Screams and otherworldly cries surrounded me. Minutes or maybe hours before, I had been your average, sleazy corporate wolf enjoying scores of twinks to plow. The drugs, the booze, the copious amounts of tail to choose from, it had been a great ride…until the heart attack. Then came blackness followed by fire and brimstone.

 For what felt like days, I wandered the infernal wastelands, until horned demons finally found me amidst the crowds of other confused, horrified souls. I tried thrashing, pulling away from their grasps, only to be yanked forward into a seemingly endless hallway. Shrieks and tortured yells came from various rooms, their doors either closed or open for the newer souls like me to witness. I tried not to look, but each time I did, it only left me catatonic in disgusted horror, wondering what punishment lay before me.

 “W-What’s gonna happen to me?” I finally spoke up.

 “Hahaha!” One of the demons cackled, swishing his pointed tail. “Wait until you see, adulterer.”

 “Adulterer?” I croaked out. “W-What do you—”

 He smacked me, and I remained silent.

 I didn’t have to wait long to find out. We eventually came to a door, and they opened it to a seemingly empty room with blank wallpaper. They pulled me inside.

My eyes were suddenly drawn to another figure on the other side of the room: a great, muscular Doberman. The fear brewing inside my gut instantly vanished when I noticed how handsome and sculpted the hellhound was, and that he was bent over a large obsidian bench of sorts. Completely naked.

“Naberus, we got ya a new resident to fuck,” the second demon cackled, shoving me into the room, “freshly plucked from Earth! Enjoy the next six hours!”

The door slammed shut behind me. I’d been too hypnotized with fear, now evolving into arousal, to move where I stood.

Ear twitching, Naberus swiveled his canine head to look at me, and his glowing, lava-red stare almost lit up the entire room. “Tch. Finally…” he grumbled in a deep voice. “Julius Caesar has been a boring soul.”

I should have been more terrified than I already was.

However, my mind was more focused on the perfect cocoa-furred globes jutting from his hips. Two perfect mounds spread wide enough for me to spot the demon’s pucker. It winked at me, inviting me. Beneath it was a beautiful brown taint connecting to two full, plump balls and what I presumed there to be a manhood as erect as mine.

“Well?” He spoke. “What are you waiting for? I can smell your arousal from here. You want to fuck me, right?”

I cautiously stepped forward, my defenses all but extinct. “Y-Yes, I do…”

My fingers trembled as they traced the curves along that ass. I marveled at the tattoo-like engraving of a pentagram on the Doberman’s right cheek. Muscles rippled underneath a thick layer of soft fur, and I felt my cock begin leaking gallons. It made me quiver in anticipation. The way my legs trembled, and my meaty paws quivered, I nearly missed lining myself up to that tempting hole. Finally, after the fourth try, the tip lightly kissed the inviting tailhole, and I felt the urge to appreciate how perfectly formed the Doberman was as an infernal creature.

Naberus growled, “Get on with it, mortal!”

Some invisible force suddenly pushed me inside.

“H-Holy…!” I gasped as to the tight ring surrounding my shaft. That was when a snarling chuckle erupted up my throat, and I pulled back to crash right inside the unmoving hellhound. “Mfh! Oh! Ugh, fuck…fuck, yeah!”

The wet hole enveloping my firm shaft made Hell suddenly transform into Heaven.

“Oh, that’s some tight hole you got there!” I licked my lips and drooled like a virgin. The dog’s inner walls felt like velvet lining. “Fuckin’…”

Wicked laughter and distant screams disappeared from my other senses. All I could focus on were the flexing mounds taking my length, the sensation of my balls slapping against his heavy pair, the way I pounded harder into that hellhound more than any of my previous fucks. They’d never taken what I’d started giving to the Doberman’s tight hole. None were as firm or clenched around my cock like Naberus.

For support, I grabbed the hellhound’s still tail with one paw, and possessively fondled his ass cheeks with the other between thrusts. This was Hell? This was my punishment? Ha!

*If this is what Hell is supposed to be like*, I thought smugly to myself, *then I wonder what the other place is like. I could get used to this…*

I had fucked many asses in my life. Mostly males, especially the more athletic, sometimes slender ones who could take an alpha wolf’s cock. They always knew how to be a good fucktoy for me. One of my most favorite kinds of younger men to pound in the dirt were those with firm, rounded bubble butts. The kind that jiggled slightly each time my thighs slammed into them, and the thick shaft between my legs spread their ring wide open. The orchestral moans were always icing on the cake for me. Probably more so than the thrill that came with having a taste of newer, unexplored virgin territory to pillage. I loved virgins, yet an experienced hole knew how to spectacularly get the job done.

The weight of my punishment didn’t really strike me until a solid thirty minutes later.

The entire time, I’d been continuously pounding him and enjoying every moment of it, expecting the end of my climax to be something I would remember forever. Unfortunately, it only started to continue building. No end was in sight. My hip gyrations started to feel sore, my balls tingling in desperate release each time they bounced against his low hanging orbs and sweat dripped down my face as I leaned forward over his jutted rear end.

My relishing moans started to fade away.

“C’mon, c’mon…cum already…” I muttered between huffs of breath. “Just do it!”

 “Hahahahaha, is that all?” Cackled Naberus as he craned back to stare at me, judging my frantic thrusts to no avail, “Is that the best you can fucking do?”

“W-What’s going on?” I thrust without any sign of release in sight. “W-Why the f-fuck can’t I—”

“Cum?” He finished the question without so much as blinking at my haggard attempts to make myself climax inside his slick tailhole. “I am Naberus, the Patron Demon of Lust. No mortal will ever find rest unless your prowess can make me climax. But souls such as Aristippus, Nero Germanicus, Caligula, Aristippus, Roy Cohn, the Marquis de Sade—none of them have so much as made me whimper. Hehe, they still try though.”

 Hours passed. No release came, literally. A pool of constant sweat and pre cum mixed together at my feet, reminding me of how close yet so far, the event horizon seemed endless.

Try as I might, the orgasm I expected never arrived. Not when I muttered strings of dirty words, relished in the demon’s tormenting ring, or recalled every single cockslut I’d ever deflowered, from my husband on our honeymoon to the handsome secretary at the office, to the countless escorts I’d bent over the couch while Jerry was visiting his parents, unaware of what I truly did during his time away. Nothing worked!

 To make things worse though, a buzzer suddenly went off.

 “No!” I realized its meaning, right when the door behind me opened and two demons pulled me away from Naberus’ heavenly ass. “No, y-you can’t, I haven’t—"

 “Hahaha, I should’ve known,” Naberus shook his smirking muzzle, “You unrepentant tops are all the same. Enjoy the tortures until next time. I shall see you tomorrow.”

 No. No! No, I needed to cum! I had to cum! I was so close to petering over the edge and tasting the sweet victory of release, yet as they pulled me away, I knew that time had passed. My balls were swollen and painfully throbbed, to the point it felt like they would fall off.

 I thrashed and thrashed, but nothing changed. The door closed. My cock, slick and dripping along the brimstone as the demons dragged me down the infinite hallway, I finally remembered why they called it Hell.