

## Hell Forged

### Chapter 6 : In the Name of the Mother

Alice brushed her brow as she straightened up and cracked her back into place. She was just weeding the garden and getting her bushes prepped for winter. It was an unusually warm day and she was sweating a bit. The pristine white rabbit was wearing a sunhat to protect herself from the midday sun's harsh rays and had an apron on over her sweater to keep it from getting dirty. She wore gloves to protect her hands from the thorns in her rose bushes, but the sleeves of her sweatshirt were pulled back to show her toned arms. The apron synched at her waist beautifully and framed her hourglass figure and showed off the cotton tail atop her beautiful rump.

Alice smiled at her garden, the beautiful flowers having wilted and withered, laying to rest before the cold of winter. She was satisfied that, come spring, new flowers would bloom into beauty. As she looked over her garden, she noticed a man watching her. Alice had never known fear in her life, she was a sheltered woman who landed an EC officer who could take care of her well into her golden years. So when she saw another man of the cloth just outside her home's white picket fence in the shade of a maple that refused to shed its last leaves, she never once thought of the danger he could pose.

"Hello there," Alice smiled, her beautiful teeth gleaming in the sunlight as she lifted her head. "Haven't seen you around. Are you new to the neighborhood?"

The man locked eyes with hers, and had she any sense, she would have felt fear. Instead she just thought she may have offended him, but any dark thoughts were quickly banished as the man smiled warmly at her.

"Hello there Alice, the name is Father Ore," the drake warmly introduced himself. "I'm a colleague of your husband's."

“You work with my husband?” Alice perked up. “Is everything all right?”

That’s when she saw a look she never wanted to see on one of the clergymen’s face. Pity. A firm pursed smile and a deep breath.

“Do you mind if I come in?” Ore asked.

“Of course,” Alice might have noticed the sudden chill, or how the wind chimes her husband had put up hummed in warning, but the fear of her husband overshadowed it all. She opened the gate, effectively breaking the warding she had around the house just long enough for the demon to slip right in.

Of course Alice hadn’t received any real training, just simple instructions from the man she loved. Alice was a devoted spouse and loving mother, shielded from the dark realities of the world from her husband and his work. The only thing she really knew was if someone of the cloth came by, it wasn’t a good thing.

“Has my husband gotten himself into trouble?” Alice asked as she took off her gardening gloves and wrung them in worry.

“Yes, I would like to preface this by assuring you your husband is alive and well. Is there somewhere more private we could discuss this? I have a few questions.”

Alice looked relieved, but she immediately didn’t understand why her husband couldn’t come reassure her himself. That question would have to wait.

“Of course, of course,” she sighed in relief as she guided the priest to their home. “I can make us some tea and we can discuss.”

“I don’t mean to intrude,” Father Ore said being polite.

“Nonsense,” Alice waived the priest forward towards their home. “Any man of the cloth is welcome in our home. Please, Father. I insist.” Had Alice been paying attention she may have noticed the sly grin playing on the priest’s face.

“That’s as good an invitation as any,” he murred, breaching the last holy defense of the house as Alice led him to the kitchen.

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*How the hell did that work? Kaleth was speechless. You said the place was practically impenetrable!*

*Watch a master at work, kid. Bereft smirked. You ain’t seen nothing yet.*

The home was quite lovely. A true upper-middle class abode. Currently they sat at the center island of the kitchen. Alice had prepped some tea that was currently steeping in mugs before the two as they sat across from one another.

“Your husband is fine, but he did sustain a demon attack,” Bereft started, and put a hand up to prevent Alice from butting in. “He is fine, just his dead eye was hurt.”

“That’s what the other night was about?” Alice asked with a furrowed brow. “Is he alright besides his eye?”

“He’ll survive,” Bereft answered truthfully. “We just have some questions while he’s being treated. The sooner we jump on this trail the quicker we can nail this thing.”

“Well...why did you come to me about this?” She asked a little defensively.

*Wait...does she know something?* Kaleth picked up on that. Bereft simply smiled.

“We believe the demon in question came from...how do I put this delicately,” Bereft paused long enough to let the rabbit stew. “Inside his eye.”

Alice’s look was all Bereft needed. She was shocked, but not shocked enough. *She knew.*

“Well, where do you think the thing has gone?”

“That’s just it. Usually these things circle back to their dens, and with the nature of this kind of creature, it might be your home that’s targeted.”

“M-My husband? A hell mage? How is that even possible?”

“We never accused him of being a hell mage, mam,” Bereft said in a tone that would imply sympathy, but the smell of shock and embarrassment coming from Alice was thick. “We think that his brother may have cursed him when the eye was implanted.”

“I told him not to...” Alice felt a sudden rush of panic as she answered. “I mean...to accept the pact I mean. With his brother. That eye has been nothing but trouble ever since he got it. First it caused him pain, then paranoia. Eugene hides it well, but it’s so much more strain on him to constantly bind it.”

*Wait, does it take energy to bind a demon?* Kaleth questioned.

*Not for a hell mage,* Bereft smiled. *I wondered how he did it. He must have used his holy magic to subjugate the demon his brother was bonded with by transplanting his brother’s eye with the demon inside.*

*Also, Mathias’ first name is Eugene?* Kaleth mused. *Kind of takes away some of the menacing factor.*

*He’s a mortal, just like all the rest.* Bereft sighed contentedly inward.

“Alice, I want to assure you your husband isn’t in any trouble because of this. If anything, we’re looking into the technique to see if it could be implemented more adequately.” Bereft lied...or at least he hoped he was. “We just need to know what other kinds of protections you have on your house or yourself. Our first priority is securing Mathias’ family.”

“Oh, the house is warded,” Alice sighed in relief. “It was mainly to keep the demon in if he ever failed to bind it, though it got easier with time. The only other warding we have are these.” Alice pulled out a necklace from around her neck. It was a simple cross with a ruby where the bars intersected.

*That will be an issue, won't it?* Bereft thought to himself.

“Can I see it?” He asked, holding out his hand. “I’d like to assess the strength of the ward to make sure it’s sufficient if you were to leave the house.”

Alice nodded, but then hesitated.

“Do you mind if I see your crest?”

*Fuck!*

“I would, but my crest was damaged in the attack. I was with Mathias when it happened. I would have had it repaired, but I didn’t want to wait. I came as soon as the doctors gave me the all-clear”

Alice looked at them for a long time, her eyes scanning him up and down. Bereft put on the sincerest look he could.

*This bitch knows!* Kaleth’s nervous energy was put in his foot as he bounced his heel on the rung of the stool.

*Calm down, kid. Don't lose your cool just yet.*

Alice sighed, shook her head, and went for her necklace.

“I’m so sorry my husband’s caused you so much trouble,” she undid the clasp and held it out for the demonic duo. Bereft surmised that so long as the chain wasn’t connected, it wouldn’t provide any real warding. Bereft took the charm by the chain, making sure not to touch the cross, and made a show of inspecting it. He frowned, but on the inside Kaleth could feel Bereft’s essence curve into a smile.

“This won’t do,” Bereft answered. “It may have been good enough before, but for a demon of this caliber, you’ll need something a bit stronger.”

Bereft lifted his gaze up and locked eyes with the rabbit and gave a soft smile.

“And what would you suggest, Father?” She asked as she put a hand over her heart. Normally she would be clutching that necklace as a nervous twitch. Instead she pinched the fabric of her sweater where it would normally lay.

“I have some preliminary wards that I can place on you, though I need to place them on your abdomen.” *Specifically over your womb*, Bereft couldn’t believe how easy this was going. He mentally licked his claws in anticipation.

“Oh...um, sure.” She started to lift her sweater and Bereft waived his hand.

“No, not here Alice. I know it’s a little odd, but it’s for your own good.” Bereft came over to put a hand on her shoulder, the gesture warm and reassuring. “Let’s make sure you’re comfortable. Would you prefer I apply them while you lie down?”

“Oh, thank you Father,” Alice blushed, her necklace forgotten on the island in her embarrassment. “We can use the couch in the living room if it’s easier.”

“That would work, but this kind of warding is best if applied where your vows to god are strongest,” Bereft wasn’t lying when it came to that. Sure, the spell would be stronger, but mainly because it was easier to break the vows if you started where they were strongest.

“Where would you suggest?” Alice asked as her brow furrowed.

Bereft did as best he could to hide his demonic grin, but it did show as a warm smile on his face.

“Your marital bed is the most powerful. Come, let’s get these wards placed as soon as possible.” He placed a warm hand on her back and guided her to her bedroom. Maybe if she had any sense about her, she would have questioned how he knew where their bedroom was, but Mathias wanted to keep her as far from his world as possible.

Making it easier than ever to set her up.

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“So, like this?” She asked as she laid down on the bed, her sweater pulled up to expose her toned and soft belly. She was a little plump there since her daughter was born, and she never managed to fully lose the little belly, but it only made her cuter and innocent looking.

“Yes, that’s perfect,” Bereft breathed. “Now I warn you, this will be a little painful at first, but once your body gets over the shock, it’ll feel better.”

“How bad will it hurt?” Alice tensed up a bit.

“Shhhh...no worries,” Bereft said to reassure her. “It’ll be a little burning sensation. Like candle wax or a hot coffee mug. You just need to stay calm and it’ll be okay.”

“Okay,” Alice relaxed as best she could. “I’m...I’m ready.”

*Why are you being so gentle with her?* Kaleth asked annoyed. *I wanted carnage and brimstone. Not some slow-burn porno.*

*Relax, kid. We are in the lion's den here. Sure, she's not an exorcist, but we need to tread lightly. At least until we can break the damn warding around this place.*

*Fine,* Kaleth internally rolled his eyes and crossed his arms. *This bitch is practically begging for it though. How easy was it to get her laying on her back?*

*We'll be doing a lot more before we're done with her,* Bereft chuckled darkly before continuing his conversation with Alice.

"Don't worry Alice," Bereft cooed like a vet trying to calm a nervous pup. "I've got you now. I've got you."

Bereft lifted his thumb to his mouth and bit down on it, his fangs breaking the skin. Kaleth was still surprised he didn't feel any pain, but he knew what Bereft had promised him. That felt like so long ago now.

"You're using blood?"

"Yes, infused blood. It won't work unless I'm using some form of sacrifice. A little blood loss is a small price to pay for keeping you safe." He placed his thumb and fore finger together to smear the blood over his pointer finger. "Don't worry about me. I'll be quick about it. Just lay back and look toward the heavens." Kaleth shuddered at the irony of those words.

Alice did as she was told and looked up at the ceiling. Bereft smiled warmly and got to work. He placed his index finger just below her belly button and started to draw. Alice winced, but stayed still



enough. The black corrupted blood stained her white fur black as Bereft wove the blood into a sharp and angled design. If you didn't know any better, you'd say it was a tramp stamp.

"You're doing very well, Alice," Bereft reassured her.

"It just burns a bit-ah!" Alice shivered as a twinge of heat rippled below her flesh. It was subtle, but it was there. It was like the marking was dripping through her skin and staining something beneath it.

"You're doing great, Alice," Bereft cooed. "I'm almost done. It should start to feel a little different."

"It...it isn't as bad..." Alice admitted. It was like getting into water that was too hot, but she was quickly adjusting to the temperature. In all reality, it felt more like a warm, soothing message. Those hot pinpricks were slowly becoming gentle, warm fingers working over the worry in her gut. Soothing her and making her feel relaxed.

"There," Bereft breathed and finished making the heart right over her womb. The wound on Bereft's thumb instantly healed and he whipped the black ichor off on his vestments. "How do you feel?"

"I feel...warm," Alice murred. The tat faintly glowed a hellish red as it pulsed.

"It'll start to feel pretty good soon," Bereft pulled the white collar of his vestments off and licked his lips.

*Holy shit Bereft! Do you smell that?* Kaleth had to suppress a moan as need and desire started to waft up from Alice.

*Hell yeah, kid. Now you're using your kinling senses. You feel that heat coming off her? It's draining her magical energy and forcing her cycle to change.*

*Her cycle? You mean she's...*

*Hot-to-trot? Yes. She'll be a good...*

*Brood Whore, the two thought in unison.*

Alice bit her lip as the warmth ran up her abdomen, rolling through her like a wave and crashing against her heart. Her pulse raced, her nips tingled, her panties were getting wet, and she was fully oblivious to the danger she was in. Alice gave off a sound halfway between a moan and a groan. She pulled her sweater off and shirt without thinking. She left herself exposed, she was far too warm, her head was fuzzy, and she felt...

*...good.*

"Father...it feels so good. I feel so warm and safe, and...ah..." Alice shuddered, her thighs quivering as goosebumps rippled across her flesh. Her fur stood on end as her toes flexed and fanned. Bereft placed a hand on Alice's cheek, gently stroking it with his thumb, but unable to hold himself back from causing his claw to scratch her cheek. The pain caused her entire body to shake with pleasure. Bereft had to hold back the urge to gouge her face with that thumb. Sure, she would orgasm from the abuse, but that's not what he was here for. He reminded himself she wasn't the focus of his rage, but merely a casualty in a battle against their real enemy.

Bereft lifted their hand and licked the fragment of blood from his claw and moaned. It was pure, it was holy, and it was defenseless against him. No, he needed to keep her in one piece if they were to get what they really wanted.

Bereft moved his hand down to Alice's pants and undid the button from her jeans. Alice instinctively put her hands on the drake's defensively, but as she felt his scales, the hellish heat behind them, her fingers grew weak, her arms heavy, and her resolve wavered as she let her hands fall to her sides.

"That's a good girl," Bereft murred. The words causing Alice to shiver. "You don't want to stop me, do you?" He said, undoing her zipper, exposing her underwear. It wasn't anything fancy. Something to work the garden in, but it was definitely higher end than what a nun would wear.

"N-No...I-I..." She moaned, her ruby eyes flashing open to look at the drake, for what felt like the first time. His jaw was powerful, his body strong and youthful. Her husband hadn't gotten her hot like this in such a long time, and this drake was a virile stud.

"Don't worry," Bereft breathed. "You're all mine now. No one is going to hurt you, unless you want them to." Bereft slipped his fingers under the hem of those panties. The warmth of her heat was already making them warm and humid, slick and wet. He gently brushed his fingers over her clit. Like a musician strumming a cord, it caused Alice to sing a whorish song of moans and squeaks.

"I...oh God..." Alice's legs shook as she spread them wide. Where was all this coming from? She thought about the warding, but that felt like a distant dream. Her whole life felt like a distant dream leading up to this moment. She was claimed...she was wanted...and she was desired. Desired by...by...

"Oh God!" she panted out. "What...what's going on?"

"God isn't here," Bereft answered. "But I am." Bereft slowly massaged that clit, his fingers sliding down to kiss the folds just below and tweak and stroke that clit between his soft knuckles.

Holy shit...her husband never did anything like this to her. He never drove her mad with a single touch. He could never. She had only ever been with one man in her life, and she thought that was

enough, but now...here she was in the throes of pleasure as the drake played with her sensitive love buttons.

“Does that feel good?” Bereft teased her, his fingers lightly tickling the most sensitive of spots, like pearls of need rolled against her folds as she dribbled down and soaked through her undies.

“It...yes...” Alice admitted. That very admission caused her soul to darken and the wards around the house to shudder.

“That’s a good girl. It always feels good to be honest with master, doesn’t it?” Bereft rewarded her by giving her clit more attention, sliding his fingers back to slick her with her own honey before going back to teasing her folds.

“Yes,” she gasped and lifted her ass up into that hand.

“Does my sex bunny want more?” Bereft cooed.

“I...I...” Alice was holding back. There was a place in her heart that was holding out for something. She was holding out for a shining knight to come rescue her from this temptation, but this wasn’t a fairytale. This was a smut novel, a crusty playboy at best. She wasn’t going to get saved by some holy soldier, no, the dark knight before her and his dark grin promised something far sweeter as he tenderly stoked her heat.

“Come now, tell master what you want,” Bereft wanted her to admit it. Admit she wanted to cheat and break her vow to Mathias and god.

“I...I want more-Ah!” Alice arched her back as Bereft slid a finger into her warm depths. It was burning pleasure that filled her. It was like she was being touched for the first time. She felt like a virgin all over again on her wedding night. It was like all her senses before this moment were a dull, cruel

parody of what pleasure could be. That she had never been properly touched before. She almost came as that finger lovingly teased her.

*Why are you being so tender? Kaleth complained. Shouldn't she be in pain? Shouldn't she be suffering!?*

*Why? Aren't you enjoying yourself? Bereft teased and directing his comment at Kaleth's rager. This bitch deserves at least one good lay before we show her the joy of being a cum dump. I have no qualm against her, Bereft admitted while rolling his finger inside her depths, playing and sullyng her folds with his unholy touch. Besides, can you imagine the pain it would inflict upon Mathias knowing he never truly gave his wife the orgasm she craved? To shove in his face the failure he was as a man before showing him he was a failure as a husband?*

Kaleth almost shot his load in his pants. He had to hold it back, but Bereft wouldn't let him.

*Nah kid, this shit is for us too. Bust that nut!* Bereft's essence rolled across and milked Kaleth's prostate. He shot his load, the thick streams of white goo breaking through his pants and oozing down the ironed seams.

*There you go. Let's take the edge off.* Bereft licked their lips. *We have a lot of ground to defile before hubby comes home. Sit back and watch the master work.*

That orgasm did NOT take the edge off. It only kept their boner hard, warm and slick. Kaleth should have known that Bereft wouldn't be above torturing him too, but he did enjoy the ride. He could take over at any time, but he didn't want to interrupt the master seducer at work.

During that mental interlude, Bereft had pulled off Alice's pants, leaving her exposed except for her underwear.

“Take them off,” Bereft ordered in a sultry tone. Alice’s shaking fingers came down to the hem of her underwear and pulled them down, lifting up her legs and pinning Bereft’s hand between her thick rabbit thighs. She slid them off and shuddered as they slapped against the floor, discarded. Another layer of chastity thrown out and surrendering Bereft more control.

“Good girl,” he groaned and slipped another finger into her cunt. Bereft placed his free hand on her muzzle, cupping it and running his thumb across her lips. “Tell me what it is you want. Confess to me your desire.”

She opened her mouth, her tongue lulling over that thumb and claw. She winced and shuddered when it caught her tongue, cutting it slightly, but she kept suckling it. Bereft decided to slow down his ministrations, keeping his “come hither-s” very short and languid. Alice’s thighs gripped around that hand, trying to push it in further, to move it more, to keep the pleasure from stemming, but Bereft stood firm. Slowly the pleasure subsided, leaving a painful ache and heat deep inside her. Bereft could feel that heat building with each heartbeat, pulse, and quiver of that hole. Alice wined in need as Bereft’s thumb popped out of her mouth.

“Come now,” Bereft condescended. “Use your words.”

Alice opened her eyes, everything had a rose tint to it as she panted. She looked up at the confident and cocky grin of that drake. It was a smile that knew what the answer was, he just wanted her to admit it. To make the desire real by saying it out loud. That smile promised so much more and mocked her at breaking at such little effort. It showed her that this was nothing compared to what she could have, to what she could feel, and he knew she was going to give it all to him. She may be in denial, but she couldn’t resist.

“Please...more...” She whimpered. The warding around the house groaned under the gravity of those words.

Bereft patted her on the cheek, the motion a little forceful, but mainly like a coach giving his star player an encouraging pat.

“Good girl,” he said again, causing her thighs to shudder and her depths to ache. Bereft undid his vestments, discarding them on the floor and leaving himself nude. He climbed onto the bed, the springs squeaking in protest, unfamiliar to his presence. He would have to get them acquainted.

Bereft gripped Alice’s thighs and spread them apart, strings and pearls of need forming between her thighs. It was hot, steamy, and coated with pheromones. How long had it been since Bereft last had rabbit? He licked his lips and leaned forward. He opened his maw, his tongue lulling just below that cunt and sliding up to the clit. Alice let out a high-pitched shout as Bereft tasted his meal.

“Very good girl,” Bereft murred into her clit as he swished his draconic tail back and forth. He then pressed his lips against that clit and started to write a love letter, his tongue lulling over that cunt as he wrote in delicate cursive. Bereft wanted her to know what she was missing. The passion and romance of a real man, the physical love her relationship was missing. He made out with that clit, gently swirling his draconic tongue over that sensitive love button. Kaleth helped by slipped two fingers inside her and rang her doorbell. She shouted in pleasure, her walls quivering as her peach squelched and rippled with her juice.

“Fa-Father, I can’t...I can’t hold back...”

Bereft took her words under consideration, in the sense that he wasn’t going to let her go another second without knowing true pleasure. He doubled his efforts, causing her to scream as she came. He drank her juices as she squirted, filling his muzzle with her sweet honey. The slick splattered

over her marital bed, staining it with the sin of a stolen orgasm. Something devoted to her husband, stolen and made impure. It was enough to make Bereft's spine tingle.

Bereft continued milking that orgasm, slurping on that clit and sliding his fingers inside her faster and faster, making her quiver and give him more, more of her promised juices to this sex god.

But Bereft had told her, there were no gods here. Just her and her...

"Master," she moaned, her eyes opening and her ruby eyes glowing with the demonic essence that was pulsing in her veins, her pupils glowing red hearts, her soul aflame with desire and need.

"That's a good girl," Bereft said into her pussy, letting the rest of her orgasm dribble out of her peach and soak her marital bed with their sin. "I'm your master, your owner," Bereft lulled his tongue over her hip as he climbed up her body, leaving a hot mixture of drool and cunny honey until his musky dick was pressed against her warm cookie and his lips were smacking on her neck.

"Do you know what that means?" Bereft asked as he broke away from her neck and looked her in the eyes.

"I do...!" Bereft couldn't resist kissing those lips, tasting those words from Mathias' wedding day on her tongue as it showed her new devotion to her master. Their lips smacked, their tongues lulled and rolled along one another. Alice wrapped her legs around her new master, her slick folds and thighs the perfect thing for Bereft to grind his dick against, sliding up and down through her adulterous slick. Alice took one of Bereft's hands and guided it to her melon-sized love pillow, his hand gripping that breast, Kaleth taking over to message it while Bereft ground his dick against that needy hole and made out with that oath-breaking muzzle.

And that's when Kaleth tasted it, the taste of a corrupted soul dribbling down his throat. Bereft was sipping the nectar of that soul through that kiss, draining her like a demon would on a witch's-tit. It



was small, it was subtle, and Alice felt a deep need welling up inside her from that kiss. The regular fear and pain of the soul wasn't there, the mark having made her into a devoted cultist and sex slave. She would be devoted to her master in all things, and obeying his desires would trump any pain with unimaginable pleasure.

Kaleth couldn't help it, his dick throbbed and shot a thick load over Alice's chest, his cum matting her fur and staining her further with the sin. Each rope that smacked her gut caused the wards to shudder and flake. That stain caused her soul to be sweeter, more syrupy, meatier and sinful. Kaleth gripped Alice's breast under her bra painfully, his claws digging into her flesh. She squealed into the kiss in pleasure at that possessive and aggressive grip. It caused her breast to well up between those fingers.

Dribbles of that soul dripped into Kaleth's cock, his mental eyes rolling into the back of his skull as it grew harder, thicker, longer, more virile than before. It had to be millimeters, but any growth on those glands was like busting into pussy to glaze it with bastards.

And that's exactly what Bereft intended to do.

Bereft ground his dick up against those pussy lips, sliding his cum pipe over those sensitive folds and teasing that clit in its own slick. He reared back, his dick sliding down just enough for the tip to hook into that entrance and slid forward. Alice's thighs spread wide to accept him, her foot paws fanning as they twitched in ecstasy. There was no hymen to break or virginity to steal. That, unfortunately, would always be Mathias', but his wife's fertile garden was about to be invaded.

Bereft sunk deep, his dick sliding effortlessly into her, that warm cunny hugging his dick and twitching around it as it sank deep. It was smaller than Mathias' dick, Bereft could sense he wasn't in untouched territory yet, but he wasn't far off.

Bereft ground his hips deep, that warm honey pot ready for some real fucking, but not before Bereft made sure he could outmatch Mathias in everything he considered himself a man in. Bereft kissed Alice deep, his tongue reeling deeper into her muzzle, that dragon tongue having been elongated to demonic lengths as it sank deeper into her muzzle. Alice suckled on it, drool oozing around her lips as Bereft aggressively dug deeper and drank of her innocence. Alice felt her body warm up, pleasure trickling out from her extremities and into her core as it was forced up into that kiss, more of her soul gulping down into that demon like a straw draining a glass.

Alice thought she was going mad as she felt Bereft's muscles bulge, his musculature crack and groan before snapping into place larger, more angular, more manly. Barbs formed on his elbows, sharp spikes that could cut flesh, his claws grew sharper, his muscles became thicker. The most noticeable thing to her though, was how her cunt grew tighter around that expanding dick. It wasn't much, but it was enough to sink a half inch deeper and spread her wider, those powerful barbs gripping her most sensitive of areas as Bereft forced them to dive deeper.

*More...Kaleth drooled along that kiss*

*Not yet, hot shot, Bereft calmed him and stemmed the flow of that soul. She can only sin if she has a choice. The rest of that soul needs to stay hers to make sure we fully cuck that rat-bastard.*

*Fuuuuuuuck...Kaleth moaned and started to thrust his hips, wanting to dig deeper into that warm cunny. Each thrust caused the wards of the house to shake and splinter. Bereft chuckled darkly, breaking that kiss and locking eyes with his new slut. Her eyes fluttered open, the light in them still there, just a little faded. Less able to resist and more susceptible to his influence than ever before.*

"How does my little bunny like her master?" Bereft growled, rolling his pecs. They weren't large enough to bounce yet, but they were more defined than anyone she had ever been with.

“I...I love my master...I want more of my master...please?”

“That’s a good girl, a good little bitch for her master,” Bereft let Kaleth start to thrust his hips, wet squelching could be heard as he pulled out and slapped forward at a decent pace. The demonic duo’s prostate and dick abuzz with the sinful bliss it was wrapped in. A sin they could fuck and stain their whore with in every thrust.

“Oh, fuck yess....” Alice was a hazy mess. She felt drunk or high, though she couldn’t remember the last time she got drunk. Maybe five years ago at the last Christmas party? Whatever this was, it was so much better than cheap rum and soda. Her warm cunt gripped that dick, those barbs brushing back and forth inside her like fingers drawing more pleasure out of her. Kaleth’s dick glistened with need as he pulled out and sunk it back in. His dick a glaze of needy froth as he fucked that pleasure deep and hard inside her. Alice’s breasts bounced with each thrust, undulating before Kaleth gripped them again, one hand molesting it and his maw tearing away her bra to lick and suckle the other.

It was too much for the weak rabbit and she came, her cunt quivering and washing them in her cum. Her desperate wines and moans accentuated by the dripping of her honey down Kaleth’s nuts as he continued to slap his hips against hers, her wedding bed stained further with the musk of a man. A musk that was washed out of her cunt only after she came, replaced by more as that dick dribbled milky pre into her unguarded depths.

“Do you want to be a good sex bunny for master?” Bereft huffed into her ear as he directed Kaleth to roll his hips in deep thrusts, his dick head diving deep into untouched depths.

“Oh fuck...”

“Say it, I want to hear you beg me to breed you,”

“But...Eugene...”

“Eugene is a worthless man, a pathetic father, and an even worse lover. I can give you everything he never could. You just need to *give in* and *beg*.”

“1...” Alice’s cunt quivered as her fur stood on end. Kaleth was dicking her nice and deep in a way she never had before. She was close to breaking, holding out for hope that someone would come and catch them before it was too late. Before they reached the point of no return.

Before she let him know she truly wanted it.

But no one came.

“Please! I’ll be your little sex bunny, your little brood whore...” Alice gave in, her legs gripping around Kaleth and forcing him to fuck deep. “Don’t stop, please, cum inside me. I want to feel my master’s cum drench my womb. Please! I want it so bad. I’ve wanted nothing more! Cum inside me, cum inside me, cum inside me!”

Alice came, her cunt clamping down on that dick and gripping hard. Kaleth could smell the want and desire coming from Alice like a miasma, a deep pheromone of heat that was driving him wild. Had Kaleth been in control, he would be a drooling, snarling, and fucking mess. Eyes rolled back into his head, hips slapping with abandon. But Bereft kept the airs of a master in complete control on their face as he unleashed Kaleth. He couldn’t fuck fast enough. His hips slapped into that slick, hot mess. Alice’s cunt gripped and gushed around him as he forced his way down into her, forcing more and more of his pleasure to be milked out by that cunt.

“That’s right! You’re mine,” Bereft moaned as they fucked her relentlessly, deep, sharp thrusts to ensure a deep breeding. “You’ve surrendered everything you are to me. Every vow, every promise you’ve ever made you’ve forsaken for this dick! For my fucking brood! Now here’s your reward you sullen whore! Take my fucking bastards! Take my fucking brats you fuck trash!”

Kaleth couldn't hold back with that kind of dirty talking. His balls drew up, his toe claws dug into the sheets and tore the mattress as his prostate felt like a super conductor. That prostate clamped down, his taint flexing, balls bouncing, and dick throbbing. He came, and he came hard. His hips couldn't grind hard enough against those hips, bruising them as he forced his dick as deep as physics would allow. Alice felt her cervix be warmed up by her master's load as it spat the demonic DNA at her.

As soon as that cum hit, the markings Bereft painted on her belly glowed, searing into her flesh as a permanent mark. The heart over her womb burned, her ovaries forced to drop eggs for their master. Eggs that were being raped over by powerful swimmers and beaten into submission. He was seeding her, claiming her garden and defiling her soil with his essence. She was a brood mother now, forever linked to the demon and his hell mage as their property and breeding sow. Come spring, their her garden would surely bloom with their bastards.

"That's a good whore!" Bereft smacked his hips against her hard, her heels bouncing on his thick, muscled ass. "You still have one last thing to give me. Open your mouth."

Alice obeyed without question. Bereft spat in it, the thick wad of demon spit smacking the back of her throat and killing her gag reflex. The warding around the house shattered, the sin of adultery too much for the holy energies to bear as they fell in broken fragments.

"Good girl, now keep rocking those hips while I eat what's left of your rotten soul!" Bereft sucked, the rest of Alice's soul coming out in red tendrils, spiraling into his maw and gulping it down. Alice's consciousness was still trapped inside that body, she watched in the cage of ruins Bereft had trapped her in as he drank down what was left of her essence. She was already a slave to her desires, but now that they all resided inside the demon drake, the chains were just for show. The markings and tats a simple reminder of how it all started as red energy pulsed down the drakes veins.

“That’s right you little shit! Pump me up!” Bereft flexed his abs, the veins on them glowing red with his meal, the energy making them thick slabs of muscle. His pecs flexed out and hardened, rolling and then bouncing with definition. He flexed his arms, the vein that spread their peak glowing red with Alice’s soul as it was assimilated into them, making them bulge bigger, stronger, more defined. Bereft inched up, becoming taller, thicker, wider, more ripped as his dick dug deeper, pushing his pulsing load deeper into that cunt and causing it to squelch out.

It was over. Alice was no more. The creature wrapped around the demon’s dick was a thrall, eyes onyx with ruby irises. She looked up at her master and moaned, mashing her breasts together and grinding back on that dick.

“Hey skank,” Bereft said and spat a thick wad of spit on her face. She mewled and quivered on that dick in joy. “When does your daughter get back from school?”

“Not...not for another hour.”

“Good,” Bereft lunged forward, forcing her hands above her head while planting his feet on the backboard of the bed, his claws splintering the wood. “I have a few more loads to pump into you, and you got a womb eager to please.”

At those words, the heart tattoo on her stomach glowed, growing a bit as it forced more eggs down, more of her body used against her for the sole purpose of pleasing her master. The springs in the mattress groaned and screeched in protest as the demon violently fucked his new whore. Some of his rage for Mathias coming out as he tried to break her hips with his fucking, knowing she would be fine either way.

A thrall is a perfect whore for their master and can take anything they can dish out. Alice would be no different. A number and notch in a belt. Another hole in a harem that was about to grow.

