

Demon's Desire

Written by Princess Kay

Warning: This is erotica, meant only for those 18 or older. Only those who have reached the age of consent, in the country where they reside, should proceed. If you are not at least eighteen, please exit this page, immediately.

Michael shook the salt canister, trying to shake every last granule from its container and onto the basement floor. Then he grabbed his broom, gripping the green plastic handle so tightly that his knuckles turned white, and began to furiously sweep at the floor. Precious minutes went by as he did this, but Michael resisted the urge to check his phone while he was working. It had taken longer than expected to etch the protection circles into the linoleum. The symbols in particular had taken forever to get just right. It would be worth it, though. If he could finish in time.

Wiping a little sweat from his brow, and sweeping the shaggy brown locks from his face, he finally examined the phone screen. It was already eleven fifty, and the young man felt his heart beat faster in his chest with both anticipation and worry. The spell had to be cast at midnight. That meant he had less than ten minutes to check everything was in place, and then start reciting the spell. Otherwise... well, it would only be a day's delay, but Michael had never been patient.

Even still, there were some things too important to rush through, and Michael took a minute just to survey the effects of his sweeping. While there was a little salt gathered in the corner of the room, most of two containers had been spent filling the grooves he'd made in the floor, until both the circles and the glyphs

gleamed in the limited light of his electric lantern. It took another minute and a half to walk around each of the circles he'd carved, making sure to examine every symbol. That left Michael with just enough time to hurry into his own circle, lantern in hand.

A leatherbound book laid in the center of the circle, its poor spine abused and cracked, with small stones on each corner holding it flat. Michael would usually feel bad for abusing a book in such a way, but not this one. This one had given him the creeps ever since he inherited it from his grandmother two weeks ago. The way it was always warm, almost hot, to the touch. The way it felt like someone was staring at him, whenever he turned his back on it. Not to mention that he had found the page flipped over to a less secure summoning spell on three separate occasions before he finally put the rocks in place. If the book hadn't fallen open to a page on summoning demons, when Michael first opened it, he would have already stuffed it in the attic and forgotten about it.

It wasn't too late to do that, Michael knew. It wasn't too late to say no to all of this. Maybe he could even sell the book as a curiosity to someone less believing. It wouldn't be a bad idea; all the wealth in the estate was tied up in maintenance for the house, and the brunette wasn't exactly doing well on his own. He could use

the cash... if he didn't think he could get more from a demon. Not to mention power, and good looks. Though maybe it wasn't exactly good looks he was after.

In fact, Michael knew he was already handsome. He stood at five foot nine. He had a perfect smile, expressive brown eyes and long lashes. His build was slim, but with obvious muscles beneath the white tee that had been stretched over his chest. Some girls had even described him as gorgeous. Yet... somehow, no matter how much work he had poured into his body, he had never been comfortable. It hadn't seemed like to change, after twenty six years, but if the spell could fix even just that... it would be worth it. All he had to give up was his soul.

A beep from Michael's pocket told him that time was up, and he tugged the phone out of his too tight jeans to turn it off. Then he took a deep breath, picked up the book, and began to recite. He'd practiced the pronunciation, and he spoke slowly, making sure to get every single word out. He felt silly, though, speaking words in latin. He wasn't sure that anything would actually happen. As soon he spoke the last word, however, the room plunged into darkness.

"...Lantern must have gone out," Michael muttered, wishing that he had thought to bring some back up batteries. He leaned down to put the book carefully down on the floor, and then paused. The salt circle he'd made for his protection was glowing.

“Aw. I was hoping you’d break the circle before you noticed...” A flash of fire filled the other circle, forcing Michael to cover his eyes and look away. When the roar of the fire had faded to nothing, and the spots had cleared from his vision, he looked back. A woman stood in the other circle, a soft red glow emanating from her dark skin, giving her bared flesh a red hue. There was a lot of bared flesh.

“You’re... Naked...” Michael whispered, hoping the demon couldn’t see the light blush on his cheeks. He tried to keep his attention on her face, to keep looking into her red eyes, but he couldn’t help but glance down every few seconds to see the perky black nipples and soft, pillowy breasts. Though he also spared a thought to the curved horns that rose from her curly red hair.

“Am not!” Despite the indignant tone, and the way she put her hands on her hips, the demon didn’t *look* annoyed. She was smiling, her black lips spread wide to put her fangs on full display. “I’m wearing boots.”

Michael’s eyes darted down, again, further this time. It was true: the demon was wearing high heeled, red leather, thigh high boots. They clung smoothly to her flesh, added about six inches to her height, and made it very clear that her nudity was by design. Was it a plan to distract him? Or was she just that open with her sexuality?

“My name is Arialla. If you’re wondering. Or if you just wanted to continue looking at my body, that’s fine.” Her voice carried a note of mirth in it, but Michael’s eyes darted hurriedly back up to hers. The demon was still smiling, and her own gaze was wandering over him. “I think one part of you is certainly eager to see me.”

The man’s gaze darted down. There was a slight movement inside his jeans, but Michael’s cock wasn’t hard enough to give him away. He didn’t think. “I don’t know what you’re talking about...” he muttered, wishing he hadn’t looked.

“Really? My bad. Thought I sensed a little lust in you...” Arialla licked her lips as she spoke, her black tongue sliding across the tips of her fangs. “Well, whatever. If you didn’t summon me here to look at, what *am* I here for?”

“Demon...”

“I told you. My name is Arialla.” The woman’s lips had shifted to a pout, and Michael fought back a sudden sense of guilt.

“Demon,” he repeated, trying to take back control of the situation. The book had included suggested formal language when speaking with the denizens of hell, to make sure they couldn’t twist your words. “I wish to make a deal. My soul, for my heart’s desire. I want you to-”

“Deal.” Arialla was smiling, again.

Michael blinked, nonplussed. “But... I didn’t even tell you what I wanted.”

“You said you wanted your heart’s desire!” The demon stepped forward as she spoke. When her foot hit the edge of the summoning circle, the glyphs surrounding it flickered and went out. “Isn’t that right?”

Michael’s jaw dropped, and he took a step back. “My - my circle! You were supposed to be trapped in that!”

“Did you not read the directions in that summoning spell? Particularly the part about deals...” Arialla walked forward, as she spoke, her hips swaying in a way that invited attention from her male viewer. Attention she got, as Michael’s eyes finally shifted to her thighs. He expected to see curls of natural red hair, or at least a carefully trimmed landing strip of fuzz. Instead, he found red scales surrounding the entrance. “Unless my body distract you too much to focus?” As she spoke, he spotted something moving behind her. A black, whip like tail, with a spade at the end. It was wagging happily back and forth, as if excited by the thought.

“I...” Michael felt like his face was going to burst into flames. “Of course I remember! Deals form a lasting bond between the human and demons. Since you’re giving the demon access to your soul, they become able to mimic your aura

and break your seals... But I haven't even told you what I wanted! I just said my heart's desire!"

The red headed demon came to a halt, just outside the second circle. She was tall. She would have been tall even without the boots, but the heels put her at easily six feet. This also put Michael face to breast, with Arialla's perky black nipples so close he could stick out his tongue and touch one. "Oh, Elishe... I can *see* your heart's desire." The woman's smile had shifted into a sly grin. "I could see it the moment you summoned me. It was etched into your very soul. That's how much you want it, deep down. So aren't you glad I'm going to grant it?"

"I..." The uncertain summoner took a step back, away from the circle's edge. Away from the demon. "My name is Michael." He lifted his chin as he spoke, pressing his lips together to try and create an air of annoyance and determination, even though all he felt was fear. Fear, and a little bit of arousal. "If we've already made a deal, then go ahead and grant my desire."

"Michael?" The redhead asked, tilting her head to one side. "Mich...ael..." she repeated, a black tongue darting out to lick her dark lips. "Is that what your parents named you?" She shook her head. "I much prefer your true name, Elishe. It's so much cuter."

“I don’t care what you prefer! My name is Michael! Now are you going to grant my request or aren’t you?”

Arialla blinked, then frowned. “Of course I’m going to grant your request. We made a deal, didn’t we?” The demon crouched, placing a finger on one of the glyphs. Michael took a deep breath, and held it, wondering if the touch would be enough to break his protective circle. After a moment, though, he realized it was a wasted worry: the symbols she touched actually began to glow brighter, the effect spreading to the ones next to it until there was actually enough light to see himself, again.

“What did you do?” the summoner asked, nervous.

“Oh, I was just starting the process,” Arialla promised. “You made such a good circle, it seemed a shame to waste it! Especially when I could trap you in it.”

“Trap me in it!?” Caution forgotten, Michael reached out for the edge of his protective circle. His fingers met a wall, smooth as glass but hard as stone. He pushed his fingers up the surface, until it curved out of reach above his head. “How is this granting my request?! Let me out!”

“But it is granting your request,” the demon promised, her tail wagging happily back and forth. “I’m using the circle as a conduit for my energies. It’ll be

much faster this way. Less painful, too! In fact, it might even feel good! I wouldn't know, though; I've never transformed anyone like this."

"Transformed?" Michael swallowed, realizing suddenly what his heart's desire must be. Not riches, or power. Just a body he felt comfortable in. ...He could live with that. "Then. You're really going to grant my wish..?"

"I said I would, didn't I? Now just stand still, be quiet, and relax." Arialla stood back up again, smiling as she stretched a hand out and gently ran her finger along the wall imprisoning Michael. "You're just moments away from being the woman of your dreams!"

"...What?! I don't want to be a woman!"

"That's funny." Arialla's black tongue darted out, again, teasing the sharp point of one fang. "I could have sworn you wanted to feel at home in your body; you do want that, don't you?"

"Yes, but-"

Arialla lifted her tail, placing the tip of her spade against her lips in what Michael assumed was a gesture to be quiet. "Tut tut. No complaints, then! I offer my personal soul back guarantee that you'll *enjoy* your new body. Trust me."

The summoner hesitated. The demon had said it wouldn't hurt - assuming he could believe her - and he could try his spell again if he got his soul back. He could

do it better next time. He didn't think he'd enjoy spending time as a woman, but he hadn't enjoyed his time as a man either. There was still something that bothered him, though. "What about my old form? If I don't like my new body, will you turn me back? And what about all my ID? My friends? Changing a few things was one thing, but I can't just become a woman!"

"Oh, I'll be sure to take care of all that!" Arialla promised, placing a hand on her heart. "You have my word that it won't be a problem in the slightest."

Michael bit his lower lip, trying to think. His heart was beating, faster than it ever had before. "This is insane," he whispered, after a moment. "Who's actually happy with their body? It doesn't mean I want to be a woman! Just. Do some minor changes - or. Or cancel the deal! You can keep my soul! It doesn't matter, I was wrong, I can't do this, so... so... just let me go."

The demon's eyes narrowed. She wasn't smiling, anymore, but Michael could still see the tips of her white fangs peeking over those luscious black lips. "Oh, we can't do that..." she murmured, her voice barely more than a whisper in the still air. "We made a deal. I gave my word. And I always honor my word.." She reached out toward Michael, and the summoner took a hurried step backward. He had known better than to be drawn in by the demon's playful teasing, but now that

the veneer of friendliness had fallen away, he didn't know what might come next. He didn't like not knowing.

Arialla's finger stopped in mid air, the tip flattening against the clear wall of Michael's prison dome. When she removed the finger, a faint red glow appeared, in the spot she had touched. As the prisoner watched, the opaque spot began to grow, curving as it moved overhead.

"Wait! What are you doing?!" Michael demanded, slamming a fist against a still clear part of the curved wall. "Let me out of here!" Arialla only gave him a little wave, and lifted her tail to her mouth for a kiss goodbye, before the shield turned completely opaque and blocked her from view. The trapped summoner slammed one hand against the wall, again. All it accomplished was making his hand hurt and, after pulling it back, Michael sagged in defeat to the floor.

"Maybe it won't be so bad, being a woman..." he muttered, trying to convince himself. "I mean. As long as I can be a lesbian..." Most of his friends were women, anyway. He'd always admired how close they could be to each other. "Plus, Arialla promised to turn me back if I didn't like it..." Which he wouldn't, of course. There was no reason to panic... assuming Michael could trust her.

Giving into his fate, the brunette let out a sigh, and lowered his head. He wondered how it would start. He didn't feel anything, so far, except for a slight

tingling in the hand that he had slammed into the wall. At least it wasn't hurting, anymore. If anything, it felt a little good. Warm. Weirdly warm, in fact.

Michael frowned, lifted his hand up to his face, and then yelped in surprise, turning it rapidly around to stare at the back. The extremity had shrunk. The dusting of hair touching its back had faded. The skin, already pale from too much time indoors, had gotten even lighter. It had even shrunk, a little. None of that was what caused Michael to scream out, though. He'd half been expecting that. What he hadn't been expecting was for his hand to be glowing red; just like Arialla's.

"The circle," Michael called out, hoping she could still hear him. "You didn't modify it for transformations! You're just overloading it with your power. Letting it spread to me! But..." he looked at his hand again, and then fearfully stretched his arm out in front of him until the fingers were as far away as they get. He was careful not to touch the edge of the shield, though. "I'm mortal! If you fill my whole body with demonic power... I don't even know what'll happen! I could turn into a demon! ...I could turn into ash!"

There was no response from the demon, and Michael fought the urge to slam his already infected hand against the dome's wall all over again. The warm glow had already spread down his wrist, narrowing it, and was now creeping up his arm. The summoner was able to see it, this time, when his body hair turned slowly

white, and then transparent, before finally disappearing from existence. He could do nothing *but* watch as his arm began to shrink. The skin lightened and tightened, momentarily bringing more definition to his arm. Then the strength began to fade from his limb, and the bulge of muscle dwindled to nothing. The appendage left behind was slender, graceful, and weak. It would have been on a ballerina, but fit on Michael's current body like a bad joke. He didn't want to think about how well it would fit him when the transformation was complete.

While Michael was occupied with his arm, the red glow spread its way beneath his tee, swallowing up the summoner's chest and stomach. When Michael finally noticed the warmth beneath his clothes, he hesitated a moment, before deciding he needed to see what was happening. He grabbed bottom of his shirt and started tugging it over his head. The tight fabric clung to his pecs for a moment, and then parted, coming up and over. He tossed it against the wall of the prison, and turned his attention back to the transformation.

Michael's chest had always been all but hairless, so there wasn't much change there yet. The snail trail of hair that he could usually trace up from his belly button, though, had disappeared. His skin had paled, matching the arm in tone. He hadn't shrunk, yet, but he knew it was coming. He knew what else was coming, too: his nipples already looked puffy.

The muscles were first, this time. They melted away like butter in a hot pan, and Michael had to fight not to cry at a newfound feeling of helplessness. He couldn't stop this; couldn't control this; couldn't prepare for this; but most of all, he couldn't understand this. Why he was losing so much muscle? There were plenty of strong women out there. Arialla herself could probably snap his new body like a dried twig, if she wanted to. Maybe that was her plan, though. Maybe she was just going to pick him up, pin him against the wall, and demand he accept the transformation. Then she would have his soul, and he would have no choice but to live the rest of his life as a woman.

The thought made Michael's cheeks warm, and he worried for a moment that the demonic energy had reached his head. The blush faded, though, and with a sigh of relief Michael focused on his chest, again, worrying that he'd missed some part of the transformation in his panic. Had his areola always been so large? He'd never paid much attention to them before, but surely they'd been no bigger than dimes. Now they looked more like quarters.

Michael lifted a hand to his chest, gingerly touching one puffy nipple. It was a mistake. Just touching the sensitive tip was enough to make both peaks stiffen, and he doubled over as a pulse of hot need shot through him. It felt so good, just

touching one nipple. He had to fight the urge to unbutton his pants and touch something else.

There was no time, anyway. His breasts were already starting to come in, the flesh pressing against his skin. It felt so good, in that moment, feeling the flesh inflate beneath his hands. The growing breasts were soft and firm, and felt as real as any tit he'd ever touched. He lifted the untransformed hand to his chest, and felt it with both hands as the ballooning tits filled his palms. He didn't notice, at first, when the red glow began to spread from his chest and into his other hand. When he did notice, his only regret was that he hadn't squeezed the tit with all his strength when he had the chance. His entire body was going to be transformed soon enough, after all, and it felt so good just having his breasts in his palms.

Unable and unwilling to resist, Michael squeezed his breasts with both hands, grinding his palms against the nipples and using all the strength his shrunken fingers could manage to press in on his tits. The sensation was unlike anything he'd ever felt before. It was like fire was being released into his veins, heat and need that could have burned through his entire body. Yet somehow it felt pleasant. Somehow, as his cock hardened in his jeans, the summoner found himself needing more. He gave his tits another squeeze, and hoped to heaven and hell that the

demon really had sound proofed his prison. There was no containing back arching moan of need that came out, as the heat filled him.

Michael reached down to his pants, fingers trembling as he gripped the button. He tried to push it out through the hole, for a moment, but his newly small fingers were still unfamiliar to him and his body was trembling with need. He settled for pinching the edges of the fabric and tugging, until the button came loose and the zipper began to slide down. Then he tugged his pants and boxers off, sighing with relief as his cock was released.

The red glow had already spread across Michael's member, but there was no shrinkage yet. If anything, the heat of demonic energies had caused it to stand straighter than ever before, hard as a rock.

It was funny; he had never cared for it, much. It was always causing him embarrassment when it stood up, and it was often uncomfortable, and playing with it was generally more mess than it was worth. Yet now that he was about to say goodbye to it, he was a little sorry to see it go.

The brunette gripped it loosely between his forefinger and thumb, and gently teased down the length. He shivered lightly, as a now familiar heat and pleasure began to stir, traveling from his fingers and up into his body. It was a heat

completely separate from the demonic energy inside him, a warm lust that existed in his chest and stomach as well as his groin.

A little precum wetted the tip of Michael's cock, and the summoner tracked it as it dripped down to the linoleum. In the moment he looked away, though, he felt his member pull out of his hand. His eyes darted quickly back, just in time to see the penis melding with his flesh, right as the ballsack started to pull up into his abdomen. He could feel his organs shifting, making room as the reproductive organs shifted; soon he'd have a womb. Yet Michael's attention was purely on his groin. He wanted to see what was coming next.

The heat between the prisoner's legs would have been painful, if it hadn't felt so good. The flesh opened up, rippling out to create the folds of his inner and outer labia, and a channel opening. It was like his body was being opened up from the inside, his one time invasive sex now putting up a sign itself to welcome invaders. Tongues, and fingers, and dildos; perhaps even a cock, if it was attached to a woman.

A creaking sound drew Michael's attention downward. His hips had started to expand; his ass, too, was bubbling outward. Soon it would be balanced with his tits, and Michael wondered idly what it would feel like to squeeze his cushy rear. He glanced up at the dome around him, trying to gauge how much time he had left

before the transformation was complete and his prison disappeared. He doubted it would be much longer. The glow had been moving slowly, so far, but it also been making significant changes. His legs would shift quickly, the flesh paling and the muscles fading away. His too large feet would shrink, and his body hair would disappear. He wanted to watch, but he was rapidly running out of time to explore.

Instead, Michael turned attention to his new anatomy. Driven by lust and urgency, he pressed the tip of his fingers against his opening, lightly teasing it. His thumb started to search for the clitoris, finding first the protective hood and then the button. He ever so lightly brushing against the clit itself, ignoring the hood for now. The barest contact was enough to send a wave of pleasure through his newly transformed body, and the brunette's knees began to tremble. He plunged a finger inside himself, exploring the entrance with one finger, then two, pushing as far in as he could and then pulling slowly out, until only the very tips of his short trimmed nails remained inside. Then he plunged in again, his fingers deftly slipping through the wet opening to press their way between the tight walls. Then he repeated the process.

Distracted by his own play, Michael hardly noticed when the demonic energies finally began to swallow up his head. The weight of his growing hair was a distant concern, and the feeling of his cheek bones shifting was peculiar but

unimportant. His nose shrank, his lips swelled, and his eyes got slightly larger, but Michael remained focused on his pussy. On how it felt to fill it with two fingers, on what it was like to touch his own clit.

It was like there was a fire inside his stomach, and each thrust of his fingers pumped more fuel into it. It was like he was being consumed from the inside out by need and lust, and everything he'd ever known about the pleasures of the body was being overwritten by something new and better. He knew that he should be terrified of what was happening; or at the very least nervous about getting caught, now that the transformation was all but complete. It would all be finished in mere moments... yet he had no idea how much longer it would take before he came.

Michael started to pump faster, the cold touch of worry only causing the flames of pleasure and lust to stand out more brightly by comparison, egging him on towards the edge. He lifted his left hand to his chest, squeezing a tit as tightly as his reduced strength would allow and grinding his palm against the nipple. He was close. So close to experiencing something he never thought he'd be able to experience.

The transformation was almost complete, though. His hair had shifted to a light chestnut, and had grown its way halfway down to his shoulders in just the last few seconds. It would probably keep growing until it reached his hips; he'd always

wondered about having hair that long. That gave him what? Thirty seconds before the demon saw him? If she saw him doing this, she'd never believe he wasn't satisfied with the transformation. There was no way she'd turn him back. Yet he was so close... and thinking like this was just getting in his way.

Biting his lip, and thrusting all thoughts away, Michael began to pump his fingers more quickly. He dug short trimmed nails into his breast, scraping his way down the flesh until he reached his nipple. Then he pinched and tugged, while pushing his finger through the slick channel. His thumb brushed against his clit, his fingers brushed against the inside of the wall, and his hand squeezed the breast again. So close. So close. So close to cumming, so close to getting caught, so close to being a woman forever.

Michael could feel it: a heat in his stomach, a scream begging to come out, a need about to be met. He felt like an overfilled cup of water, barely hanging on, just a single drop away from finally spilling over the rim. His thumb brushed his clit one more time, and Michael's eyes practically rolled into the back of his head as pleasure overtook his entire being. Not just his chest, or his groin, or his stomach; his entire body. His legs trembled, and then gave way, and his knees hit the floor, but the pain of impact might as well have been a thousand miles away.

His head tilted back, and Michael was distantly aware of the scream of joy tearing its way from his throat.

There was a noise, like an egg cracking. With his head tilted, Michael could see the lines starting to spread across the dome above him, jagged lines radiating out from the center. The transformation was complete, and it was breaking apart. He was about to be seen on the floor, with fingers inside his pussy. He was about to be confronted by a smiling demon, determined to have his soul. Michael was about to a woman for the rest of his life... and she realized with a start that she couldn't be happier for it.

The red dome broke into pieces, massive chunks falling to the ground, only to dissolve before they ever reached the prisoner below. Taking a deep breath, the brunette woman pulled her wet hand from her pussy, and wiped the warm liquid off on her thigh. Then she stood, and walked to the edge of her prison. She stood there, waiting until the wall in front crumbled apart, her circle of protection no more.

Arialla was waiting in the same spot as before, her black lips spread into a familiar smile. Her height drove home just how much Elishe had shrunk; she hadn't even realized it when she lost height, but the demon's breasts had gone from eye level to actually being above the human's head.

“Well Elishe?” the demon asked, taking a step forward. “Are you satisfied? Or do you want to go back to that boring old body?”

Elishe shook her head. “I...” She paused, surprised. Her voice had changed; it had always been annoying deep, but now it was a high pitched squeak. She liked it. “...I’m happy just the way I am, thanks. You can have my soul. Just as soon as you stop the red glow.”

“...But I *like* the red glow. It helps me see you!” Aliarra stepped forward, as she spoke.

Elishe stepped backward. Demon’s were dangerous, and she had no more protection. “You don’t have to see me to take my soul.”

“But I do need to touch you, if you want me to take back my energy...” She took another step forward, and Elishe took two steps in the other direction, without turning around. She wasn’t going to take the eyes off a demon, no matter how friendly the fiend acted.

“I’ll just stay indoors until it fades; or find a spell to hide it.” Elishe tried to keep her voice light as she spoke, to hide the fear in her voice. She didn’t actually know what sort of powers the demon had on earth, but she knew that she was weak and small, while the demon was at the very least tall and well built. “Our deal is complete! Take my soul and go.”

“Complete?” Arialla’s lips shifted into a frown, but her eyes seemed to almost sparkle with amusement. She took another step toward Elishe, and the summoner attempted to move away again. Her foot hit a wall, mid step, and she glanced back to see that the back wall of the dome had never disappeared. It wasn’t even cracked. “Of course it’s not complete... I can’t leave until I’ve fulfilled my personal guarantee! To make sure you’ve *enjoyed* your new body to the fullest... Not to mention taking care of pesky things like your friends and IDs...”

Elishe pressed her naked back against the wall, pushing back with her shoulders. There was no give. She was utterly trapped, unable to move away as the demon closed the distance between them. The demon placed her hand against the wall, above Elishe’s head. “I... I already enjoyed myself,” the brunette admitted, her cheeks blushing as red as the glow that surrounded them both.

“Really?” Arialla lifted an eyebrow. “Well that won’t do. I have to *see* it, for it to count toward my guarantee.” She lifted her free hand, and a green dildo appeared in her hand. Long, and well detailed, it could have come right from a man’s groin; except for the color. “I hope you don’t mind, but I remodeled your broom while you were busy. It’s more for *making* messes, now... You don’t object, do you?”

Elishe stared at the fake cock, then she glanced back to the demon's smiling face. Her heart was beating fast, and she had to admit it wasn't entirely from fear. Her fingers had been nice, but she'd been wanting a little more. The demon was pretty, too. "Do I have a choice?" Elishe asked, at last.

Arialla frowned, again, and this time there was no amusement in her eyes. She removed her hand from the wall, moving instead to gently cup Elishe's cheek. Her thumb lightly brushed against the human's lips, and the brunette shivered faintly as a soft and pleasant tingle shot down her spine. "We always have a choice," the demon whispered, after a moment. "You chose to summon me. But if you really want me to go...?"

"I..." Elishe swallowed, hard. She wanted to speak, but wasn't sure what to say. Her heart was beating faster, and she could feel the sweat building up between her naked back and the smooth wall. She wondered if the demon could still tell whether she was aroused. Stupid question, probably. Even a human could tell she was wet. "No. I don't want you to go."

"Then ask me to stay." The demon's smile was back, but the look in her eyes was dead serious when it met Elishe's. "Tell me you want to be fucked. Or I'm leaving."

“I...” Elishe took a deep breath, and closed her eyes. When she opened them again, she lifted her head and locked her gaze firmly with Arialla’s, forcing herself to say the words in her heart. “I want you to stay. I want you to fuck me.”

“...You suuuuure?” The redhead’s tail shifted forward, the spade lightly touching the inside of Elishe’s thigh. “You don’t know what a naughty demon like me might do to you.”

“No. I don’t.” The summoner stepped forward, closing the distance between herself and the demon. She reached out to grab the hand not holding a dildo, and gave it a light squeeze between both of her own hands. “But I want to find out.”

“...Well. If you think you’re up to it...” Arialla’s spade shifted against Elishe’s leg, the tip teasing at the brunette’s clitoral hood before brushing against the button itself. A soft whimper escaped from the transformed woman’s lips, her breath picking up speed as the spade began to trace slow circles around her engorged nub. The tip moved to ever so gently press the button, and Elishe squeezed the hand she was holding with all her might.

The demon giggled, easily pulling her hand free and shifting it to gently cup Elishe's breast. She brushed her thumb against the nipple, just as her tail brushed her partner's clit, and the human's legs began to tremble from pleasure and need.

Elishe had thought she'd experienced everything hands could offer her when she was touching herself. Now she realized she had only scratched the surface.

Something hard and warm touched the inside of Elishe's thigh, and the brunette's breath caught in her throat as she remembered the green dildo still clutched in her demon lover's hand. She tilted her head up, catching Arialla's gaze again, and gave a quick nod of assent.

The demon's tail moved, wrapping around Elishe's leg, and pulling it up with a surprising strength. Caught off guard, and forced off balance, the brunette had no way of resisting when the hand against her breast suddenly shoved against her chest.

Half hopping, half stumbling, Elishe found herself back against the dome wall. Its cool surface caused goosebumps to spread across the human's warm skin, but the shiver her body released when she met Arialla's eyes was one of excitement, not cold. Naked lust practically radiated from the demon's gaze. Her lips were spread into the realest smile that Elishe had seen all night. It was a grin of greed, the look of someone who was about to take everything she wanted.

The redhead's tail snaked slowly up the brunette's thigh, and the spade stretched out to trail along the inside of her folds. Elishe whimpered, when it parted, and thrust her hips out needfully toward Arialla. A now familiar hardness

pressed against the human's thigh, in response, and Elishe got a glimpse of green down below. Her breath caught in her throat, but she kept herself in position: leg lifted and hips thrust out.

The demon pinched Elishe's nipple, and the brunette's breath rushed out in a surprised cry of need, lust, and pain. In the same instant, she felt the dildo press against her opening, the wide head twisting and turning to collect the natural lube inside of her. There was a feeling of intense pressure, and then suddenly it was inside her, and her channel was being filled like never before. The hard length moved swiftly, pressing deep inside the wet vagina, moving deeper than her fingers had been able to reach. Then slowly, it came out, leaving behind a sense of emptiness that made Elishe cry out all over again.

The summoner reached for her lover, arm rising over her head in order to reach a breast, her palm cradling the surprisingly hot and heavy flesh. Arialla responded by thrusting the dildo in, again, moving fast and fierce enough to make Elishe whimper. It felt good. It felt so good. She wanted more, and she knew that Arialla was going to give it to her. She had to return the favor.

Elishe's fingers squeezed down on her partner's breast, fingers traveling down the tit until she reached the edge, and pinched Arialla on the nipple. Then she

slid her fingers back down, grinding her palm lightly against the peak as she squeezed again.

Her other hand moved down, working its way across the other woman's dark skin. She discovered the scales by texture alone; they were smooth, and hard, but not unyielding. She traveled down to find the folds, gingerly running her forefinger up and down them, before dipping her finger into the opening. Arialla let out a little gasp above Elishe's head, but no more. The dildo didn't stop moving for a moment.

Not giving up, the brunette shifted her grip on the breast, until she could reach the nipple with her thumb. Playing with the hard tip, she pushed two fingers past Arialla's folds, searching along the inner walls. Her thumb flicked against the clit, but for once it wasn't her main focus. The demon had more expertise than her; was better than her at this in every way. She even had a head start. There was only one way she was going to catch up.

A sudden surge of hot need and pleasure drew Elishe's attention back to her own body, and her fingers faltered for a moment as the tip of the spade flicked across her clit. As it started to slowly tease the hood, again, the brunette forced her fingers to start over in their search. She knew she couldn't delay.

Arialla smirked, above her, cupping Elishe's breast in a hand so perfectly sized to the tit that they could have been made for one another. The demon squeezed, pumping pleasure through the human's body. Elishe was grateful for the tail's support in lifting her upward. Still, her finger continued to work, digging deep and searching for that special spot inside her lover.

A sharp gasp came from Arialla, and Elishe grinned in satisfaction. She started to rub the spot, making sure to still flick the demon's clit and rub along the nipple. The dildo continued pushing inside her, the tail continued stroking her own clit, and the hand on her breast clamped down almost tight enough to hurt. Elishe didn't stop her movements, keeping focused on the spot until her lover's breath started to come in ragged gasps. Nevermind that her own breaths were coming out as high pitched squeaks.

Arialla pumped faster with her dildo, squeezing and releasing the tit, pinching the nipple and rubbing the clit lightly with her tail. She could feel a sensation of pressure building rapidly inside her stomach, along with a growing warmth that would soon be coursing through her veins. Elishe tried to move faster, and the demon moaned above her, but Elishe still didn't know that it was going to be enough. That she could hold on long enough to make this happen for them both.

There was a final thrust of the dildo, a gentle touch of the tail, and before Arialla could even think to squeeze her partner's breast, Elishe was screaming into the air. The sound was followed by a throaty cry from the demon, as her human partner's fingers spasmed inside and brushed the spot once more. The redhead tipped forward, her hand touching the dome, again, as Elishe leaned back into it.

The brunette hardly noticed when the wall's light began to brighten. She didn't care when the cool surface turned warm, then hot. She was too busy with the heat inside her body, the pleasure radiating through her limbs. As the pleasure faded, though, the warmth didn't, and Elishe couldn't help but notice the tingling in her rear and head.

"That was fun..." Arialla whispered in her summoner's ear. "But I think we can have a lot more of it!"

Elishe blinked, confused, looking up at the grinning Arialla. "What...?"

A sudden pressure in her skull was her response, followed by an electric shock to her spinal cord that made her straighten against the wall. She felt it, a sudden spurt of growth from her tailbone, the skin stretching to cover the flesh of her new tail. Soon, she had her own whip like appendage, waving back and forth behind her.

She winced, as a pair of curved horns began to emerge from her skull. They didn't grow much; just enough that Elishe couldn't hide them behind her bangs. "...You turned me into a demon?" she demanded. Sharp fangs scraped against her sensitive lower lip, and she fought the urge to curse for fear that she'd bite herself again.

Arialla giggled, and squeezed Elishe against herself. Her tits scraped across the brunette's horns, and their owner blushed horribly as a pleasant tingle went down her body. "You don't mind, do you?"

Elishe opened her mouth; then closed it. She had wanted a better body, and been given it. She had wanted power, and been granted it. She wasn't sure what hell would be like; and she would have to go to hell, if she remained a demon. Yet if it led to someone like Arialla, surely it couldn't be all bad. "...If I say no. Can we do that again?"