.

Man, what a moron, Aaron thought as one of the members of his pick-up group charged at the boss without everybody being ready. *I'm gonna be really annoyed if he gets me killed.*

"Oh, for fuck's sake! What are you, *twelve*?!" a voice exploded into the voice-chat, nearly deafening him. *"Everybody knows the strategy for this boss! What moron would get on here without knowing how to take him on?!"*

The voice chat abruptly went silent, followed by the sound of what clearly sounded like a twelve-year-old crying, then a clattering noise and an abrupt, total silence.

"Shit. Fucking auto voice-detect thingy," a familiar voice said, followed by an exasperated sigh.

<CVM0AR HAS LEFT THE GROUP>

<GROUP DISBANDED>

"Damn it, I need a partner who knows how to keep up!" the voice said.

Aaron smirked to himself. "Funny you should say that..."

There was a gasp on the other end. "Aaron? How long have you been listening?"

"Oh, you know...long enough to hear you make a preteen need a few years of therapy," the wolf replied wryly.

"Ugh. But, he was the worst, right?"

"Yeah—well, no; the guy who was *before* him was the worst."

"Oh, my gosh, yeah; I forgot about him."

"I'm just saying..."

The two chuckled, then fell into an awkward silence.

"So, uh, how've you been?" Aaron asked.

"Oh, you know, um, the usual," Sonia replied. "Horny. Hungry. Playing games."

Aaron pursed his lips. "Yeah? Horny and hungry, huh? Kinda like last time?"

"Oh, um...yeah, sure, maybe a little."

"I've, um, thought about that a lot since then."

"Yeah?"

"Maybe."

"Good things? Bad things?"

"Mm, bit of both. Mostly good."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah." Aaron licked his lips and leaned forward. "I—I'm not gonna lie, it was kinda scary, you know?"

"The cock-vore, or—?"

"No, I mean, like, *all* of it: trying to breathe as you shoved your cock down my throat and then came and came until I felt like I was gonna pop, fucking my brains out, swallowing me whole...you, um, you don't do anything gentle-like, do ya?"

Sonia laughed. "Nope, not really my style. Work hard, play hard, fuck harder, you know?"

Aaron chuckled. "Yeah, I get it. I—it kind of turns me on, even if it *is* scary. Is that weird?"

Sonia raised an eyebrow. "Of *course* not, my tasty treat," she cooed, grinning as she turned her voice sultry over the headset. "You're a submissive puppy-morsel, and you need a nice, aggressive herm with a big dick to remind you of your place now and then."

Aaron shivered. "That—" he swallowed. "Hm, you think so?"

"Mm, yes, I *do* think so," Sonia replied. "In fact, I think if you were to come over this weekend, I might just put you in your place all day long."

Aaron hesitated. "Mm, well..."

"We don't have to do cock-vore if you don't want," Sonia added. "We can have fun other ways. It—it's just good to talk to you again."

Aaron nodded. "Yeah," he said. "It's good to talk to you again, too."

His voice sounded hesitant. Sonia pursed her lips, wrestling with whether to push the issue.

"So...maybe another time, then?" she asked.

"Oh! No, um...yeah, I think we could get together again. You know, no cock-vore stuff, but...maybe a little fooling around?"

Sonia grinned to herself and mouthed *yes!*

"That sounds good."

"Cool."

"Cool. Uh, see you then?"

"Yeah."

Aaron took off his headset, muted himself, and then rested his head in his hands, his elbows on the desk. Part of him was so excited that he couldn't stand it. Another part of him was nervous: nervous that Sonia would push it to the point that he'd have to put an end to it for good, nervous that she'd "forget" to spit him back out. But, he liked her, and she said that she wouldn't push it, so he was hesitantly going to take her at her word.

For her part, Sonia was cautiously relieved. While part of her thought that Aaron was a pussy for whining about getting his throat filled—who *didn't* like a nice gullet full of cum, after all?—she recognized that she'd been given a second chance to redeem herself. And, she told herself, Aaron seemed subby enough that maybe she could ease him into it gently. She just had to bide her time a bit.

The time dragged by, but at last, it was once again the weekend. Nearly tripping over himself with excitement, nervousness, and anticipation, Aaron hurried up to Sonia's house and rang the doorbell.

"*Morsel!*" the hybrid grinned, grabbing him by the shoulders and pulling him inside as she closed the door. "I'm gonna eat you alive!"

Aaron's eyes bulged as Sonia's tongue slipped out, caressed his lips, and then spread and penetrated them. Gasping, he felt her lick his teeth and shivered, his sheath immediately stirring. Before he could react,

her tongue found an opening, slipped between his teeth, and began caressing his own purple tongue. He began to breathe heavily, and she squeezed him tightly, using one hand to grab him by the scruff of the neck and pull his head up tightly to hers. The wolf moaned, his jaw going slack, and Sonia seized the opportunity, turning her head sideways and pushing her tongue down into his throat. Aaron's back hunched forward, his prick throbbing, and Sonia reached down with her free hand to grab his crotch and grind her own oversized erection against his.

When Sonia at last let him go, Aaron stood there, dazed, with a dopey grin on his face.

"You look like you might have *enjoyed* that," Sonia remarked, smirking.

Aaron shuddered. "Mm, maybe a little," he admitted ruefully.

"Want some more?" the hybrid asked, lewdly grabbing her crotch and thrusting it forward sensually.

Aaron's eyes widened, and he licked his lips subconsciously. He nodded hesitantly, then vigorously.

"Good boy," Sonia grinned. "Take your clothes off."

Aaron didn't have to be told twice. As he'd done the last time they'd met, he'd worn shorts with an elastic waistband and a t-shirt so that he could pull them off easily. In just a few movements, he was as naked as the day he was born, and Sonia's large, uncut cock was pressed tightly against his own veiny, purple knot. As the wolf-leopard hybrid grabbed him and once again began making out with him passionately, he felt himself melting in her grasp. After just a few seconds of her muzzle pressed against his, he felt his legs grow weak, and she effortlessly pushed him to his knees.

"Show me what a good sub you are," she said as she pressed her cock-tip to his lips. "I won't force it down your throat, but I want you to take as much of it as you can."

Aaron gasped, taken somewhat aback at her words yet feeling an intense desire to accept her challenge well up within himself. With only a moment's hesitation, he opened his mouth, grasped her cock with both hands, and guided it in. The knowledge that he had once been *inside* that cock was not lost on him, yet he was somehow desperate to prove himself worthy of playing with it. His long, purple tongue slurped out to caress the tip. Glancing up at Sonia, he felt morbid curiosity get the better of him and slipped his muscular appendage into the hole. He was immediately rewarded by a passionate squeeze all around his tongue that made his toes curl and his cock throb.

"Careful, or you'll make me think you want to do more than just make out with my cock," Sonia teased. "Come on," she prodded, "show it what a nice, warm place your mouth is."

Aaron pulled his tongue out of her urethra, swallowed, and then opened his mouth wide, using his lingual member to guide her inside. He felt her foreskin roll back as she slid in, and his taste buds were immediately drawn to the newly exposed flesh. Curling his tongue around her as far as it would go, he began to bob his head forward and backward, and she shuddered in response, rewarding him with a nice, big blob of pre. Taking a deep breath, Aaron pushed forward and felt her cock slide up against the back of his throat. Lowering his tongue in his mouth and forcing himself to yawn, he pushed forward a little more, and the pre-slicked member slipped downward a little, beginning to stretch his throat open. Now breathing heavily with anticipation, Aaron pushed forward yet again, and with a mixture of relief and fear, felt her slip into his throat, felt his air cut off, and felt his throat muscles wrap around her prick.

"Oh, *damn*, I forgot how good that felt," Sonia groaned lewdly. "Oh, I gotta get me some more of that!"

She started to grab Aaron by the back of the head but stopped, feeling him tense up. Groaning to herself, she gritted her teeth and willed herself to let him take his time.

Aaron had indeed felt himself tense up all over, but seeing that Sonia was making an effort to be respectful only made him want to please her more. Holding his breath and knowing that the hardest part was over, he straightened out his neck, grasped her by the backs of her legs for leverage, and pulled her forward, feeling immensely full as she slid down his throat. With the first attempt, he got half of her length into himself, and after another, he felt her balls press against his chin. Already feeling light-headed and seeing his vision beginning to go dark, he slipped his tongue out to give her white, swollen orbs a quick caress, then pulled himself off of her and gasped for air.

"Mm, taking it like a real champ," Sonia praised him, reaching down and tugging upward to get him to stand up. He got to his feet on very wobbly legs, and she immediately wrapped her arms around him and began making out with him again. "How about we give your throat a break, hmm?"

Aaron felt his stomach flutter and glanced down at her massive cock, glistening with his own saliva. While part of him was eager to feel her filling him up, he remembered the last time and how intense it had felt—terrifying, even. Still, he had to give her credit: she *was* being really respectful, and if she was going to continue doing that, it might actually feel *really* good to have her inside of him.

He nodded, turned, and got down on his hands and knees, lifting his tail up to the side. Sonia crouched behind him, and he felt her slip her knees in between his legs, making him spread them a little further apart so she could get in. Her prick pressed up underneath his tail, and he let out a quivering breath.

"You've got such a nice, slick mouth that this ought to be easy," Sonia murmured.

As she pressed forward, Aaron felt the pressure against his anus, but before he could wince, he felt himself relax and her tip pop inside.

"Ohh," he moaned.

"Yeah?" Sonia teased "Want some more?"

"Mm, yeah," Aaron breathed.

"Your wish is my command," Sonia said, grinning wickedly behind his back.

She gave a few slow, shallow thrusts, then pulled back and glided forward, burying herself in his ass, all in one go.

"Augh!" Aaron cried.

"Too much?" Sonia asked, alarmed.

"No," Aaron groaned. "Just...so *full*!"

Sonia grinned. "Well, let me help with that," she said.

She pulled her hips backwards like a hand leaving a sock puppet, leaving Aaron's body to sag. The wolf groaned.

"Lemme guess: too empty now?" Sonia cackled.

"Uh, huh."

"Aww, poor, tasty, delicious baby."

She pressed back inside, and Aaron's innards shifted to accommodate her length and girth. No sooner had she stuffed him full again than she pulled back out. Aaron's tongue lolled out as he began to babble incoherently.

Finally, Sonia thought to herself as she sped up to a comfortable rhythm. While she didn't want to scare Aaron off again, she *really* needed more stimulation than just a little slow-fucking, an urge that intensified the closer to climax she got. High on endorphins and nearing orgasm himself, Aaron didn't notice as she began to slam into him harder and harder. But as Sonia's orgasm neared, she reached down and grabbed him by the shoulders. Startled but turned on by her aggression, Aaron didn't have time to react as she rolled him over on his back and barely had time to open his mouth in surprise as she grabbed the back of his head, pulled him to her, and pushed her tongue through his lips and down his throat. Aaron moaned piteously into Sonia's mouth, his cock twitching and seconds from orgasm.

Sonia's teeth clenched, locking mouths with Aaron as her cock began to spurt. The wolf's eyes bulged as he felt himself filling up, and a look of panic came over his face when the filling didn't seem to slow after the first few spurts.

Gasping and writhing in ecstasy, it took a few moments for Sonia to recognize Aaron's distress. Coming to, she glanced down to see him looking very uncomfortable, yet petrified and unable to move due to her teeth locking his head in place. As she continued to pump into him, she deliberately let go of his teeth.

"Don't fight it," she said soothingly yet firmly, appealing both to his need to be comforted as well as his need for a firm hand. "Let it fill you up; I want to taste my own cum on your lips."

As if those were the magic words he'd been waiting for, Aaron abruptly moaned sharply as his quivering balls at last emptied their contents. Ropes of cum splattered between them, intermingling in their fur. Sonia reached down and stroked him as he came, then leaned forward and once again locked their teeth together. Aaron shuddered below her, his moans rising in pitch as her cum continued to fill him. His breathing became shallow and labored, yet though there was fear in his eyes, it was tempered by lust and the need to please her. Her cum evacuated the last of the free space in his body, and with a gurgling noise, he glanced down just as the taste of cum flooded his mouth and the thick, white liquid bubbled up from his throat to Sonia's waiting tongue.

"Ooh, that's a good boy," she purred. "Now kiss me!"

She sealed her lips tightly against his, and her tongue began scooping her essence from his mouth, pressing each scoop against his tongue and swirling it around in his mouth. Aaron endured this for a surprisingly long time, his lust and the novelty of the situation drowning out his baser instincts like discomfort and the need to breathe. Yet as the latter began to assert itself more and more intently, he began to struggle, his body convulsing involuntarily as it desperately sought oxygen.

"Just five more," Sonia told him, tacitly issuing him another challenge that he would fight his own body to meet. "Count them with me. Here's one."

She lapped at her own cum, rubbed it against his teeth, and then swallowed it.

"Here's two."

This one she licked up from the inside of his cheek, making him shiver.

"Three."

She pressed this one against his tongue and lingered there a moment, relishing the amount of control she had over him.

"Four".

She ran her tongue along the roof of his mouth as his convulsions intensified. His nostrils flared, desperately seeking oxygen yet knowing that if he inhaled now, he would most surely drown in hybrid jizz.

"Last one."

She slid her tongue along his, following it until it turned towards his throat. Her tongue found his epiglottis and began to tease it, irritating the already-spasming flap. Aaron bucked under her, unable to fight off his urges any longer. In a fluid motion, Sonia released his teeth, flipped him over, and wrapped her arms around his midsection. As if administering a Heimlich maneuver, she squeezed him sharply. Cum exploded from his mouth and shot across the room. With a second squeeze, she expelled enough from him that he was in no danger of inhaling it, and she let him flop to the ground, her cock still very much embedded in his ass. He sucked in a breath, and the abrupt rush of air to his aroused yet oxygen-deprived body made his head spin. He sucked in another gasp and then cried out as another orgasm—the hardest he'd ever experienced—shot from his balls and through his cock. Swooning, he went limp as his own cock and Sonia's finished draining themselves.

Finally feeling the relief she had desperately needed, Sonia felt her wits returning to her and hoped in passing that she hadn't broken him.

When he came to a few minutes later, Aaron's first reaction was disorientation, but then everything that had happened came back to him, and he grinned, his tongue lolling out in ecstasy at the thought of what had transpired.

"Welcome back," Sonia said, smirking.

"Mm," Aaron replied.

"Have fun?"

"You have *no* idea."

"Sounds like somebody might be ready for round two, then."

They hooked up again several times after that, and their sessions lasted longer and longer each time. In the interim, they returned to gaming and chatting nightly, and their relationship was stronger than it had been even before "the incident". They realized that they enjoyed each other's company a lot, and after several weeks of staying together a whole weekend at a time, they decided to try moving in together for a week. Of course, Sonia's place was the likely candidate since Aaron had already been there several times. They found a spot for him to set up his gaming rig, and he went home that evening, packed up his setup, and brought it over to her house. They played games that night without even needing their headsets, and after they beat a particularly challenging raid boss, they fucked to celebrate. It didn't take long before they were fucking *while* playing games, and soon nearly every waking moment was spent with Sonia's cock buried in one of Aaron's orifices.

"Hey, um, Sonia?" Aaron said tentatively as the wolf-leopard mix flopped her cock on his chest.

"Hm?"

Aaron licked his lips. "You um, you know what we did...that first time?"

Sonia's stomach churned. It had been *weeks*; why was he bringing it up again?

"Yeah?" she said, trying to sound casual.

"Well, it's...kinda been on my mind a lot lately. To be really honest, I can't stop thinking about it," he admitted.

Sonia cautiously relaxed her guard. "Oh?" she asked. "What about it?"

"Well...I know I said 'no cock-vore', but do you think we could, I dunno, maybe try it but just a little...less intense, maybe?"

Sonia's ears pricked forward inquisitively. "Oh?" she said again. "What did you have in mind?"

Encouraged, Aaron said, "Well, maybe you'd, um, just let me stick things in there and take them back out as I feel comfortable?"

Sonia's eyes narrowed. "What kind of things?" she asked.

Aaron blushed. "Um, well, maybe, um...my dick?" he asked sheepishly.

Sonia gave a knowing smirk. "*There* it is," she teased. "It felt good, did it?"

"Mebbe," Aaron replied, his eyes shifting.

Doing her best not to seem *too* excited, Sonia nodded. "Sure, we can try that," she said casually. "But if I get excited, I'm going to fuck the ever-living shit out of your ass."

Aaron grinned. "Promise?"

Sonia rolled her eyes and picked her dick up off of Aaron's chest. The two switched places, with Sonia lying on her back on the bed and Aaron straddling her.

"Those are my boobs you're sitting on," Sonia protested.

Aaron grinned mischievously and wiggled his hips. "Mm, nice and cushy!"

"You're a brat, you know that?"

Aaron just batted his eyes over his shoulder.

"So, um, how do we do this?" he asked.

"Um, well, here's my dick," Sonia said, holding it up with both hands, "And here's the hole in it." She used her thumbs to spread the wide orifice open. "Insert cock here." Grinning, she adopted a demonic voice and used her fingers to open and close her urethra as she said, "Feed me, Aaron! Feed me wolf cock!"

Now it was Aaron's turn to roll his eyes. "I mean, okay, fine, but I wasn't sure if you needed to, I dunno, lube it up or something."

"Well, if you're volunteering," Sonia teased, "You could start by giving it a good licking inside and out, you know, like a *true* gentleman."

Aaron shrugged and grinned. "All right!" he said, taking Sonia's cock from her, bringing it to his muzzle, and running his long, pointed tongue over the orifice, threatening to slip inside but stopping short of it.

"Ooh, you tease," Sonia said, shivering and giving him a dirty look.

"Mebbe," Aaron said, grinning wickedly.

He licked the surface again, giving it a long, slow, sensual lap with his tongue, but this time, he let his tongue slip into her urethra, caress its inner walls, and then slip back out. Sonia let out a contented sigh. Aaron smirked to himself. It wasn't often that he got to be the one in charge, and the way Sonia reacted to his ministrations was pretty satisfying! He gave her a few more licks and even swirled his tongue around inside her, pressing it as deeply into her as it would go, but his burning curiosity eventually got the better of him. He hadn't realized that as he was licking her, he was also himself getting aroused, and by the time his curiosity was getting the better of him, he was already plenty hard enough to penetrate.

Lowering Sonia's prick to waist height, Aaron lined himself up and pressed the tip of his cock against the tip of hers. Glancing over his shoulder at her, he was startled to see her watching him with a wolfish, almost predatory expression.

"What?" he asked, hesitating.

"Nothing," Sonia replied. "I'm just really excited that you're giving this a try again. Also horny, so...ya know, if you're gonna, then hurry up and do it."

Aaron rolled his eyes. "Patience, my darling," he teased.

"I'm gonna tell you 'patience' when I've got my dick shoved two feet down your throat for a good ten minutes," Sonia retorted. Flexing her cock in Aaron's hands, she made some noises of encouragement.

"All right, all right," Aaron said. "I'm just a little nervous, is all," he admitted.

"It's not like I'm gonna eat you," Sonia replied. Aaron opened his mouth to retort, but she quickly added, "Not dick-first; I can stretch out, but trying to swallow you sideways is pushing it, even for me!"

Aaron just shook his head and returned his focus to the task at hand. Licking his lips, he wiggled his hips side-to-side and gasped at seeing how much pre Sonia had made just while they were talking. Between her pre and his, their dicks were joined by a sloppy, slimy gob of the stuff, and even the slightest forward motion from him would surely slip him inside of her. It was all up to him...as soon as he was ready to do it.

Sonia let out a frustrated whimper.

Aaron huffed, took a deep breath, and then thrust forward slightly. Warmth and tightness instantly surrounded the tip of his prick, and he gasped as Sonia's dexterous muscles quickly began sucking and slurping on his cock. Despite the copious lubrication, she somehow managed to get enough of a grip to start pulling him in.

"Sonia..." he protested.

"Just let it happen," Sonia purred. "I'm not gonna eat you, but I want to feel your balls up against me."

Aaron willed himself to relax and was immediately rewarded for it by the amazing stroking sensations he felt as Sonia slurped him up into her and began caressing and massaging his tip, shaft, and knot all at the same time.

"Fuck, you feel good," Sonia murmured.

"Wait, that feels good to *you*?" Aaron asked.

"Of course! Why do you think I enjoy this so much?" Sonia asked.

Aaron didn't answer. He let his eyes half-close and shuddered as Sonia continued to suck him off, letting his hips begin to gyrate in rhythm to her ministrations.

"You know," Sonia said after a moment, "If you wanted to thrust in and out, that would feel *really* good for me."

Aaron nodded and pulled back. To his surprise, Sonia's cock had an impressively firm grasp on his, and it took considerable effort for him to pull himself out, the tight, slick, warm grip on his knot making his toes curl. But then when he started to push back in, he found the same resistance fighting his knot, and he had to push hard to feel his balls once again pressed up against Sonia's flesh. Sonia moaned loudly, her hips bucking under him as he pressed. They fell into a slow and labored but intensely pleasurable rhythm of her moaning as he pushed in and him moaning as he pulled out. He leaned over, grasped her hips for support, and began thrusting hard, trying to speed up against Sonia's powerful muscles but only succeeding in intensifying the sensations they both felt.

"W—wait," Sonia panted. "I—I'm not ready to cum, yet!"

"Aww, poor baby," Aaron teased.

Grinning wickedly, he thrust forward with all his might. Sonia gasped and bucked hard under him with almost enough force to knock him over, but he held on, pulled out, and shoved hard again. The wolf-leopard gasped, and without further warning, shot out a blast of cum, ejecting Aaron's cock in the process. The sharp force of ejection was more than enough to send him over the edge, and his stream and hers intersected in the air, merged, and shot towards the ceiling, hitting the fan and flying all over the place. Too euphoric to care at the moment, the two groaned loudly as they rode out their respective orgasms, drowning the bed in a heavy layer of frosting. After over a minute of non-stop cumming, the two collapsed and lay sprawled in the mess they'd made.

It took a while before either of them was able to speak.

"That is gonna take *forever* to clean up," Aaron chuckled.

"I *told* you I wasn't ready to cum, yet," Sonia laughed.

"Duly noted. Agh, I'm gonna have this stuff in my coat for weeks."

"Mm, I'll get you cleaned up," Sonia teased.

"Pressure-washing me with more cum won't help," Aaron retorted.

"Hmph. I expect a tongue bath from you, head to toe."

"Yeah, right."

"I'm not kidding! Get to it!"

Aaron gasped, but the look on Sonia's face said she meant it. If he hadn't just spent his load, he might have been turned on by the idea, but all he really wanted to do at that moment was curl up in a ball and go to sleep.

"How can you possibly be ready for more after you just got off?" he asked.

Sonia shrugged. "I've got sex parts for two, so, you know, a hundred times the libido."

Aaron frowned, and Sonia laughed.

"Don't overthink it, nummy-puppers. Just do as you're told and clean me up like a mama wolf would do her pups."

Aaron grinned, leaned over, and gave her a slow, deliberate lick up the side of her cheek. Sonia shivered her nose, and the two laughed. But, having gotten his first mouthful of cum licked off of Sonia's body, Aaron felt himself get a little turned-on by the idea and went back for a second lick. His tongue caressed Sonia's

face over and over again as the thick layer of cum became a thin film before finally being licked away entirely, leaving only white fur underneath. He continued up to her forehead and licked the light gray fur clean there, revealing her darker spots under the thick layer of goo. His tongue traveled over her ears, making her cringe, and then he paused to lick her mouth. The two kissed, and then he started down her body.

He reached her neck, and Sonia's eyes closed. She subconsciously tilted her head, giving him better access and sighed with arousal as he paid extra attention to the sensitive nerve bundles she exposed. Her body writhed lightly, and Aaron could feel his sheath beginning to stir as he trailed his tongue downward. With her head and neck clean, it looked like she'd been lowered shoulder-deep into a vat of frosting, and Aaron's indefatigable tongue continued licking that frosting away, swallowing mouthful after mouthful of intermingled cum. He made it to her chest and buried his nose between her cleavage, eliciting a snicker from both of them before he traced the underside of one of her breasts and then the other. Slowly working his way in circles like a path up a mountain, he closed in on her areolae. Sonia's toes curled and her back arched with anticipation, but Aaron didn't hurry along a bit; he continued his slow, deliberate pace, knowing full well the effect he was having on her and feeling a sense of sadistic satisfaction from turning the tables.

When he at last reached her nipple, he teased it a few times with his tongue before taking it into his mouth and lightly nursing it, eliciting a loud, lewd moan from Sonia.

"Augh, I am gonna fuck you so hard here in a minute!" she groaned.

"Patience," Aaron teased. "I've still got most of you left to clean, and I wouldn't want to disobey your orders."

Sonia let out a frustrated growl.

Aaron grinned to himself and continued his ministrations, now working his way down her torso, making her squirm and breathe heavily as he lapped teasingly at her sides.

"Argh, that tickles!" Sonia protested, squirming.

"What? This?" Aaron asked as he gave her side a long, slow lap.

"Ack! Yes, that!" Sonia laughed, swatting at his face.

"Aww," Aaron grinned, giving her another lick.

He made his way further down her until he came to her groin, stopping only to tease her belly button with his tongue a little bit before continuing downward. But when he got to her crotch, he stopped and went back to give her cock the same treatment, licking it all over and making it twitch.

"The *second* you're done with me, I'm gonna bend you over and drill to China in your ass!" Sonia growled.

"Just so long as you don't make another mess," Aaron replied, nonplussed. He was used to Sonia's threats. If he was being honest, they usually turned him on.

His tongue lovingly made its way down her shaft and then cupped her balls, licking each of them clean before he buried his nose between her legs. Sonia gasped, feeling his breath on her pussy.

Feeling her tense, Aaron pulled his nose out from between her legs. "I know, I know," he said. "I'll be careful."

Sonia shivered as he slipped his nose down between her legs again and she felt his breath on her once more. His nose picked up on the scent of intense arousal, and it took everything he had not to shove it up into the inviting opening. He reached forward with his tongue and gave a few tentative licks. Sonia let out a guttural growl but remained still. Encouraged, Aaron gave her a few more licks along the sides of her labia and then grazed over the slit between them.

In an instant, he was face-down on the bed, his ass in the air, and Sonia's teeth were bared, her cock raging, and her hands pinning him down by the neck. Aaron shivered, knowing exactly what was coming next.

He groaned as she slammed her cock into his ass and buried herself balls-deep inside of him in one thrust. Her pussy was incredibly sensitive, and the slightest touch to it filled her with blinding lust that could only

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be sated by burying her dick in a warm, tight hole. The first time had been a shock for both of them, and Sonia had been a little embarrassed by her inability to control the reflex, but now that it was out in the open, Aaron knew that if he set her off, he had no one to blame but himself. So, there he was, face-down in a puddle of cum with his own cock drooling as Sonia pounded his ass. It took only a few thrusts before she came, and he groaned as he felt his intestines swell to hold the fluid.

Sonia collapsed on Aaron's back, sated for the moment, and Aaron did his best to flop her over backwards so that she didn't land in another pool of cum. Working quickly, he slipped his tongue up between her legs and washed her pussy thoroughly in the few precious seconds he had left of her refractory period. Her leg twitched, but she was too overcome with post-coital haze to really react.

At last, his tongue made its way down the rest of her body, washing over her muscular thighs, calves, and paw-pads and slipping between her toes. Finally, he declared her cleaned up. Flopping down beside her, he glanced at her placid face as she opened her eyes and smiled at him.

"You are *completely* covered in cum," she laughed. "I'm gonna have to take you in the shower and get you cleaned up, you dirty puppy."

Splat.

The two whipped their heads to look further down the bed, where a blob of cum on the ceiling had fallen down and joined the puddle below. They glanced upward and cringed.

"Hm. I guess we need to get *that* cleaned up, too."

The shower felt refreshing for both of them, and when they got out and dried off, the mess that was the bedroom didn't seem so insurmountable, despite the fact that there was cum literally *everywhere*. It seemed the bed had only protected the dust bunnies underneath it; everything else looked like it had caught the overspray from a paint booth. Priority treatment was given to the computers and their accessories, of course, and then there was the laborious task of picking up everything off of shelves, wiping the items and shelves down, and then putting them back. It was surprising to Aaron that they hadn't had to do this before, but when he thought about it, he realized that Sonia had always been careful to cum *inside* of him.

"Heh, maybe we'll have to let me dock you in the bathroom next time," Aaron said ruefully.

"Or *outside*," Sonia said with a wicked grin.

Aaron gasped. "O—outside?" he asked weakly. "What if someone sees us?"

Sonia licked her lips. "Maybe they'll join in," she purred.

"Or be appalled!" Aaron replied. "What if they call the cops?"

"Then I guess we'll be fucking in a jail cell," Sonia replied cavalierly. "What's the matter? Don't want to be a prison bitch? Don't worry, Aaron," she said, patting him, "I'll make sure you're *my* prison bitch...and then I'll share you with the rest of the block as a peace offering."

"Gee, thanks."

"Love you!"

"Hmph. Hey, what's this?" Aaron asked, holding up a cum-covered book.

As he wiped it down, he revealed a black leather cover and some faded silver lettering in a script he didn't recognize.

"Ooh. What *is* this?" he asked, flipping it open.

Inside were pages and pages of runes and the odd hand-drawn figure here and there.

"Whoa. Is that a—Sonia, are you, like, a Satanist or something?"

Sonia snatched the book away, glanced at the picture he was looking at, and shook her head, rolling her eyes.

"Satanists aren't even a hundred years old, and this book is older than our ages multiplied together," she replied.

Aaron frowned. "Well, what is it, then?" he asked.

"It's, um...it's something important to me, but I don't think you're ready for it, yet," Sonia said.

"Is it...is it illegal or something?"

Sonia shook her head. "No, it's perfectly legal and frankly predates any laws that might try to govern it. It's just..." She trailed off, not sure of how to put it.

"Just what?" Aaron pressed. "If it's important to you, I want to know about it!"

Sonia sighed. "It's...it's too dark for you," she said at last. "You're...sweet and innocent, adorable with those big old ears of yours," she said, ruffling his ears with her hand, "And this is...well, it's just a lot more intense than I think you'd be ready to handle."

"Hey, I can be tough!" Aaron pouted. "What do you mean, more intense than I can handle?"

"Aaron, you sulked for a month after I CVed you," Sonia replied gently. "In this, ah, *organization*, CVing is literally part of the initiation ritual."

Aaron frowned. "Initiation ritual...Sonia, is this a cult?" he grinned.

Sonia huffed. "Yes," she said at last.

"Is it a...*kinky* cult?" Aaron pressed.

"You have no idea."

Aaron bit his lip. "Sounds...kinda hot."

Sonia glanced over to see him leaning on the bed, his nose nearly touching her as he gave her a hungry look. She burst out laughing and pushed his face away. "And you say *I'm* always horny! What's *your* excuse?"

Aaron grinned and shrugged. "I dunno, hot girlfriend who's into kinky stuff...isn't that like every nerd's secret fantasy?"

"Sure, nerds who never get laid," Sonia replied, rolling her eyes.

"So, consider me an extra-nerdy nerd," Aaron teased.

"Go make something for dinner, extra-nerdy-nerd," Sonia said, shaking her head. "I'm gonna get the rest of this cleaned up."

"Wanna order pizzas?" Aaron asked hopefully.

"Sure."

"Will you put special sauce on mine?"

"Only if you behave yourself. Now *go*," Sonia said firmly.

Aaron play-pouted but kissed her on the cheek and then left the room to find his phone and place the order.

Left alone at last, Sonia stared at the book and pursed her lips, her forehead furrowing with concern. Aaron was too innocent for her cult. She was fairly certain of that. Yet now she had pressure on both sides to introduce him, and it was going to be difficult to explain to the high priest why she was continuing to balk when Aaron himself had expressed interest.

"Look, Aaron, if you want to come with me to the cult meetings, you're gonna have to toughen up a bit," Sonia said, exasperated.

It had been a few weeks since Aaron had discovered the book, and they had since made their relationship "official", with Aaron giving up his apartment and moving in with her full-time. While it was a lot of fun to be

able to play, fuck, and eat together anytime they wanted, it also meant that Aaron had a lot more opportunities to go poking around in places Sonia would rather he didn't. He was, in some regards, like a small child: inquisitive and too innocent to understand the danger of the things he was messing with. At one point, he had found a golden band on a shelf with some of those runes on it, and seconds later came running into the bedroom, yelping and gesturing incoherently to his groin.

"Oh, Aaron, you put it *on*?" Sonia had cried.

Muttering some strange words, she grasped the band, which had squeezed itself down tightly around the base of his scrotum, and got it to expand again. Taking it off, she gave Aaron a dirty look.

"Don't mess with stuff!" she warned him emphatically. "Some of this stuff can really hurt you if you're not careful."

Aaron had sheepishly apologized and had behaved himself for a few days, but the wolf seemed drawn to trouble, and Sonia had begun to think that maybe introducing him to the cult might actually be the safest thing for him. At least then he'd know the spells to undo the things he unwittingly got himself into.

But, Sonia knew more than anyone else that the cult was not a trifling matter, and as sweet as Aaron was, the hybrid knew that he'd better be prepared, or she might lose him for good. Caught between a rock and a hard place, she was doing her best to prepare him in advance, but the almost eight-foot-tall wolf had proved particularly squeamish about some of the more central themes of the cult's rites.

"I'm just saying, I don't see why you need to stick my tail in your pee-hole," Aaron retorted petulantly.

"Augh, Aaron, we've been over this! The high priest is *not* gonna take 'no' for an answer when he sees you, and he likes sticking *everything* in his dick and his dick in everything! If you thought what I did a few months ago was intense, you're in for a world of hurt when he gets hold of you, so you gotta be prepared!"

"But *you'll* protect me, won't you?" Aaron replied, shriveling his nose as Sonia stood holding her dick in one hand and the tip of his tail in the other.

"When Dimitri decides it's time, neither heaven nor hell will be able to protect you, let alone me," Sonia retorted.

Aaron huffed.

"Do you want to go or not?"

"Yes."

"Then let me stick your tail in my dick." *Gosh, what a weird conversation*, Sonia thought.

"Ugh, fine," Aaron muttered.

"Good. Sheesh."

Sonia took the wolf's tail and pressed the tip against her urethral opening. Wiggling it around a little bit, she got it to slip inside and shuddered as the tickling, tantalizing feeling spread from her cock-tip down her shaft. She had to admit, it was getting hard not to pounce him in the middle of the night, CV him, and then spit him back out before he realized what had happened. She was behaving herself, but only just. The trouble with CV was that once you did it once, it became like an addiction, and going three months without was making her *really* want her fix.

Aaron shuddered as he felt his tail being swallowed. The warmth and slipperiness weren't so much a problem as the going-numb part. One moment, he felt like he had a tail that he could twitch, wag, or slap as he wanted, and the next moment, part of it would just cease to exist, yet though it felt like it didn't exist, it very much prevented him from twitching, wagging, and slapping the rest of his tail, and that was an alarming sensation. Unlike getting tied up, where he could see and feel the things that prevented his movement, his tail being CVed was a bewildering, odd sensation that gave him the heebie-jeebies.

"Doing fine," Sonia told him, shaking him from his reverie. "Just try to think happy thoughts, and it'll all be over soon."

Aaron tried to do as she told him, but as the numbness crept up his tail, he found himself tensing and feeling more and more unnerved.

"Augh, you gotta stop," he protested. "It's too weird!"

"Give it thirty seconds," Sonia challenged. "You can do that, can't you?"

Aaron whimpered but settled down. Every instinct told him to try to pull his tail back, but every time he tried it, he realized just how much more of it had been lost, until he couldn't even move it an inch.

"How much longer?" he asked.

"Ten more seconds."

He blew out a sharp breath. *Okay, ten seconds. I can last ten seconds.*

"Three, two, one. Okay, here you go."

Sonia pulled her cock off his tail, shuddering and feeling lightly aroused by the sensation as the furry appendages slipped through her sensitive tube.

"Let it wake up on its own," she admonished him as he grabbed it and began slapping it with the back of his hand. "You're gonna bruise it, and then you're really gonna regret it."

"I don't think I want to join this cult, after all," Aaron replied, shaking his tail and grimacing. "If *this* is what the initiation rites are like, I don't think I want to have any part of it!"

Sonia shook her head. "Then you have to stop messing with my stuff," she replied. "You keep getting into stuff, and then I have to come and save you. What are you gonna do if I'm out of the house when you get into something? That cock-band is meant for high-level practitioners, not complete novices; just ten more minutes, and you might have lost your nuts!"

Technically, he wouldn't have *lost* his nuts—they'd still be present in another dimension—but Sonia didn't really want to get into all of that.

"Yeah, well, if it didn't look so appealing..." Aaron pouted.

"Join the cult, and you can play with all the stuff you want," Sonia replied. "But, you gotta pay the price."

Aaron huffed.

"What's it gonna be?"

"Fine..."

"Good! Then let's do your legs next."

After several weeks, Aaron was still uncomfortable with the idea of being cock-vored, and it took a fair bit of prodding from Sonia every time to get him to agree to it. But, Dimitri had issued her an ultimatum, one that she would not—*could not*—refuse.

"I've been told to introduce you to the high priest next Sunday," she said, sitting on the bed next to Aaron. "Like I've warned you, when he wants something, he gets it, and I take his orders seriously. This is your last chance: either tell me you don't want to meet him and *never* speak of this again, or you're tacitly agreeing to whatever happens to you from here on out. I can't keep being put between a rock and a hard place here, Aaron: either you want to meet him and are fine with CV whenever he wants, or you need to fess up and say you don't really want to do this. Now, look me in the eye and tell me what you really want."

"I gotta decide *now*? I mean, if I had a little more time—"

"Aaron, it's been *months*! Time to fish or cut bait, my delectable dude."

Aaron huffed. He didn't like being put on the spot, but somewhere in the back of his mind, he could at least conceive of why Sonia was feeling frustrated. Still, he wasn't really ready to commit one way or the other.

"What's your gut say?" Sonia asked.

As if on cue, Aaron's stomach rumbled.

"It says it's hungry," he replied.

Sonia did a face-palm.

"Okay, okay, fine: I'm in."

"You're in?" Sonia's voice was serious.

"Yeah."

"No more complaining about how you don't like the feeling of this or that?"

"Well, I *don't* like the feeling—"

"Then don't say you're in. Either be in, or be out. You can't have it both ways."

"But I don't want to miss out on the chance!"

"This is the point where the boat is leaving the port," Sonia said. "You can either be on it when it sails away and endure whatever the consequences are, or you can stay on the dock as it sails away and endure *those* consequences. You might be eight feet tall, but when the boat sets sail, you're gonna fall in the water if you don't pick one or the other. Now, which is worse to you: fear of missing out, or fear of whatever Dimitri will do to you?"

"It's kinda 50/50."

"Ya gotta pick."

"I don't really know."

"23."

"Huh?"

"We'll play evens or odds for it. You assign odd to going or not going, then assign even to the other, and then I'll say a number, and whichever one it matches is the one you go with."

"But you already said a number."

"I'll say another one."

"Okay, fine. Odds, and—"

"Don't *tell* me! I don't want to decide for you."

"I wish you would."

"Okay, you're going to see Dimitri."

"Okay."

"And no complaining!"

"Well..."

"Or, at least don't make me feel like you're gonna *leave* me if things don't go the way you want!"

Aaron did a double-take. "Wait, what?"

"Augh!" Sonia threw her hands up.

"Sonia, wait; what do you mean?" Aaron asked, bewildered.

"This *whole* time, I've been taking things so *painfully* slowly for you, just trying to ease you into things so it didn't run you off again, but it's just impossible! I can't *do* slow like this; I need to take charge and ravish and CV. It's been *months* since the last time I had you down in my balls, and I just—I need to be able to let loose, and you won't say what you want either way!"

Aaron frowned. "Wait, did you think I was gonna leave?" he asked. "We moved in together! I gave up my apartment. Why would I leave?"

Sonia blinked. "You left after the first time."

"*Yeah*, it was totally shocking and out of the blue!" Aaron retorted. "I didn't know any of that was even *possible*, and yet there it was. But, I came back, remember?"

Sonia shook her head and scoffed. "This *whole* time, I thought I was on, like, probation or something."

"Maybe the first time we got back together," Aaron replied. "But after that, I was pretty hooked."

"But all the complaining?"

"Hey, you complain when I leave dishes in the sink, but that doesn't mean you're gonna *leave* me, does it?"

"No..."

"Well, it's the same thing. CV is really scary for me, like when you stick your dick down my throat and won't let me breathe. It *does* feel good when we do it, but it's not something I'd ever really request out of the blue, you know? Well, not beyond sticking my dick in there because that feels *really* good."

Sonia opened her mouth, then closed it. "Huh."

Aaron cocked his head. "I'd kinda noticed that you'd backed off a bit on the dominance thing. I figured it was because we were boyfriend and girlfriend now, but if that was because you didn't want to scare me off, well..." he chuckled, "You're not gonna scare me off; I moved in with you because I like you and I *like* you bossing me around, especially sexually. It turns me on. And," he added hesitantly, "If you *tell* me you're going to CV me instead of *asking* me, it kinda puts me in the mood a little bit."

Sonia stared at him in disbelief. "So, this whole time, you were wanting me to boss you around, and I was afraid of bossing you around because I didn't want to scare you off."

"That...sounds about right?"

Sonia laughed. "Well, fuck me," she said, shaking her head. "So, you want me to tell you what to do, then?"

Aaron nodded.

"And you'll go along with it, even if you don't like it?"

"I mean, don't *kill* me or *maim* me or something, but...yeah."

Sonia pursed her lips. "Well, all right then. Take off your clothes."

Aaron did a double-take. "Now?"

"Yes. Now. I'm going to CV you."

The wolf gulped but did as told.

"I've needed this for a long time, Aaron," Sonia said, "So you're gonna give it to me. Now, start sucking my cock, and get your tongue up way deep inside."

Aaron's cock throbbed at the finality in Sonia's voice, even as his heart started pounding with anticipation. He swallowed hard but nodded and got on his knees in front of the bed. Sonia's mammoth cock felt extra heavy in his hands as he held it up and guided it to his face. His mouth felt dry, but the moment his tongue touched the tip of her pre-slicked cock, he felt himself begin to salivate again. Giving her several long, luxurious laps over the face of her penis as he psyched himself up for what was coming, he finally took a deep breath and pushed his tongue into the orifice.

Almost immediately, Sonia's cock squeezed his tongue and began sucking on it. Aaron's eyes widened, and he glanced up uncertainly.

"Just continue licking, little cinnamon roll," Sonia said, reaching forward to lightly stroke his forehead. "Just focus on licking me and giving me as much pleasure as you can."

Aaron nodded faintly, then turned his attention back to the slit in front of him. Its rhythmic sucking had pulled his tongue inside, and now that he started actively trying to lick again, he felt himself really having to strain to pull his tongue back into his mouth. He felt Sonia's hands on his shoulders, felt her pulling him in towards her.

"Good boy," she cooed. "Just let your nose go up inside."

Aaron hesitated, but a sharp tug jerked the tip of his muzzle inside. As he opened his mouth to continue breathing as long as he could, he felt Sonia's flesh find a grip on his face and felt himself being pulled forward. His nose pressed in deeper, and soon even having his mouth open wasn't enough to allow air in to let him breathe. He squeezed his eyes closed just as his face was pulled inside, into the darkness. He couldn't breathe, and he couldn't see. The pressure around his head was immense, and it felt like Sonia's penis could pop his head right off just as easily as it could suck the rest of him inside. The lack of air, the darkness, and the sense of helplessness made him begin to panic.

"Just focus on pleasing me," Sonia repeated. "Lick me, Aaron."

The wolf's ears swiveled towards the sound.

"That's right. Listen to what I say and lick me."

He felt her hand on the back of his head, lightly scratching him. Her voice and hand felt soothing, and for a moment, he forgot his inability to breathe. He began to lick her in earnest and was rewarded by a wave of arousal as her walls stroked his tongue in return.

His lungs began to burn and would have made him panic as he tried to inhale but couldn't, but at the same time, he felt a wave of drowsiness come on quickly, washing over him and bathing him in apathy. His lungs continued trying to breathe, but he didn't care if they failed. He felt a weird sensation of sleepy horniness. Though his cock was throbbing and leaking furiously, he himself felt deeply, intensely relaxed as his ears disappeared into Sonia's penis.

Just as he was about to pass out, he saw a light far in the distance, like a distant star that was fast-approaching. It got bigger and brighter, and he reached out towards it. It materialized into Sonia, and she wrapped him in a warm embrace, reaching down to stroke his cock. His legs twitched as he felt her grasp his member, and then she began to stroke in such a luxurious, gentle, yet intense way that he felt as though he was orgasming over and over each time she stroked him. His body began to convulse, and then he began to cum, spewing spurt after spurt all over her until she was completely covered. They found themselves wading in a pool of his semen, yet his prick, its tip barely visible above the surface, continued to shoot fountain after fountain into the air, raining down and making slopping, smacking sounds and sticky ripples wherever it fell.

Sonia felt as Aaron's body went limp and then began to suck him in in earnest, flexing her cock and pulling forward on his shoulders then waist to pull him in before he started cumming. She got his hips into her just in time, threw her head back, and moaned lewdly as her unconscious boyfriend's body began to feed her his essence.

"Shit," she panted, pausing to let his gushing fluids spurt past his head, "He's *really* getting into it this time!"

She could already feel her balls swelling from his early contribution, and she grabbed his legs and hauled them and herself up onto the bed. Sprawling out with her legs spread wide, she reached down and stroked her balls, feeling her scrotum stretching and growing between her fingers. Her cock heaved, and she moaned softly as she swallowed Aaron down to his knees.

He'll be turning into cum by now, she thought foggily to herself. *I hope he can make it back again.*

That last thought left her a little unnerved, but another spasm from her member that slurped Aaron's shins inside took her mind off of it. She lay still as her cock continued to swallow what was left of her boyfriend. When all that was left were his feet, she flopped her dick up to point at her face, then reached forward to tickle between his toes.

"See how *you* like it," she teased.

She let out a gasp, and Aaron's feet disappeared inside of her. Her balls continued to stretch and swell, becoming the size of twin beach balls between her legs as Aaron continued his transformation, until at last, Sonia's penis went limp and the full weight of Aaron's essence weighed on her scrotum.

"Oof, you were a *big* boy, weren't you?" Sonia groaned like someone who had eaten too much dinner at Thanksgiving.

As if in response, her balls twitched, and her member began to stir again.

"Mm, I wanna keep you in longer," she said dreamily.

The stirring in her groin defiantly continued, even accelerated. Something pricked the back of her mind, telling her she needed to come to her senses. She mentally swatted at it, letting out a contented sigh as she felt her balls beginning to quiver.

Things crystallized abruptly. Sonia gasped and scrambled to try to roll over.

"W—wait, I'm not ready to cum, yet!" she cried.

Her cock throbbed hard, and she could already feel the twinge at the base of her balls and the back of her skull.

"No, no, no!" she gasped, nearly falling off the bed and then half-walking, half-crawling towards the bathroom.

She managed to make it there and got the drain stopped up as her glans was beginning to buzz.

"Oh, *fuck*, Aaron," she groaned, reaching down to stroke herself. "How do you feel so damn *good*?"

With only a couple of strokes, she doubled over and barely managed to aim for the back wall of the shower before her balls began to empty themselves. Thick, white jizz flooded into the tub, splattering off the tile on the far wall. Sonia quickly closed the shower curtain around her cock, trapping her balls' contents inside what she hoped was a watertight area. Each spurt dumped a gallon or more, and soon the sound of sloshing, viscous fluid accompanied her moaning and heavy breathing.

At last, her orgasm subsided, and she collapsed to her knees, releasing the shower curtain. Pulling it off to the side, she chuckled on seeing the tub half-full of cum. Thoughts of Aaron floated about in the haze of her mind, but it took a minute or more for them to coalesce into a call for action. Coming to, she cocked her head sideways this way and that, looking at the surface of her cum in the tub.

"Aaron?" she called. "Aaron, are you here?"

Straining her ears, she could only barely make out a muffled sound.

"Aaron?" she asked, swiveling her ears around. "Where are you?"

The sound repeated, but she couldn't get a fix on it.

"Aaron? Make ambulance noises," she said. "I can't find you."

It was quiet, but she started to hear the sound of a tiny siren. As the pitch modulated, she finally traced it down to her groin. Lifting up her dick, she saw a single droplet left on her urethra.

"Aaron? Is that you?"

"You look *huge*," a tiny voice said. "Like, as big as a planet!"

"Hang on, Aaron. I'll get you to the rest of yourself."

Sonia carefully used the tip of one of her claws to scoop her tiny boyfriend off the tip of her prick and then lowered her claw into the bathtub. With a little wiggle, she saw the tiny film practically leap into the tub to congeal with the other cum, and a split-second later, it morphed into Aaron's usual shape.

"I'm, uh, still tiny," Aaron said, looking up from the tub, only about two feet tall.

"Uh...but that was all of it!" Sonia protested. "Unless..."

She turned on the faucet, and as the water streamed into the tub, it seemed to instantly get absorbed by Aaron's pint-sized body.

"Th—that's cold!" he protested, his voice deepening as his body enlarged.

"Sorry! Just bear with it. By the time I get it to temp, you'll be full-sized."

A few seconds later, full-sized Aaron sat in the tub, shivering.

"Come join me," he said, "But turn the heat on; seriously: that was freaking *frigid!*"

Sonia turned the hot water on, and as she climbed into the tub with Aaron, warm water began to stream down onto them.

"Ahh, so much better," Aaron murmured.

"How do you feel?" Sonia asked.

"Drained," Aaron replied. "Like, I had the *most* amazing orgasm I've ever had. I dreamt you were there jacking me off, but instead of getting off once, I got off with every stroke. It was *amazing*, but also *exhausting!*"

"You certainly came a lot," Sonia agreed. "I had to pause while swallowing you to kinda catch my breath!"

"Does it...feel *good* to swallow me?" Aaron asked.

"The best," Sonia replied sincerely. "Nothing else even comes close. What about being swallowed? Does that...do anything for you at all?"

"I mean, like I said, it's scary. Not being able to breathe, not being able to see...it's all really kinda terrifying. But that orgasm right as you pass out...*that* is really something. I think I'm gonna sleep really well tonight, though."

"You know," Sonia hinted, "When you join the cult, you might be able to CV people, too."

Aaron pursed his lips. "I—dunno that that's really all that appealing to me," he admitted.

"Try it sometime and see," Sonia replied, smiling wryly. "Once you try it, you'll be hooked."

"Can't I just be hooked on you for now?" Aaron asked.

Sonia started to call him a smart-ass, but the earnestness in his expression was heart-melting. Instead, she hugged him, and the two sat under the water, enjoying it flow down their bodies.

If it was possible, Sonia was actually more nervous when Sunday arrived than Aaron was. But, the date had been set, and she was not about to defy the high priest. She just hoped that he would remember that Aaron was a novice and not push him beyond his capabilities.

They got in Sonia's car and drove across town.

"*Here?*" Aaron asked, surprised. "This seems...decidedly less intimidating than I had imagined," he chuckled.

"It's a front," Sonia replied as she got out.

They walked up the sidewalk to the public library and stepped inside. Sonia ignored the librarian entirely as she strode past. Aaron nodded to her, but the mouse returned his nod with a suspicious glare that left him wondering what she imagined he was up to.

They walked through the main atrium and turned down an aisle. Sonia reached out and ran her finger along the spines of the books as they walked by. They came to the end of the aisle, turned, and went down another aisle, where Sonia again stroked the book spines as she walked, this time with her other hand. Back and forth through myriad aisles they went for what seemed like forever.

"If you're trying to get me lost, you've succeeded," Aaron confessed. "I have no clue where we are."

"That's the door where we came in," Sonia replied, pointing.

Sure enough, the librarian was still there, scowling at people as they walked inside. Aaron decided that was just her face and that he shouldn't take her scowling at him personally. But Sonia was on the move again, this time heading towards the back of the library at a quick pace. Aaron trotted to catch up to her just in time for her to walk through an emergency exit door. Surprisingly, no alarm sounded as they went through.

They found themselves in an alley. Across from them was what looked like a storm door. Sonia went to it and opened it, and Aaron gasped as the interior revealed stone walls and steps unlike anything he had ever seen before. There was no railing, and the arched ceiling made Aaron feel slightly claustrophobic as he followed Sonia down the stairs. The door squeaked closed behind them, sounding more reminiscent of a medieval prison gate than a modern storm door as it *clanged* shut.

The air was cooler but stuffy, and Aaron couldn't help feeling a little unnerved by the way it felt like the air and walls were watching him. They emerged into a much wider room perhaps a hundred feet on a side. The floor below them was made of dark stone, and the walls were lit by sconces with real fire in them.

"Wow, this place is more like it!" Aaron breathed, looking around. "This feels like the real deal!"

"Shh," Sonia hissed.

Aaron glanced forward and did a double-take on seeing a set of stairs ascending from the middle of the room towards the back wall. At the top of the stairs was a throne, and seated upon the throne was a winged creature. In front of the creature was a much smaller creature kneeling in front of the throne. Aaron couldn't make much more out from so far away in such dim light, but as Sonia led him towards the throne, he recognized the seated creature as a dragon of some sort, and the creature in front of him appeared to be a weasel or something similar.

Sonia began to ascend the stairs, and Aaron followed suit, feeling his hackles rise instinctively as the air got perceptibly warmer and he became aware of a distinct sucking, slurping sound that he hadn't noticed before. The throne, initially obscured by the stairs, came back into view, and with it, its occupant's face. The dragon's features were largely square: his jaw, eyebrows, and forehead all had very sharp lines, and his beard, which traced his jawline, jutted out from his chin with an angular profile. He was bare-chested, which Aaron figured seemed appropriate for some kind of pagan priest. His chest itself was black; his shoulders were blue, with gold accents along his bicep, which was, along with his forearm and wrist, as black as his chest. His fingers were the same shade of blue as his shoulders, forehead, and the top of his muzzle, and they were tipped with neon-green claws that—very surprisingly to Aaron—matched the dragon's nipples. The same twin gold highlights traced the dragon's sides between his pecs and abs, and everywhere on him rippled with large, well-defined muscles.

Yet as Sonia and Aaron continued upward, the wolf couldn't help noticing the evident absence of pants, and as the kneeling figure appeared in view, Aaron's jaw dropped on realizing that more than merely kneeling in front of the dragon, the weasel was actively *fellating* him and was the source of the sucking, slurping sounds Aaron had heard. Sonia alighted at the top of the stairs, stepped off to one side, and gestured for Aaron to step to the other side. From this vantage point, he could see that the dragon's lower torso was just as muscular as his upper body. Powerful, blue calves straddled a massive, black scrotum that must have made even Sonia jealous. The twin gold accents curved downwards towards his powerful, black calves, and his feet bore the same blue glove appearance and green claws as his hands. The dragon's wings were folded tightly against his back, but as he shifted here and there, seemingly taking pleasure from the weasel's ministrations, he revealed hints of his wings' green underside and black ribbing.

"So," the dragon said, his voice sounding exactly as Aaron had expected it would, coming from such an imposing figure, "This is the wolf you told me about, Sister Sonia."

"Yes, Dimitri," Sonia replied, bowing deeply, glancing over, and bidding Aaron to do the same.

Aaron glanced at Sonia and did his best to follow suit. Dimitri turned to look at Aaron head-on, and the green and yellow accents on the sides of his head caught the light and practically glowed for a brief instant.

"Let's have a look," Dimitri said, beckoning with one hand.

Aaron's eyes darted to Sonia, who nodded, and he stepped forward uncertainly, glancing down at the still-sucking weasel, whose eyes were closed and whose face was buried deep in the dragon's crotch. He seemed so intent and passionate about what he was doing that Aaron couldn't help but feel a pang of envy.

"Don't mind him. He's only here to keep me warm while I wait for the others," Dimitri said. "Leave us."

The weasel gasped, then quickly pulled backwards. Aaron's jaw dropped as a foot of neon-green cock, then two, then three, somehow materialized out of the weasel before flopping down and hanging ponderously in front of his great sack. As the weasel scurried backwards down the stairs, Aaron did a double-take on realizing that the weasel couldn't have been more than four or five feet tall. He looked from the dragon's crotch to his face, back to his crotch, and back to his face.

"But—how—he was...*how*?" he stammered.

Dimitri's green eyes, though sharp, crinkled with amusement. "Don't worry," he said. "Lysander is well trained. I do not break my toys...unless I want to."

"But the whole time we've been walking, he's been down there. How can he breathe like that?" Aaron protested.

The dragon's head turned slowly to regard Sonia. "I see Sister Sonia has not shared with you her powers of cock-breathing."

Aaron gasped. His head whipped to Sonia, his eyes looking at her searchingly.

"I have shared nothing with him," Sonia replied. "I worried he—he might not be ready, and I did not want his lack of preparation to spell his doom."

"You have had ample time to prepare him, Sister Sonia," the priest admonished her calmly. "Why is he still not ready?"

Sonia stiffened and continued to look straight ahead. "I did not put adequate emphasis on his training, High Priest," she said. "I am prepared for whatever punishment you—"

"It was my fault," Aaron blurted.

The dragon's head turned again, locking Aaron in a steely gaze.

"I—I mean, I was—was nervous about it, and I..." He trailed off, withering under the dragon's intense stare.

The dragon smiled. "He *is* submissive, isn't he?" he remarked.

Sonia smirked, her posture relaxing. "I *told* you."

Dimitri nodded. "And you say he is able to rematerialize?"

Sonia nodded again.

"Show me."

Sonia cringed. "Right here, High Priest?" she asked. "We need a proper vessel to catch him in when I—"

"Yes, *here*," the priest replied firmly. "*Now*."

Aaron's eyes widened, but before he could react, Sonia had pounced on him. Her clothes had somehow vanished, and her cock was already fully hard. Aaron started to back away, but before he could take a step, she lurched forward and shoved her cock-tip over his muzzle. He struggled, his arms flailing and clutching at Sonia's cock as his feet teetered on the edge of the dais. Reaching forward, Sonia grabbed him by the shoulders and pulled him away from the edge, and in so doing, stuffed his whole head into her cock.

The abrupt assault, the feeling of precariousness, the sudden lurch forward, and the inability to breathe all coalesced in Aaron's mind and spurred him to panic. His arms flailed ineffectually, and his legs scrabbled against the stone floor as he fought to get free.

"You're a cruel mistress," Dimitri chuckled. "At *least* let him breathe?"

Sonia shrugged, then mouthed some words.

The Dark Demon of Seed

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Aaron gasped, then did a double-take because he was *able* to gasp. Breathing frantically, he realized that although his head was still very much stuck inside Sonia's cock, he was breathing as freely as if he were taking a stroll down the sidewalk. The panic he'd felt was momentarily replaced by bewilderment, and then, as the powerful forces inside her cock began to work on his mind, calm and lust. He saw Sonia and the dragon as twin bright lights coming towards him. They materialized, and both began to stroke him off before the dragon slipped in behind him. Aaron moaned, desperately horny as the dragon's immense, veiny cock slid up under his tailhole and began to spread him open far wider than Sonia ever had. Meanwhile, Sonia had grabbed hold of his cock and was pumping him for all she was worth. Suddenly, the weasel Lysander appeared, opened his mouth, and impaled himself on Aaron's cock. Aaron's eyes bulged, and he began to spew down the weasel's gullet, blowing him up like a balloon.

"My, *my*, he really *is* a cummer, isn't he?" Dimitri said, sitting forward and licking his lips excitedly. "Lysander, come clean this up!"

As if waiting to be summoned again, the weasel appeared at the far end of the room and came sprinting up the long staircase. Dimitri pointed to Aaron, whose prick had emerged from his shorts and was showering the dais in white essence. A greedy glint appeared in the weasel's eyes, and he rushed forward, slipped up underneath Aaron's body, and swallowed his cock until even the wolf's knot was buried in his throat.

"Such an eager weasel, Brother Lysander," Dimitri praised him. "The Dark Demon of Seed beams upon you from His infernal abode."

Whether Lysander heard him or indeed cared about the Dark Demon of Seed was up for debate, for all that seemed to matter to him was the deliberate squeezing action he was giving Aaron's straining cock.

Without needing to worry about freaking Aaron out—Sonia was sure that had most *definitely* happened—she wasted no time in swallowing him, clothes and all.

"What will happen to his clothes, I wonder?" Dimitri mused. "Lysander, you'll have to get off now. I doubt very much that you will rematerialize when Sister Sonia releases her seed."

The weasel looked disappointed but reluctantly obeyed, wriggling himself backwards until Aaron's now-limp cock slurped out of his mouth.

"I like him; he's tasty," Lysander remarked.

"Mm, yes, I'm sure he is," Dimitri replied, gesturing to his groin. "Pick up where you left off. This is horny work we're doing."

Lysander grinned wildly and rushed forward, grabbed the high priest's cock, and slipped it down his throat all in one, fast slurp. Dimitri's mouth opened, his eyes half-closed, and his body lurched as he groaned in pleasure.

"I *love* it when you do that," he grunted, reaching down to stroke the naked weasel between his ears.

Sonia, meanwhile, had swallowed Aaron up to the ankles. His clothes had proved particularly stimulating to swallow, and she resolved that if everything came out okay when she went to cum him back out, she was definitely going to swallow him in his clothes again. With a grunt and an ecstatic shiver, she swallowed the last of him and sat down on her butt on the cold stone, her legs spread and her balls massive.

"What happens next?" Dimitri asked.

"Next, I jack myself off and need a place to catch him."

Lysander glanced up and gestured to his mouth hopefully.

"No, Lysander," Dimitri laughed. "I don't think our friend rematerializing inside your body would be good for him—or you, for that matter."

Lysander looked crestfallen for a moment, but then shrugged and went back to nursing the high priest's cock.

"We *do* need a vessel to catch him, though," Sonia said, a tinge of urgency in her voice as she felt her balls beginning to give their telltale shudder.

"Just go wherever you need to," Dimitri replied nonchalantly. "He won't escape this platform."

"Are you sure, High Priest?" Sonia asked, wincing and panting as she tried to hold back her orgasm. "He's my friend, and I would very much like him back."

"Oh, ye of little faith," Dimitri chuckled. "I assure you: he *will not* leave this platform. All that he is will be returned to you—and to me, for if this works the way you say it does, I intend to play with him a great many ways."

Sonia groaned. The idea of the ways the high priest might play with her boyfriend was enough to send her over the edge, and with a sharp grunt, she fired a thirteen-gallon spurt—her largest ever—into the air.

"Oh, *my!*" Dimitri gasped.

Lysander gazed upward, and for a moment, starlight shone in his eyes as a beatific grin spread over his thoroughly-full mouth. Forgetting that he was sucking on Dimitri's cock, he pulled backwards, trying to align himself to the spurt's trajectory. Dimitri's cock slipped from him, and he opened his mouth wide as the careening cum streaked towards him in slow motion. But, just as impact was imminent, the spurt abruptly stopped in midair, formed a sphere, and floated over beside Dimitri.

Sonia had meanwhile fired off not one but two additional spurts, and both were inbound.

"Later, Lysander, later," Dimitri said as the gluttonous weasel did his best to leap up towards the incoming fluids and catch them in midair.

Once again, the spurts stopped, became spheres, and then merged with the one beside Dimitri. Several more spurts followed. Dimitri caught these as well and joined them with the others. At last, Sonia sagged to the ground, her mind fuzzy and her balls delightfully spent.

Dimitri frowned. "Well?" he said. "Where is he?"

"Mm. He who?" Sonia murmured, glancing up dazedly.

"He your friend that you supposedly just spurted out?" Dimitri replied.

"Mm. Oh!" Sonia came to abruptly. "Right! Aaron!" she called, looking down at her dick. "Aaron, are you here?"

The three of them held very still, straining their ears, but they heard no response.

"Aaron?" Sonia called again. "Where are you?"

Again they listened, but again, nothing.

"I thought you said he'd rematerialize?" Dimitri said.

A tinge of panic stung the base of Sonia's skull. "He—he will! He has to! I—I've done it before, twice even... Aaron! Aaron?! Where are you? Speak to me! Augh!"

She gasped and doubled over, clutching her groin.

"Oof," she cringed. "There's...there's another one coming."

She winced and hissed in pain, and then abruptly, her cock spat something out in a motion a cross between a sneeze and hocking a loogie. Aaron's shorts and shirt splatted unceremoniously onto the floor.

"In Soviet Russia," a tiny voice said, "Shorts wear you!"

The three full-sized furs turned immediately towards the shorts, and Dimitri gingerly lifted them telekinetically.

"Aaron!" Sonia gasped, peering at the shorts. "Where are you?"

"How the hell should I know?" tiny-Aaron replied. "As far as I'm concerned, these shorts are the whole world! There's nothing but immense darkness out beyond their surface. Wait, is that—is that a lint pill? Cripe, it's as big as a boulder!"

"*Focus*, Aaron! We need to find you," Sonia protested.

"Hey, *I'm* not the one who decided to swallow me face-first without any warning," Aaron replied indignantly. "You could at least *warn* a guy!"

"You said you *liked* it when I was dominant with you!" Sonia protested.

"Yeah, when you tell me you're gonna CV me, that's kinda hot. Emphasis on *tell me!*"

"Ugh. We'll talk about this later, all right?"

"Yeah, sure. So, um, you know that hole I have in these shorts? The one you keep getting on my case about?"

"The one under your tail?"

"Yeah, that one. I think I'm staring at it, and at this size, it is *terrifying*, a veritable Mariana Trench, a chasm that just—"

"Okay, got you," Sonia said, cutting him off as she took the shorts from Dimitri, flipped them over, and peered at the space around the offending hole. "I see you!" she exulted. "See that iridescent sheen right there?" she asked, holding the shorts up for Dimitri to see and pointing. "That's him. He and all that cum have to get back together."

Dimitri frowned, looking at the shorts, then the sphere of cum, then the shorts again. Shrugging, he took them telekinetically from Sonia and pushed them into the cum-sphere. A second later, the sphere morphed into a three-foot-tall version of Aaron.

"Whoa! How the hell am I floating like this?! This is weird!" he cried, his voice decidedly lower than it had been when he was but a speck on his shorts but still at least an octave and a half too high.

"He's, um, rather smaller than he was before," Dimitri said. "Was he bigger than this when you first CVed him?"

"Oh, shit, I *knew* I forgot something!" Sonia gasped. "Water! He needs lots of water to absorb, and then he'll be his regular size again."

"How about *cum*?" Dimitri asked, a wicked glint in his eye.

"I—I've already cum all I can," Sonia stammered. "I'm all dried up."

"I am not," Dimitri replied. "Lysander?"

"Oh, High Priest, don't make me give it up!" the weasel pleaded. "It feels so good inside of me; I—"

"*Now*, Lysander," Dimitri said, exasperated. "I'll give you more later," he promised.

Relieved, Lysander made a fist and thumped his chest a few times. A slight burp escaped his lips, but then, without warning, he spewed forth a volume of cum that must have been at least six times his size that splattered onto the stone floor and spread wide and thin.

Aaron's eyes bulged. "What the *f—?!?*"

He was cut off mid-expletive as Dimitri hurled him into the pool of stored-up cum. Like a hyperactive sponge, his body absorbed every last drop of the fluid, leaving the stone completely dry and Aaron his full size.

Lysander coughed, cleared his throat, and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, then did a double-take on seeing Aaron so much bigger than he had been mere seconds ago.

"Ooh," the weasel murmured, "You could be so much fun..."

He apparently spoke for all three of them because Dimitri had risen from his throne, his wings spread as he began to pace, practically dancing and giddy with excitement.

"It's true!" he gasped. "After so many years of waiting, the prophecy has *finally* come to pass!"

"Whoa, wait, wha—?" Aaron asked. "Prophecy?"

"A gift to me—ah, to the Dark Demon of Seed! The One Whom Seed Restores. It was foretold, but in a dozen centuries of waiting—ah, figuratively, of course—I had never seen it come to pass! But now, you're here! And you are *mine*!"

"Whoa, whoa, whoa," Aaron said, sitting up. "I am *not* yours; I am Sonia's."

"Ah, but Sonia is *mine*," Dimitri replied, grabbing Aaron by the scruff of the neck and hauling him to his feet, "And so, by extension, are you. I have waited so long to take this off!"

He gestured to the gold band around the base of his balls.

Aaron did a double-take. "Wait, that's—that's one of those things *you* had," he said, looking at Sonia but pointing at the band.

"I *told* you not to mess with stuff," she said.

"But it—your dick's already three feet long!" Aaron protested. "What does that thing *do*?"

"Holds me back," Dimitri replied, licking his lips lasciviously. "Oh, you have *no* idea how long I have looked forward to this day!"

There was an indignant whimper.

"Master, you've been holding out on me this whole time? Holding yourself back?"

The three turned to look at Lysander, whose eyes were large and reproachful.

"Don't you trust your faithful servant to swallow everything you have to offer?" Lysander whimpered.

"Haven't I been a *good* servant?"

Dimitri pinched the bridge of his nose. "Lysander, you have been a true and faithful, *devoted* servant, but—"

"But?!" Lysander shrieked. "Why does there have to be a 'but?!'"

"Lysander—"

"No! Lysander will go find *another* priest to serve, one who gives him *everything* he has to give, just as Lysander has given everything *he* has to give!"

The weasel streaked down the stairs, up the staircase at the far end, and was gone.

Dimitri sighed. "Houseboys," he muttered wryly, "Am I right?"

Aaron and Sonia glanced at each other, then back at him.

"Now, where was I? Oh, yes. I have *so* been looking forward to taking this off!" Dimitri cried, his fingers reaching down and grabbing hold of the band.

"High Priest, I truly don't think he's ready, yet!" Sonia protested. "You *saw* the look on his face when he saw your malehood! *I'm* not big enough to stretch him for you!"

"He is The One, Sister Sonia!" Dimitri exulted, grabbing Aaron by the neck and lifting him off the ground.

"He will be more than a match for me!"

"What if the prophecy is wrong? You'll kill him!"

"I will *not* kill him, Sister Sonia," Dimitri replied sternly. "Remake him? Maybe," he added with a mischievous glint. "A little reorganizing of his innards, and he will fit my cock like a wolf-shaped glove. I shall fuck him in every way imaginable! In every *orifice* imaginable! And every time I reshape him, I shall fuck him again for my own gratification!"

"Y—your *own* gratification?" Sonia asked, taken aback. "What about the Dark Demon of Seed's gratification?"

"My gratification, *His* gratification, it's all one and the same!" the priest roared. "With his power and this prophecy, we shall make cum fall from the sky and the clouds weep white jism! You'd like that, wouldn't ya, boy?" he said, shaking Aaron for emphasis. "The power to cum an ocean! The power to swallow whole ships with your cock!"

Aaron, who had been struggling, suddenly stopped. "The—the power to suck Sonia's cock with mine the way she does mine with hers?"

The priest stopped for a beat, considering it. "Yes! Absolutely! You'll be able to suck her dry; hell, you'll be able to CV *her* if you want to!"

"I'd rather not."

"Doesn't matter! The point is, you *can*, if you want to. I can give you all that and more!"

"We could share a fur if you wanted to," Sonia said quietly. "You remember that time we were eating spaghetti?"

Aaron grinned, reminiscing. "It was like *Lady and the Tramp*. I thought it would be funny if our dicks kissed."

"It could happen...if you do this."

"You're suddenly changing your tune all of a sudden," Aaron said. "Why the flip-flop?"

"Because she *knows* I'm right," Dimitri exulted. "People don't come back from being CVed. You're the only one who's ever done it, and you're the only one who ever will!"

Aaron gasped. "Wait, *never*?" He turned to look inquiringly at Sonia.

"*Never*," Dimitri reiterated. "You're the first *and* the last."

"But then...when you CVed me that first time, did you...*know* I was The One?" Aaron asked, fearing the answer.

"Who cares? You lived, and if she hadn't, none of us would *know* you were The One!"

Sonia swallowed hard, then nodded. "Y—yeah, I—I knew you were different," she managed, giving a tight-lipped smile.

Aaron swallowed, too, not feeling very reassured. "And y—you're sure this will be okay? That I'll be all right after this? If you say it's fine, I'll believe you..."

Sonia's eyes darted to Dimitri, then back to Aaron. Gritting her teeth, she nodded. "Yeah, you'll...be fine," she said. "After all, you're The One, right?"

Aaron gulped. "Will it hurt?"

"You'll cum so hard, you won't even notice," Dimitri said, grinning maniacally.

"Just—remember what I taught you, right? Try to please him. Give him every bit of pleasure you can, and you'll feel pleasure and relief in return."

"Sonia, I—I'm scared."

"But, you *consent*?" Dimitri asked pointedly.

Panting, Aaron's eyes darted from Sonia to Dimitri and back. His legs twitched ineffectually in the air. Sonia gave a faint nod, and Aaron did his best to steady his nerves.

Nodding, he swallowed again. "Y—yeah," he managed. "I consent."

"Excellent!" Dimitri cried. "We'll get started *right* away, beginning with *this*!"

He reached down and grabbed the ring around his balls.

"Uh, High Priest?" Sonia said quickly. "Perhaps it might be better to build up to it? To savor the moment?"

Dimitri hesitated, pursing his lips. A frustrated noise escaped his lips, but after mulling it over, he slowly retracted his hand.

"I have trained you well, Sister Sonia," he said at last, slowly withdrawing his hand from his groin. "The greater the anticipation, the greater the climax. Yes, I shall bide my time. A few minutes more won't make a difference after waiting so long."

"Whoa, wait," Aaron protested, resuming his struggling. "I—that's too big!"

"Psh, it's not *that* much larger than Sister Sonia's," Dimitri scoffed. "Besides, it's too late for protesting now. You've consented, and *now*, you are mine."

"But—but—" Aaron wracked his brain, looking for an excuse, a way to delay what was about to happen. His eyes lit up. "My powers!" he said, struggling. "Don't I get powers? That would—would make this easier and more bearable, yeah?"

"*Someday*, my submissive wolf. *Someday* you'll get your powers. But first, you must sacrifice to the Dark Demon of Seed, or you get *nothing*."

"Sonia..." Aaron whimpered.

"Yes, Sister Sonia!" Dimitri said, grinning wickedly. "Let us restrain him for his sacrifice."

"Right away, High Priest," Sonia replied, though her tone of voice made it clear she was having misgivings. She went to the throne, cast a spell, and the leather-covered bones reconfigured themselves into the shape of a bench.

"Ah, it's been *far* too long since I've used this bench properly," Dimitri said, reminiscing. "Do you like it, Aaron?" he asked.

Taken aback by the question, Aaron paused in his struggling for a moment. "U—uh, sure? I guess? It's, um, got a lot of bones in it."

"Oh, you noticed the bones, did you? Splendid! You know what those bones are? The bacula of my enemies! I've been hoarding them for centur—I mean, *decades*!"

Aaron did a double-take. "Where the hell did you find so many penis bones?!" he cried. "And what does a priest need a throne made of penis bones for?"

"But surely it seems only fitting, doesn't it? A bone-boner-throne for the servant of the Dark Demon of Seed!"

Aaron looked unimpressed.

Dimitri scoffed and rolled his eyes. "Enough of these delays! Sister Sonia, strap him down!"

Still holding Aaron by the neck, the dragon pressed him face-down onto the bench, and Sonia hurriedly fastened thick metal shackles around his wrists, ankles, and tail.

"Sonia..." Aaron pleaded.

"I *told* you that once you agreed, it was too late to change your mind," the hybrid said regretfully. "I tried to warn you."

"Well, how about a kiss for luck, then?" Aaron asked hopefully.

Sonia pursed her lips thoughtfully as she finished restraining his ankles, then went to his head. The bench was—either conveniently or deliberately—sized exactly to Aaron's torso, supporting his head and torso but leaving easy access to his mouth and tailhole.

"Good luck, my love," Sonia said, kissing Aaron's lips passionately. "Remember to please him, and you will be fine."

Aaron kissed back as best he could, then smiled weakly and glanced over his shoulder out of the corner of his eye.

"Ohh, yes," Dimitri purred, holding his cock in his hand as he stepped around in front of Aaron, "I am going to enjoy this."

The dragon's cock throbbed in response to his touch, the veins on the side bulging and visibly pulsing with each beat of his heart.

"Aaron the wolf, The One Whom Seed Restores, your initiation begins now," the dragon announced.

Stepping forward, he grabbed Aaron's jaw in his hand, squeezed his fingers and thumb inward, and forced Aaron's mouth open. The wolf struggled, straining against the restraints as the dragon thrust his cock into his maw. It was *huge* and immediately forced Aaron's tongue to the back of his mouth, cutting off his air supply, yet before he could react to that, he felt the dragon's prick rubbing against his gag reflex. His body lurched in response as Dimitri gave a series of short, hard thrusts, each one of which made Aaron see stars. At last, the dragon's malehood forced its way down Aaron's throat, and his body straightened out like a sock being pulled over a foot. The massive rod in his mouth was so large that it made his jaw ache, and his throat felt so stretched that he thought he would tear in two. And, as Dimitri began to thrust, the tight fit between cock and throat meant that Aaron felt every bulging, pulsing vein on the dragon's member. Aaron's eyes watered, and his nose began to run as the oversized invader plowed into him again and again.

"Sister Sonia," Dimitri murmured, his eyes half-closing and his long, bright green tongue slipping out of his mouth in ecstasy, "You have been holding out on me. This fur's throat is absolutely exquisite."

His lungs burning, Aaron thrashed in his restraints, feeling dizzy, overwhelmed, and desperate.

"Just please him, Aaron. Remember to please him!" Sonia urged.

Aaron's eyes opened and looked piteously at her. *How can I try to pleasure this guy when this feels so awful?* he thought.

"Aaron," Sonia said firmly, "Do as you're told."

The tone of her voice resonated deep in Aaron's groin, and he shivered, momentarily forgetting his discomfort. The piteous look on his face disappeared, and he glanced forward at the black and green waist rhythmically raping his face. Finding his tongue again, he did his best to start stroking the invading member even as his lungs burned and his vision began to go dark. Summoning what self-control he had left, he began to work his palate and tongue against Dimitri's cock, pretending it was Sonia and trying to give her the most intense orgasm she had ever experienced.

"O—oh!" Dimitri gasped. "That is *truly* a gift! I think that deserves a little air."

A split-second before Aaron passed out, his lungs suddenly filled with desperately-needed oxygen. Forgetting the cock in his mouth, he gulped down lungful after lungful, breathing heavily and panting.

"Uh, uh, uh, tut!" Dimitri scolded. "Don't mistake my generosity for compassion; if you can't keep sucking my cock while breathing, I'll take the choice away!"

"Suck him, Aaron!" Sonia ordered. "Don't make me look bad!"

Aaron's face burned with humiliation. He'd never considered the idea that his behavior could make Sonia look bad. Determined to prove himself—to her more than to Dimitri, whom he decided he didn't like very much—he went to town on the dragon's cock with renewed vigor, his tongue and palate squeezing, stroking, and sucking the member as it pushed in and out of him and swirling around and probing the tip as it went by.

"Augh!" Dimitri cried. "Now *that* is more like it!"

Delighting in the feeling of the wolf's tongue probing his urethra, the dragon pulled out, leaving just the tip of his cock in Aaron's mouth. Aaron took the hint and swirled his tongue around Dimitri's glans, probed his foreskin, and finally pressed his tongue to the dragon's slit. Dimitri groaned lewdly, his body shuddering as the wolf's tongue stroked over his sensitive surfaces. After a few careful insertions with just the tip, Aaron ventured forward and pressed his tongue in a little deeper. He gasped, his eyes going wide and his body jerking in protest as the dragon's powerful muscles grabbed his tongue and threatened to yank it right out of his mouth.

"Damn, now *that's* a tongue," Dimitri gloated. "I look forward to turning it into cum."

He clamped down on Aaron's tongue painfully hard, and the wolf jerked against his restraints in surprise and dismay as he felt the circulation being cut off to one of his favorite appendages.

"Pleasure him, Aaron," Sonia warned.

"He'll have a hard time doing that now, Sister Sonia," Dimitri laughed. "Dragon's got his tongue and won't let go!"

The two continued talking, but Aaron was too distracted to notice; his tongue was rapidly going numb in the same way his tail had when Sonia C'Ved him. He let out an incoherent moan of protest.

"You know, Dimitri, his tongue will be more useful to you if he's able to use it," Sonia said pointedly.

Aaron's eyes darted to her, and he mumbled agreement.

Dimitri hesitated, obviously reluctant to let go.

"He can't pleasure you with his mouth if you take away his tongue," Sonia pressed.

Aaron mumbled again emphatically, hoping the others would understand that he was agreeing vehemently with his girlfriend.

Dimitri huffed. "Well, all right," he said, obviously disappointed, "But you'd better make it worth my sacrifice!"

Aaron started, then immediately began wagging his half-numb tongue, eager not to experience that loss of sensation again. As he regained the feeling in and control of his tongue back, he began frantically rubbing it all over the dragon's cock, burrowing into the foreskin to stimulate him there, rubbing and squeezing the glans, and tentatively tonguing his urethra.

"I let you have your tongue back, boy, now stick it in there and show me it was worth it!" Dimitri ordered.

Not about to argue, Aaron plunged his tongue into the dragon's piss-slit and rubbed vigorously against the top, bottom, and side-walls, getting into it so much that his head and even his body began rocking forward and backward on the bench.

"Oh, ho-ho, now *there's* some eager licking! Even Lysander didn't get *that* into it," Dimitri said, grinning. Grabbing the base of his cock, he began to stroke himself in rhythm to Aaron's ministrations. "Hope you're hungry; you're about to get fed."

He pumped his cock a few times, and Aaron, not knowing what to expect, doubled down on his noisy licking, sucking, and slurping, making the bench rock noisily on the dais. Dimitri began to growl, then to make guttural grunting noises. His breath caught, and as he squeezed the base of his cock, it erupted into Aaron's mouth. Cum shot into the wolf's sinuses and out his nose, puffed out his cheeks, flooded down his throat, and spewed out of his mouth around the thick prick. Aaron coughed, taken off guard by the sheer force and volume, yet somehow the influx of dragon jizz didn't affect his ability to breathe, and recovering his senses, he began to drink and swallow in earnest, trying yet still failing to keep up with the fire-hose-grade blast jetting into his mouth.

Dimitri pressed forward, his cock-tip mating with Aaron's throat, and the wolf gasped as he felt the two seal together, trapping the stream and directing it straight into his gut. His belly distended below him, making him feel nauseously full as semen surged into his intestines, squiggled violently through them, and erupted out from under Aaron's tail. Trying to clamp his tail down in embarrassment but unable to due to the shackles holding his tail up high and proud, Aaron withdrew into himself a bit, wanting to curl up and hide.

"Never been flushed through that way before, have ya?" Dimitri exulted. "Well, there's gotta be a first for everything, and this will make you *very* easy to fuck the usual way! Mm, speaking of..."

He withdrew his cock from Aaron's mouth, and the wolf's head collapsed on the bench, thick, white fluid drooling out of his mouth with surprising force. But Aaron didn't have time to worry about that; he felt Dimitri seize his tail and ass in one massive hand, then felt the lizard's cock line up with his ass.

"Ah, now *that* is a sight to see," Dimitri groaned, pausing mid-thrust. His hand reached down for his groin. "I think it's time *this* finally came off!"

He grabbed the ring around his balls, muttered something in a guttural voice, and then ripped it off, crushing it in his grasp. Electricity crackled and smoke billowed from his groin, punctuated by flashes of light.

"At *last!*" Dimitri cried. "Oh, I have waited so long!"

Aaron's eyes bulged, and his mouth opened wide in horror. The dragon's cock was four feet long and six inches in diameter.

"S—onia!" he cried, spewing cum all over, but too late. All six inches of the dragon's cock shoved forward at once, his blunt head doing little to ease himself inside. The pain took Aaron's breath away as he felt himself stretched twice as wide as he'd ever been stretched before. But, Dimitri was right: the cum that had spewed out of his ass had lubed his passage up all the way from head to tailhole, and after the initial shock of being stretched so wide, it seemed like his body would accommodate the dragon easily as two feet slid effortlessly in.

Aaron ventured a grateful—albeit overwhelmed—sigh, but too early. His breath caught in his lungs, and he saw stars as the dragon's cock abruptly bottomed out against his intestines. He opened his mouth in a silent scream, but nothing came out; it hurt too badly.

Dimitri let out a frustrated grunt and slammed his cock up against Aaron's intestines a few times, trying to use his ramrod to force them to straighten out, but to no avail. Aaron's eyes rolled back in his head, agonized gurgling coming from his throat.

"Ugh, *this* won't do!" Dimitri grumbled.

Lifting one of his hands, he began moving his fingers as if straightening wires or arranging noodles on a plate. A series of strange faces played out over Aaron's face as he felt his intestines being reoriented. First, his sigmoid and descending colons were lined up, and then Dimitri shoved his cock through the straightened passage. Aaron's eyes bulged, feeling another foot of the dragon's malehood shoved into him, but then pain registered on his face again as the dragon's member slammed against his transverse colon.

Dimitri made a face, made a twisting motion with one hand, and then gestured as if pulling a sock over a foot. A whimper escaped Aaron's lips as his intestines were slipped over the dragon's shaft and compressed accordion-style near his anus.

Speaking of his anus, Aaron couldn't help but notice that for all the magic the dragon was using, Dimitri had done absolutely nothing to ease the pain Aaron felt at being stretched so wide. To make matters worse, the massive invader was *growing*. Though Aaron couldn't have known by measuring, the dragon's prick had actually grown an inch in diameter in the short time he'd been inside Aaron's ass, and it was still expanding. It was growing in length, too, and as Dimitri finished giving himself a straight shot through Aaron's body, Aaron felt him shove forward, slip all the way through his colon, force his way into his small intestines, and emerge in his stomach. Aaron's toes stretched apart, and the wolf let out a high-pitched whine of protest at feeling his stomach penetrated in such a way.

"He's no dragon, but what he lacks in heat, he makes up for in tightness!" Dimitri crowed, sliding nearly balls-deep into him. "Shit, I think I'm gonna cum again already!"

He wasn't wrong. It wasn't nearly as big or intense of a spurt as before, but a couple of sharp throbs of his cock were more than enough to send a flood of his thick, white essence coursing through Aaron's body and streaming out of his mouth like rain from a gargoyle on a Gothic cathedral. The sensation of being able to breathe with such a torrent escaping his mouth was both bewildering and relieving, yet despite all that, Aaron's situation was not without peril, for on making the mistake of closing his mouth, he felt the back-pressure inside himself building rapidly, his stomach once more swelling below him. He hurriedly opened his mouth, and cum shot out of him horizontally for several seconds before the pressure was able to abate.

Yet for all his cumming, Dimitri seemed to just be getting started. He pulled back, pulling his cock completely out of Aaron's ass, and then pressed his tip to the wolf's cum-soaked fur again. With a sharp thrust that made Aaron yelp, he popped himself back inside and then pushed forward hard, driving himself in just as deep as he had been before in a single thrust. With nowhere else to go, the cum that had filled Aaron's passages picked up speed and pulsed out of him. As Dimitri pulled back once more, the flow slowed then stopped. Over and over again, the dragon used his cock like a giant piston to pump Aaron's guts dry until all his thrusting did was alternately straighten Aaron out and flop him down on the bench.

With so much activity, Aaron had taken a mostly passive role, barely clinging to consciousness as the dragon used both his holes with demonic lust. But as the wolf lay there, woozy and half-unconscious, Sonia knelt beside him.

"You can do better than that," she chided him. "I know when you're phoning it in, and the Dark Demon of Seed's high priest is not someone you want to make do all the work. Now, get to it!"

"But—" Aaron began weakly.

"Don't talk back," Sonia said firmly. "Show him your anus is just as good as your tongue."

Groaning with exhaustion and fighting off overstimulation, Aaron took a few deep breaths, winced, and squeezed his ass down as tightly as he could.

Dimitri stopped abruptly, his eyes widening. A broad grin crossed his face. "Oh, *my*," he said approvingly. "So, you've been holding back, too, eh? Well, give it to me now!" he beamed, pulling his cock backwards and relishing the tight squeeze he felt along his shaft. "Milk my cock for all you're worth!"

As if knowing that Aaron was on the verge of panic, Dimitri pressed in slowly, giving the wolf enough time to react and clench down. That momentary twitch of the anus, hesitation, and then definitive squeeze felt delicious on his cock, and he repeated the motion several times, his cock continuing to grow a little bit with each thrust. The dragon relished the feel and unique differences of each thrust before beginning to test Aaron's limits once more. For his part, Aaron appreciated the brief respite from the intensity, and as the high priest flexed his cock against the wolf's prostate, Aaron moaned hornily. As Dimitri shoved in once more, his glans brushing roughly against Aaron's sensitive spot, the wolf's mind began to wander as lust began to overcome panic as his dominant emotion.

"Don't forget," Sonia reminded him.

"Mmph," Aaron grunted, remembering.

Squeezing his eyes closed and taking a deep breath, he clenched his ass down again. His muscles already beginning to fatigue against the oversized dick in his ass, they quivered and shuddered against the invader, eliciting an apparently sublime sensation in the dragon's member.

"Oh...*shit*," Dimitri panted. "That...*that's* unlike anything I've ever felt."

The stimulation on his cock seemed to make him grow even more, and Aaron lost his focus again as the dragon swelled to a foot in diameter and slid from his stomach into his throat.

"Oh, that *throat!*" Dimitri gasped. "It's tight no matter *which* way I go through it!"

He gritted his teeth, not quite ready to cum, yet, though more than happy to indulge his body in delightful ecstasy. Yet his body's need for release would not be denied, and it won out in the end. As he began to stroke from Aaron's ass to his neck in earnest, prolonging and intensifying his orgasm, he felt the first ropes of essence slip into his cock, and he quickly pulled back to deposit them into Aaron's stomach. They started out slow and docile, a few low-pressure—albeit large—spurts to prime the pump. But as he stroked out and felt Aaron's sphincter fluttering around his sensitive flesh, he felt his balls surge a second, much more forceful time. He let out a strained gasp, less of a roar and more of a moan, and sent another flood rushing to fill Aaron's stomach. But the intensity kept stacking, like a series of strikes in bowling. Each thrust built upon the last one; each spurt doubled in intensity, and by his fourth stroke, he let out a demonic, piercing shriek that struck Aaron and Sonia in their very souls.

Yet Aaron couldn't focus on that. As each thrust had increased the dragon's lust, each spurt had also doubled in volume or more, and now cum was once again streaming uninterrupted from his mouth, the dragon's thrusts merely adding a pulsating quality to the steady geyser. All the while, Dimitri's cock continued to rub his prostate, and between the constant taste of cum in his mouth and the intense pleasure he felt in his ass, he felt himself getting close to orgasm himself. As he got closer, his ass began to contract of its own accord in rhythm to his prick bobbing and straining between his body and the bench.

"Mm, that's good," Dimitri cooed, closing his eyes and reaching down beneath Aaron to grasp his member. "I can *feel* your arousal building. Such a good, submissive pet you are. Sonia was right about you in so many ways.

Aaron began to pant, feeling the dragon's possessive, dominant hand around his malehood. His orgasm was so close, and if the high priest would only stroke him a few times...

Instead, Dimitri pulled backwards on the wolf's balls and thrust forward with his hips. Aaron's eyes bulged as the dragon's prick erupted from his mouth, its throbbing head now shooting jets of cum completely unhindered in big arcs through the air to splatter noisily on the ground far below the dais.

"Use your tongue, now, Aaron," Sonia ordered.

The wolf's eyes rotated to her—he couldn't move his head.

"You've got him in both your holes," Sonia pressed. "Use your mouth to pleasure his head while you use your ass to squeeze his shaft."

Too dazed and aroused to argue, Aaron began working his jaw, rocking his tongue awkwardly from side to side and covering his teeth with his lips as he tried to follow Sonia's instructions. Dimitri gasped, throwing his head back in pleasure as he felt Aaron's tongue graze over his frenulum.

"Oh, my *gosh!*" Dimitri shrieked. "Augh!"

His hips thrust forward sharply, lifting Aaron and the bench off the ground. Turning vertical, his cock fired at the high ceiling, and the burst of cum hit with such force that it knocked down a few pebbles of loose mortar before raining down on the participants itself. As he put Aaron down, he squeezed tightly around the wolf's shaft.

Oh, yes! Oh, shit...yes!

Aaron could feel the telltale buzzing in his genitals and the thrill of arousal at the base of his skull. Dimitri gave him another squeeze, and he felt his balls shudder.

"So close," Dimitri murmured breathlessly. "So *desperately* close."

His hand let go of Aaron's cock. The wolf let out a sharp yelp, panting and panicked at feeling the desperately needed stimulation being taken away just as he was a razor's edge away from the most intense climax of his life.

"But, I'm afraid that for me to fully enjoy myself, I cannot let you get off," the dragon said, pulling his cock back until it was just behind Aaron's throat.

Aaron's pupils constricted.

Can't get off?!

He felt the dragon's hands move up his shaft, and he began to thrust his hips, desperate to get any stimulation he could, but it was in vain. The dragon's hand reached his urethra and circled it with a claw.

"So sorry to do this."

Aaron gritted his teeth as something long, hard, and solid slid into his urethra, the sensation both irritating and stimulating to his cock and making it grow harder and longer than it had ever been before. Whatever it was inside of him also made his cock stand out perfectly straight, fighting his natural curve and stimulating him even more.

The long, hard, straight thing in his dick probed even deeper, and Aaron whined as it felt like it was going to burrow itself into his balls.

Click.

Aaron gasped, suddenly feeling a hundred times hornier than he had before as something squeezed down tightly around the base of his balls, compressing against the hard thing that forced his cock to stand out so straight, hard, and throbbing. He howled with lust, and his body began to buck violently against the bench, desperately trying to dislodge the ring around his balls and the invader in his urethra. Yet for all his efforts, all he succeeded in doing was stroking his ass along Dimitri's cock, which was very much still lodged inside him.

"*That's it!*" Dimitri panted. "Use that insatiable lust!"

The Dark Demon of Seed

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Abandoning hope, reason, safety, and discomfort, Aaron slammed his body against the bench over and over, his mind reeling with lust and the single, overwhelming urge to find relief from it. Dimitri rode him out and even started thrusting in rhythm to the wolf's frantic movements for maximum pleasure. Though he had never fully stopped cumming, he suddenly felt his balls give the most intense heave he'd experienced in a very, very long time.

"This is it," he panted. "At last, the moment I've been waiting for! Agh!"

He put his hand on Aaron's shoulder and pinned him to the bench as his balls lifted up, squeezed, and then dumped an eternity's worth of pent-up lust into Aaron's ass. Cum jetted through the wolf's innards and erupted from his mouth, streaming so far as to splatter the wall some fifty feet away. Each spurt from the dragon's cock lightly lifted Aaron's ass, Aaron, and the bench off the ground, then dropped them back down to reset for the next spurt. The wolf, practically dying from lust, didn't even notice the cum spraying from his mouth and nostrils; all he could think about was the desperate need to get off.

"Ma—make it stop," he moaned through mouthfuls of cum. "Please, *please*, make it stop!"

"Dimitri, what have you done?" Sonia cried. "He can't handle that kind of intensity; he's just a novice!"

"Why, I've only righted one of the many wrongs of this world," Dimitri replied, a savage look blazing in his eyes. "For too long, I have worn that accursed seal; it is time someone else bore that burden!"

"But you'll drive him mad! A mortal body can't take that kind of stress!"

DO NOT QUESTION ME! Dimitri roared in an other-worldly voice. WHAT DO I CARE IF ONE MORTAL LOSES HIS MIND OVER THIS ACCURSED DUTY? I HAVE BORNE IT FOR MILLENNIA; LET SOMEONE *ELSE* BEAR IT FOR A WHILE!

"Millennia?" Sonia scoffed. "Dimitri, I like this cult of yours, but if you start getting delusions of grandeur, I'm out right now."

OH, YE, OF LITTLE FAITH! Dimitri snapped. THE ONLY REASON I HAVEN'T RIPPED YOU A NEW ANUS TO FUCK IS BECAUSE I LIKE YOU; HOWEVER, IF YOU DARE CHALLENGE ME AGAIN, I WILL PERSONALLY SEE TO IT THAT SAID HOLE IS CREATED *AND* FUCKED!

With that, the dragon's body morphed into several different things, including Sonia herself, Aaron, and some kind of half-demon, half-dragon before turning back into Dimitri's familiar body.

SATISFIED? Dimitri challenged. I SAID IT BEFORE: I *AM* THE DARK DEMON OF SEED, AND FOR *TOO* LONG, I HAVE SUFFERED THIS *INFERNAL* RESTRAINT UPON MY LIBIDO. IT IS TIME SOMEONE ELSE BORE THIS BURDEN!

"But Aaron's just a novice!" Sonia pleaded. "Just *look* at him! He's already writhing in agony!"

A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR MY COMFORT, Dimitri replied dismissively. A crafty look came over his face. BUT, IF HIS COMFORT MEANS SO MUCH TO YOU, THEN FINE...I WILL GRANT HIM PEACE.

Without warning, he yanked his cock from Aaron's ass, flew to his head, and thrust his urethral opening over the wolf's face, swallowing his whole head at once. Aaron struggled, still leaking cum out both ends, but with his limbs restrained, there was nothing he could do to fight the demon-dragon off. Dimitri made a grasping motion with his hand, and the shackles binding Aaron all released at once. At the same time, Aaron's legs and ass floated into the air, and with a series of sharp upward thrusts and telekinetic downward force, Dimitri shoved the hapless wolf all the way into his cock. The dragon shuddered and grimaced as his balls hastily digested the fur, but then with a triumphant grunt, he turned to face Sonia.

HAPPY NOW? he demanded, smirking smugly. HE'S NOT IN AGONY ANYMORE.

With that, he flew off, leaving Sonia gaping on the dais. Speechless, she sank to her knees, too shocked to even cry.