

## The House of Lust – Part 1

In the stories they always talk about whiskey burning on the way down. What they fail to mention is that after two or three more shots your throat goes numb and you can drink the stuff like water. Which is exactly what Damien had discovered tonight, swallowing down his fourth shot in as many minutes while dejectedly staring at his phone. His inbox was still empty, weeks of passing out resumes and still not a single interview. At first, he'd been picky only applying for office and banking job but today he'd applied at three grocery stores for bagging positions. His bank account was steadily declining and at this rate he'd be out of money entirely by next week. Then he'd lose his shitty apartment when he couldn't pay the rent and that was it. Seven days and he'd be homeless, though that window of time was rapidly closing with each purchase of whiskey, cheap and nasty as it was.

At first, he'd considered it a pick-me-up and then an investment. Odds were he wouldn't be able to afford anything soon, may as well spend his money on something to enjoy now. The truth was he'd long given up on anybody hiring him; he was just one of the thousands of uninteresting, bland men in this towering city who would never amount to anything. Looking at himself in the mirror behind the bar filled him with disgust; through the grime and dirt he could still make out his dull face, not one thing stood out about him. At least if he was ugly he'd occasionally draw the eye but as it was, he was just another face in the crowd. No wonder nobody ever noticed him.

The bell above the door chimed and via the distorted reflection he watched as a woman entered the bar. He felt his eyes widen, even through the filth on the mirror he could tell this was not the sort of lady who usually frequented dive bars like this one. Thanks to the whiskey already warming his gut he felt no shame turning to stare as did many others. Long waves of red hair spilled over her shoulders, covering half her face and brushing the small of her back. Her figure was almost pornographic in itself, with curves any woman would kill to have and men would kill just to see. The tiny, black dress she wore barely contained her at all; one errant movement would be all it took to expose her tits or ass. A silver chain hung around her neck with a red gem resting just above her cleavage at the perfect height to draw his gaze. Full, sensual lips painted scarlet and dark eyes framed with long lashes scanned the room and to his surprise, landed on him.

She smiled and approached, heels clicking against the floor as she perched herself on the barstool next barstool over with a sensual smile.

"You seem lonely." She greeted, leaning forward as she did so letting her breasts hang low. This close Damien could easily tell she was not wearing a bra. His gaze must have been obvious because she chuckled, causing her boobs to jiggle slightly.

"To answer your question, no I'm not wearing underwear either."

Damien felt himself flush with embarrassment, had he truly been so obvious? The alcohol had clearly gone to his head. That and the smell of her perfume, there was something primal about it; she smelled not of synthetic flowers or seafoam but sex itself.

“You know, normally by this point a man has asked me my name.” Her voice was smooth as silk, “It’s Veronica, by the way.”

“Damien.” He managed to choke out, compared to her his voice sounded like chewed up gravel. Maybe he’d underestimated the burning effect of whiskey after all. Though Veronica didn’t seem to mind.

“What a lovely name, Damien. I do believe you are exactly the sort of man I am after tonight.”

“Me?” He coughed, taken aback by her boldness, “why?”

“I have a sixth sense for these things.” She replied, leaning forward further and placing a hand on his knee, “I like to make people happy, Damien. Tonight, I want to make you happy.”

Damien felt his heart drop slightly, so she was a prostitute. That made sense, she probably saw him as an easy mark the moment she walked in. A bitter taste filled his mouth as he realised what a girl like her would cost for even a single hour and he looked away, trying to ignore the warmth of her hand on his leg.

“I don’t have the money.”

To his surprise, Veronica didn’t remove herself, on the contrary, she reached her free hand over and hooked a finger under his chin forcing him to face her. Those heavy-lidded dark eyes stared into his very soul and he felt a fire ignite within him.

“I’m not that sort of girl, Damien.” She whispered, “I don’t cost a cent. Besides, I can tell by those resumes sticking out of your bag you want a job. I have just the job for you.”

Desire coiled in his gut looking at those full lips. His gaze dropped lower to the rise and fall of her chest and he felt his cock twitch. This couldn’t really be happening, not to him. This was the sort of woman men would give their right arm to touch and yet she was picking him? A twinkle of delight appeared in Veronica’s eyes as she noticed his obvious arousal and she leaned forward. Damien felt all the air rush out of his lungs as their lips touched. Before now, he’d never understood why the people talked about fireworks when people kissed but this, this was something extraordinary. Veronica’s lips were so soft over his own and seemed to mould to him perfectly. The spark of desire

within him roared into a full-blown flame as they came together; slowly and sensually, like lovers who'd been doing this their entire lives and knew the other inside and out.

Coldness filled him as she moved away, already he wanted nothing more than to keep kissing her and Veronica seemed to know. She gave him a wicked smile and whispered in his ear,

“Shall we drink?”

Wordlessly, without letting his gaze slip from hers he passed over the whiskey. She swallowed it down without hesitation before ordering them both more. Damien began to lose track of just how much he was imbibing, allowing Veronica to pour him shot after shot between kisses. He could taste the whiskey on her and later wine, though how he paid for a bottle of red that tasted this good he had no idea. Or maybe it was just Veronica who made it so. They spoke little, simply alternating between drinking and kissing until she crawled into his lap and the owner was forced to kick them out.

The walk back to his apartment felt like a dream; the alcohol mixed with the strongest desire he had ever experienced made everything seem out of focus. It was like he had tunnel vision and Veronica was the light at the end. The whole world seemed to blur into a mess of sounds and colours whereas Veronica, her touch, her scent, her voice, all of that was sharp and clear. As she clung to his arm he could feel the warmth of her body, the way her tits rested against his side as they walked. Once or twice, he was sure he could feel her nipples through the thin dress and his arousal grew.

Stumbling into his apartment they had barely closed the door before she was on him again. Lips pressed to his as she held him against the wall. He could feel each point where their bodies connected; her tits on his chest, her legs wound around his own, it was intoxicating. Normally, he'd be embarrassed to have a woman like Veronica see his tiny, dirty living space but right now he couldn't bring himself to care. Eagerly he took her breasts in his hands, treasuring the warm softness he found. Veronica's pleased gasp went straight to his crotch as he kneaded, running his hands over her tits and marvelling at their size. She ran her hands through his short hair, making it stand up on end. Her touch was electric, he swore he could feel literal sparks flying between them as she raked her nails down his neck and along his shoulders. He was torn between pulling her closer and continuing to fondle her tits but she made the decision for him as she reached between them. Deft hands unzipped his jeans before slowly circling his waist to pull the material down.

He shuddered as her hands rubbed against the front of his boxers, running up and down his length languidly. He had been rock hard since the moment they'd entered his home yet somehow he seemed to stiffen further under Veronica's touch.

“I can't wait to have you inside me.” She breathed, increasing the pressure of her fingers, “I want to ride you till I've milked every last bit of cum out.”

He couldn't take this much longer, he had to have her. With a primal growl he gripped onto her arms, pulling them both toward the bedroom. The moment she saw the bed, Veronica seemed to become more desperate, pushing her entire body against his and locking their lips together. She

tasted of wine, and he could feel her hard nipples against his chest before she gave him a gentle push backwards onto the bed.

Veronica stood over him, licking at her wet lips. He watched, eyes glued to her form as she reached for the edges of her dress and slowly lifted it. Peeling the thin fabric off her skin to reveal the body beneath. The streetlight outside cast her in stark white and deep shadows, perfectly framing her curves in a shot that was downright pornographic. A soft triangle of red hair sat between her legs and even in the dim light Damien could see they were far from dry. Just looking at her was almost enough to make him cum.

Slowly and sensually, she lowered herself to the bed, crawling up his body as she began to undress him. A fog of desire seemed to descend upon his mind, everything but Veronica was white noise.

“You look amazing.”

“A body built for sin,” She whispered, “I’ve had men say they’d give anything to have me. Even their souls.”

“I would.” Damien whispered and Veronica smiled almost victoriously.

“I thought you might.”

Somehow, his clothing was gone, in his haze of lust he’d barely felt her removing them, only her hands when they brushed against his skin. He was painfully hard, precum already leaking as Veronica held herself above him. He could feel the wetness dripping from her and unable to contain himself he thrust up only to have her raise herself out of reach. She grinned at him, obviously enjoying his desperation.

“Please.” He keened; this teasing was too much.

“Well, since you asked so nicely.”

Slowly she lowered herself and Damien threw his head back as that tight, wet heat slowly descended upon his member. By the time she had fully engulfed him the pleasure was so intense he almost came right then and there. She felt so good, better than he ever could have imagined and she hadn’t even started moving yet. Moaning, Veronica braced herself against his legs and slowly began to rock back and forth, squeezing his length inside her. He watched her, hypnotised by the sight of her

breasts moving against her chest as she leaned backwards. They began to bounce in earnest as she arched her back and started to undulate her hips, each movement eliciting moans that went straight to his groin.

“Oh...Oh you feel incredible.” She moaned, “Oh I can’t take it!”

She lifted herself up his length and slid back down with ease, riding him hard and fast. It was unlike any sex Damien had ever had. His entire being was filled with pleasure, his senses so overloaded with it all he could do was grip onto Veronica’s hips for dear life and watch as she continued to rise and fall. Her tits rising and falling with each movement and she reached forward, taking one of his hands and placing there to squeeze. She let out a breathy sound as he did so, kneading her boobflesh as she continued to fuck him.

He could feel himself getting close but he never wanted this to end. I needed to keep fucking her, to keep touching her, this was the best moment of his life. His body was writhing, thrusting up into her with abandon.

“You’re so hard!” She cried out, “I-I’m going to cum!”

Damien could feel it. She was tightening around him even more and the extra friction was all it took. He came hard, hips bucking wilding as he pumped her full of his seed, groaning as he filled her. His eyes locked with Veronica’s as he did so, watching as she too tumbled over the edge as they continued to writhe together. She continued to bounce on his cock, milking it for every drop until after what seemed like an eternity of pleasure, he softened and they fell limp against one another. Dizziness swept over him like a wave and his vision blurred; suddenly Damien realised something strange was going on. Instead of settling into the usual post coital haze that came with orgasm he was still cumming, not as strongly, but those waves of pleasure were still coursing through his body causing it to twitch and writhe even as Veronica dismounted. She calmly got herself dressed again and sighed with what sounded like relief.

“That was a close one, I almost came before you.” She chuckled, “Just lie back and enjoy darling. You’re one of the special ones.”

He wanted to ask her what was happening but he couldn’t find his voice. He felt like his whole body was burning with both pain and pleasure and as he looked down at himself, he could see why. His form was...changing; stretching and warping in a way that should have been horrifying but the ecstasy kept the feeling at bay. He watched as his fingers slimmed before his very eyes taking on a dainty, feminine appearance. His chest began to swell as round, perky breasts formed with nipples that were pink and hard pointing skyward. In shock he grabbed at them feeling the flesh that now felt just as soft against his palm as Veronica’s had moments ago. His hands could do nothing to stop the swell as they grew as if being inflated like a balloon. With each second they grew and a new wave of pleasure crashed over him, increased by the feeling of his own hands on the sensitive flesh.

Most disturbing of all, he could feel his cock shrinking until what had once been his hard member was replaced with a wet hole that already ached with emptiness. His hips lifted off the bed as his ass inflated, becoming round and bouncy. He hopped that would be the end of it but this change was far from over. The waves continued, widening his hips, smoothing his legs and filling his lips and then, a pressure appeared on top of his head. Delicate hands flying up he found a pair of horns slowly growing from his skull and he cried out in shock with a voice that sounded nothing like his own.

Fighting against the tingling sensation he managed to sit just in time for that same pressure to appear just above his new, rounded ass. He slipped a hand behind and was met with a cord like tail, steadily growing from the small of his back. Within seconds it was long enough to hang just a few inches from the ground were he to stand, a tiny fork at its tip. He could feel something coiling within him, a tightening of muscles that was all too familiar. Unable to resist it he fell forward onto his hands and knees, gripping the bedsheets as he came again. Wetness flowing out of his new hole as he shuddered. Finally, the fog over his mind seemed to lift as the waves of pleasure came to an end and he was left panting and sweating as if he'd just run a marathon.

Swallowing, Damien raised a shaking hand to his hip, feeling the slope that now existed. He ran his hands over his entire body, feeling the soft breasts and hard horns, his tail lashed and quivered as his fingertips brushed over his nipples. This couldn't be real. Surely. Fear and panic began to overwhelm his system, heart pounding in his chest. He looked up to Veronica for explanation but found that only compounded the nightmare.

Veronica stood at the end of the bed, at some point in the proceedings she had also changed; A pair of white, curled horns resting against her red hair and a similar tail peeking out from behind her backside. The tail swept the floor and she smiled with excitement.

"Oh, darling you look wonderful! My best work yet!"

"What...what the hell have you done to me?"

"Hell indeed." She chuckled, stepping back into the harsh light of the street lamp.

It was then that he realised her skin had also changed to a fiendish red. Realisation and terror filled him as he stumbled to his feet. Fleeing to the bathroom he made his way to the mirror and gazed at his own reflection. A woman, no, a demon stared back at him. She was a beauty to equal Veronica with short, dark hair and a curvaceous figure but the real features were the horns and tail. Even in the low light he could see his skin slowly shifting hue to match Veronica's deep red.

She joined him at the mirror, throwing arm around his naked shoulder in an almost sisterly manner.

"I knew you were special, Damien." She smiled, giving his now sloped shoulder a squeeze, "Didn't I tell you I had the perfect job for you? You're going to make a great succubus!"

It didn't seem real, the woman looking back at him copied his every move; blinked when he blinked, shifted when he shifted but...it couldn't be him! His forked tail flicked instinctually, snapping almost like a whip with nervous energy. Not only did he look different he felt it, the residual arousal from their tryst was still present and showed no sign of fading. No matter how he shifted he couldn't seem to get rid of the subtle ache between his legs. The skin was moist and he knew all it would take was a few subtle touches to his new breasts to make that wetness grow. Veronica's arm was still around his shoulder, even that light touch made him shiver with desire but he quashed it down with rage.

"What the fuck have you done to me!?"

"You sold your soul to me." Veronica answered as if it were obvious, "Most men who do just turn into husks but you, you're one of the lucky ones who can work to earn it back! That's what you wanted wasn't it? A job?"

"Not like this? And I didn't-ok I said that but I wasn't serious!"

"Nonetheless, you said it."

Flames flared in Veronica's hand and a parchment scroll materialised. Unrolling it dramatically she shoved it in his face; it was an employment contract. The language was esoteric and archaic to say the least but Damien could understand the gist of it, he felt the blood drain from his face as he read.

"The soul of Damien Haster is now the sole property of the Devil." He whispered.

"But you can earn it back." Veronica added, as if that was any comfort. "Those who are turned to his service can trade in the souls they steal for their own after a time. That's what got me started in the business."

"How long...?"

"Have I been doing this?" She placed a sharp fingernail to her lips, "Hmmm, about three hundred and forty-five years, I think. I earned my soul back a few decades ago but I decided to stay. This job is so much fun and I have a hell of a boss."

At the mention of her boss, she gave a little groan, rubbing her thighs together in obvious arousal. She seemed oblivious to how awkward that action was, perhaps she was unaware she was even doing it. Damien too ignored it; he was caught up on what she had just admitted.

“Three hundred and forty-five years! B-but you look...”

“Young?” She finished with a giggle, “Every time I steal I soul I get their potential years added to my own. You just gave me another forty.”

Damien blinked at her for a moment.

“That’s fucked up.” He said finally, Veronica simply indicated to her horns.

“Demon.” She replied, as if to say ‘what else did you expect?’.

“Wait hang on, forty? I was only going to live until my sixties?”

“You ate a lot of crappy food.” She shrugged.

The absurdity of the situation slowly began to sink in as he leaned back against the bathroom sink. Veronica, the horns, the change, it was all so unreal. This had to be some sort of dream surely? Any moment he’d wake up to find himself passed out on that sticky bar with the owner shouting at him.

Damien turned back to look at the mirror, taking in the woman who stared back at him. His once mousy hair was now short but stylish and darkly contrasted against his red skin. His breasts were large, far larger than would normally be possible he was sure, with dark red nipples. Were he a human woman he was sure his back would be aching with the effort to stand straight with such large curves but this fiendish body had no such issues. He turned from side to side, watching as his ass and boobs jiggled and swayed with each movement. Everything about this body was made to be alluring, even he wasn’t immune to its inherit power; just watching himself in the mirror he felt that wetness between his legs increase.

A gasp escaped his lips as suddenly, red hands cupped his breasts and squeezed. Veronica made an approving sound.

“Do I know how to make ‘em or what?”



Damien groaned as she massaged the sensitive flesh and keened when she stopped. He was glad for his red skin now, it helped hide his blush of embarrassment.

“Don’t worry honey.” Veronica said, “You’ll get used to being horny all the time. It’s part of the contract.”

He must have missed that part while skimming. Veronica practically skipped back to the bedroom and with a click of her fingers a gout of flames shot from the floor. Damien cried out but then noticed the fire forming a circle, it didn’t even singe the carpet. A portal. The question must have been plain on his face because Veronica provided the answer unprompted.

“It’s to Hell.” She giggled, “Your new home and place of employment!”

Everything that had happened in the past hour suddenly slammed into him, the horror and reality of the situation seeming settle like a cold blanket. This was actually happening; it wasn’t some alcohol infused hallucination; he had been seduced and transformed by a literal demon and now his soul was forfeit. Panic began to rise in his chest, his breath coming in short bursts. His whole life, it was slipping through his fingers like sand. Veronica to her credit seemed sympathetic and patted his arm softly.

“I know it’s a lot.” She soothed, “But trust me, this is a fate much better than death or becoming a husk. You’ve got nothing left to lose!”

Harsh as that last part sounded it did offer him a modicum of comfort. If she truly had taken his life, his soul, things couldn’t really get any worse. Steeling himself, he took a deep breath and allowed Veronica to pull him through the portal. Damien winced as he walked through the wall of fire but found no burning or pain, only a pleasant tingling as the flames licked his skin. He wasn’t sure what he’d expected Hell to look like exactly, fire and brimstone perhaps but nothing could have properly prepared him for what he saw.

“Welcome,” Veronica announced, “To the House of Lust.”

The closest comparison he could think of was a hareem; a decadent room of flowing silks and plush pillows lining the floor with low beds and serving tables arranged throughout. There were a dozen or so other woman, other succubi, milling about of every shape and size. Some were scantily clad, others naked but for a necklace identical in style to Veronica’s and all were exceedingly beautiful.

They all stood as he and Veronica entered, those who were not otherwise occupied with a guest or one another that is. Damien watched with fascination as a man who seemed completely

unaware of his surroundings moaned and bucked as one of the women sucked his cock. His eyes were glazed and far away as he cried out, his companion swallowing down his seed eagerly. The red gem around her neck glowing faintly as she did so.

“He’ll be a husk soon enough.” Veronica nudged his shoulder, “See how empty the eyes are? She sucked the soul right out of him.”

Fear thumped in Damien’s chest.

“What...?”

“The lesser demons will find some use for the body.”

Even as she said it a large, male demon appeared from behind a wall of flowing silk. He was a full foot taller than most humans and built like a house. Muscles bulged, as did the loin cloth that covered his crotch. The demon yanked the man to his feet and pushed him forward. Glassy eyed, he shuffled out with the demon behind him and Damien could see why they called men like that husk afterwards.

“He died happy.” Veronica reminded him, “It’s not a bad way to go, all things considered.”

Despite the heat Damien felt a shiver go down his spine. That would have been him, had he not been changed to a succubus. The others surrounded him, asking his name and introducing themselves. Each succubus was stunningly beautiful in different ways and Damien felt lost in a whirl of dazzling eyes and curvaceous forms. Finally, he broke through the endless voices and managed to get a word in himself;

“Why didn’t that happen to me? Why am I...this?”

The girls laughed.

“Chance, darling.”

So that was it? A flip of the proverbial coin and his life was gone forever. Not that it had been much of a life he supposed. Still, adjusting to being a constantly horny woman wasn’t something he could

just accept quickly. A bodacious blonde who introduced herself as Adeline took it upon herself to explain things.

“A demon’s job is to corrupt and collect the souls of the living,” She started, “and different demons do this in a number of ways. Here at the House of Lust, we seduce.”

That made sense, it was what Veronica had done to him after all. He looked down at his new body, still marvelling at its perfection. Seducing anybody with curves like this wouldn’t be too hard, though he’d have to learn how to hide the horns and tail. He’d never found men attractive but perhaps he could focus on women until his acting skills were up to the challenge. He didn’t revel in the idea but he had to win his soul and body back somehow.

“So, I just need to seduce enough men or women to get my soul back?” He asked, Adeline nodded.

“It’s not that simple though, there are rules.”

“You have to seduce them of course, and have them sell you their soul but you also have to make sure they cum before you do.”

Some of the women shivered with desire.

“It’s so much harder than you think.” One whined, “Sex feels so good in these bodies! It’s so hard to hold back.”

“At least you don’t work for the House of Gluttony.” Veronica replied, “I know I’d rather be horny for eternity rather than hungry!”

Surrounded by these giggly, busty women Damien found it hard to believe he was in Hell. The scene reminded him of the sororities you saw in chick flicks and that panic in his chest began to lessen slightly. Maybe he could make the best of this situation after all, strange as it was. Veronica tugged him further into the building and away from the gaggle of women as they dispersed, explaining that he would have to undergo orientation before he started work.

“You’ll be here for a while with us, training.” She told him as they walked, “But before that you need to have your orientation with Amon. He’s the head of the House of Lust, our boss. He’s out at the moment having a meeting with one of the other leaders but wait in his office and I’ll let him know you’re here.”

She stopped in front of an ornate gold and black stone door and pushed it open with surprising ease and waved him inside.

"Have fun!" She gave him a wink and then closed the door behind her. Leaving him alone.

The room didn't look like any office he'd ever seen. It didn't even have a desk, in fact the only furniture at all was a chair by the fireplace and a large four poster bed which took up more than two thirds of the room. Red and black silks hung over the structure, draping the bed in dim shadows that danced in the light from the fire. Damien swallowed, this was the House of Lust after all, it would appear most business conducted here was of the flesh.

For a few minutes he was alone and for the first time since meeting Veronica in the bar he had a moment to think clearly. He turned and twisted, trying to take in every inch of this new, feminine body. Running his fingers along the curve of his horns and experimenting with his tail. The new appendages were odd but not unpleasant to have. If he were to practice perhaps, he could even use it to pick things up. In his mind's eye he imagined this body wound around a man, making them beg for release as his new tail coiled around their legs. The sound of heavy footsteps outside the door snapped him out of it and he flushed with embarrassment. He'd never fantasied about a man like that before.

A demon entered and despite everything Damien felt himself go weak at the knees. He was the sexiest man he'd ever laid eyes on; and he wasn't even human. Standing a full two feet taller than any mortal man, he towered over Damien, every muscle toned and defined against his red skin. His large curved black horns shone in the fire light as did his eyes. Even across the room Damien could swear he could smell a musk wafting toward him and his mouth watered. In a few seconds he had gone from straight to wanting to run his tongue down this creatures' toned chest. His only clothing was a loincloth that did very little to hide what was beneath. It was no wonder he was the leader of The House of Lust; this man was desire incarnate.

"I am Amon." His deep voice went straight to Damien's pussy, moisture began to gather. "You must be my latest little worker."

"Yes sir." He had no idea where that 'sir' came from. Perhaps some programmed instinct from his new body. All he knew for sure is that he wanted nothing more than to be touched by this demon and please him in turn.

Amon approached and hooked a finger under Damien's chin, forcing him to look straight into his eyes. They were pools of pitch black and Damien felt like he was drowning.

"Name?"

"D-Damien"

"Hmmm, we'll have to change that of course. Once your orientation is complete, I will name you."

The idea of losing his name, his last shred of his old self, should have frightened him but it didn't. What did that old life matter anyway? He was miserable there and now he had Amon, whose eyes alone made him feel more pleasure than should have been possible.

Large hands ran down the length of his body, brushing over the curve of his hips and breasts, Damien shivered at the inspection. Happiness burst through him as Amon gave an approving nod. Then, with strong arms Amon lifted him onto the bed and placed him down to continue his petting. Damien had no doubt in his mind what 'orientation' at The House of Lust entailed and he was ready for it. That ever-present arousal flaring to life within him turning to full blown desire.

"The pleasure will wash away your old inhibitions." Amon smiled, "A succubi cannot hesitate or hide their nature, understand?"

Damien just nodded, allowing Amon to lay him down against the silk sheets. Despite their smoothness they felt electric against his skin. Above them he watched his own reflection in a mirror above the canopy, he was a wonton creature now. Gone was the plain man he'd been mere hours ago, the face that stared back at him had eyes blown wide with desire and a body that was begging to be fucked.

Amon removed his loincloth and Damien swallowed as his mouth went dry. His cock was huge, far larger than any humans could be and Damien felt himself whimper at the sight both from nerves and want.

"I want you to focus on the pleasure." Amon whispered, "You belong to me now. Remember that."

Without warning Amon pushed inside him and Damien felt a small orgasm rock him from the sheer size and friction. It was glorious. He felt stretched to his limit and loved it, he wanted more. He rocked his hips, allowing Amon to burry himself deeper inside. He was keening, moaning his new masters name over and over. It took only a few moments of thrusting before Damien felt his insides tightening, his inner walls squeezed the cock even tighter and the pleasure increased. He arched his back and came again with a breathy moan. Slickness flowed between his legs but Amon didn't stop, he kept fucking him hard through the orgasm and Damien could do nothing but take it.

"It-Oh God, it's too good-" he was babbling.

"God has no place here!" Amon growled. "There. Is. Just. Me."

He punctuated each word with a hard thrust to Damien's new G-spot and he wailed.

"Only you! O-only you!"

He was already approaching the edge again. His entire body was so oversensitive he felt as though he could burst into flames but still Amon showed him no mercy. Reaching his large hand between them he touched a digit to Damien's clit and started to rub. Timing his thrusts so that his clit and G-spot were both being stimulated at the same time. The pleasure was almost excruciating; Damien writhed helplessly against it. It was too much, his mind could comprehend nothing but the sensations flowing through him and he knew the orgasm that was building would be like nothing he had ever experienced.

"Look at me when you come." Amon ordered and Damien obeyed without question. He'd do anything for Amon, so long he didn't stop fucking him.

The edge approached fast and Damien stared into those dark pools as he began to crest. Then his body shuddered, seizing as every muscle tightened involuntarily. A wordless cry, a scream, escaped his throat as pure ecstasy exploded from between his legs, filling his entire body. His inner walls squeezed Amon's cock so hard it almost hurt as he came. The orgasm swallowed his entire body, filled his very being and wouldn't stop. Amon kept fucking him, never giving his body a break and he continued to cum staring straight into the demons eyes. Damien felt the last shred of his willpower melt away as he went limp, allowing Amon to fill his pussy with his seed. Even that sent shockwaves of pleasure through him.

His mind felt blank, unable to think of anything at all but the residual ecstasy flowing through him. Amon laid down on at his side, propped up on one elbow. He ran a sharp nail down the length of Damien's body, tracing the bend of his hips and breasts, occasionally stopping to tease a nipple. Damien couldn't stop him even if he'd wanted to, his entire body was limp from pure exhaustion and gratification.

"Veronica did well with you." Amon hummed, "You need training of course, but I think you'll be an excellent addition to the team."

Not that he had much of a choice; a fact that was bothering him less and less as Amon touched him. The exhaustion was beginning weight on him, his eyes were dropping but he forced them open. He couldn't fall asleep now, Amon would be disappointed.

"What to call you, what to call you..."

His hands traced up the hollow of Damien's throat, taking his chin firmly in his hands and forcing their gazes together. Heavy-lidded, Damien stared into Amon's dark eyes, feeling them pierce his very being.

"Daphne. Your name is Daphne."

Amon's eyes seemed to grow darker, if that was even possible and the name seemed to flow from them into his mind. Daphne. His name was Daphne.

No.

Her name was Daphne.

Her eyes fluttered and against her will slid closed as the exhaustion took her. Even so the memory of Amon's hands, his eyes, his touch; it all lingered as she fell to sleep.