

A Winter to Remember

Jace stumbled into his apartment, bundled with scarves, coat, and hat. His body clad in the typical armor needed against the cold of winter. He juggled a wad of mail in one hand while tearing off gloves and hopping out of boots, trying very hard to not step in any stray puddles of melted snow. The black wolf shook his mane, the clumps of snow from the outside splattering the walls.

“Fuck I hate winter,” the wolf growled, kicking his boot off and immediately stepping in a half-melted puddle of snow. A shiver ran up the black wolf’s spine, his demon horns flashing into existence for just a moment at the sudden rage before disappearing again. He took a deep breath, calmed himself, and proceeded to kick the puddle out of annoyance.

Jace snarled at his own short fuse and lumbered into the apartment. It was a nice loft, wide open space, and windows that overlooked central-park. It was one of his...let’s say friends...apartments that owed him his life. The demon tugged down the hem of sweater while he lumbered into the apartment, his thick frame filling the hall. The massive pecs of the demon shoved the V-neck down to expose a thick bush of white fur that rolled up into his mane. He used the freshly melted snow to reactivate the product in his hair and moved it back into place. He peeled off his wet socks and slapped them down in the entryway not caring if they stayed wet. He had others.

Jace rolled his shoulders, his biceps flexing the maroon sweater he wore, his powerful thighs forcing his tan pants to contort to the shape of his legs. He wore an expensive watch on one wrist, the massive size of his arms forcing his sweater to ride up and keep his wrists permanently exposed.

The demon wolf walked over to the living room with the mail. He snapped his fingers and purple flames ignited in the fireplace before slowly bleeding into natural oranges and yellows. Jace kicked up

his feet, letting the flames warm him as he started to go through the mail. He flicked them into the fire one at a time until he got to a particularly strange one.

It was a postcard bosting a specific café.

“We need to meet.” Is all it read.

Jace flicked the letter into the flames. He continued to toss the letters into the fire until he was left with nothing but an aching suspicion. He lifted his hand and the postcard pulled itself out of the flames, the burnt edges reforming like the flames were working in reverse. Jace took a deep breath of the card, sniffing it deep. It reeked of sulfur and burning copper.

Jace growled.

“What does that pompous asshole want now,” Jace snarled. He flipped the card over a few times looking for any other piece of info that might indicate what the damn demon croc wanted. He finally noticed the clock in the café window read two in the afternoon.

“You always did like to be cryptic, didn’t you Bereft,” Jace let the letter burn up into ash between his fingers. He looked at the expensive watch around his wrist, the weight of it alone showing its authenticity.

If he got going now, he could make it. He looked out over the frozen wonderland outside as the snow started to pick up. Jace’s dead heart sank. You’d think a demon would be okay with cold for a change, but when you’ve been around the sun as long as Jace has, the novelty wears off.

“This better be fucking good,” Jace got up, his feet slapping the ground and causing the loft to shake as he went to bundle up against the cold again.

Jace made it to the café with about thirty seconds to spare. Not that he was trying to be on time, mind you. He was taking his sweet-ass time because of the snowstorm that was billowing outside. He lumbered into the coffee shop, ducking a bit so his head wouldn't hit the door frame on the way in. He figured that the brat who asked him to come would be able to peg him in any form, so he decided to simply stay as is. It was nice not having to compress his vessel or his essence. Besides, this was a favor he was doing for Bereft. It's always nice to have a chip to cash in with a second prince.

The café was slow, but not as slow as the demon would have hoped. There were plenty of people already there and waiting for orders. As soon as he came in though, a barista came from behind the counter and smiled at him. A cute little rabbit with pristine white fur.

"Hello there Jace, the owner would like a word," she giggled and took Jace by his paw. He was taken out back behind the building, into the cold again, and forced to climb a metal staircase. The bunny girl left him to return to the customers below as Jace entered the apartment above the establishment.

The floor was old worn oak, the walls an emerald green. Green and gold? Jace rolled his eyes as he started to take off his coat, the thick slush on his winter clothes flopping onto the floor.

"I see you still have your father's style of decorating," Jace called out into the apartment. He got no response. Jace sighed. That asshole always wanted to be the one with the grand reveal.

Jace simply hung his clothes up and scuttled sideways through the hall, his massive body making it difficult to do so.

"Come on man!" Bereft called from deeper in the apartment. "Just shrink down like a normal demon."

"Fuck you!" Jace snarled, deciding to abandon any sense of heedfulness by turning forward, knocking over furniture, hanging frames and mirrors, leaving a disheveled hall in his wake. His sweater

tore along his sleeve and Jace snarled as he came to an opening. It was a cozy-looking den, a bay window overlooking the street. There, on a swiveling armchair was a drake. Black scales with crisscrossing orange patterns, blond hair gelled up into an expensive cut. He wore a green sweater and some jeans. In his hand was a glass of scotch, the bottle on the coffee table with another glass of ice next to an identical swiveling recliner.

“You ripped your sleeve,” Bereft’s hand holding the scotch pointed a single finger at Jace. He was a quite imposing dragon, if not compared to the wolf. Jace had at least two feet on the drake. The demon dragon looked like a college jock while Jace was a towering off-season bodybuilder. Jace padded over, his boots smearing slush and mud on the carpet as he snatched the bottle of scotch from the table. He knocked it back, his thick Adam’s apple gulping the liquor in powerful drags. A trickle of the expensive nectar rolled down the corner of his muzzle. Bereft just sighed and pulled out another bottle of scotch next to his chair.

Jace finished the bottle and smashed it against the wall, shattering it and splattering the last gulp of golden amber against the emerald green paint, causing it to drip. Bereft simply poured a new glass for the demon wolf.

“Where did you get your sweater? I’ll have my courier get you a new one.”

Jace came over and snatched the glass off the coffee table.

“What the fuck do you need, Bereft?” Jace spat.

“Down to brass tax?” Bereft’s ruby eyes glinted. “No chat? No hello?”

Jace decided to sip the scotch before letting out a deep belch, a buzz already tingling in his skull, “What do you need, Bereft?” Jace looked down at the demon drake, the dragon’s red eyes slowly narrowing.

“Man, what happened to you? You used to be fun.”

“Quit dodging the question,” Jace refused the bait that Bereft set out. He knew the demon too well to fall for his tricks. “What do you need?”

“Fine, fucking killjoy,” Bereft paused, hoping that would get the demon wolf to crack. Jace just gestured with his hand to keep talking. “I need your help. I was hoping to put you in a good mood with the delicious scotch and pleasant conversation, but here we fucking are.”

“You should have sent your *courier* to come get me you fucking ass! It’s a fucking blizzard out there.”

“And risk his life in all this? He’s more valuable to me alive than in a ditch frozen over.”

“What about me!?”

“Oh please, you big baby! Last time I checked, you loved the cold.”

“That was before I realized it came around *every year*,” Jace rolled his eyes and came and plopped down on the chair next to him.

“You could take your boots off, ya know. Stay a while,” Bereft offered.

“What do you need, Bereft,” Jace sighed, his eyes growing tired.

“I need your help,” Bereft admitted.

“That’s obvious enough,” Jace spat back. “You’ve only ever reached out when you’ve needed it.”

“Let me also remind you that you always come when I do,” Bereft countered. Jace stayed silent and sipped the scotch.

"Listen," Bereft continued. "I wanted your help, and I also wanted to...apologize."

Jace paused mid-sip and turned to look at the demon drake, the demon wolf's violet eyes really looking at him for the first time.

"You're not here on *business*, are you," Jace deduced.

"My father doesn't know I'm here. If he did, he would have sent someone to fetch me by now."

Bereft said putting his glass down. "For now though, I have more immediate problems."

"Out of all the realms you decide to stake your claim, you find the one shithole I found to hide in." Jace groaned at the irony. "I thought for sure I'd be free from the stupid conflict of you and your uncles. At least for a millennia or two."

"Sorry," Bereft said, as he turned to look at the swirling snow out the bay window. "If this vessel hadn't been so perfect, I would have chosen someplace else."

"I'm not upset you're here Bereft, I'm upset that you're dragging your family shit here with you. Even if it wasn't your intention, you're putting me at risk by just being here."

"You could jump ship, get to another realm." Bereft suggested.

"I can't cast anything that big. They'd find me in a heartbeat," Jace sighed.

"I could send you someplace, once I gather enough souls." Bereft offered.

"I can count on one finger the number of demons you'd do that for," Jace lifted his hand and flipped Bereft the bird. "They'd know it was for me the second they sense your essence forming the gate. No, I'm stuck here, but you knew that already."

"I did," Bereft answered truthfully.

“So,” Jace leaned back in his chair, having calmed down a bit. “What do you need help with this time?”

Bereft noticed that Jace didn’t ask “What are you offering” but rather “What do you need” and the realization just hit him.

“Thanks, Jace,” Bereft sighed. “I have a demon hunter on my tail.”

“Is that all?” Jace chuckled. “Well, you called the right demon for the job.”

“He’s been on my ass ever since...we’ll the details aren’t important. I just need your help dealing with him.”

“What’s the name?”

“That’s the problem, I don’t have a name. The guy is an enigma. His handler calls him Flynn, but that’s all I know.”

“You got the handler, but not the agent? How is that possible?”

“This Flynn is a lone wolf. His handler practically reported to him. He’s a slippery little eel, and he has a near spotless record.”

Jacen took another sip, pondering what Bereft just told him.

“The handler, riddled with sin then?” Jace asked curious.

“Just rotten,” Bereft chuckled. “It was easy to seduce him and make him a thrall. It’s this Flynn character that’s driving me nuts! I’m sure if we leave this apartment he’ll be hot on our heels.”

“So, you decided to pull your teacher of seduction out to pay him a visit?” Jace bounced his eyebrows.

Bereft rolled his eyes remembering the various nights the two spent rolling around naked and “teaching” each other the “hands-on” way.

“No,” Bereft finally said, crossing one leg over the other to hide his bulge. “He has killed several thralls who tried to seduce him already. He needs to be trapped, and I need proper bait.”

“So you want me to play decoy?” Jace was skeptical. “You don’t need me to do that.”

“No,” Bereft smiled darkly. “I need you so *I can play decoy.*”

Jace smiled and lifted his glass and Bereft picked his back up to clink it against his.

“So what’s the plan?” Jace murred as he kicked off his boots and licked his chops.

Flynn had been tracking this demon for months. He knew the damned thing was in the city, but this demon was a lone wolf. He never stuck around in a place too long before flying the coop and spreading more sin. He knew how they operated. He hated to admit it, but the two of them were quite similar.

Maybe that’s why he couldn’t let it go. This demon had somehow gotten to his handler without him knowing. His handler hid it well, but not well enough. He was so ripe with demonic influence Flynn could smell it through the phone. He went dark after that. He’s been laying low and changing his routes constantly, never stopping at the same place twice. He was running out of options and he needed to wrap this up fast.

The timber wolf had tracked the demon to a coffee shop, or at least to an apartment above it. The snow made it impossible to scout without actually entering, so he opted to cloak himself in the snow. His specialty was winter magic, so it was easy to call forth a snow cloak to hide in the billowing

storm. If a demon knew what they were looking for, they could easily see through it, but it provided protection from the average witness. He would say this snowstorm was a blessing if his cover hadn't been blown.

Plenty a demon or unregistered hell mage had been found with a knife in the back after a snowstorm. Why they felt compelled to prowl during that kind of weather was clear to Flynn. He thanked the hells for their heat. It made the demons crave the cold once they got out, but this mark had been out for a long time. The thought of taking out such a slippery demon made his claws itch.

Flynn watched as a figure left the upstairs apartment, cloaked thick in winter attire to arm himself against the cold. The demonic influence radiating off him was palpable. He didn't look like he did before, but this demon changed their appearance frequently. Sucking souls and assimilating them allowed demons to shapeshift and adapt in so many ways.

The demon cut through the café to get to the street.

Damn it! He was hoping that he would just come down the alley so he could stick an icicle in his back and call it good. No, this bastard was being careful. Flynn abandoned his snow cloak, his body melting into existence from the snow as he quickly rounded the corner to catch the demon walking briskly the other way.

Flynn's fingers twitched in his gloves.

This had to be it. It was now or never. He was out of time and resources. The snow crunched beneath his boots as he continued his pursuit. The demon rounded a corner and jogged across the street. Flynn could see him clear as day, his winter magic helping him detect the demon even if he was far off. He had been marked by the wolf and he couldn't get away.

The demon went into central-park, the trees' large wiry hands clawing at the snow as it billowed around them. The demon was slowing down. He must be getting closer to his destination. Some shady deal in the trees? It wasn't uncommon, and dreadfully cliché. Either way, he wasn't going to make it to his destination.

Flynn clenched his fists, blades of ice forming as the snow was forced to bend and meld. He crouched and started to close the distance on the demon. Flynn licked his lips and his fingers twitched. He was seeing red.

Then all he saw was purple.

Flynn screamed, the billowing snow swallowing his cries. A pentagram had been etched into the snow, runes glowed with violet energy. Chains of lightning lashed him in place as a looming presence melded out of the snow; another demon using a snow cloak spell. The demon was huge and lumbering, thick and powerful, and those violet eyes.

"It's you! How? I was just..."

"Shhhhh..." Jace put a claw against the timber wolf's muzzle, the wolf easily two feet shorter than the demon. That claw tip crackled and buzzed like a Tesla coil ready to make music out of his screams. "You're mine now Flynn."

"How...how were you in two places...another demon?" Flynn snarled. His own hubris is what did him in. He thought this demon was working alone. He wasn't.

"Now," Jace chuckled and snapped his fingers, "let's wrap this up. I'm freezing my nuts off out here." The runes came to life and electrified Flynn.

Flynn passed out from the pain.

There wasn't much else to do besides sling the unconscious body over Jace's shoulder and haul him to his loft. It wasn't an easy track, but the demons made it back without any real complaints. Jace cursed the whole fucking time about the cold, but Bereft was just happy to see the demon hunter subdued.

They put the demon hunter in Jace's bed, the sheets reeking of musk and lust pheromones. Bereft turned his nose up.

"Do you ever clean your sheets?"

"I do, but not all of us can make thralls without being detected. I'm not going to ransom some guy's soul back for him to clean my sheets. I'd rather he dirty them and get a good meal out of it."

"It's gross man," Bereft complained, but Jace saw the bulge in the demon's pants.

"Shut up, you love it," Jace chuckled as he lashed the demon hunter to the bed, binding him naked to all four posters. "I clean them enough. It's been a couple months though."

"And how many people have you fucked since you've cleaned these sheets?" Bereft raised a brow.

"Not many, most of my meals I dine in. Ya know, at their place. Less for me to clean when I'm done. Does suck when the wife walks in though."

"Isn't that what you call a two-for-one meal?" Bereft asked.

"Most of the men I drain have a taste for pussy," Jace chuckled.

"Ah, I see. A little bottom action from the infamous incubus?"

“You didn’t seem to mind nutting in some tight pussy when I was teaching you how to properly pet it,” Jace’s tail smacked Bereft’s.

“Are you two done flirting?” Flynn snarled, having woken up almost as soon as the restraints were finished.

The two demons looked over at the wolf, his gray fur thick and beautiful. His sheath a plump and thick package. His nuts were like two ripe oranges and his dick could be used to measure salami.

“So this is your accomplice?” Flynn gestured to Bereft with his chin. “This drake is...”

“Is *not* going to be your target anymore,” Bereft cut him off. “But we figured we’d dispose of you in a way where we don’t waste any of your...potential.”

Flynn was stone cold, his ice-blue eyes scowling, but not showing any fear. Though, the demons could smell it on him. Even if he didn’t show it, it was deep. He didn’t fear death, but rather what he would become.

He wouldn’t have to wait long to find out. Jace got up onto the bed, the mattress squeaking and the bedframe creaking.

“I’m so glad you woke up so quickly. I needed you awake for this.” Jace smiled and bit his thumb. He then smeared it on his forefinger and started to mark Flynn’s chest with the dark ichor. Dark marks and sharp angles seared onto the demon hunter’s abdomen. His abs stained with the demon wolf’s essence as he drew a heart right over his bellybutton.

“That’s not the right marking if you wanted me to be subject to your lust magic-” Flynn was suddenly cut off as he gasped. It was a warm bleeding sensation over his stomach. He didn’t expect the

wrong runes to hit so hard. He had been trained to resist energies like this, but the demon wolf above him simply grinned, his clothes burning off him in a shower of violet sparks.

“What did you do to me...it...it’s not anything like training...”

“I know, pup,” Jace smiled, his massive pecs flexing as he lowered himself down, his abs hidden by a thin layer of healthy fat. “It sucks when you’ve been so repressed for so long.” Jace chuckled and licked along the wolf’s stomach, that tat not smearing, but rather glowing and growing over his belly in response to the demon’s hot saliva.

Flynn’s toes flexed and his hands clenched as he fought against that demon magic. It was so potent, so primal. He had never been marked by a demon he couldn’t resist. His knees shook, his ass clenched and his nipples buzzed.

“You’re such a show-off,” Bereft elbowed Jace. “Come on, move off to the side. His size is mine.”

“Come on, there’s plenty to share,” Jace smirked, his own sheath flopping forward. The melon-sized nuts and sheath as large as a two liter bottle gave everyone the answer as to who’s musk was permeating those sheets.

“I think you’re big enough hot shot,” Bereft pushed Jace out of the way, the big demon wolf obliging, but not out of the game. The demon wolf quickly took Flynn by the scruff and forced him to look down at Bereft as he put his dick and balls against his. The demon drake was gorgeous, the sculpted muscles and size already quite impressive. His dick, an eight inch bitch breaker flopped forward, hard and throbbing, dribbling pre. Clear dick snot dripped onto his tat, the dark ichor glowing as both Jace’s and Bereft’s energies mixed. If Flynn thought the first hit was a sucker punch of pleasure, this was like being rolled over by a truck.

Pleasure bloomed over his gut. He had never felt so empty before while also feeling so charged. He could feel every strand of fur on his body stand on end, like a warm wave washing over his skin. He felt like his fur was those rolling hills of grass you see in movies filmed in Ireland.

“He’s still resisting,” Bereft said licking his chops. “Though, I don’t think he’ll be resisting for too long.”

“I don’t think so either,” Jace came in and pressed his lips against the demon hunter. Flynn tried to bite down on the demon’s lips, but his jaw felt weak. All he could manage was a little nibble as that massive wolf muzzle came to tenderly, yet hungrily, press against his.

“So,” Jace murred into Flynn’s lips. “Still think I chose the wrong runes?”

“Stop...” Flynn’s voice was weak and shaky. “I...I...”

“I think the little pup needs a little push,” Jace smiled, pulling away. “Bereft, dear, show the boy what his daddies can do for him if he just let go.”

Daddies? Flynn’s mind got hazy at those words. A lone wolf who hunts demons like he has something to prove? Does anything else scream daddy issues more? Jace could smell his desires coming off him like a fine cologne. Now that he was hot and bothered, the demon dragon could sense exactly what his prey wanted.

“That kind of prey, huh?” Bereft chuckled and started to grind his dick back and forth slowly. Dribbles of pre oozed from that barbed dick head, dripping onto Flynn’s dick like hot candle wax. He flinched, but as soon as the heat subsided, it rolled right on into pleasure.

“You’ve been fighting for so long pup,” Jace murred as he licked his ear. “Let daddy show you exactly what you’ve been missing. It’s okay to let go. It’s okay to give in.”

“No...I can’t...” Flynn was sweating as his heart raced. He felt like he was suffocating. He couldn’t breathe right, his dick ached, and his ass quivered.

“You can Flynn,” Jace murred, his deep voice rumbling through his chest as he spoke.

Bereft felt the moment Flynn gave in. It was little at first. His body thinking only giving a little to get some relief was enough, but the true nature of that release was far too powerful. It felt good to obey. It felt good to listen. So, when a small trickle of energy rolled out of his dick and tingled over Bereft’s, it was like he was pissing cum. When he stopped, it hurt, his body instantly addicted to obeying. He felt like his veins were cracking, his mouth parched of water, and yet drowning all at the same time.

“Come on now, boy,” Bereft growled, grinding his dick against Flynn’s swollen sheath. “I know that’s not all you got.”

“Y-Yes...” Flynn moaned as his muscles relaxed. It was euphoric. It was like draining his piss after having held it in for a week. It was pleasure, it was sinful, it was for...*for his daddies*.

“Fuck yes, let go you little dipshit!” Bereft growled as he felt the energy from Flynn syphon into him. Flynn’s dick had grown fully hard, his eight inch dick throbbing like mad before it started to twitch...smaller. Smaller and smaller it shrank, dwindling as his balls started to shrink and recede deep inside him.

Bereft’s dick on the other hand was electrified. Power surged into it, making it pulse larger, thicker, stronger, and more virile. His nuts rolled forward, his dick reeled out, getting harder and longer by the second. Every cell of fuck flesh that Flynn lost filled out onto Bereft’s dick. His massive eight inches pulsing out to nine, then ten without any sign of stopping.

“That’s a good little bitch boi,” Jace murred into Flynn’s ear. “That’s right. It feels good to be a little dumb ass bitch. Doesn’t it? To give in to your betters?”

The words were like a tongue lulling over his mind with pleasure. Flynn couldn’t help it, he came. His dick spurring the last of its seed onto his new front tramp stamp. It glowed, taking his offering as willful acceptance in his new role.

Bereft's dick soaked up that energy like a sponge in the desert. It was like an electric eel was sucking his cock as it jolted with power and stamina. It reeled out to a jaw-shattering sixteen inches and thick as a soda can. As the sexual energy he had cultivated over his short life stemmed, a new energy stirred inside him.

Flynn’s dick vanished inside himself, his nut sack turning into a beautiful set of pussy lips. It parted down the middle for his clit to emerge and his first pussy juices to dribble out. The heart above his belly button burned as it shaped his insides, his organs being rearranged to accommodate a new one.

A womb.

A womb that was dropping eggs like a farmer on Easter. Warmth surged through Flynn, his spine tingling as his daddies took what they wanted from him.

It’s what you’re good for, Jace’s eyes glowed as he forced the ideas into his mind. It’s all you’ve ever wanted was to please your daddies. To be your fathers’ plaything and fuck toy.

Memories of a false life were forced into Flynn’s mind. As soon as he became eighteen, his fathers fucked him out of his chances of going to college. Who needs to go to college when you have a duo of immortal demon daddies that’ll fuck you for all eternity? He was used, degraded, made into a jizzrag for his fathers and a slave for their abuse...and...love? Affectionate nights between his dads

turning into steamy romps. Nights of celebrations and loving family events being stained with their cum and moans. Just this past Thanksgiving, Flynn made his daddies a massive turkey dinner. He stuffed the turkey then they stuffed him.

But he wanted more...he always wanted more. He always wanted to do more for his daddies. Each thick wad of cum wasn't enough; each splatter of their seed drove him more in love with his daddies' desires and needs. He wanted to be more for them...he didn't want to just be their cum dumpster...he wanted to be their...their...

"Pup dump," they all said in unison.

Flynn felt an overwhelming pleasure coming from his core, but more than that, he felt his fingers and toes tingling. Jace had been making out with Flynn, breaking their deep passionate kiss to say their uniformed desire. Now though, he was back to kissing him, Jace's glowing purple demon tongue diving deep and practically choking the wolf, but Jace was doing more than kissing, he was sucking.

Jace broke the kiss by pulling back his lips into a snarl, Flynn's soul reeling out of his mouth as Jace held it between his fangs. Icy blue energy dripped from it like a bloody carcass as his soul dribbled between Jace's teeth and lips. Bereft saw what was happening and chuckled. Jace wasn't of the habit of sharing his meals, but he did with a very select few. Bereft sucked, that soul reeling out and stretching taught between the demons. To Flynn, he was having an out of body experience, his soul stained with the same mark that was on his chest, causing neither the fear nor the pain of the soul, only pure pleasure.

Jace and Bereft snarled, smiling darkly as they drooled over that soul, the bits and pieces that had fallen spiraling into their mouths as they sucked and snarled, chomped and chewed. Flynn felt like he was going to bust, but he didn't.

He tore.

His soul ripped in half, his consciousness falling back to his body as his soul and seven desires were assimilated into his daddies.

"Finally..." Flynn murred as his black eyes with icy irises glowed into existence. He had always wanted to feed his daddies. Now he was watching as the two halves of his soul spiraled into his fathers' gullets. The effects were instantaneous. Their veins throbbed, their muscles bulged, and their cocks grew. They became more, more demonic, more powerful, just...more! Flynn felt his heart ignite with need. He wouldn't want anything besides his fathers again. He would crave their cruelty. He would desire their pleasure, but most of all, he would be addicted to their cum.

Bereft had been sawing back and forth over those pussy lips, his now seventeen inch bitch destroyer was slicked with his pup's need. Who was he to deny him? He pulled back and hooked his dick head into that hole. He pushed forward, his pussy lips parting for the first time as he sank his demon flesh into his thrall.

Flynn screamed in pleasure, his toes fanning as he tried to push himself down on his demon daddy further, but his restraints kept him tethered to the whims of his daddies.

"Slow down pup," Bereft growled and pushed inside, that tight snatch oozing its need and perfuming the air with its heat. "Daddy's going to enjoy popping your pussy cherry."

Bereft pressed against Flynn's newly formed hymen, the fleshy ring almost unnoticeable with how much he was already stretching his cunny, but it was a delight he would enjoy regardless. He

pressed forward, barely applying any pressure. It gave in with a quiver and popped. Flynn's bright red cherry spackled his daddy's dick as he slid in further, defiling him further, sullyng him for his pleasure.

Flynn couldn't hold back, he came. His pussy popping and gushing over his daddy while he moaned like a sullen whore.

"Squirting already?" Jace murred. "That's a bad, pup. Daddy hasn't even bottomed out inside you yet." Jace was able to maneuver his form quite well for being so large. It also helped that he was a demon and could shift his form slightly. So when he crawled underneath the wolf, Flynn's body now resting on the thick love pillows of his daddy's pecs and Flynn's back and tail swishing against that muscled gut, he nearly came again.

"Hey Bereft, help a bro out," Jace chuckled while flexing his twenty inch dick, the tapered tip perfect for wedging into tight places. Bereft smiled darkly and pulled back until his dick tip was just inside. He lined Jace's dick up with that entrance, and they pushed forward. Flynn couldn't help but moan, his toes clenched as both his daddies dick heads popped inside him. Any pain having been converted to pleasure as his demon daddies worked their way in. It was a lusty two step as one fucked in a couple inches and pulled back half as far while the other did so in tandem.

"That's a good little slut, isn't it pup?" Jace said while moving one of his massive muscled paws to play with Flynn's clit, playing on that pleasure doorbell while it was distended by the duo of dicks that were fighting for space in that rapidly filling cunt.

"Uh hu...I'm just...just a dumb...dumb cum slut. A place for daddies to bust their nut." Flynn moaned as the two demons dug deeper into their new toy. Flynn's belly bulged with the size of those dicks. His abdomen bloated as he laid back on a bed of his wolf daddy's chest while his dragon daddy snarled down at him from above.

Bereft spat on Flynn's face. Flynn's eye was forced shut, but he gasped and opened his mouth. Bereft chuckled and spat into his muzzle, nailing the back of his throat. The tainted spit killing Flynn's gag reflex as the daddies fucked deeper. Their cocks like two well-oiled pistons as they slipped in and out.

"That's right Flynn," Bereft chuckled as his hips started to smack against his, the demons fucking faster, their nuts bouncing against each other's as they fought for the space to breed their bitch. "You're our good little fuck slut. You love it when your daddies treat you like expendable fuck trash."

"I am fuck trash!" Flynn moaned. "I'm your little fagtard son! I'm your cock sock! I'm your little honey cunny that needs to be beaten and filled with your brats! Please! Breed me full!"

"Working on it fucktard!" Jace snarled and dug his heels into the bed, the headboard slamming against the wall as the whole frame shook from the demons' rhythmic fucking.

Flynn squirmed as his daddy degraded him, Jace's words vibrating in his ear and chest with their deep timbre. The hot demon wolf's breath snarled around Flynn's ear causing his spine to tingle. That last bout of cunny honey soaked Bereft's dick, the base of it getting all slick as the last of Flynn's masculine essence fused with it. A large knot formed on that dick, a maelstrom of pleasure building in that knot as he got ready to plunge deep to claim a womb.

"Fuck! I'm gunna bust!" Bereft shouted as he slapped his hips forward, fighting against Jace's knot for entry. Jace gripped Flynn's sides, his powerful claws digging into his flesh and marking him while Bereft gripped Flynn's hips and forced his thrusts inward. Those knots were smacking and grinding in close proximity, forcing and wedging their way in further.

"Take it you fucking faggot!" Jace snarled as he felt the springs give out beneath his feet as he forced his knot in. Jace's knot being below Bereft's at the time, forced the two inside in one powerful

thrust. The two demon's knots swelled and tied them together, greatly distending that cunny as its pathetic twitches tried to milk those dicks.

"Daddies!" Flynn came again, his cunt gushing on those dicks, but had nowhere to go. Bereft and Jace both came, their knots sealing their cocks inside as they wedged that cervix open. Flynn's unprotected womb was blasted as those demon nuts drew up, throbbled and bloated their cum pipes.

Jace bit down on Flynn's shoulder so hard he hit bone. Bereft snarled and let out a massive blast of fire into the air. The two roared and snarled as they felt their bastards leave their balls and audibly smacked the back of that wanton womb. Flynn's belly showed each smack, a constant bulge of cum streams hitting him as one set of balls flexed the other geared up to blast next. Flynn's womb bloated, distending his belly further and canceling the bulge of those dicks as that hungry womb soaked up that demon nut butter.

Flynn was about to pass out when he felt a demon lick on the back and front of his neck.

"We're not done yet, pup," Jace murred.

"The night is just getting started," Bereft chuckled darkly.

The demon daddies fucked though the night, their new little pup dump a very welcoming receptacle for their cum and abuse. Long after the sun rose that morning, the two demons lay there, tied yet again together with their pup snoring between them with a bloated womb of their accumulative nut.

"You didn't have to lie, you know," Jace murred.

"About what?" Bereft tried to play dumb.

"I ate his soul too," Jace rolled his glowing violet eyes. "It may only be half, but I got his memories too. I was his target the whole time."

"I couldn't leave anything to chance. I...was hoping you wouldn't mention it," Bereft blushed a bit. Jace leaned in and kissed the demon's nose.

"I appreciate it," Jace smiled. "Though, you still owe me one for this whole thing."

"We both got a thrall out of it, wouldn't that be good enough?"

"That wasn't the deal," Jace smirked. "Don't worry. I won't call you out of the blue, but I will collect when the time comes."

"Why does that make me hard?" Bereft chuckled and leaned in to make out with the demon wolf, their cocks churning inside their little wolf slut and forcing him to wake.

"Daddies...please...more..." he could barely speak as the two demons looked at each other.

"Just getting started, pup," the two snarled and started to thrust.