

## The Bone Coast

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Each passing moment inside the classroom felt like an eternity. The radiator sizzled and clanked, the rank air was stuffy and the sharp tip of the minute hand on the clock refused to move. The teacher was droning on and on in a monotone that would harden cement and Baph was nearly at the breaking point. That was all to be expected given the fact that this particular classroom had been built in hell. A blood red 'sky' twitched and contorted outside the milky, hazy windows held up by jagged stone walls. Baph drummed his clawed fingertips across the granite surface of his desk, two ribbed horns curving out of the hood of his sweatshirt along with the fringe of bangs forced into a crest between the bony protrusions.

Like his father, Baph's face was angular, though he still had his youthful good looks. His pointed chin ended in a tuft of black hair and his pointed ears were studded with black onyx. Bored yellow eyes were half lidded, set in a face of crimson flesh. His sweatshirt was the color of dried blood, something to offset his natural tone. As Baph let out a long sigh, his spaded demon tail swayed behind his desk, snaking out of the gap between his shirt and his spiked belt and low sagging black denim.

"Which is why a properly conditioned soul provides the most value and, if you are so inclined, flavor..." The instructor continued with no credence to the fact that the clock had finally, mercifully advanced. Before the harsh grating screech of the klaxon could announce that the class was over, Baph was on his cloven feet, slinging his backpack up over one shoulder before he sprinted down the aisle and burst into the hall. There was a spark in those yellow eyes now as he escaped his own personal hell so to speak, but looking down the hallway of the high school gave him pause. The hall was already full of his classmates as demons from all nine levels interacted and crossed paths.

Baph's shoulders hunched in a little, compressing so he took up less space as he started walking. He edged away from the magma demons as their crackled stoney skin exuded infernal heat. Baph nearly slipped as one of his cloven feet caught the edge of a slime demon who gurgled a curse at him. Baph started to breathe easier as the crowd started to thin out. He spared a glance over his shoulder but neglected to stop advancing, leading to a rather firm and abrupt impact into someone that was made of flesh and blood but might as well have been a stone wall. Curls of smoke spilled out of a broad, blue nose as deep orange serpent eyes snapped over to look at Baph. The Oni pulled his thick lips back, baring his thick, sharp teeth.

"I thought the little prince of the ghetto was smart enough not to come within twenty feet of me after the beating I gave him last time." The Oni said, earning a few guffaws from the others. Baph forced a smile, his own canine teeth barely sharper than those of a human.

"Lets not get off on the wrong hoof, Uechi.... I just want to go to class and you just want to... do what? Chew on brimstone all day? Huff volcanic gasses?" Baph asked. Uechi's huge fist curled into a tight ball and he swung hard. Baph closed his eyes, fully expecting to be pulverized into paste. When the impact didn't come, he slowly opened his eyes. The look of complete and utter confusion on Uechi's face would have been worth it alone. His fist had hit a shimmering curtain of light, a curtain that was growing brighter by the second. Ancient sigils and runes began to form, climbing like birds taking flight. Both Baph and Uechi looked down to see bright

pink lines of neon light burning into the floor of the school, forming a pentacle. Line by line intersected, surrounded by a circle. The circle fed the curtain of light around him.

When Baph raised his head, he met eyes with Uechi for a split second before hell itself fell away with such speed that Baph felt like he might throw up. Mile after mile of rock and stone sailed past, transitioning into dirt and soil and loam and sand, then more layers of rock. Baph felt like he was being stretched and pulled. His horns ached, his cheeks burned, his sweatshirt ruffled and shuddered and then he stopped. The sudden change in speed, darkness and temperature was enough to make Baph fall forward onto his knees. He panted hard, forked tongue curling as he tried not to vomit. The air felt like ice water, smelling of salt and sand and trees instead of sulfur and brimstone.

Blinking slowly, it took Baph a few moments to adjust. The same pink pentacle was fading beneath him, the flames turning back into a simple chalk pattern. The melted puddles of several candles rested at the corners of the symbol. Baph slowly lifted his head, meeting eyes with another... but they were most unlike any eyes he'd seen before. They were a light brown color resting on lakes of milk. They were gentle, curious and more than a little afraid. The eyes gazed out from above youthful cheeks the color of toffee, long curls of raven black hair falling around his face. His clothing was a drab olive green, short sleeved and made of the same material as the cargo pants that seemed almost baggy around his legs.

"You... summoned me?" Baph asked, taking a moment to realize that despite the fact he was speaking his own language, they were coming across in a form of Spanish. The young man standing before him still seemed shell shocked but he nodded slowly.

"I did not think it would work." The human admitted. Young, perhaps, but he was on the cusp of manhood. There was a bit of weight to his voice. Almost instinctively Baph felt his tongue slide across his upper lip. The demon slowly rose to his feet and- feet? He looked down, seeing red toes instead of hooves, a wide fleshy heel. He reached up almost in a panic, relieved to feel the curved horns coming out of his hood. He sighed with relief and looked back at the human. He then glanced around at the summoning circle and the candles, not to mention the metal bowls full of various herbs and plants.

"This was a lot of work for something you didn't think would work." Baph said curiously. The young man looked away, breaking eye contact.

"I had a lot of time on my hands." he admitted. Baph smiled a little, wondering if he knew just how in the nick of time he had been.

"Well, who am I to piss on someone's hobby? You put in the time and effort and you've been rewarded! You summoned a demon. I'm assuming this is your first time?" Baph asked. The human nodded. Baph nodded a little, "Don't feel bad, this is only my sixth." he lied. He had never once set foot on Earth before. Not only that, but he'd flunked his Human Studies course twice over. Still, this human pup seemed worlds better to deal with compared to Uechi. He just had to figure out what angle the kid was playing at so he didn't end up on the wrong end of a bargain. Baph started looking around, taking in his surroundings.

The walls were made of cut bricks, hewn and milled and moved before being stacked up into a great structure. The window was open but barred. There was a twin size bed, a sink, shelves full of books, a radio and... a radio? While Baph was no A student, it was basic demon 101 that humans were most easily manipulated via their technology. As Baph looked around,

however, he saw no hint of a cell phone or a computer or even a television. What could he do with a radio?

"Where am I, exactly?" Baph asked with hesitation.

"República de Costa Hueso, the Bone Coast. I am Rafael Martez... son of Generalissimo Raul Martez." The young man said, brushing his curls back from his shoulder. Baph nodded, taking it all in. "And... you are?" Rafael asked. Baph's cheeks tightened a little as he tried to hold back. Names had power after all, but something about the summoning circle seemed to squeeze it out of him like a fresh tube of toothpaste.

"Baphulos Night-Dweller." Baph blurted, resisting the urge to cover his mouth with his clawed hand. Of all the reactions the human could have, the fact that Rafael laughed startled Baph.

"I guess we both have our titles, huh? You can just call me Rafi. What do you want me to call you?" The human asked. Baph's face contorted into a look of confusion before he accepted the moment for what it was.

"Baph." The demon said uncertainly. Rafi smiled again, as if this was the most normal thing in the world.

"Since I didn't expect it to work, I also am not exactly sure what happens next. Do you have to offer a deal or is this more casual? Are you thirsty or something?" Rafi asked. Baph opened his mouth to answer before hesitating. What did humans drink, or eat for that matter? He really should have studied harder...

"Sure, as long as you're buying." Baph smirked.

"We're all brothers here, comrade." Rafi said, clapping Baph on the shoulder with his hand. As they touched, Baph felt a flood of images crash into his mind; army bases, helicopters, jeeps, the jungle, lonely nights with old books, the faint whisper of far off voices coming from the radio. He saw a looming silhouette backed by a blood red sunset and steeped with the same complex mixture of love and fear that Baphulos felt for his own sire. When Rafi lifted his hand, both young men gasped as the chalk outline on the floor began to sizzle and dissolve, caught in some unseen breeze as the particles scattered and left no trace aside from the melted candles.

"I guess I must be staying a while..." Baph murmured, looking down at the pattern.

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The walk to the castle's kitchen was a little longer and circuitous than Baph had expected, but he followed after Rafael with a wary curiosity. They passed guards every few meters, all of them tall and broad shouldered, dressed in jungle camouflage with brown bandanas around their foreheads. Baph sniffed as they passed, intrigued. Despite how short lived and frail the humans were, the guards all smelled distinctly masculine. Sweat and muscle and salt, rich blood, all seasoned by the fierce determination to do whatever it took. Rafael had many of the same smells, but there was something about him that was unusually sweet compared to the savory aroma of the others. What Baph noticed most, though, was the deference the guards paid to this young man. When they had passed another pair of guards, Rafi looked back over his shoulder.

"Why haven't any of them said anything?" He asked, "I've never had... anyone over before." he admitted. Baph smiled.

"You invited me in, you summoned me. Besides, it isn't like I'm some capitalist pig." Baph chuckled. Rafi tried to take some comfort in that as he entered the kitchen. This time it was Baph's turn to be surprised. The tilework on the floor was gorgeous and the appliances were old but lovingly maintained and incredibly sturdy. The pots and pans hanging from the wall hooks were made to last and kept despite a few dents and dings. There was a contrast of principle and power permeating the area. There was the guise of equality but Baph could feel the gravity that they were some place with resources and there were places nearby without.

"So what do you drink back home?" Rafael asked, opening the fridge.

"The usual I guess... Bone brine, blood tea, mushroom coffee if I need a boost." Baph said. Rafael's dark eyebrow furrowed a bit at the unexpected menu.

"We have some of the world's best coffee, but it isn't made with mushrooms. We also have beer." Rafael said. Something clicked in the back of his mind, some small kernel of remembered education. Beer was also a lever that could be used on humans. This kid may not have been inundated with technology but he had beer. With luck, that would be the first vice of many.

"Beer, yeah! Let's have that." Baph all but purred. Rafael smiled, glad to be a good host as he reached into the fridge and grabbed two bottles of beer. A small, carnal smile curved across Baph's lips. "You should grab some for yourself too." he added, clearly implying that they would both be drinking several before the night was over.

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Returning to Rafael's room had been more illuminating given the context around them. The human was guarded night and day by a literal army of guards. He lived in a castle but felt more like a prisoner. He had gone through some of the basic training that the others had and yet he was being kept soft, gentle, almost like a veal. It had taken Baph some time to adjust to the climate, but as his ears adjusted he could hear music carrying in the wind from the people beyond the castle, as well as the lapping of waves against a beach somewhere nearby. Now that they were a few beers deep, it was starting to come into focus.

"So of all the demons that you could have summoned... Why me? And why offer me a drink when I arrived?" Baph asked, taking another swig of his third beer. While it wasn't as potent as some of the foul beverages back home, it was still refreshing.

"I didn't want to be rude, you're my guest." Rafael said, sitting at the head of his bed while the demon sat at the foot.

"I mean I'm glad you're so hospitable, but those circles don't just grab any demon. What did you ask for, exactly?" Baph asked, genuinely curious. Rafael's cheeks flushed a little and he looked away for a moment, his curly black hair falling across his face before he pushed it back.

"I mean, I just..." Rafi hesitated, "I am no expert at the language exactly, but I asked for a... companion." Rafi said. Baph focused as carefully as he could, trying to filter the Spanish into his brain in a way that made sense. Rafi had not said amigo or amor, he'd used marido? Rafael, meanwhile, hadn't seemed to notice. He was still lost in thought, those light brown eyes gazing up at a ceiling he'd been staring at his entire life. "I guess I don't know what to do when we're all equal, but my dad and I are... more equal than most?" he concluded.

Baph wanted to be sweet and genuine, to be comforting, but he could feel his inner nature bubbling beneath the surface. This human had needs and desires and wants. As much as Costa Hueso wanted its citizens to be equal, they were led by a military general who had taken the most secure facility and used it to protect himself and his family. Being sequestered away had come with certain perks, but it had also come with limitations and drawbacks for Rafael. Baph could feel the human's yearnings and needs being constrained so tightly they were about to burst. He had so much life to live and so much of himself that he had bound so tightly, afraid to admit it even to himself.

Setting his beer aside on an end table, Baphulos leaned over, tilting his head just enough that he could get his warm burgundy lips to Rafael's. Rafael inhaled in surprise, his eyes wide before he slowly let them flutter shut. Baph opened and closed his lips slowly and sensuously, letting them guide the human's. He tilted his head ever so slowly one way and then the other. His thick, rough horns pressed against Rafi's temples but the human only leaned in more. What had started as gentle reciprocation quickly turned into an insatiable hunger.

Rafi's beer clattered to the floor as he reached out, grabbing Baphulos by the back of his jawbone just beneath his ears. He pushed the demon back and climbed on top of him, kissing him feverishly before his tongue plunged into the demon's mouth. Baph was both shocked and giddy at the same time. Rafi's saliva tasted like crisp, clear glacier water in his mouth. His tongue was so smooth and thick. What Baph loved most though was the tinge of spice, the edge of unbridled desire that this sequestered prince was demonstrating. That was something he could work with.

The demon's clawed hand snaked between their bodies, slithering down Rafael's stomach, finding the baggy, drab green cloth covering his groin. The fingers closed, caressing and massaging and squeezing the erection there. Rafael's lips curled as he snarled a bit in delight, his momentum thrown off a little as more and more blood left his brain to flood the organ. Baph's grin tightened as he used his abilities and Rafael's manhood began to swell faster, growing fatter and longer than it ever had before. He was rock hard and still growing harder, the blood pooling in his tool to turn the tan flesh a faint purple.

"What do you want, Rafi?" Baph asked, panting between bouts of the kissing, rather intrigued at the human being the aggressive one. He gasped as Rafi's fingers slipped up under his shirt, finding his pierced nipples. He was relentless at tugging and twisting on them, making them rapidly swell with arousal.

"I want you..." Rafi said, bringing his head down again but this time he brought his lips to Baph's neck and started to suck and slurp, tugging on the skin until dark purple welts began to show. Baph moaned loudly, his red human toes curling, the nails stretching out into sharp talon-like claws.

"You already have me. What do you want out of life, Rafael?" Baph asked. He couldn't keep his eyes open. He relished the hickies too much. He lowered his hand and began to use his influence to grow Rafi's balls, letting the organs swell with more complex anatomy that worked at ever faster speeds and volumes. His spaded tail slipped up the length of the bed and between Rafael's legs, coming to hover just behind his pert posterior.

"What I want..." Rafi panted.

"Yes!" Baph replied.

“What I want... is to have free roam of this damn castle. I don't want the men looking at me as an asset. I want their respect, even their admiration! I don't want them to judge the fact that I like men, I want them to be envious of my affection!” Rafael said.

“Oh yes, yes!” Baph said, this time grabbing the human's head by the back of his skull and pulling him down into a kiss. As their lips met and their tongues began to wrestle, that faint spice began to grow into a sizzling heat that Baph relished in. Their frantic rubbing and kissing brought with it a friction of its own, almost enough to mask the tingling and burning on Rafael's cheeks. His innocent boyish face began to darken as thick, wavy black stubble began to press out with surprising speed.

The stubble rippled down from in front of his ears, crashing into the corner of his cheeks and jaw bone where it flared out a little into a wedge. It crept along his jaw like moss on an early spring day before it came together on his chin, thickening and growing out into a small point like Baphulos's. As if the chinstrap beard connecting together was a foundation, the stubble rushed up his cheeks, climbing around his eager lips. It stretched and strained across his upper lip before the hair laced together, completing the mustache.

In mere moments, Rafael had gained weeks of growth and the stubble wasn't stopping there. It swept down across the underside of his jaw and climbed up higher and higher on his cheeks, filling in the space between his septum and the lower point of his ears. Each hair was thick and strong on its own, but there were so many prickling through that the skin rapidly disappeared beneath. The hair began to push out, growing and extruding, revealing the same long, wavy texture that his father had.

“What's... happening to me?” Rafi asked, panting hard, sweating and feeling his body throb in the most delicious of ways.

“I'm giving you everything you want, mi marido.” Baph grinned, moving his legs to lift his hips up, lifting Rafi in the process. As he did so he reached back and tugged, seemingly tearing his pants apart as he tugged them off to reveal hairy, red skinned legs and a rather prodigious pointed, ribbed demonic cock. The rubbery ribs were a fiery yellow-orange, contrasting the crimson flesh. While Rafi seemed captivated by the revelation, Baph wriggled out of his sweatshirt, letting it fall to the floor. His pointed ears were on full display along with the crest of black hair that rose up like a modest mohawk.

“You certainly are...” Rafael said, grabbing onto his partner's hairy legs before pushing them forward, hiking his hips back and lifting his muscled, hairy ass cheeks. Rafael reached down to open his pants, whipping his belt out so fast it snapped before he tossed it to the floor. His aching, faintly purple dick wobbled before him like a club. For a moment he knelt there, holding a demon's legs up so he could get at his ass, feeling his beard grow out centimeter by centimeter. With a glint of eagerness in his eyes, he went for it.

Baph howled out as the blunt, round, faintly mushroom shaped head of Rafael's cock spread his black rubbery sphincter wide. As a matter of course, all demons were familiar with using their various orifices for a great many purposes, but this was the first time someone had pushed into his body with the intent for mutual pleasure. He had to admit, it was a bit thrilling. It was also a rather strange texture slipping in and out of his ass. No spikes, no ridges, no barbs or bumps. It was just a rather easy in and out. That being said, Rafael was still finding a way to make friction grow, adding a bit of heat to it all.

The demon slowly sank back into the mattress, his head nearly lolling over the foot as the weight of his horns weighed on him. His face melted through one expression after another as he felt the first of his three prostates struck repeatedly by his lover. He forced his head up and looked at that sweaty, determined, aroused face. Rafael looked so much less like a boy already. He retained his long raven locks spilling down across his shirt, but his beard was unfurling down and out from his face, dense and thick, bushy, entirely masculine. Rafael grinned a little to see the glint of a new metal pin on his shirt, but that was a surprise for later. He sat up long enough to grab at the drab green uniform and pluck it off, tossing it to the floor.

As the last of Rafael's uniform came off, aside from his underwear, his broad and sweat soaked back glistened in the pale moonlight. The baby fat he had woken up with that morning seemed to be melting away, leaving mountains and mounds of defined muscle. The hair under Rafael's arms was growing thicker, longer and more wiry, capturing his manly scent. He was the same person but his body had gained a contradiction of maturity, some aspects well beyond his years. His massive sack swung and slapped against the demon's ass cheeks as his huge dick plunged ever deeper into him.

Baphulos moaned, his own muscles tensing almost involuntarily. His ass was clenching and unclenching around the cock that so perfectly impaled him, but his pecs were twitching as they swelled, his biceps and triceps growing, and the hair on his chin was pushing out longer, curving down like a hook. He could feel his own power growing and cementing itself in this world he'd come into.

"Rafi..." Baph panted, his fangs growing larger in his mouth.

"Yes, my love?" Rafael asked, scooting his knees closer so he could thrust that much deeper. Baph's eyes rolled into the back of his head as Rafi's cock ticked across all three of his prostates, sending out wave after wave of pleasure. His demonic tail coiled and uncoiled a few times before the demon remembered he had that particular appendage.

Despite the sexual overload, Baph grinned. The spade tip of his tail coiled into a cone shape and the tail suddenly shot forward, spearing between the prince's ass cheeks before finding his plump brown anus. The tail wriggled inside before several inches of the ever widening prehensile tail followed. Rafi hesitated a little before moaning, a bead of drool appearing at the corner of his mouth. As the tail invaded his body, other changes started to accelerate.

As Baph watched, Rafi's pecs began to round a little, growing plumper and fuller. A trail of hair crept up his stomach that softened a little as well, pudge covering a lattice of muscles. The beard growing from his face only accelerated, thick and dense, almost six inches long now. Rafi reached up with one hand, caressing the dense mane of hair before he tightened his fingers, got a grip and started pulling.

"F-f-fuck!" Rafi cursed in awe, feeling his beard grow out to eight inches, ten, then a full foot down below his face. It was only missing a salt and pepper streak to match his father's now. Baph snarled with pleasure, but this wasn't enough. He needed it to go all the way. He stretched his legs out, looping them around Rafi's hips before locking them. He used his entire lower body to pull the human in and out of his ass while using his tail to fuck his partner. Their movements were wild and animalistic, heated and untamed. They went wild, the bed lurching and sliding across the stone floor with groaning creaks of the wood. Their moans climbed in pitch and tone until it was Rafael that howled out. He threw his head back, long hair sliding down his spine

while his thick beard stuck out before his chest. He roared, eyes clenched as he came... and came... and came.

Volley after volley of potent, virile seed shot into Baphulos's ass. The first spurt was more than he could normally muster, but now it seemed he was expelling an egregious amount of seed into a very hungry ass. Every wave sent jolts of pleasure through Rafael's mind, frying synapses. He shuddered and shook, holding himself there. While Rafael had gone rigid, it was almost like Baphulos had melted. He writhed and wriggled on the bed, arms slipping up and down like electric eels. His chest rose and fell, his stomach undulated, and his tail managed to move inside Rafi's ass with a mind of his own until it, too, was spent.

With some reluctance, Baphulos unhooked his legs from around Rafael's waist, allowing his partner to lean back. Before he could pull out all the way, Baph pushed himself upright and then climbed forward, letting Rafi lay back on his own bed before he cuddled up on top of him. Laying his head down on the human's thick beard felt quite nice, but the fat cock lodged in his ass was even better. Straddling him, the demon felt it rather easy to find a comfortable position to rest in.

"I almost feel like I need a smoke. That's a human thing, right?" Baph murmured. Rafi chuckled a little bit.

"Well, Costa Huesos is well known for some of the finest cigars in the region. They say they are rolled on the thighs of virgins." Rafael said. Baph considered that.

"Wouldn't the thighs of sluts add more flavor?" The demon asked. Rafael laughed a little until he realized the demon was serious. There was a hesitation and then he laughed even more at the idea.

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It had only been a few short hours, but Rafael was already shocked at the difference around the castle. He'd left with Baphulos in tow and the guards were already reacting. Instead of passive indifference, they were saluting. A few had murmured 'generale' in respectful tones. Even some of the guards that had been clean shaved when the two had gotten their drinks now had beards, as if emulating their ward or appealing to his tastes. None seemed to notice that Rafael was stronger, heftier, and certainly a lot hairier. They also saw Baphulos now, though they only called him sir and did not seem to see his demonic qualities.

"Now I see why so many people fall for the bad boys." Rafael smirked as they approached the patio. Baph merely purred.

"I know I'm going to fall all over again seeing you puff on one of those fat cigars, the smoke billowing around your beard." Baph grinned. Rafael turned the corner and reached for the door to the balcony but it was already open. A rich orange and gold sunrise was staining the horizon, turning the sea into molten metal. Baph sniffed at the air, wondering for a moment if Rafael's father had beaten them to the cigars but the smell wasn't tobacco, it was brimstone. The demon's head snapped up, his orange eyes wide.

It took only a second to spot the Generalissimo, Raul Martez. He stood by the waist height stone wall that ran around the balcony, his long bushy beard streaked with silver amid the black, his own hair shorn to a military cut. He was handsome, much like his son, but Baphulos turned his head to regard the Capitán standing next to the leader of the Republic. While he wore



the uniform of a Costa Huesos officer, the pants left room for a long tail to emerge while his uniform hat was tipped up against the curve of some prominent black horns that matched his obsidian black skin. Gleaming yellow eyes turned to regard the two stepping onto the balcony and a grin formed around two ivory tusks rising out of the demon's lower jaw.

"Generalissimo, it seems your son has found an advisor of his own..." The captain said. Raul turned to face them with a happy but weary smile. He held his arms wide in an open gesture to welcome them.

"My son, and his most handsome confidant! A good morning to the both of you." Raul said, pulling Rafael into a tight hug. He clapped his back and held the hug before he pulled back, still holding on to Rafael with one arm as he looked at the captain.

"He is so handsome, and he looks a great deal like me, don't you think?" Raul asked with great humor, stroking his own long beard.

"More and more every day." The onyx demon said suspiciously, not breaking eye contact with Baphulos.

"Son, would you and your man like to join us for breakfast?" The Generalissimo asked.

"With all due respect, sir, we were in the middle of a strategy meeting." The dark demon said through gritted fangs. Raul moved, clapping the larger being's shoulder.

"There is always strategy, and it is hard to think on an empty stomach, no?" Raul asked, moving for the small table. The dark demon's lips curled.

"You speak to me of empty stomachs... Do you know how long it has been since I've had a soul? A sacrifice? Even a little bit of corrupted innocence?!" The demon asked.

"Carver, stand down." Raul said with a warning tone. Steam began to billow out of the onyx demon's broad nostrils.

"I've been here for years, keeping Costa Huesos safe, keeping your family safe, ensuring your ideals enrich the people, and for what? My ancestors left the book here so your people would continue the traditions. It was named after the bones of those thrown from the cliffs!" Carver boomed.

"Maybe this is a bad time, maybe we should go back inside and have something to, uh, drink?" Baphulos asked, slowly moving in front of Rafael.

"For years I hear about the capitalist pigs, and they turn around and call you a communist pig. Maybe that's all you humans are. Maybe that's all you should be!" Carver said, raising his hand. A swirling geyser of purple light erupted from his clawed fingertip, hitting the Generalissimo who stumbled back.

"Father!" Rafael exclaimed, trying to rush forward before Baphulos grabbed him. The Generalissimo tried to stand his ground, though the light was pushing him backwards. As his face screwed up in defiance, his features began to shift. His nose began to pop and snap, crackling as the cartilage reshaped. His nostrils flared wide, the flesh between them thickening as his nose began to upturn into the beginnings of a snout. His round ears began to contort, flagging back into a tapered point. His stern lips puffed out on the bottom, making room for the soft nubs of ivory fangs to begin rising out. Baph found it odd that in a way it made Raul look more like Carver.

"Year after year, watching you parade around, dancing with the wives of your ambassadors and dignitaries, flirting with anyone in sight..." Carver growled, "You really are a pig." he spat, the words punctuated by a resurgence of magic that snapped as Raul's pants

sagged, revealing a rapidly growing tube of flesh that began to curl and spiral behind him. The Generalissimo's face began to flush as the groin of his uniform pants tented, growing larger, a wet spot forming as something strange happened within the confines.

"I see now it was wrong to use you in this way..." Raul said, stepping forward despite the magic even as his uniform grew tighter and more constricting, the buttons tugging down the front. His boots seemed to be creaking and groaning, the stitching cutting into the canvas like material as he took another step, then another. "You were always my closest confidant, my wisest mind, my most audible ear." Raul admitted, continuing to advance. He now had the full snout of a pig, his porcine ears twitching aside his head. As he continued to move, his boots burst, revealing porcine hooves that clicked and clacked on the balcony.

"I could have been more to you..." Carver said in low tones, his eyes fierce. Raul nodded slowly at that, reaching out to put his hands on Carver's shoulders.

"You could have..." Raul admitted, "But then you threatened my family." he said before he surfed forward again, using his hands to push against the Capitan's wide shoulders. The demon was caught off guard, not to mention a bit top heavy. He clawed and scrambled at the stone wall but the stones he grabbed snapped free of the mortar, unable to assist him as he tumbled over the edge. He let out a roar as he fell toward the jagged, rib like rock pillars below. Before he hit the ground there was a sizzling of light and heat that opened a tear, the demon falling through before disappearing. Raul continued to look over the edge in satisfaction even as Rafael and Baphulos ran up.

"Dad, are you alright?" Rafael asked. Raul put on a smile and turned, putting a hand on each of his boy's shoulders before he pulled him into a hug.

"I am, my son. I probably look worse than I feel." he smirked, his head rising to look at Baphulos, "And you, what a strapping young demon you are." He mused. Baphulos blushed, though it made his cheeks more purple than red.

"You can see me?" he asked. Raul nodded.

"Oh yes, yes I can. Those that have read the book can see through the changes your kind produce, although this curse may take some particular explaining." Raul said, reaching up to feel his snout. He shrugged before reaching into his pocket, withdrawing a cigar. He snipped the end, brought it to his lips and soon lit it. Taking a few puffs, he exhaled into the morning air with a sigh.

"But what about Carver? He was one of your longest supporters..." Rafael said. Raul gave a genial shrug.

"It is true, he and I grew up together. Much like you, I used the Book of Bones at a young age. For many years we were the closest of friends, though perhaps not as close as you two are." Raul said suspiciously, though good naturedly.

"What changed?" Baphulos asked. Raul took a drag on his cigar, considering for a moment.

"He became a bully. He forgot that we were all meant to be equals in this Republic. Worst of all, he became a conspirator. In any structure that has power, there is always the rise of the threat from within." Raul said, "I had been planning on dealing with him for some time. Sacrificing a demon does close a few loopholes in the contract."

"I feel like I'm the last one to the party. What book? What contract?" Baphulos asked. Raul clucked.

“Son, you invited him here without telling him anything?” Raul asked. Rafael brushed his long hair back over his shoulder.

“I hadn’t gotten that far in the book, father.” Rafael said. Raul made a soft sound, gesturing to the table at the far end of the balcony. Rafael and Baphulos followed the Generalissimo.

“When our ancestors found this land, they were thrice blighted. The weather, the crops, and the plague. Prayers went unheeded, but rather than losing faith, our ancestors... they held a grudge. They reached out not to heaven but to hell, offering a soul in exchange for the greater good. Many volunteered, some did not... It is not a piece of our history we are exactly proud of, but it is our history.” Raul said, sinking into a chair. Rafael took the seat to his left while Baphulos sat on his right.

“As the sacrifices kept happening, you became known as the Bone Coast... and the contract with the demons, the list of souls sacrificed, became the Book of Bones?” Baph asked. Raul nodded, waving into the house to signal his people to bring breakfast.

“Every few generations, the leader of our people has had to summon their own demon and they reflect the needs of that leader, of the people, of that era.” Raul said, looking at Baph. Rafael followed his father’s gaze before his jaw dropped some.

“Father, I... I was being foolish. I did not think it would work. I just reached out for someone to be... with me.” Rafael said faintly. Raul chuckled a little, this time the sound tinged with sadness.

“I tried to protect you, but a father can only protect his son from some things, not everything. Still, you reached out with purpose. Tell me demon, what did you hate about your life down below?” Raul asked. Baph looked a little startled but he sat up straighter in his chair.

“Bullies, I had a lot of bullies.” Baph said, encouraged by his own answer. Raul slammed his hand down on the table.

“Exactly! What else?!” Raul asked. Baph considered.

“The lessons they were teaching didn’t feel like they applied, it felt like I was being lobotomized.” Baph said.

“Just like me at the international conferences, yes!” Raul smirked, though he turned his head and sniffed a little with his snout as he caught wind of breakfast being made. “Emilio, better hold off on the sausage, I’ve got to figure out how I feel about my diet.” he said.

“Oh my god, dad, you’re still a pig...” Rafael murmured.

“Be respectful son.” Raul said seriously before he broke out into a snorting laugh, his curly tail constricting and releasing. He rested the cigar between his tusks and took a drag before expelling a plume of smoke, “The German ambassador always did say I was a bore... get it?! Bore, boar!” he grinned. Rafael put his face in his hands but Baphulos chuckled gently. Raul sobered a little at that. “I always knew I might get cursed when I dealt with Carver. I don’t know if your new friend has the power to reverse it. I don’t even know if he should. It does feel rather... good.” he said, reaching to run his hand up and down his tight shirt.

“Dad?” Rafael asked. Raul ran his tongue across his tusks.

“You might try it, see if you like it. We could make the pig the national animal of Costa Huesos, rub it in the faces of those Americans.” Raul said. Rafael looked over at Baph and the demon shrugged a little.

“I’m game if you are.” Baphulos grinned.

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Breakfast had been long, allowing father and son and demon to talk about a great many things. It had been surreal in more ways than one. For Rafael it had been surreal seeing his father carrying on as if nothing had changed after tossing his own summoned demon over the balcony and being turned into a pig man. For Baphulos, it was surreal that his life had gotten so much better at the whim of a human who had just felt a bit lonely. The Generalissimo had acknowledged that he felt the changes rippling out from Rafael's own changes and he admitted that the guards around the house did look a good deal more handsome. But, with their food long digested, Rafi had finally returned to his bedroom.

"Your father is rather handsome..." Baph said to break the silence, glancing up from where he'd been reading through the Book of Bones. Rafi glanced over his shoulder at the demon, an eyebrow arched.

"Before or after he was turned into a hog?" Rafi asked. Baph grinned wide, showing his fangs.

"Can I say both?" he asked. Rafael made a small sound before turning back to the window. Baph set the book down and sprung onto the stone floor, moving over to reach around Rafi's chest, hugging him from behind before resting his fuzzy chin on the other man's shoulder.

"You do realize what this means, right? You're the next leader of Costa Huesos." Baphulos explained, "And I am your demon."

"Promise not to betray me? I don't want to have to toss you over a balcony." Rafael said. Baph reached up, caressing Rafael's long, thick beard.

"Just promise to treat me right." Baph grinned. The human turned and kissed the demon, their lips dancing with that same fever pitch they'd had since the first moment. After a few wet, sloppy exchanges, Rafi pulled back.

"My dad called it a curse, but he seems pretty happy with his... changes." Rafi said, though the statement came out more as a question.

"Curses are relative. What some humans consider torture on Earth is a hobby or pastime in hell. Everyone has their own style." Baph explained. Rafi seemed to consider that.

"What's the strangest thing you did back home?" Rafi asked. Baph shook his head.

"You're not ready for that." he replied, a half smirk hiding the edge of real truth.

"Well, what about what dad said? I might like being like him... Were you telling the truth when you said you were game?" Rafi asked. Baph grinned a little.

"You want to go hog wild?" Baph asked.

"Well, maybe for a little. It won't stick that way, will it?" Rafi asked.

"Only if you want it to." Baph replied saucily. Rafi considered before finally nodding.

"Then I want to try." he said. Baph purred a little at that.

"Then you have to do something for me first, my handsome, glorious leader." Baph said, extracting a long, thick Costa Huesos cigar from his pocket. Rafi looked a little giddy, though anxious as well. Baph had apparently come prepared, clipping the tip of the cigar for his boyfriend before providing a lighter. The cigar was worked back and forth through the flame before the tobacco took and Rafael began to puff on it. The flame grew brighter and Rafael took the smoke into his mouth, holding it for a moment to appreciate the flavor before he expelled it.

Baphulos stood there for a moment, taking in his partner. Rafael was a man beyond his years, young but strong, innocent but powerful, virile and steadfast. His beard was immense, longer than he should have been able to grow. His long hair was pristine, beautiful and untouched. His green uniform and dark hair evoked feelings of something primal, and the cigar was most clearly phallic in a way that Baphulos didn't need a psychology teacher telling him about.

As Rafael puffed, he too felt the power. He looked so much more like his father now, a man he associated with power and prestige and charisma. He felt stronger, more manly, and he... felt horny. Yes, he felt incredibly horny. It rushed from his nipples to his cock, filling his muscles in between. Rafael stirred a little, murmuring happily. He took one big drag on the cigar and let out a plume of smoke. As he smiled, his lower lip couldn't help but contort over the tusks that were rising up slowly from his lower jaw.

Centimeter by centimeter, the nubs of ivory rose up. Their growth forced his lower jaw to jut out, giving him a bit of an underbite that his beard nearly hid. Sniffing at the smoke, Rafael's nostrils began to stretch and swell and grow, widening quickly. His beautiful ears began to taper and tilt back, working themselves up into a point that terraced its way down and connected to the rest of his lobes.

If Rafael's uniform hadn't already been stretched to the limit before, the tailoring was soon tested as his chest began to fill out and his stomach began to round. The pants that had been baggy before thickened as flesh accumulated around his ass, his hips and his legs. Even his boots began to tighten and then strain, the stitching beginning to tug and tear. Baphulos took this as a moment to come up behind him, massaging his growing shoulders, leaning in to sniff at his long, dark hair. Rafi kept smoking, puffing on his cigar like the leader he felt like.

Snaking his clawed fingers into the belt that wrapped around his lover, he tugged down. Rafi winced a little at the pressure and pain, but relief followed soon after as a growing curly-queue tail sprung free. The tan flesh looked a little pinker at the tips as it surged out of his pelvis, curling round and round into a growing spiral. The end seemed to darken as stubble grew in, stretching out to a paintbrush like tassel.

"This is amazing..." Rafi murmured. Baph grinned.

"The sky really is the limit, whatever you can think of or imagine is my command." Baph said, a little surprised at how easy the words had come out. Rafi took a draw from the cigar before he turned, leaning to kiss Baphulos. Their lips met and soon the shared smoke was spewing out of the demon's nostrils. He shuddered as energy crackled across his skin, the smoke curling and linking, hardening from smoke to metal as a nose ring formed through his septum. He shuddered at that and then Rafi moaned out louder.

Clawing at his pants, Rafael couldn't wait a moment longer. He fumbled with the button, yanked the fly down and then palmed at his underwear. As he tugged the cotton out and down, he gazed down to see his achingly hard purple cock starting to spiral, just like his tail had. He raised his head and then moaned louder, hearing his nose crunch and pop as it tilted upwards, revealing his own snout. His eyes were a bit wide but Baphulos calmed him with a prideful smile.

"You are so handsome, my Generale. Manly and animalistic, the best of both worlds." Baphulos said, reaching down. His hand found Rafael's pig pecker, caressing the curve, feeling the heft. It was a wicked tool, one he was more than prepared to take into himself. Still, he

stroked it, coaxing it to grow longer and fatter and thicker, letting it curve more, pressing out of his lover's body, extending from above his massive balls into a spiral of beastly beauty.

The bigger his dick grew, the harder it was for Rafi to think. He snorted and sniffed before remembering to clench his cigar between his tusks, tusks that rose higher on either side of his mouth like guardrails. His tail twitched and his boots began to tear and pop, splitting out. His left two toes and his right three toes had fused, the keratin of the toenails spreading out to form cloven hooves. His heels were shifting and that forced his posture to change, supporting his weight differently. As he reared forward, his shoulders began to pop and swell, hunching a little as they gained muscle rapidly.

Baph watched in a bit of awe as his love mutated and changed, feeling demonic energy swirling and fueling the fires inside him. His long black hair was starting to rub across shoulders bristling with black fur. The beard crept up higher as fur ringed his eyes and covered his forehead. His fingers began to fuse, his nails getting thicker. His muscled chest rose with each breath but didn't shrink back when he exhaled. More bones and cartilage crunched and popped as his snout grew longer, his face extending, his jaw broadening and his tusks lengthening. His mutated hand worked his corkscrew cock as it only grew longer and rounder and greasier.

It soon became apparent to Baph that he had rendered his partner little more than a hellbeast. Clothing fell away to reveal a hulking, muscled, fur covered form. His eyes blazed with an infernal lust and only the cigar clenched between his black leathery lips and his tusks acted as a reminder to the man he had been. An inhuman squeal erupted from the boar's throat before he charged, grabbing at Baph. The demon was hoisted up and tossed onto the bed, his tail hulked up and all obstacles removed before that thick, curled cock began spiraling into Baph's hairy ass cheeks. Baph growled in delight, clawed fingers digging into the mattress. Rafi grabbed onto his hips, meaty digits latching on tight as he began to ram forward and back, thrusting in and out, rearranging Baph's guts.

"S... So glad... you decided... to try this!" Baph moaned, the bed lurching around the room and ramming into the wall. Rafi only tipped his porcine head back to revel in the pleasure of his immense body, taking a draw off the cigar to fill his lungs with smoke before letting it blast out of his thick pig snout. His hair reached the small of his back now, his beard a mane worthy of a lion. His pecs were fattening up and his gut had rounded into a half sphere of tight muscle. His arms had a nice blend of muscle and fat and his legs might as well have been tree trunks. The way his feet had reshaped into cloven hooves, there was less to think about in maintaining balance which let him focus instead on his sexual conquest.

The air soon began to smell of salt and musk. Rafi's fur was soaked in his new scent. Rafi grunted and snarled, bearing his own fangs. If not for his demonic resilience, it was unclear if he would have survived. As it was, his stomach was stretching and distending with each thrust, showing the tip of his partner's porcine penis. Baph's lewd grin was wide, his eyes bright even in the darkness of the room, his thicker than average horns going forward and up, menacing in their own way. There was something gratifying about being wrecked by his own creation, but more than that there was an energy fueling him that came from the fact that he'd corrupted some innocent young man into this absolute animal.

"You're almost there my generale! Do it, fill me!" Baph demanded. Rafi clenched the butt of the cigar in his lips but let out an unholy squeal as his huge balls unleashed their bounty. Baph hissed and moaned as he felt the hot gruel start to fill his belly, directly applied thanks to

the massive tool of his partner. His crimson stomach stretched and bloated, but that heat spread through his veins and arteries before coalescing in his feet. His toes ached and burned, the skin feeling pliant and rubbery before webs started to form between the toes. The digits were tugged together, fusing and bonding. The bones inside rearranged, the toenails thickening and spreading out in a keratin sheath that tipped them.

Baph had been baffled when he came to Earth that he had been given human feet, but as they reshaped into hooves once more he realized that he had been forced to earn them back. His heel melted away as dewclaws emerged from the back, his ankles shifting to rearrange his center of mass. The hooves swelled wider and thicker, though they took on a bit more of a pig-like shape. It was no doubt influenced by the boar beast plowing into him at the moment. As Baph gasped and moaned, his chin began to tingle. The curved spike of hair that dropped from his pointed chin began to grow out longer, pulled towards the floor by gravity. The hair extruded out like noodles coming out of a pasta press. Centimeter by centimeter, then inch by inch, longer and longer until he might have to consider braiding the thick black hair.

The last wisps of smoke leaked out of Rafi's muzzle as the cigar reached the end of its useful life. He spat the discarded butt to the floor and worked his new jaw, feeling his ragged teeth. His thick, rubbery snout snorted a few times, sniffing in the air of the room before he bent down, rooting around Baph's neck before a slimy tongue slurped and licked at it. Baph moaned a little, finding it hard to move with how swollen his gut was with pig sperm. He reached down fondly, though, caressing the rounded gut. Rafi grinned, a strange feeling considering how much bigger his face was now. While neither exchanged words, it was clear that they had only just begun to experience the joys that came to those that lived on the Bone Coast.