

Crime of Curiosity (Alternate Version)

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Commissioned by Draegon1993

Inspired by artwork by Apollopop

The low, steady, deep voice of the narrator filled the classroom, speaking in measured, even pacing timed to the images on the screen. The classroom had been dimmed as much as possible with the blinds drawn across the huge windows, though sunlight still tried to creep in at the edges. Still, it was an ethereal feeling that a place that was always lit, always illuminated, was so dark. Details were hard to make out and almost all attention was directed at the television sitting on a rickety metal cart at the front of the classroom.

As with most documentary days, many of the students had fallen asleep. Others were checking their phones, some were doodling. The teacher had excused herself to the bathroom almost a half an hour prior... but at the back of the classroom, one of the students had found another distraction. High School desks weren't the most comfortable, but Sam Cooper had set his legs wide and leaned back almost like it was a recliner. His brownish black hair hung out of his hood and he had a strange expression on his face... the expression of someone having an incredible sexual experience.

Squeezed below the desk, another teenager crouched, his head bobbing up and down on Sam's huge, plump and distinctly red shaft. Lips pursed around the meat, squeezing it as it slid in and out. The cock was coated in oddly thick saliva, clinging to it like lube. It was as hard as a rock, abnormally long, and connected to very swollen, very full balls. The teenager beneath the desk's puffy black hair had gotten a bit messy from bumping up against the underside of the desk, but he didn't care at all.

There was an odd thrill that twenty four other students were gathered around them in the dark and here Tommy was, going at it with his boyfriend. They hadn't even used a hex to hide their acts this time. Tommy sucked and slurped, and then his forked tongue tickled the tip of Sam's urethra. Sam's fingernails dug into the desk as he suddenly came - but it was no ordinary orgasm. He shuddered as suddenly his cock began to produce volley after volley of semen, pumping it into Tommy's mouth. The jets were so thick, potent yellow demonic cum.

The pierced teenager slammed his head down as far as he could around Sam's cock, filling his throat with it, gulping at the welcome bounty. Sam's lips curled and he bit his tongue, trying not to scream out. Seven jets, eight jets, nine, then ten. He was cumming more than any human was capable of - but over the last few weeks, his loads had been increasing. Everything about him had been increasing. With each session with Tommy, he was becoming more of a man, and a better lover to a demon in disguise.

Tommy continued to drink from Sam, filling his stomach. Every passing moment brought them more in tune with one another. The teenage demon didn't need to feed just on the surplus energy of Sam's soul anymore. He gained nourishment from his cum, and even a little from just being around with his mate. They were truly bonded, but that bond was only growing stronger.

After nearly four minutes of orgasm, Sam slumped in his desk, his forehead hitting the vaguely cool enameled wood surface.

Tommy pulled off of Sam's cock, revealing the pointed tip, the tapered shaft and the bulged, knotted base. The teenager slid out from under the desk, though one student glanced up from his phone at the movement, assuming the two had been whispering or something. Sam tried to move and couldn't for a few moments, though he summoned the strength as he heard the door to the classroom start to click. He reached down, tucked away his incredibly sensitive cock, and zipped his pants back up. Tommy dropped down into his own desk just as the door opened and Mrs. Windell returned, flicking the lights on.

"I hope everyone found that enlightening." She said, moving to turn off the player.

"It was kind of depressing though... Forty years of hell mouths opening up?" One of the students asked.

"The documentary's old, it's been even longer than that." Another commented. Tommy looked up at that, reality starting to sink back in. It was easy to get lost in the day to day grind, but Tommy couldn't forget his origins, he couldn't forget where he had come from. He was a demon in a foreign land, using a hex to hide his identity. He'd come through a Hellmouth and almost immediately been shot by hunters, riddled with arrow bolts. If Sam hadn't found him on his front lawn and nursed him back to health, he would have died.

"Why are the demons pushing through into our reality, anyway? And why don't they go back when they see how ready we are to defend ourselves?" Another student asked. Tommy's shoulders started to sink. This was not the sort of conversation he wanted to be present for, and it almost - ALMOST - made him long for math class.

"We don't know... All these years, and we still don't know. It's important to remember that science must remain objective. Until we finally take the time to talk to one of these creatures, we may never know what they truly want." Mrs. Windell's words hung in the air.

The afternoon light was nearly golden as it cut through the branches of the trees in front of the school. The busses were leaving, lines of cars were picking up students, but Sam sat on the front steps of the building, his legs splayed wide. He was six foot tall now, thanks to Tommy. His brownish black hair cascaded down to his shoulders in a wild mane, and his fair pointed chin was coated with a soft fuzzy black goatee. His skin was tanning up nicely, and his muscles filled out his black and white hoodie to the point that the seams seemed like they were going to break.

A shadow crossed over Sam as Tommy came around and sat down on his lap, kneeling on either side of his hips. He leaned in and they shared a quick kiss before Tommy leaned to one side and began licking at Sam's cheek. The tongue was like sand paper, and the little barbs began to tickle and tingle before tiny black hairs started to emerge from Sam's cheek. Sam moaned, his barely-contained hellhound cock quivering in his pants.

"I thought I said you couldn't change me in public." he panted. Tommy started to hump and grind against his lover, licking harder. Sam moaned and groaned until a wolf whistle came from some passing teenagers. Tommy pulled his tongue back into his mouth and looked up,

giving the pair of football players an expression that seemed to be clearly 'you wish you were this lucky'. One blushed, lowering his notebook over the boner in his pants while the other laughed madly, the two heading to the bus.

"I'm tired of holding back." Tommy said, looking into Sam's eyes. He still looked as though he could be on the cover of Abercrombie and Fitch. He was five foot ten, his puffy black hair shaved into a fade at the sides. Gauge piercings adorned his ears and he was quite tan, almost to the point of seeming to have some mixed ethnicity. He had on black basketball shorts that revealed his incredibly hairy legs and sandals that showed off his black painted toenails. At Sam's request, he had selected a silver shirt rather than anything that was solid red.

"And when have you ever held back?" Sam asked. Tommy chuckled.

"I just sucked you off, when I really wanted to turn into a full hellhound and fuck you until your belly was huge with my cum." Tommy whispered. Sam shuddered, a wet spot forming in his pants. He reached up and took Sam by the chin and pulled him back into a long, lingering kiss. Tommy's tongue slipped from human to demon, wrestling and wriggling against his boyfriend's until the kiss was broken.

"We'll have as much fun as we can, but I have to keep you safe. That's my job as your big, brave boyfriend, right?" Sam asked. Tommy reluctantly nodded, though he ran a hand over Sam's splayed legs.

"Okay, but just keep that big dick energy up, okay?" he asked. Sam started to chuckle, but then froze when he heard a loud, wailing siren in the distance. It started slow but it built higher and higher. Every student on the campus froze, and then jumped as a much harsher klaxon started from white speakers mounted in the red bricks of the school.

"This is not a drill! Students, back inside the building!" One administrator shouted. Students started moving back into the building quickly, and all across the building the blinds were closing, doors were being locked. Tommy looked at Sam.

"Is this what happens every time a hellmouth opens?" he asked softly. Sam nodded gently.

"Yeah... For my whole life." he replied.

The air rippled and warped with intense heat, distorting the view of everything behind it. The science of predicting where portals from the underworld would open had been evolving for decades, but sometimes were easier than others. Part of it had to do with the size of the rift, and this hellmouth was likely to be one of the largest on record. The asphalt began to bubble, black oily sizzling surface before the tear formed. At first it was like a paper cut across reality itself, but then it began to widen and widen. At its edges it was impossibly two dimensional - no depth, no width, only visible when looking at it from dead on, but if you were facing it... you could see right into the orange and red lit caves with bubbling lakes.

The rift shuddered as something started pressing through. It was huge, hard, and the size of a dinner plate. The black cloven hoof came down onto the asphalt, unaffected by just how hot it was. The hoof connected to a salt and pepper fur covered leg. The leg was muscled, thick, huge. It emerged, followed by a huge clawed hand. Unlike the furry leg, the hand was

covered in rich crimson skin, marked with intense tribal black and silver tattoos like a bracer. More and more of the figure emerged until almost eight feet of demon stepped out, his curved horns even taller.

The creature was immense with billowing silver hair coming down to his shoulder blades, a huge bushy beard cascading down to his collarbone. His eyes had intense yellow sclera and red irises, and big gold earrings hung from his pointed ears. An incredibly big, thick demonic tail whipped around behind him, the root as thick as a human's bicep. The spade tipped tail popped free just before the rift snapped shut. The sudden change in temperature caused a rumble in the heavens above, air snapping against itself, threatening a chance of lightning.

The demon stood there for a moment, looking around, taking in the alien air and the alien surroundings. Sirens were everywhere, in every distance, and they were closing in. The demon sniffed the air again, this time not for the smell of the humans or their world, but for a more familiar scent. It had been some time, but with luck there was a chance he would find traces of his son's scent. The demon started to move, and with each step he took he started to look more human.

His bones compressed, his muscles tightened, his horns diminished. His red skin lightened, taking on a dark tan with cinnamon undertones. He winced as his huge tail disappeared from view and his hooves splayed out into huge feet. The only attribute he seemed to have a hard time obscuring completely was the immense, long, thick, blunt equine shaft dropping down from his ample bush. It swung like a pendulum, counting the moments since he left his realm. The demon's disguise hex was mostly flawless, but there was one catch - humans seemed ashamed of their figures and covered themselves with clothing. The demon knew he would have to find some to continue his search.

The way each human responded to a crisis was different. The sirens sent some fleeing to shelters, others practically ignored it, some sought out the paranormal incursion, and others tried to be brave. For Dean Cooper, he was trying to be brave for the sake of his son. His work had closed when word of a hellmouth opening had reached them, and rather than heading to the shelter, Dean was heading into the zone trying to reach Sam... though he wasn't making much progress.

Traffic had come to a stand still. Some were trying to flee the zone while hunters were heading in. It had all become a terrible mess until Dean had eventually pulled his car to the side and abandoned it. He moved down the streets on foot, his blue button up shirt betraying a bit of sweat and his khaki slacks getting some dirt around the cuffs. Dean was forty years old, his dark brown hair swept back. He had a slightly pointed chin but a nice strong jaw, his cheek bones fairly developed.

The sight of a business man tromping down the sidewalks was a little unusual in the crisis, but as Dean got closer to the school there were more and more parents around. Dean recognized some from the PTA, the swim team events. They were milling about across the street from the school, standing beneath the shade of the big trees. Dean moved up and looked across the street, seeing why exactly everyone had come to a stop.

The school had been fully locked down. The windows were covered, the doors were reinforced, and some hunters had taken up position outside the school. Dean was flummoxed. He'd come to save Sam and maybe even Tommy, to take them home, but it seemed they were already safe. If anything, they were safer than he could be, and they were going to be locked up for hours until the hunters were reasonably sure the demon had been caught or had fled the area.

A pair of reddish brown eyes turned, looking Dean over. They belonged to a very tall man with broad shoulders, his silvery hair pulled back into a ponytail. His billowing salt and pepper beard was dense, obscuring all but a hint of his lower lip, and his pants seemed entirely too tight, showing off his pert ass and his ample package. The man looked at Dean for a long moment and took a deep whiff.

He could smell many things on the human; his own scent, a mix of vitality and loneliness. He could also smell the scents of where he had been... an office filled with paperwork and stale coffee, a house with other people... young people... a teenager, and... and... his son. The demon's eyes widened in surprise. He had not expected things to come together in such a way. His son was alive, and this human had been near him that day?

"Excuse me..." The demon in disguise said, moving over to Dean, "Have you seen my son? He's-" The demon hesitated. His son was good at hexes, perhaps the human didn't know he had been around a demon prince, "He's about this tall, he likes to shave his hair on the sides, sort of a sweet personality?" The demon asked hopefully. Dean looked at the man, his features, his size before he chuckled.

"Are you Tommy's dad? If you are, he's got a lot more growing to do by the looks of it." Dean smiled. The demon only took a moment. He knew his son by his given name, Teomalik, but he could see how his son might have arrived at that name. The demon smiled wide.

"Of course, yes... So you've seen him, today?" he asked.

"Yeah! Oh dear, I thought he'd be keeping in better touch... He's been at our place every day for the last week. He and Sammy get along so well." Dean said, offering a hand, "I'm Dean, Dean Cooper." he offered. The demon looked out at the hand, his smile shifting from relief to one of intrigue. He reached out and took it, intertwining his fingers with Dean's. Dean was surprised for a moment, but suddenly started to feel warm, comfortable, almost too hot. He looked up at the man before him in a new way.

"You know boys... Rebellious, trying to sew their wild oats, to find their own identity. I bet you were the same when you were younger. I know I was..." he said. Dean nodded numbly, feeling as if he had found an incredibly old friend with whom he could share everything.

"Well, I can only say nice things about Tommy. Since he started coming over, it's like everything's changed with my son. He's more relaxed, more confident, like he's finally comfortable in his own skin. We've been getting along better than ever. Tommy's had such a stabilizing effect on us. And we've been doing our best for him too. He seems to love my cooking." Dean said. The demon gave a small nod of his head, never breaking eye contact.

"That means a lot to me, Dean. You've been looking after my boy, making sure he's safe and well cared for. I'd like to thank you, if you can think of a way." he said, his voice growing softer, drawing Dean in more. Dean blushed.

"You should come over for dinner, I don't know how long it'll take for this to get sorted. We can pass the time until our boys get out." Dean offered.

"That sounds wonderful, Dean. I know we could find ways to pass the time." the demon said, "Maybe sew some wild oats of our own." he offered. Dean's eyes widened.

"I mean I-I..." Dean stammered, blushing more, though he smiled a bit, "I haven't... done anything like that since Samantha, and... with a guy, not since my experimental phase in college." he whispered. The demon chuckled longer and harder.

"Then there's no time like the present. If Tommy brought your son a stabilizing influence, imagine... what I could do." he whispered before he leaned in for a kiss. Dean was caught completely off guard as that soft, billowy beard pressed to his face. It took some exploration through it to find the man's mouth, but when he did the lips parted and a huge, long, powerful tongue slid into his mouth.

Dean gave a muffled moan as he tasted the tongue, feeling it glide over his and whip around. The big, burly, muscled man pulled Dean in closer, the embrace full and complete. Muscled arms wrapped around him as their groins touched. Dean was shocked, knowing there were other parents around - but then he felt that huge, hot, hard package against his groin. Tommy's dad was packing, and he loved it. Dean surrendered himself to it, and as he did, his body seemed to shimmer, almost pushing out of his skin, an after image of himself leaking out.

The demon began to draw in on Dean's soul, suckling and savoring it, tasting it, getting a feel for it. Dean was a hard worker, too hard. He gave too much of himself to his work and what little was left to their sons. He had ignored his heart, his body, everything for so long. He was a lost soul, and the demon knew in that moment he wasn't returning home. If this was where Tommy had decided to live, he was sure he could make a home for himself too. He'd come out of curiosity, a crime in the demon world, but the crime was worth whatever fate came.

Dean felt like melted butter. He was wrapped in a tight embrace, cock to cock with another man, and he didn't want to stop. He sucked on the tongue in his mouth and began to grind and hump against the other man. The demon grinned despite the kiss, reaching down. His hand started to grope Dean's butt, and in response the flat flesh began to inflate and round and billow, becoming pert and strong and fit. The demon loved how malleable the human was and built it out more and more, the perfect bubble ass with a quivering pucker nestled in between.

A moan escaped the demon's lips before he focused his energies elsewhere. Dean's shaft was plenty hard, tenting in his pants, but soon it was getting harder, aching like cracking stone as it surged longer and thicker, adding on an inch to both, then another. Their affections, however, had not gone unnoticed. There were words of surprise, some of disgust and others of envy, as the other parents started to disperse from around them, trying to find another spot.

The kiss finally ended and Dean gasped for breath. He panted, looking up at the man before him. He was like a god... salt and pepper beard, hair the color of sunrise on a river in Alaska... but Dean realized something shocked, something that shook him to his core. He blushed even more, feeling terrible.

"I... I don't even know your name." Dean said. The demon let out a soft grunt. To know a name was to have power over a thing, but his son had been wise enough not to give his true name out even to his human lover. The demon considered for a long moment before he looked at Dean again.

"I am Maximus." he declared finally. Dean grinned, lowering a hand down to the demon's crotch, groping him a bit through the black denim that covered it.

"I would say you are..." Dean said, licking his lips, "So, Max, how about we go to my place, make the most of the time before the boys get home?" he asked. The demon grinned broadly.

The front door burst open to the house and Dean stumbled in, moaning as Max fumbled with his pants from behind, getting the belt off and ripping open his slacks. Powerful hands tugged his underwear down and got out his hard, hard cock. Dean all but yelped, throwing his head back into that burly, huge beard, panting hard. Max started to stroke off the human's cock, feeling his hand glide up and down the length, stretching the flesh, teasing it and stimulating it. Dean whimpered.

"The front door is open, the neighbors could see..." he moaned. Max leaned down, licking the human's ear.

"Let them see. You've put this off too long. You are not just a man, you are a beast, you are a creature of lust and passion. You are vital, ready to mate, to fuck, to be free." Max said. Dean moaned harder, gasping, and then cumming. His pearly seed showered down onto the carpet. Max grinned and focused more of his energies into the human. Dean's gasp grew and grew as the orgasm didn't stop. He fountained like a geyser, and then his cock started to grow longer... and longer... and longer.

"What... What... wh..." Dean panted, not able to control himself anymore, his eyes glazing over with lust. As much as Max wanted to show off to the world, he couldn't betray his true nature to the neighbors. The air rippled with heat as his guise started to melt, a spaded demon tail emerging, flicking out to shut the front door. As it did, his well tanned skin shifted back to a rich crimson.

His thick, tight body began to expand again back to its normal size. His stolen shirt split out down the back, his pants exploded at the seams and the scraps of fabric fell to the ground. Even his shoes tore and split out as his feet grew and grew into huge hooves. What had been trapped beneath the denim was finally out and a huge, thick, obsidian black equine shaft came slapping down onto the perfect bubble butt he had given Dean. Dean whimpered, standing in front of the demon.

"I have to admit, when I experimented in college, I was still the one on top." Dean said. Max chuckled at that.

"Then this will be quite a new experience, won't it?" Max asked. No human was going to top him. He brought his shaft to that quivering, hungry pucker he had given the human and then closed his eyes. Thick, yellowed demon cum began to gush out across it in thick, hot spurts, dribbling down to the floor. Some landed on Dean's spilled load, and slowly the yellowed seed tainted and turned the pearly cum until it was one big puddle of feral spooze.

Once he'd suitably coated Dean's ass, Max began pushing forward. Dean gasped more, surprised at how big his partner was and how oddly blunt his tool felt. Max admired his own horse like meat, loving how flat the tip was, and the medial ring. It was immense, worthy of a

demon king. He pushed forward and, after stretching Dean quite a ways, popped in. Inches of demon cock slid up into the human and Dean nearly fainted, but he grabbed onto the back of the couch for support and moaned.

Max held himself there for a moment before he pulled back and then thrust in again, this time deeper. Dean nearly rose to his tip toes as he felt his intestines invaded by the cock. Max started to slide back and forth on regular beats, working up a pace, starting to really go at it. Dean moaned and panted and grunted more, loving it. He couldn't help but think of Sam and Tommy, how he'd coaxed them, let them know he supported them if that was the sort of thing they were into. He wanted to be the inclusive, loving father. Now... he was being loved by Tommy's dad, and he never wanted it to stop.

Max threw back his head as his horns reemerged, jutting out and up from his head, standing tall and proud. His tail flicked, his hooves shifted, his muscles rippled and his tattoos emerged again. He watched inches of his huge meat slide into the human... but he couldn't help himself. He was so curious about this malleable human. He could tell his soul was good, but it was also hungry. Max licked his lips and then focused.

The demon's energies began to expand beyond his body, his soul leaving it slightly, an after image jutting forward with each thrust like an echo of his movement. That energy, that piece of soul, was slipping into Dean. Dean felt heat and power and lust fill him. His eyes, glazed with lust, started to glaze over with something else as the brown of his eyes turned red and the sclera turned yellow. He began to drool and pant more, his teeth sharpening into points and fangs. His ears stretched into points as well, taking on a red tinge.

The human grunted and moaned, his nipples becoming hard as diamonds and growing larger as a tuft of soft, thick fur sprouted from his chest. Max wanted to tear the human's shirt open, but he didn't know he was being fucked by a demon - not yet at least. Max poured more of himself into Dean, watching the human soak up the demon soul, make it a part of himself. Dean grunted and growled, gnashing his fangs as his tongue split into forks.

Dean reached down as his fingernails grew into long, black claws, grabbing his cock with one hand - then two. He squeezed and stroked and molested his meat, tugging and yanking, jerking it off, drooling more and more as his cock surged again. Inches spooled out of his shaft, the meat thickening and getting veiny. There was so much growth that it reached the tip at the edges faster than the center. His mushroom shaped tip blunted and fattened up, the urethra getting bigger and bigger.

The former human's surging hands slipped up and down his now immense meat, feeling a bump in the middle, a piece of cartilage forming, the medial ring. He was hung like a horse, just like his partner. Dean growled and howled as his toes fused together, his leather shoes groaning as they stretched. Bones merged, keratin slipped, and the work shoes split out as new hooves emerged. Even Dean's perfect bubble ass quivered as his tailbone pushed out from his body, the bone stretching out to make room for another, then another, then another.

Max hissed in bliss as he felt the brand new appendage snake around his waist. The tip flattened and splayed out to a spade tip, but the length grew out of Dean's ass inches at a time. The forty year old man leaned back, gazing up at Max... and his horns... and his red skin. He gasped in shock and then came harder than he ever had in his life, gushing out the last of his human cum before thick globs of yellowed demon spunk shot out. Max grinned wide.

"How do you feel, lover?" he asked. Dean was shocked to say the least... but the demon was part of him now. He had a deeper understanding of himself, the universe, of everything. He grinned a fang filled smile.

"Ready for round two?" he asked, reaching a clawed hand up to caress Maximus' thick, bushy salt and pepper beard. Max let out a deep, resounding growl of pleasure.

The sun had been setting for a while, oranges and purples swirling like tie die across the sky. On the one hand Sam was annoyed that they had lost so much time in the bunker, but on the other hand they had done their homework early and even turned it in to their teacher. With that out of the way, Sam was looking forward to a good, home cooked meal and some cuddle fucking before bed. He crossed the sidewalk to the house, Tommy right behind him.

Sam opened the door and stepped in before hesitating. The lights were still off, but his dad's car was outside. There was no smell of dinner cooking, but there was an odd spicy, salty, musky scent filling the air. He stepped in further, looking around in utter confusion.

"Dad? Are you home?" Sam asked. Tommy came in behind him, sniffing at the air in confusion before his eyes widened. Two figures emerged from the hall, both wearing robes - specifically, Dean's robes. Dean looked as if he'd come back from the spa. His hair was silky, his skin glistening, everything about him seemed healthy, full, vibrant. The man next to him was so big that the robe failed to cover his immense hairy chest or legs, barely hiding his mammoth meat. Tommy looked as pale as a ghost, at least until Max spoke.

"Teomalik! Reveal yourself!" Max declared. As if glass shattered, Tommy's hex disappeared, revealing him in his red skinned, spade tailed, black satyr legged glory. He shuddered, panting hard.

"Dad, what the fuck?!" Tommy questioned.

"Do not speak to your father that way!" Max replied. Sam, however, was wide eyed.

"Dad? What... the... fuck..." Sam muttered. Dean shook his head.

"Max and I... we bumped into each other outside the school, trying to get to you. Kind of ironic since he's the demon that set off the alarm, but... we bonded. We're both fathers that love our sons, we both were a little lost in our jobs... Trying to make the best we can." Dean said.

"Our dads are..." Sam muttered.

"It's more than that now. We are mates, we are connected." Max said. Tommy grinned a little at that, turning to Sam.

"So, we're like brothers..." he said, reaching down to grope his boyfriend. Sam swallowed at that, not quite sure how he felt. He knew they weren't blood related in anyway, so the taboo, if anything, was superficial and more of a kink than anything. Still, explaining any of that to a human in the real world...

"How did... I mean, you just said how you met, but how did any of this happen?" Sam asked. Max moved over, not to his son, but to Sam. He reached up and brought a finger to the tuft of dark hair on the teenager's chin. As he stroked it it began to thicken and stretch out, covering his fair chin, coming down into a point an inch, then two beneath his chin. Sam began to gasp, getting very, very hard. With a grin, Max leaned down to kiss Sam.

Sam grunted in surprise, but then he shuddered. Max began to let their spirits mingle, their after images blurring a little. He tasted the human boy that had become his son's mate, feeling their connection, their bond. It was something true, something noble. Sam had saved Tommy's life... and Max wanted to give him a reward. Stubble began pushing out of Sam's upper lip, soft at first before it darkened into the start of a mustache.

"Dad!" Tommy protested. Max looked up at his son, breaking the kiss. Sam wobbled a bit, his pants growing wet as he came and soaked his crotch.

"You chose your mate, Tommy... He should befit a demon prince. Do you have any idea what you could turn him into? He'd be so handsome with a beard like mine, maybe even bigger... or a huge horse cock. Maybe even two." Max said. Tommy blushed, though with his red skin his cheeks turned purple.

"Dad, I... I don't want to mess anything up." Tommy said. Max chuckled softly.

"You wouldn't mess him up, you'd be freeing him from his human limitations." Max said. Sam looked up at the big bearded demon.

"A-as good... as this feels, and... as interesting as that sounds, I... I'm Tommy's boyfriend. I want him to be the... one doing to me... whatever he wants... to..." Sam said. Max murmured in consideration before nodding.

"A shame though... You'd be very fetching with my influence." he said, "But maybe it'll let Tommy learn how to be the prince he was born to be." Max said. Sam turned, looking at his boyfriend.

"You're a prince?" Sam asked. Tommy blushed again and nodded.

"Yeah, I mean... Technically. I have twelve brothers, so they're all princes." Tommy said. Sam's jaw dropped at that, but Dean cooed, rubbing Max's furry chest.

"Thirteen sons? You are pretty amazing." Dean whispered. Max purred.

"And now they'll all call you father as well, my love. You're the father of a demonic brood, they'll worship you, they'll-" Max was cut off.

"They will not, they're back in our realm... And you've messed up Mister Cooper!" Tommy protested. Dean took his hand off Max and stepped over.

"It's not like that Tommy. I know... things changed fast. You were gone one day and all this happened. I know that... Max changed me, physically, but... what he said about me... what he knew about me, was all true. I was very lonely, I was... lost." Dean said. Tommy shifted a little.

"And... you're happier now?" Tommy asked. Dean nodded.

"Now that I know the truth, yes. I know that my son... fell in love with a very amazing individual, that love brought him such peace. And that I might be worthy of love like that myself." Dean said. Sam and Tommy shifted a bit.

"He actually saved my life." Tommy admitted, "I'd been shot with arrows and a bullet, he brought me in, nursed me back to health with his own soul. I've... wanted to tell you, but couldn't figure out a way." Tommy explained. Sam blushed, Dean grinned, and Max looked back at the human.

"You saved my son's life... in a hostile world, you gave him what he had been missing all this time. I will give you a reward befitting your act of compassion - when my son allows it." Max grinned. Tommy blushed more at that before he grabbed Sam by the arm.

"I think we all have a lot to think about... and we're going to go to our room... before my dad kisses my boyfriend again." Tommy said.

"It was just to taste his soul..." Max protested.

"The mustache looks good by the way." Dean said.

"Thanks dad." Sam grinned. Tommy groaned and rolled his eyes, pulling his boyfriend down the hall to their room.

"I think that went well." Dean said, turning. Before he could let out another word, Max kissed him deeply. Dean melted into the kiss, bringing their bodies together as they started to grind and hump against one another.

Sam laid on his bed, staring up at the ceiling. Tommy had his head resting on Sam's chest, his hand stroking his boyfriend's leg.

"I'm just going to have to call out sick tomorrow. This is too much to take in all at once." Sam said. Tommy grinned wide.

"I love it when you call out sick, we have such great sex!" Tommy said.

"Don't get me wrong, I mean, you're always horny, but are you hornier now than usual?" Sam asked. Tommy shifted a little.

"I... I guess." Tommy said softly, "Back home, I was the runt of the litter. You had to prove yourself, but you didn't get much usually. Food, sex, all of it. And yet my dad expected me to become this big, strong, powerful demon just like him. Well, even though coming to the human world is taboo, you hear stories... They say it's a crime to be curious, but I thought... maybe I'd have a better chance. The thing is, I really did."

"The documentary at school, it made it sound like it might be a one way trip?" Sam asked. Tommy shrugged.

"Most of your planet doesn't have what we need to break through the realms, but there are places... Volcanos and stuff I guess, and sites where very dark deeds were done." Tommy said.

"So your dad is probably here to stay, with... my dad." Sam said. Tommy nodded.

"I guess so." Tommy said. Sam shifted a little more.

"I think I need a drink of water. I'll be right back." Sam said, wriggling out from under Tommy, giving him a quick kiss on the lips.

The door to Sam's room creaked open as he stepped out, sweat still beading his brow. It had been a long, strange, amazing day to say the least. It was exhilarating, though, and Sam still had a bit of a smile on his lips as he turned to move down the hall to get a glass of water. Before he reached the end, though, Max stepped into the hall at the end. He took up the whole hall, his horns brushing the ceiling and his shoulders scraping the sides. He'd given up his human guise and stood in his huge demonic glory.

"Hey." Sam said gently, trying not to look directly at the demon king's very erect equine member. Max reached out a hand and rested it on Sam's shoulder.

"I really meant what I said, about thanking you for saving my son's life." he said. Sam shook his head.

"It's okay, I mean, any good person would have done the same." Sam said.

"I've seen this world, I know that isn't true. Compassion is a crime. You did something special, and it's time for your reward." Max said. Sam had been too tired to realize what the demon dad was doing until he felt the cool air across his own canine phallus, his underwear drawn down. Sam blushed, especially as Max gave it a squeeze and elicited a moan from the mostly human young man. Max chuckled, "Not bad for a start... but I think you, and my son, deserve a true gift." he said before he stepped forward.

Sam wasn't sure what Max meant, but his eyes widened in shock as he felt something tight, hot, and wet sliding around his cock. He looked down in surprise to see Max's huge midnight black equine shaft sliding around his own cock, enveloping it with apparent ease. It slipped over the pointed tip, then the tapered shaft. Sam fumbled for the wall, grabbing onto the thermostat to keep himself standing as waves of pleasure radiated through his body. Max pushed down all the way to the hilt, his cock completely engulfing the human's corrupted meat.

Max gave one big grin, closed his eyes, and then came voluntarily. Sam gasped louder and nearly fell to his knees, but something aside from the horse cock around his own kept him standing. He felt like he was having a reverse orgasm as the thick, hot cum of the demon king was flowing up his length, through his system, past his prostate and to his balls - balls that were starting to darken, turning from peach to red to black as they grew bigger and bigger and bigger, pushing past the size of oranges, then grapefruits, hanging lower and throbbing with mounting power..

Sam shuddered as he received the demonic blessing, but he felt other changes sweeping through his body. His skin felt hot, the circulation increasing and pumping blood and nutrients closer to the skin. His arms tingled as the light dusting of hair he had darkened from clear to brown and then black, then more hairs sprouting to join the ones he'd grown on his own. His shoulders felt warm as well, the skin starting to stretch as the muscles beneath began to bulk and build, pressing outward as they grew. Max licked his lips slowly, watching as he corrupted his son's boyfriend more and more.

"All the better to protect him with." Max murmured, though his eyes burned with pleasure as he saw Sam's face starting to darken with the shadow of thickening stubble. Sam was so overwhelmed with the changes that he hadn't noticed at first, but as the mustache the demon king had coaxed from his upper lip earlier stretched down on either side of his mouth, he realized his facial hair was growing once more. The mustache descended, growing into the goatee that hung from his chin, but it hardly stood out as a distinct ring as thousands of tiny hairs sprouted out across his cheeks. They rippled back like wheat blowing in the wind. Unlike Sam's natural stubble, they emerged already dark and mature, pressing outward centimeter by centimeter.

Sam's mouth hung open as he panted for breath, making it all the more exciting for Max to watch... but he craved more. The demon king's lips curled as he bore his fangs and pressed harder, cumming faster and with more intent. Sam wobbled and nearly fell back but a clawed

hand slipped around to grab his ample, broad, powerful shoulder and keep him upright. As Sam moaned softly, his mustache grew in longer, creeping down over his upper lip. The tendrils coming down on either side of his mouth became more robust, no longer just growing into the goatee but draping and dangling over the hair... hair that was pushing out in defiance of Sam's age, curving down and growing out in longer and longer waves.

Max could feel Sam's tainted, twisted cock growing longer and fatter inside of his own. It was plump and hot and big, the seal tight as the demon kept pumping his corrupting sperm into Sam. He watched as Sam's pants sank down lower as the young man's ass cheeks began to swell and round, fattening up and growing outward. The dark hair of his bush billowed and spread, adorning the perfect V of muscles coming down to support the huge cock and pendulous balls he now sported. As the pants sagged and suddenly fell around his feet, the fabric slipped over legs darkened by thickets of black hair.

"That's it, Sam... Oh yes... You're coming into your own now, you'll be the kind of stud my son deserves and you'll have the pleasure a hero has earned." Max grinned, watching as Sam's canine teeth extended outward into sharper fangs, his tongue starting to get longer, and his half lidded eyes gleamed with yellow light... but it wasn't enough. Max focused, pouring more into Sam. The half-human gasped suddenly as his nipples began to plump and fatten, sticking out from hairy pectorals that were inflating over a stomach that darkened with hair and muscle. It was good but Max was a creature of excess and vice... and Sam was such a good canvas to work his dark art on.

In mere moments Sam had grown the body hair of a thirty or forty year old on the fit and firm frame of someone in the prime of their early twenties, but that wasn't enough for Max. Dark hair bristled across his fit shoulders, growing into the hair on his arms and chest. What had already sprouted beneath his arms was growing longer and untamed. Sam's fingers clutched at the thermostat to stay upright, though his fingernails darkened and thickened, the pliable keratin turning sharp and unforgiving as they stretched out into claws.

The young man's toes dug into the hallway carpet, clenching and unclenching, feeling the tug as new claws snagged in the fabric before slicing their way free. Sam didn't care. His body was humming with power and pleasure and profound lust. His cheeks were tight as his face maneuvered into countless orgasmic expressions, feeling stiffer now that they were the support framework for such a thick and encompassing beard - a beard that showed no signs of slowing... The new hair had spread its frontiers across the underside of his jaw, then his throat, creeping all the way back to the edge of his ears. It barely dipped from the corners of his lips across his cheeks, giving ample fertile flesh to anchor the mane that was pushing out from his skin.

Thick, silver drool leaked from Max's mouth as he watched Sam twist and change. The hair billowed out of his face, stretching and growing, thickening and lengthening. It poured out of his chin, his jaw and his cheeks, growing out inch by inch by inch. The hair coming from his sideburns fanned straight back while the rest seemed to contour and flow like a slow motion cascade of water. Soon Sam was drooling as well, his new fangs glistening, his beard sliding across his collar bone, then his sternum. The beard fanned outward as well as down, the outer edges wide enough to brush the front of his shoulder bones while the bottom edge slipped across his abdomen, then his navel.

Max shuddered with the power of corruption, of excess, of absurd masculinity he was responsible for. It wasn't until the longest hairs were starting to tickle Max's demonic equine member that the hair finally slowed, splitting ever so slightly to either side of their conjoined cocks. Sam sported a beard worthy of gods, of monsters, of demons and kings. It obscured his entire chest, a testament to his manhood... or more accurately, his demonhood. He had claws on his hands and feet, he had a perfect, powerful body, he had a plump, fat cock. He just needed one last touch.

The demon king leaned forward, bringing their hot, wet, beard rimmed mouths together for a quick kiss. With that, Sam came harder than he ever had in his life. The pressure reversed and built and the embedded cock slid back until the two separated with a wet pop. Thick fountains of corrupted seed sputtered out onto the carpet, splattering between them. Sam's manhood had been completely canine before, but now it was a hybrid of the two, maintaining a pointed tip and knot but uniformly thick and broad down the middle with a median ring - and ready for play at a moment's notice. Both men's cocks continued to expel demon seed, but Sam shuddered as it took its final phase on.

Sam's cock had been small enough to fit inside the demon king's passage, but now... now that was changing fast. It distended, stretched, elongated. Inch after inch of new flesh formed as the hybrid meat grew to truly leave Sam hung like a horse. He shuddered, especially as his knot grew bigger than ever before, sticking out on either side of his shaft. Sam kept cumming, standing there, looking up in awe. Max reached down and caressed Sam's huge beard, running his fingers through it, feeling how soft and full it was.

"We are family now." Max said, "You are my son, you are my son's husband, we are one, and we will be very happy." he said. Sam nodded softly.

"I know we will." Sam replied, his voice deeper than he remembered. Max grinned at that and nodded, giving Sam's face one last pet before he returned the way he had come. Deciding he no longer needed a glass of water, Sam turned back and moved into his bedroom. Tommy looked up, about to ask what his dad wanted before his jaw dropped.

"S... Sam?!" Tommy asked, hopping out of bed and moving over. Sam grinned softly, only the tips of his fangs visible beneath his mustache.

"How do I look?" he asked. Tommy considered for a moment, looking him over.

"You look like my dad." he said with a stunned but slightly awed grin.

"Is that a compliment or a bad thing?" Sam asked. Tommy grinned and blushed.

"As much as I didn't want to admit it, I can't deny my roots. My dad is very hot, very sexy. And I think he gave you the best parts of himself.... and you were already so amazing to start with." Tommy said.

"So, you still want to fuck me?" Sam asked. Tommy growled.

"More than you know. I'll fuck you for years and years, until we start to get grey in our hair too." Tommy said. Sam grinned a little.

"Maybe... we'll have sons of our own someday." Sam whispered.

"You'll make a handsome demon dad." Tommy said with a smile, gazing into Sam's eyes. He saw the young man that had saved his life, but he also saw the beastly man he had become. Tommy caressed his lover's cheek, resolving something to himself, "I want to give you everything I have to give."

"I know... and I think I'm ready, but not here. If that hex is good enough to hide us from any hikers or hunters, I think I know just the spot." Sam said with a grin.

Sunlight streamed down across the babbling creek, shining on the shallow water like silver. Moss swayed with the shifting current and the tall cotton wood trees rustled as the wind passed through the leaves. It was an out of the way stretch of riverside, miles from the nearest parklands. Sam had found it once when taking an inflatable raft down as far as he could until it got too shallow. Now he stood there with something very different in mind. Sam stood on the creek-side stones like some modified version of a Greek god. His dark hair came cascading down, contrasting with the enormous beard he now sported. His exposed hairy skin was kissed by the sun, and an impressive hybrid horse-canine shaft hung down over his overstuffed balls.

Sam was almost regal with how proud and confident he was. There were no more questions in life, at least not ones that mattered. He was sure of his place, he was sure of his self worth. He had a boyfriend that loved him... and now he was considering the next phase of life. In a way the decision had already been made for him. His dad had crossed over the line and was demonic, and he had a new dad now too... a king of the underworld. One of the kings anyhow.

But none of that compared to Tommy. Standing just downstream, he had let go of his human guise. His tan skin had faded away to crimson, his poofy hair seeming so styled when it naturally just stayed that way. The silver, white and black tattoos around his crimson neck glistened in the sun, and his fine fit form slipped down to his wooly black furry digitigrade legs. His hooves were underwater now, but he was wading in further, his canine shaft still plump despite being distracted. His tail whipped around behind him, almost betraying just how curious he was.

In all his time on Earth, Tommy had never been to a creek. Rivers of magma were to be feared in the underworld, but this? This was... nice. Just like the bath, but so much bigger! He waded in more until he hit that line and gasped, having to adjust. Sam chuckled and moved out, hissing a bit as he felt the cold water against his legs.

"How did you find the only deep spot?" Sam asked. Tommy looked up at his lover.

"Why is it so cold?!" he asked. Sam chuckled.

"It's snow melt from the mountains." he responded.

"What mountains?!" Tommy asked. Sam looked around and shrugged.

"I don't know." he smirked, "Come back to the shore, you can warm up."

"No, It's okay, I think I'm adjusting." Tommy said, his tail snaking back and forth through the water before he nodded and turned, grabbing Sam.

Sam murmured as he was pulled into a kiss. Tommy leaned into it, pressing their bodies tight, their cocks squeezed beneath their powerful bodies. Tommy's tongue slipped back and forth across Sam's lips before pushing inside. Sam only playfully resisted for a moment before he let the tongue invade, and let his own parry back. The two embraced for a long moment, Tommy cuddling and rubbing before he broke the kiss.

The two gazed into each other's eyes for a long moment. Tommy reached up, caressing his hand across Sam's cheek and beard, then down his shoulder and then down his ribs. He got a good feel for him before he lowered his head and rested it against Sam's chest, his horns pushing against the skin. Sam held Tommy there for a long moment, enjoying the embrace and the protection of the hex cast around the area.

"Once we do this, there's no going back." Tommy said, looking back up again. Sam nodded.

"I had that feeling, but I don't care. I'm with you, you're with me. We're in this together." Sam said. Tommy smiled at that and nodded.

"Then this time, I want you to take me." Tommy said. Sam's eyebrows arched a little.

"Really?" he asked. Tommy nodded and turned, squeezing back. It felt a little like cuddling at first, but then Sam realized that Tommy was using his ass to try and get him aroused. It worked. Blood flowed into his member and it swelled larger and thicker, growing hard in moments. It's new shape made it a formidable tool; blunt and strong, but with tapered grace and a knot waiting to perform its duties.

Sam bore his teeth a bit and leaned down to kiss, and then softly bite Tommy's neck. Tommy leaned back into it, groaning, grinding his ass against Sam harder. The hybrid human moaned, lifting his hips up and down, sloshing in the water, grinding between those pert demonic cheeks. Tommy's tail slowly coiled around Sam's midsection, holding him there.

Sam pulled back just enough to get room, letting his cock come down, the head teasing the puffy pucker his boyfriend had. All the times they'd been together, Tommy had always been the one topping him. This felt like a change... but a welcome one.

Bracing himself, Sam suddenly thrust forward into Tommy. His ring resisted but for a second before accepting the huge, hard, black cock into his depths. Sam thrust in inch after inch until he came to a stop, but his soul kept going. His soul echoed forward in an afterimage, blurring and shimmering. Tommy drank it in, feeding off the surplus, feeling his own energies dripping into the wellspring of life his boyfriend held. They were merging in one sense, becoming one.

Sam gasped. It was like he had felt with Tommy's dad, but so much stronger. He groaned and began to thrust back and forth, picking up speed, working harder and faster. Tommy grunted and moaned, his ass pulling in more of the meat with each thrust. Sam grunted and growled and shifted, moaning hard.

The first changes were subtle ones, enhancements to changes that had been building over their time together; Sam's already broad shoulders popped and snapped as they grew even wider and thicker. His biceps and triceps expanded further, his legs thickened, and his stomach began to press forward as his abdominal muscles formed a powerful shield across his gut... but it was more than that. Max had gifted Sam with copious body hair, but the forest on his legs was tingling and burning again as even more hairs swept out. His well tanned skin disappeared as the hair turned into fur around his knees, his ankles, his hips. The fur swept across his bubble butt and his tailbone started to ache and hurt.

Even in the midst of sex, Sam was forced to think back to one of the times he had fallen in gym and landed on his tailbone. It had hurt for months, but now that pain was intensified. Sam moaned and gasped as his tailbone stretched outward, pulling the skin to its limit. It

extended, thickened, grew, and then dislodged. A moment later a new bone formed in the gap, then another and another. Beneath the surface a web of muscle and ligament stretched out, anchoring to the bone, growing tougher in turn. Soon the nub was wriggling on its own and moving around. The cool water washing over their bodies almost seemed to help keep things in check. Sam's blood was boiling, but he liked it. Sweat beaded on his forehead and ran down his face as his well tanned skin began to darken and redden, taking on crimson hues that became brighter with each passing second.

"Tommy..." Sam moaned softly, groaning, grinding, leaning down to bite his lover's neck. Tommy leaned into the teeth, feeling the fangs press against his flesh. Sam's tongue tingled and throbbed before the tip split into two snake-like points. Sam moaned and drooled more, his tongue darkening to a deep purple.

"C... Call me... Teomalik, just this time, tell me what to do..." Tommy whispered. Sam grinned a little at that.

"Teomalik, take my cock deep inside you." Sam said. Tommy's head snapped back and his eyes turned solid yellow for a second as he called out in delight. Sam grunted and then gasped as he got another inch, two, three, four, then five into Tommy. It was like returning a sword to its scabbard, and in moments the plump, fat base of Sam's cock popped into that tight muscled ring.

Tommy moaned, looking down at the stomach bulge he had from the big member inside of him. A name was power, and his lover had power over him. It was the true position of a demon... and that was what Sam would be now. From the point of intrusion, from the point where Sam had claimed Tommy, rich swirls of red swept out across his navel, his abdomen, his hips, his back. The red swept up over his pectorals, his shoulders, his arms and neck. It crept under his beard and crossed his cheeks, surrounding his eyes and bridging his nose.

The pale, dull, pink human skin was gone, replaced with durable, vibrant red demon skin. The white of his eyes began to glimmer, taking on a yellow hue as the brown drained from his irises. Soon Sam was taking in the sight of his lover's backside with the gaze of a demon. Sam's ears snapped and popped as they came to full points. His silky brownish black hair began to blow in the wind, taking on more volume, not just lying flat.

Tommy moaned, clenching down, using his muscles to massage that huge meat inside of him. As if inspired by the coaxing, Sam's knot inflated, swelling until they were locked tight. Each thrust only worked the boys' hips back and forth, immobile in their coupling. That worked fine for Sam. He shifted gears, focusing on grinding and bucking, moving to kiss and bite the other side of Tommy's neck.

The water sloshed and flowed around the two as they moved, but soon a hot hand wrapped around Tommy's cock. Sam squeezed and stroked it, working it base to tip and back, picking up pace. Tommy thrust into the hand, picking up speed as Sam's fingernails turned black and grew outward, putting on an inch and a half as they thickened, coming to a point, forming claws. Tommy moaned and then howled, unleashing a load of demon cum into the creek.

Sam felt his lover orgasm, but he wanted... more. He wanted it all. He leaned in, kissing the base of Tommy's neck before he opened his mouth and started to inhale, but not... quite with his lungs. Tommy's body rippled before an afterimage of his form left his body, clinging but

apart. Sam got a rush of... emotions; romance, lust, fulfillment, rebellion, loyalty. He loved the taste and took it into himself before he groaned.

The feeling of being well fed was quickly replaced by a great pressure in his head. It built fast to the point of pain, feeling like something was clawing, trying to get out. Bulges formed on his forehead, the red skin irritated and swollen above his temples. One side quivered and the skin split before a red horn emerged, curving outward with a drop of blood running down his face. A moment later, the other side mirrored.

The pain faded quickly as the horns emerged, replaced with a strange feeling almost like twin erections. New bone formed swiftly, oozing out of his skull, curving up into fine points. They were modest, like Tommy's, but maybe thicker. He was, after all, the one that looked more like Max... Maybe he did take after his new dad after all; big horns, big dick, big everything. Sam moaned, grunting as his ass cheeks pushed apart from one another. His tail had been growing in during the entire exchange, but it had gotten a lot thicker in the last few minutes.

While Tommy's tail was more monkey-like, uniform from base to tip, Sam's was getting wider at the base almost like a dragon tail. It spread outward, the amount of muscle and flesh he was waving about was intense. The changes were finally enough to overwhelm his senses. He couldn't keep it all in check and he finally came. It built up, hesitated, and then went.

Tommy nearly fell face first into the water as he felt the fire hose going off in his ass. His mate had knotted him, then cum in him. He felt the hot salty seed filling his ass, then even his belly. They were connected, they were one. He leaned back into the powerful, hairy chest of the red skinned behemoth. Sam held Tommy, riding wave after wave of bliss. His human shell was gone. He was a demon, just like his boyfriend, just like his fathers.

They were two demons making love in a creek, the water swirling around their wooly satyr like legs. Sam held Tommy where he was, basking in it, loving it. He thought about how he had let instinct lead to saving Tommy. The crime of compassion had led to him losing his humanity, but it was a price worth paying, a price he'd gladly pay... Now they were one, truly bound, and the future... The future was an unknown frontier they would explore together. Sam threw his head back and let out a resolute howl as he came again and again, pumping his seed into Tommy's body and soul.