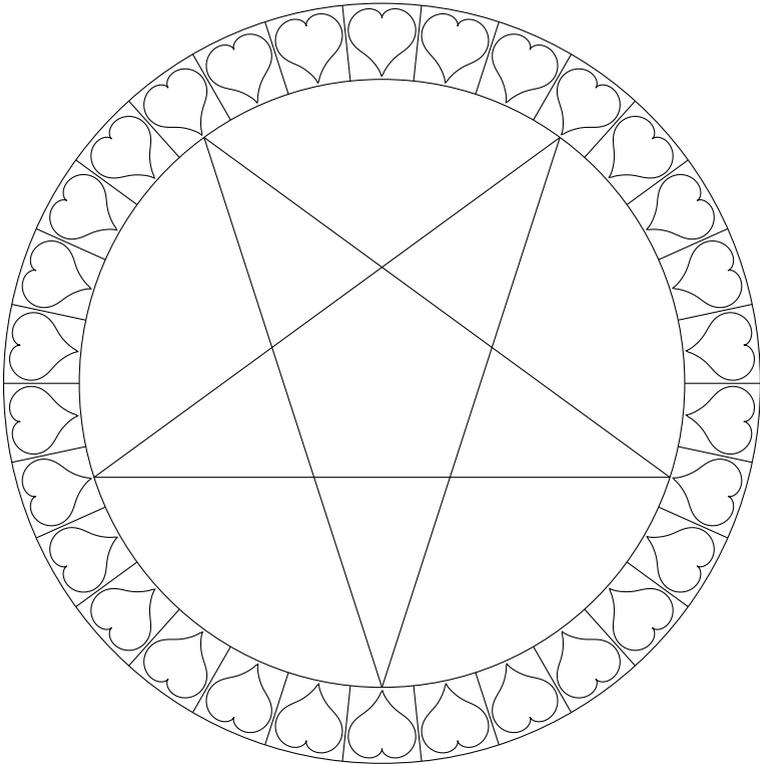


Belrye and the Summoner

Book 1
(Version 202410)



DaveTheFoxMage
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This book would not be possible without the help of these awesome people (underlined names are links):

- [MisterTanuki](#) - Editor
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How to Read This Book

This is a “choose your own adventure” style of book, meaning that unlike most books it is not intended to be read from beginning to end. If you have not read one of these before, they are very easy. You start at page one, and read until you reach a choice. Depending on your choice, it will tell you to go to a different page and continue from there. Continue reading and making choices to enjoy a unique story based on your decisions!

Choices are presented as a table, like in this example. In the left column are the different options, and the right column are the page numbers to go to:

Option	Page
Order waffles	5
Order pancakes	6

If you are reading this in PDF form with a reader that supports this function, the page numbers will be clickable to take you directly there. Otherwise, you will need to either manually scroll or physically turn pages if you are reading a printed copy.

This book should be considered a work in progress. New versions will come out periodically with added branches and paths. While you are reading, you may see choices where the page number is zero for some or all of the options. Those are options that haven’t been written yet, but will be added in future versions. Please note that page numbers may change between versions, so it is unlikely you will be able to start in one version and finish in the next.

If you have any feedback you would like to give (comments, requests, constructive criticism, high-fives, etc.), you can find me in either of these places:

- On FurAffinity as [DaveTheFoxMage](#)
- My website, magicfoxgames.com

Disclaimer

This story is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to actual people/places/events is entirely coincidental. Also, this story contains acts which should not be attempted in real life and does not constitute advice, suggestion, instruction, etc.

This story contains material suitable for adults and should not be read by anyone who is under 18 or for whom it is illegal to view adult and/or sexual material.

Finally, this story contains a wide variety of kinks and fetishes. Given that it is a choose-your-own-adventure style book, not all of these will come up on any given read through. Your choices could lead to a perfectly tame story with lots of hugs and hand-holding. However, be aware that some content may be extreme, unusual, or downright bizarre depending on your choices.

Belrye and the Summoner

As the knocker slams against the large door with a loud thump, you think about the events that led you here. Bit by bit, it seemed as if the rest of your life had fallen apart over the past year. It had started with losing your job. When the company you had worked for closed its doors, you were sure you would quickly find a new job and be back on your feet. But days turned to weeks, then to months, until the unemployment checks ran out. Every place you tried, the response was either rejection or silence. With just a few days left before losing your home (squalid apartment or not, it was still your home), you were walking around the city desperately looking for a place you hadn't tried a few times already.

Suddenly, a piece of paper caught by the wind had blown against your leg. You had grabbed it, but just before crumpling it up to throw it away, a single word had caught your eye: "hope". Without thinking, you had started to read.

"Feeling lost? Need purpose? We all deserve hope in our lives. Want to belong to something greater? We are looking for motivated individuals to help out at our temple. Fair pay, and no experience needed. Training will be provided on the job. Apply anytime—our doors are always open!" At the bottom was an address that you recognized from just out of town. Now that you thought of it, you remembered driving past a building out there. It had the look of a religious building, but no symbols on it that you could recall. It had been a church when you first moved here, but the last you had heard it had been sold.

A few hour later, you had found yourself walking there as the Sun set. You lived in a peaceful, sleepy old town. The biggest crime you could remember hearing about were some teenagers going out cow-tipping, so you felt perfectly safe walking at night. Still, the walk home would be quite dark.

You are startled back to the present by the door creaking open and a figure peeking out. It looks like an old man, but much of his features are obscured

by a hooded robe. “Welcome, friend. How can we be of assistance to you?”

You stumble with your words for a moment, though this isn’t all that far from what you had expected. “Um. . . I saw your job posting and am here to apply?”

“Ah, yes. Come in, come in!” He pulls the door open the rest of the way and motions for you to enter. “It is a chilly evening tonight. Could I interest you in some tea?” You take him up on his offer, and a few minutes later you are sitting at an ornate desk.

“Now, you were looking for a job, yes?”

You had told yourself that you wouldn’t let your desperation show. You knew that an interview was the time to appear confident and capable. The year had taken its toll, though, leaving you at your wit’s end. You feel your shoulders slump as you start to reply. “I just don’t know where to go. I need a job, but I have been looking for almost a year now, and—”

The old man holds up a hand for you to pause. “Wait, don’t I know you?” He lowers the hood of his robe.

“Wait, Tom?!” Tom had been one of your coworkers at your last job, but the two of you had fallen out of contact after the company closed.

“Well,” he says with a chuckle, “I suppose this concludes the interview. You’re a hard worker, and I know you’ll do just fine. Of course, there is something you must see before I can make the official job offer. If you weren’t already sitting down, I would suggest doing so. Normally we take things much more slowly, but from what you and Stephanie used to talk about back in the breakroom, I think you’ll probably take it better than most.” You aren’t sure how to reply, so you sit there as he turns his head and says, “You may enter.”

A door behind him opens, and a creature walks into the room. As they walk over to you, it is a very impressive costume. The goatlike features, the lifelike fur, and even the gait as they walk on their hooves looks incredibly realistic. They appear to be male, though of course who knows under the costume. Over the costume, they are wearing a simple workman’s outfit with a red sash.

The longer you look, though, the more you start to notice strange things. The twitch of an ear, the eyes actually blinking and appearing to focus just a little too perfectly on you, the lack of any visible seams around the black fur of his face. “Wait. . .,” you glance over at Tom, seeing a bemused expression, “This isn’t a—”

“Allow me to introduce Kletano, a completely real demon. I know, I know, ‘demons don’t really exist,’ right? Well, the proof otherwise is standing right in front of you.”

The creature (Kletano, apparently?) bows in front of you. “A pleasure

to make your acquaintance. I am sure you must have many questions, and it would be our pleasure to answer them. Brother Tom, here, clearly feels you are a trustworthy individual, and would make a noble addition to our cause.”

You aren’t entirely sure whether you sat for several seconds, minutes, or hours before you can finally manage to get a word out. “What?”

Kletano’s gruff voice continues, “I know it is much to take in. I understand humans are no longer taught about us in your world, or about other planes of existence in general. And of course, what little is still remembered of us here is not the most flattering. But you will find that we work quite well with humans, and vice-versa. Perhaps you need time to think ab—”

“When can I start?”

Kletano blinks in surprise, but Tom just chuckles. Regaining composure, the demon asks, “Pardon me, it is just that most do not process the sudden revelation so quickly. Are you sure?”

“Yes,” you reply firmly, “Look, the last year has been a hard one for me. And maybe I don’t fully know what I am getting myself into here. But whatever you are offering, it is far better than the world out there where nobody can find a use for me.”

“Excellent,” Tom says, clapping his hands. “Well then, since that is decided, let us induct our new member.”

Kletano excuses himself to go get the registry, returning with a thick, leather-bound book. He sets it down on the desk, and Tom politely dismisses him before opening it.

He appears ready to write your name, then pauses. “It has been a while since we have spoken, so I would like to make sure this hasn’t changed in the meantime. Should I write you down as a brother, or as a sister?”

Option	Page
Brother (Male body)	5
Sister (Female body)	1445
Brother (Female body)	1818
Sister (Male body)	2159
Sibling (Male body)	3238
Sibling (Female body)	4043

“Oh, uh, brother.” You suppose you should have been ready for that. Tom writes your name down, then checks a calendar on the desk and writes today’s date. “So, uh, what exactly am I supposed to do here? Like I was assuming we were talking about things like shoveling the walk or painting walls. But after seeing, well...” you nod toward the door where Kletano had left, “I probably shouldn’t assume anything.”

He gives you a grin. “Well, let me tell you a bit about our work here. Let’s take a walk.” He rises from his chair and leads you to the same door Kletano had left through. In the back of your mind, you were expecting a torchlit corridor stretching down into darkness, distant roars, and magic words echoing up to you. Well, you were right about the corridor part, though it is lit with the kinds of lightbulbs you would see in any other building. As you walk, you pass another demon. This one is female and seems to be in a bit of a hurry carrying a mug of coffee. She and Tom exchange nods as you pass.

“New brother?”

“New brother.”

“Welcome, new brother! Sorry, late for a meeting.” This all seems oddly familiar, like what you might see at a typical office. What is going on here?

A few steps later, Tom leads you through a side-door and into a room. This is much more what you were expecting. An old woman in a pale gray robe is seated behind a small desk, with several shelves of books behind her. She looks at you, and then turns to Tom.

“Hello, Terra. A new brother has joined our order.” Turning to you, he begins to explain, “So, let me tell you a bit about our order. As you have started to see firsthand, there are other planes of existence out there besides our own. In fact, there are a vast multitude of them, populated by an equally wide variety of creatures. Our mission here is to begin to establish diplomatic relations outside of our plane. We feel that it is better to reach out on our own, rather than wait to be contacted by the first one to take an interest in us.”

“So, since those are most definitely demons, I’m thinking you chose Hell. Don’t get me wrong, I’ve never been the religious type, but...”

“But why Hell?” Tom asks rhetorically. “Actually, Hell and Earth have a long and complicated history together. At times it has been peaceful, and at other times less so. We felt the best place to start was with a society we have some common history with. Another reason we were drawn to Hell was because their society is quite stable. While their system of government resembles ancient feudalism here, the overall structure has not changed in thousands of years.”

“Also, the council chose Hell, and that was that,” Terra chimes in, casting

a glance at Tom. Something about her expression makes you uneasy.

“Ah yes, not everyone agrees with the council’s decision, but I suppose time will tell. What we are doing now is something of an exchange program. We are summoning demons and helping them to integrate into our order. Your job will be to assist with this summoning and training process. I am sure it sounds a bit scary, but don’t worry. Terra here will be training and supervising you.” She gives you a confident nod.

This all sounds quite fascinating, but at the moment you have a more mundane concern. “So, um, what is the pay cycle here? See, my landlord is kicking me out in a few days.”

“Oh,” Terra replies, “that actually makes it easier. You see, we typically prefer summoners stay here at the temple. You are free to come and go, of course, but the nature of your duties make it far easier if you are on site. It sounds like that will not be a problem?” You shake your head. “Excellent. As for your things, let me show you to your room.”

The three of you leave and continue further down the hallway, reaching an elevator that appears to have been installed much more recently. “Summoning section five,” she says as you enter, and the elevator dings. You feel the elevator start to move quickly downward, before it comes to a stop and the door opens. This, you realize, is more like you expected. The walls are made of stone brick, and strange symbols cover the walls and ceiling. The corridor is lit by torches in wall sconces, and robed figures occasionally move from room to room.

“Yours is the first room on the left, so it should be easy to remember. Summoning section five, room one.” She points to an unmarked stone brick beside the door. “Press your hand there.”

You press your palm against it, finding it strangely warm. After you pull away, the brick starts to glow with another strange symbol. “There, the room is now keyed to you. This door will only open if you press your palm against it. Quite an effective doorlock, wouldn’t you say?”

“So wait, does this mean I’m some kind of wizard?” The strangeness of everything is starting to sink in.

“You are no more a wizard than a programmer is a mage. The world is governed by certain rules. Through our... ‘partnership’ with Hell, we have gained access to new types of technology, which work in ways you are unfamiliar with.”

You experimentally put your hand back against the stone, and the door opens smoothly inward. The room is about the size of a typical bedroom, and has a bed and writing desk inside. One thing you note is the lack of a power outlet. They must not have electricity down here. An hour ago, you would

have thought that strange.

“You will be able to get moved in after you see the other room.” She leads you out (it looks like the lock only works one way), and gestures to the room on the other side of the lock stone. “So, your right hand opened the door to the left. Now use your left hand. The same stone unlocks both doors. Since it is between the doors, use the hand closest to the stone to unlock the door you are standing in front of.”

You press against it, and as the door opens you walk inside. This room looks far more like a dungeon. It is unfurnished, apart from a set of four shackles hanging from the ceiling, a sink, a floor drain, a table, and a single chair. “This room is where you will do the summoning. It is left unfurnished since each summoner tends to set things up differently. Unlike the other room, this room is keyed to you for both entering and exiting. This is done as a safety precaution, but we will talk more about that later.”

The next few hours are a blur. You are shown the rest of the facilities, ranging from restrooms to summoning-ink storage. This is followed by Tom driving you to your house to collect your things (What possessions you have left fit in a suitcase.) The two of you talk the whole way, but it all goes in one ear and out the other. You come back to what is now your home as the Sun is rising, make your way to summoning section five, room one, and fall into bed. You don’t even remember your head hitting the pillow before you are asleep.

You are awakened sometime later by a pleasant chiming sound. You are not sure where it is coming from, but as soon as you sit up in bed it stops. Unsure what else to do, you arrange the items from your suitcase in the room. The old photo goes on the desk, your spare clothing goes in the closet, and a few minutes later you are moved in. It still doesn’t feel like home, but maybe that will change with time. You take a change of clothes and a towel, then head to the shower.

After your shower, you are finally feeling more like yourself. Fifteen minutes to just process everything that has been happening made a big difference. You also had a chance to look at a clock, and realized it was evening again. You had slept through the day, but that meant surprisingly little with most things beneath the surface. You make your way to Terra’s office, assuming this should be her shift again. Sure enough, you find her there. Sitting on the desk are a robe and a thin, leather-bound book. “Ah, welcome back. Did you sleep well?” You nod in reply. “Excellent, you looked pretty glazed over at the end of last night. So, excited for your first summon?”

“Yeah. And more than a bit scared. I’ve seen enough movies to know I don’t want to do this wrong.”

“Movies often get things wrong, but that is one thing they are right about. Here,” she gestures to the book and robe, “these are for you.” She gives you a moment to put the robe on over your clothes. For as hot as it looks, you find it surprisingly comfortable. “Now, let’s go to your summoning room and get started. The process takes a while and must be done carefully, but it is not complicated.” The two of you walk together down to your summoning room. It still looks just as uninviting as it had the night before. Still, you open your book and start looking at it. Inside is a large collection of symbols, diagrams, and instructions.

“Now, there are two main things that we will need to do, and they must be done in this order. First, we will be making a ward. And second, we will be making a summoning circle. Now, the rooms themselves have a very powerful ward on them that prevents demons from perceiving anything outside of these walls. Once they have been properly trained, you can allow them out. Any questions so far?”

“So this room looks really uncomfortable, especially with the shackles and stuff. From what Tom was saying, shouldn’t the room be setup to be more welcoming first?”

Terra lets out a long sigh. “So, when a demon arrives, we never know who we are going to get. Some are easy to work with, and others are definitely not. Some are immediately hostile. This room is here to contain them until they have been prepared to work with us. Brother Tom has never seen a demon who hasn’t been fully prepared yet, so his head is a bit in the clouds when it comes to the whole process.” Something about her phrasing again makes you feel uneasy, but since she is the expert here, you decide to follow her lead.

“Wait, so the demon is locked in here, right?” Terra nods. “Shouldn’t there be some sort of toilet or something in here for them? Like I get that a bed can be added, but I don’t see any sort of plumbing in here aside from the sink and that drain.”

“Oh, right. So demons generally don’t need to eat, though there are some exceptions. For example, a lust demon feeds on lust, a wrath demon consumes anger, etc. Since they don’t eat, there is no need for a toilet. The same goes for drinking. They are *able* to eat, but it is not needed for them. Getting you aroused and eating the emotion is like a late-night taco run for a lust demon.”

She walks you through the process of drawing the ward on the floor, using a large bottle of ink and a fingertip. The symbols, while strange, are not too complex. As you complete the final symbol, it glows brightly along with the ink on your fingertip. Over a few seconds, it fades to a dull green, and the ink on your finger disappears completely.

“Now,” she says, “this ward will prevent the demon from being able to

harm you. They will not be able to cause you physical pain. However, they are still fully capable of lying, tricking you, angering you, insulting you, etc. Be prepared for that. They are also prevented from directly damaging or touching the ward or the summoning circle you will be drawing next. Again, though, they can trick you or try to indirectly cause you to do it. The ward itself is very fragile. A single smudge is all it takes to deactivate it. Be exceedingly careful about that.”

“So, let’s get started on the summoning circle. By the way, before you complete that, you will need to let me out of the room. The ward protects you, and only you. Once you have summoned a demon, it is not safe to bring anyone else in here, either demon or human. I will guide you until you are ready to draw the final symbol.” You nod.

“Okay, this is where things get interesting. First, draw a circle like the diagram here.” After you have drawn it, she says, “Very good. Next is the symbol for the type of demon you will be summoning. I have been told by the council to have you summon a lust demon.”

“Oh, uh, okay. What are they like? Do they try to seduce you or something?”

“Lust demons are pretty basic, actually. They feed off of human lust in the same way that you eat food. They can actually starve if they don’t get enough of it, but the more they get, the more powerful they become. Their abilities are generally limited to body reshaping, either their own or others.”

“Am I supposed to try to resist being attracted to it?”

“Actually, attraction is encouraged. But don’t lose sight of what is going on. You can feed them lust, but be sure not to let them manipulate you. Normally you would have spent weeks or months training for this, but we are actually quite short on summoners.”

You mull that over for a moment, then nod and examine the symbol. It is rather simple, yet still looks oddly suggestive. You then start carefully drawing it out on the floor. It takes a little time, but you finish copying it with Terra’s supervision. This is followed by the remaining symbols, one by one. Eventually, you stand up, stretch, and admire your handiwork. There is one line left on the last symbol.

“Okay, time to let me out. Now, the next section of your book explains everything you need to know. But if you have any questions at all, as long as the demon is safely restrained, you can come and ask myself or any of our brothers and sisters.” She demonstrates to you that she is unable to open the door, even pulling back with all her strength. You walk over and let her out. The door feels heavy, but there is no resistance otherwise.

Now alone, you decide to check the book before drawing that last line. It

is less a set of instructions and more a set of guidelines:

- The demon feeds on your lust and gains power from it.
- The more lust you feed it, the more it can reshape itself.
- The demon can reshape you as well, though doing so requires more lust.
- It wants you to be attracted to it, and is generally very open-minded about changes.
- They are low-ranking demons back home, so kind treatment goes a long way.

And so, with a bit of rushed instruction and five bullet points, you complete the final symbol.

Nothing.

You flip back to the summoning circle reference, comparing it to what you drew. Everything seems to be matching up. You are struggling a bit to read the symbols, though. Was it always this dark in here?

Suddenly, a blinding flash from the center of the circle startles you, causing you to drop the book and step away. It is strange to look at, burning your eyes like staring at the Sun, only it appears to be pitch black. It slowly expands to fill the circle, stopping when it reaches the edges.

“H-hello?” You hear a voice coming through it, like someone speaking on the other side.

Thinking about another few bullet points that really should have been in that list, you reply, “Hello. Are, uh, you a demon?”

There is a sound like a distorted gasp. “You’re a human? Are you summoning me?!” From the description Terra had given, you were expecting something a bit more sudden and forceful, like the demon appearing on the floor or suspended in midair.

“Yes, you are being summoned. Could you come through the portal-thing, please?” You see the edges of the portal starting to flicker back toward the center.

“Oh, okay! Hang on, let me grab my—no, there’s no time! Okay, coming through!” With a single bound, a demon leaps up through the portal, standing with its hooves on the edges as the portal closes beneath them. After it closes, you are finally able to get a good look.

The demon stands at about five and a half feet, you would guess, and is covered in short, brown fur. They are also completely naked. Figuring that a lust demon wouldn’t mind, your eyes drift from the large, curled goat horns,

down the face, and down to their body. You first notice a good-sized pair of breasts, fully exposed. As you look down further, you see their body is fairly lean. Though between their legs, rather than seeing the pink slit of a pussy, you see the sheath of a cock and a pair of rather large balls.

“Sorry, I know you were probably hoping I would be stacked and hung and stuff. But I can be! I promise! And—”

Stat	You	?
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	?
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“You look amazing.”	14
“We will work on that.”	379
“Hung, but I could do without stacked.”	739
“Stacked, but I could do without hung.”	1100

“You look amazing,” you interrupt.

The demon stops, stunned. “I... I do?”

“Yes you do. You don’t need to be stacked or hung to be attractive. You look great just the way you are.”

The demon gives you a warm smile, then continues more calmly, “Thanks, human. Surely you have things you find more attractive than others, though. A ‘type’, if you will. I can become nearly anything, if I am fed enough lust. In fact, I can make changes to your body, too. I can make certain things bigger or smaller, change stuff around completely, or even turn you into a whole different species!”

The demon’s eyes suddenly go wide, as a realization hits them. They stand tall and, suddenly formal, say, “Where are my manners? Summoner, I am Belrye. I will serve for as long as you have need of me.” Going back to a more relaxed posture, they add, “It’s easy to pronounce. ‘Bel’ like ‘dinner bell’, and ‘rye’ like ‘rye bread.’”

You introduce yourself in a similarly formal tone, figuring this must be another bullet point the book missed. Though you find it oddly reassuring that they don’t seem any better prepared for this than you are. You stare at each other in awkward silence for a moment, fumbling for something more to say. Blurting out the first thing that comes to mind, you ask, “Wait, you speak English?”

“Oh, yes. The wall between planes isn’t all that thick, which is why drawing some symbols on the floor let me come here. So we can sometimes see or hear things from here on Earth.” The demon looks around, “We *are* on Earth right now, right?”

“We are,” you reassure them, “It’s just that there is a ward in place. Security and stuff, you know.”

“Oh, okay! I had always heard about wards and things like that, but it’s different actually experiencing it firsthand, you know? It feels kinda like being in a bubble that I can’t see or feel through.” You see a goatlike tail swish side to side, “So what’s under the robe? You get to see me, so it’s only fair, right?” They give you a playful wink, which does nothing to hide the needy tone in their voice. “I know humans can be really shy about that sort of thing, sometimes, but I’m guessing if you summoned a lust demon, you’re probably not against getting naked...”

Well, it’s just the two of you, and you guess you *did* sign up for this. You take off your clothing, tossing it onto the desk. “Wow, a real human...” they say to themselves, licking their lips and making no attempt to be subtle. Maybe Terra’s metaphor about going to get tacos wasn’t far off, after all. From the visibly hardening nipples and the cock-tip emerging from its sheath, your

companion seems to enjoy what they are seeing.

Belrye looks like they are trying to resist immediately leaping onto you, with their hands instead giving their breasts a firm squeeze. Suddenly you notice something. “Wait, how many fingers do you have?”

They pause, confused, then hold up their hands. Sure enough, each has three fingers and a thumb. “I’ve got the usual four. What do you—” They look down at your hands, “Oh! You know, suddenly a whole lot of things make more sense!”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, your counting system. Like how you have digits for ‘eight’ and ‘nine’. For us,” they slowly count on their fingers, “it goes five, six, seven. . .” They then hold one finger up on one hand and none on the other, like you would do to indicate the “ten’s” position, “And that’s eight.”

You suppose this is just the first of many such conversations the two of you will be having, as you get to know each other. Are you supposed to get to know them? Is that what is supposed to happen? Are you supposed to be teaching them something, or what is going on?

“So, what happens now? The instructions I was given are pretty vague, . . . mister? . . . miss?”

“Oh, right—your language gets weird about that stuff. You can call me either one. The lines back on Hell are so blurry that we don’t really think of ourselves as having a specific gender, if I’m being completely honest. Sure, there are body parts someone may be more into than others, but as far as what to call myself. . . I mean, I have boobs but no pussy, and I have a dick. Any of those things could be different tomorrow. I dunno, what would you like to call me?”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	?
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Female pronouns	18
Male pronouns	141
Neutral pronouns	260

You decide to use female pronouns for her. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

She gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

She takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” She gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks her head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” She shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” She continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, she is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave her by herself. “Sure, I would like that.”

Her tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demoness. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want her to look like? I mean, I know you said you like how I look now, but the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat girls? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

She gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, she sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” She gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as she wraps her arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in her soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," she says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, she closes her eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but you would swear you felt genuine affection from the demoness. You wrap your arms around her. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch she almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then she looks down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, Summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	23
Pussy	65
Belrye's choice, either is good	103

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, Summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	29
Explore her ass	37
Explore her dick	41
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	45
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	49
French kiss	53
Just hold her for a bit	57
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	61

Well, since your hands are already on her breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding her nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give one of her nipples a slight pull, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring her breasts, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	33
Friends with benefits	0 
Dominant Belrye	0 
Submissive Belrye	0 

"I dunno," you say, "I was thinking kinda tame and vanilla. Maybe... a bit romantic?"

Belrye nestles back against you, and you feel her hands sandwiching yours against her soft, furry breasts. You can feel her nipples, firm against your palms. "Mmm, I think we can do that, Summoner." A moment later, you feel her shift and roll over beside you, followed by the sensation of the side of her muzzled head resting against your cheek. "This *does* feel nice." Your arms wrap around each other in a gentle embrace, for a moment just enjoying the experience of being close to each other. For several minutes, the only sound you hear is her breath as you hold each other.

Any doubts you may have had about Belrye melt away in those warm, furry arms. And even if they hadn't, feeling her lips press against yours after the long silence would have definitely sealed the deal. Rather than starting to make out with you, though, she pulls away and goes back to resting her head on you. "So, ready for another question, Summoner?" You nod, before realizing she can't see you. Just as you are about to speak, though, Belrye softly says, "That feels like a nod." She slides a hand slowly down your back, being careful not to graze you with her claws.

She suddenly asks, "So, how do you feel about being human?"

"Uh, what do you mean? I guess I've kinda always been one, you know? Hard to really compare it to anything. It's probably a lot less fluffy than you're used to. And, uh, I'm sure feet are different. And—" You are interrupted by a soft chuckle.

"No, no, silly. What I mean is, do you enjoy being human? Like, if you could be something else, is that something you would like?"

"Oh! Um, what did you have in mind?" Of all the questions you were expecting, this wasn't on the list.

"Well, you could be pretty much anything. Like, you could still walk and talk just like a human. But I know I look a lot like one of your world's goats. You could be one too. Or maybe a different kind of animal. I could even make you a dragon or something, if you'd like!"

"Wait, you can even do things like that?!" You are a bit taken aback. How is something like that even possible? You're sure it's some sort of magic, but still. Wait, did you just think to yourself that it was "just magic," like that was a normal thing? It feels like your entire world has been very rapidly shifting. It feels almost disorienting, and yet you hope it never stops. As much as your mind is exhausted from one impossible thing after another, Belrye has already been just about the best thing to happen to you that you can think of.

"Absolutely! My abilities are all about reshaping people, helping them

experience as much pleasure as possible. Look at it this way. A creature that lives on fish is gonna develop stuff that makes them really good at fishing, right? Well, I live on lust, so my people have come up with all kinds of different ways of getting as much of it as we can.” You can practically hear the smile in her voice. Belrye seems to greatly enjoy teaching you things about demons, Hell, and all of those kinds of things. Who knows, maybe she could even teach you some magic of your own sometime. Sounds like you’ll probably be spending time together for a while.

In any case, you know just what you want to be...

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“I think I’ll just stay human.”	0 Dead End
Alligator	0 Dead End
Bat	0 Dead End
Bull	0 Dead End
Cardinal	0 Dead End
Crow	0 Dead End
Dragon	0 Dead End
Elephant	0 Dead End
Ferret	0 Dead End
Fox	0 Dead End
Giraffe	0 Dead End
Goat	0 Dead End
Goblin	0 Dead End
Gecko	0 Dead End
Horse	0 Dead End
Kobold	0 Dead End
Mouse	0 Dead End
Panda	0 Dead End
Pig	0 Dead End
Rabbit	0 Dead End
Reindeer	0 Dead End
Skunk	0 Dead End
Snake	0 Dead End
Tanuki	0 Dead End
Tiger	0 Dead End
Wolf	0 Dead End

Well, her ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind her back, one of your hands finds its way to her ass. She feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives her asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of her hands slide down your back as you do. Her claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell she is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. Finding her tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, her hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

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"Y-yeah," you reply.

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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by her dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down her body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past her flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give her cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, she seems to have fully extended from the sheath. Her length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 
Friends with benefits	0 
Dominant Belrye	0 
Submissive Belrye	0 

After a moment, you give her a gentle nudge on her shoulder and ask if she wants to roll over. With a little giggle, she does, then presses her body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As she presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around her and slide the other underneath her head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” She raises her head for you to move your arm down a bit. As she lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub her soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize she is pushing back just a *little* harder with her butt than she probably needs to. She also seems to have positioned herself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between her cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as she grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give her a bit of a surprise. As she pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demoness’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, she pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” she breathes over her shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home her point, she begins working herself down onto your cock.

As she goes past the halfway point, you give her the rest with one hard push. You feel her shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. As she rests a hand on yours, she adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, she asks, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demoness’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out her more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down her muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping her lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," she says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in her voice, as you feel her hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of her big, floppy ears. You're not sure what her hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to her. Thinking back to her goatlike eyes, she probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of her thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" she gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, hers feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of her head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Her hands are exploring your face, as she continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down her back, your hand finds her tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of her body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before she stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Her exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," she says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to her hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against hers. As hers part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel her tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while she might look a lot like a goat, she is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that her tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as she pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around her as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for her part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like she wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, she softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, she breaks the kiss and asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around her soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until her arms gently wrap around you. Her soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, Summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in her voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for her. In her voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of her claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, she does the same on the other side. You realize that she is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give her a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, Summoner?"

You bury your face against her shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of her hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm her body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in eachother's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear her softly say, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoneess control...” she continues, her fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoneess you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoneess, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoneess like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” she gives your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in her hand. She goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	71
Explore her ass	75
Explore her dick	79
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	83
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	87
French kiss	91
Just hold her for a bit	95
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	99

Well, since your hands are already on her breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding her nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give one of her nipples a slight pull, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring her breasts, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, her ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind her back, one of your hands finds its way to her ass. She feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives her asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of her hands slide down your back as you do. Her claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell she is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. Finding her tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, her hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You do have to admit, your curiosity has been piqued by her dick, so that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down her body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past her flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine.

You hear a small giggle, “For wanting me to have a pussy instead, you don’t seem to mind my dick. You must like both, but just be *slightly* more into a nice, wet hole.”

“Y-yeah,” you reply, with Belrye letting out a soft moan as you gently rub her cock. It feels like a strange mix of human and equine, with the blunt head sliding out of a sheath. It also feels much warmer than you expected.

As you explore, you feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn’t really a goat. You give her cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. “Seems like you like it, too.”

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, she asks, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” In your hands, she seems to have fully extended from the sheath. Her length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved.

We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give her a gentle nudge on her shoulder and ask if she wants to roll over. With a little giggle, she does, then presses her body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As she presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around her and slide the other underneath her head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” She raises her head for you to move your arm down a bit. As she lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub her soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize she is pushing back just a *little* harder with her butt than she probably needs to. She also seems to have positioned herself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between her cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as she grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give her a bit of a surprise. As she pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demoness’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, she pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” she breathes over her shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home her point, she begins working herself down onto your cock.

As she goes past the halfway point, you give her the rest with one hard push. You feel her shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. As she rests a hand on yours, she adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, she asks, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demoness’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out her more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down her muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping her lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," she says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in her voice, as you feel her hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of her big, floppy ears. You're not sure what her hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to her. Thinking back to her goatlike eyes, she probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of her thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" she gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, hers feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of her head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Her hands are exploring your face, as she continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down her back, your hand finds her tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of her body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before she stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Her exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," she says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to her hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against hers. As hers part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel her tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while she might look a lot like a goat, she is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that her tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, Summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as she pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around her as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for her part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like she wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, she softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . .sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, she breaks the kiss and asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around her soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until her arms gently wrap around you. Her soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, Summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in her voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for her. In her voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of her claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, she does the same on the other side. You realize that she is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give her a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, Summoner?"

You bury your face against her shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of her hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm her body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear her softly say, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoneess control...” she continues, her fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would ride your face night after night, making you eat her out until your tongue is aching. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoneess you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoneess, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoneess like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” she gives your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in her hand. She goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she’s safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

She stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give her a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” she replies, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	109
Explore her ass	113
Explore her dick	117
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	121
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	125
French kiss	129
Just hold her for a bit	133
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	137

Well, since your hands are already on her breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding her nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give one of her nipples a slight pull, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring her breasts, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, her ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind her back, one of your hands finds its way to her ass. She feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives her asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of her hands slide down your back as you do. Her claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell she is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. Finding her tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, her hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by her dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down her body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past her flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give her cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, she seems to have fully extended from the sheath. Her length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

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After a moment, you give her a gentle nudge on her shoulder and ask if she wants to roll over. With a little giggle, she does, then presses her body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As she presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around her and slide the other underneath her head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” She raises her head for you to move your arm down a bit. As she lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub her soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize she is pushing back just a *little* harder with her butt than she probably needs to. She also seems to have positioned herself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between her cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as she grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give her a bit of a surprise. As she pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demoness’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, she pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” she breathes over her shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home her point, she begins working herself down onto your cock.

As she goes past the halfway point, you give her the rest with one hard push. You feel her shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. As she rests a hand on yours, she adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, she asks, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demoness’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

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Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out her more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down her muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping her lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," she says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in her voice, as you feel her hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of her big, floppy ears. You're not sure what her hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to her. Thinking back to her goatlike eyes, she probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of her thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" she gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, hers feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of her head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Her hands are exploring your face, as she continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down her back, your hand finds her tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of her body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before she stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Her exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," she says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to her hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against hers. As hers part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel her tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while she might look a lot like a goat, she is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that her tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, Summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as she pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around her as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for her part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like she wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, she softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, she breaks the kiss and asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
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With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around her soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until her arms gently wrap around you. Her soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, Summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in her voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for her. In her voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of her claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, she does the same on the other side. You realize that she is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give her a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, Summoner?"

You bury your face against her shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of her hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm her body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in eachother's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear her softly say, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoness control...” she continues, her fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoness you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoness, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoness like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” she gives your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in her hand. She goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0	Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End

You decide to use male pronouns for him. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

He gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

He takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” He gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks his head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” He shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” He continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, he is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave him by himself. “Sure, I would like that.”

His tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want him to look like? I mean, I know you said you like how I look now, but the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat chests? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

He gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, he sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” He gives you a wink, “but I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as he wraps his arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in his soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," he says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, he closes his eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around him. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch he almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then he looks down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, Summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	146
Pussy	184
Belrye's choice, either is good	222

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

He stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," he replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	152
	Explore his ass	156
	Explore his dick	160
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		164
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	168
	French kiss	172
	Just hold him for a bit	176
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	180

Well, since your hands are already on his breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding his nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give one of his nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring his breasts, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, his ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind his back, one of your hands finds its way to his ass. He feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives his asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of his hands slide down your back as you do. His claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell he is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. Finding his tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, his hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

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love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

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Option	Page
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by his dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down his body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past his flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of his sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give his cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of his cock, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, he seems to have fully extended from the sheath. His length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give him a gentle nudge on his shoulder and ask if he wants to roll over. With a little giggle, he does, then presses his body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As he presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around his and slide the other underneath his head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” He raises his head for you to move your arm down a bit. As he lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub his soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize he is pushing back just a *little* harder with his butt than he probably needs to. He also seems to have positioned himself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between his cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against his tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as he grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give him a bit of a surprise. As he pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, he pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” he breathes over his shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home his point, he begins working himself down onto your cock.

As he goes past the halfway point, you give him the rest with one hard push. You feel him shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. As he rests a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, he asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 
Friends with benefits	0 
Dominant Belrye	0 
Submissive Belrye	0 

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out his more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down his muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping his lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," he says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in his voice, as you feel his hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of his big, floppy ears. You're not sure what his hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to him. Thinking back to his goatlike eyes, he probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of his thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" he gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, his feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of his head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." His hands are exploring your face, as he continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down his back, your hand finds his tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of his body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before he stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

His exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," he says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to his hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against his. As his part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel his tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while he might look a lot like a goat, he is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that his tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of his tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, Summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as he pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around him as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for his part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like he wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, he softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, he breaks the kiss and asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around his soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until his arms gently wrap around you. His soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, Summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in his voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for him. In his voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of his claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, he does the same on the other side. You realize that he is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give him a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, Summoner?"

You bury your face against his shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of his hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm his body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear him softly say, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Gender	Male	Male
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open

the floodgates as far as you're ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are..." he gives your cock a squeeze, "I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?"

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in his hand. He goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You're not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn't he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren't you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren't you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He's already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide...

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Gender	Male	Male
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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“I think I’d rather you had a pussy, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But

then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he’s safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

He stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give her a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something.

You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," he replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put togeth—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces himself to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on

hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind...”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

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Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		202
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	Just hold him for a bit	214
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Well, since your hands are already on his breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding his nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give one of his nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring his breasts, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, his ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind his back, one of your hands finds its way to his ass. He feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives his asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of his hands slide down your back as you do. His claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell he is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. Finding his tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, his hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You do have to admit, your curiosity has been piqued by his dick, so that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down his body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past his flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of his sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine.

You hear a small giggle, “For wanting me to have a pussy instead, you don’t seem to mind my dick. You must like both, but just be *slightly* more into a nice, wet hole.”

“Y-yeah,” you reply, with Belrye letting out a soft moan as you gently rub his cock. It feels like a strange mix of human and equine, with the blunt head sliding out of a sheath. It also feels much warmer than you expected.

As you explore, you feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike her claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn’t really a goat. You give his cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. “Seems like you like it, too.”

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of his cock, he asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” In your hands, he seems to have fully extended from the sheath. His length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved.

We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give him a gentle nudge on his shoulder and ask if he wants to roll over. With a little giggle, he does, then presses his body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As he presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around him and slide the other underneath his head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here...” He raises his head for you to move your arm down a bit. As he lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better...” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub his soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize he is pushing back just a *little* harder with his butt than he probably needs to. He also seems to have positioned himself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between his cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against his tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as he grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give him a bit of a surprise. As he pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, he pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” he breathes over his shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy...” As if to drive home his point, he begins working himself down onto your cock.

As he goes past the halfway point, you give him the rest with one hard push. You feel him shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh...” he replies, needily. As he rests a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, he asks, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out his more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down his muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping his lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what he would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," he says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in his voice, as you feel his hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of his big, floppy ears. You're not sure what his hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to him. Thinking back to his goatlike eyes, he probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of his thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" he gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, his feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of his head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." His hands are exploring your face, as he continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down his back, your hand finds his tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of his body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before he stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

His exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," he says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to his hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against his. As his part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel his tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while he might look a lot like a goat, he is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that his tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of his tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, Summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as he pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around him as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for his part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like he wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, he softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, he breaks the kiss and asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around his soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until his arms gently wrap around you. His soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, Summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in his voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for him. In his voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of his claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, he does the same on the other side. You realize that he is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give him a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, Summoner?"

You bury your face against his shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of his hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm his body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear him softly say, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would ride your face night after night, making you eat him out until your tongue is aching. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are...” he gives your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in his hand. He goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“I want to leave that up to you. I’m good either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

He stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," he replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces himself to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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	Option	Page
	Boob groping	228
	Explore his ass	232
	Explore his dick	236
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		240
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	244
	French kiss	248
	Just hold him for a bit	252
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	256

Well, since your hands are already on his breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding his nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give one of his nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring his breasts, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, his ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind his back, one of your hands finds its way to his ass. He feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives his asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of his hands slide down your back as you do. His claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell he is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike her claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. Finding his tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, his hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by his dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down his body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past his flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of his sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give his cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of his cock, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, he seems to have fully extended from the sheath. His length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

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After a moment, you give him a gentle nudge on his shoulder and ask if he wants to roll over. With a little giggle, he does, then presses his body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As he presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around him and slide the other underneath his head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” He raises his head for you to move your arm down a bit. As he lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub his soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize he is pushing back just a *little* harder with his butt than he probably needs to. He also seems to have positioned himself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between his cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against his tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as he grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give him a bit of a surprise. As he pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, he pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” he breathes over his shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home his point, he begins working himself down onto your cock.

As he goes past the halfway point, you give him the rest with one hard push. You feel him shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. As he rests a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, he asks, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out his more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down his muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping his lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," he says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in his voice, as you feel his hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of his big, floppy ears. You're not sure what his hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to him. Thinking back to his goatlike eyes, he probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of his thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" he gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, his feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of his head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." His hands are exploring your face, as he continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down his back, your hand finds his tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of his body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before he stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

His exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," he says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to his hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against his. As his part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel his tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while he might look a lot like a goat, he is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that his tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of his tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, Summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as he pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around him as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for his part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like he wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, he softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, he breaks the kiss and asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
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With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around his soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until his arms gently wrap around you. His soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in his voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for him. In his voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of his claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, he does the same on the other side. You realize that he is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give him a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against his shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of his hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm his body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear him softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against his shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open

the floodgates as far as you're ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are..." he gives your cock a squeeze, "I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?"

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in his hand. He goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You're not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn't he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren't you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren't you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He's already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide...

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

You decide to use neutral pronouns for them. “So...have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

They give you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

They take the book and start slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” They get to the part with the summoning circle and cock their head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” They show the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” They continue to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, they are your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave them by themselves. “Sure, I would like that.”

Their tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want them to look like? I mean, I know you said you like how I look now, but the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat partners? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

They give you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, they sniff the air and say, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” They give you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as they wrap their arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in their soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," they say, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, they close their eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but you would swear you felt genuine affection from the demon. You wrap your arms around them. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch they almost seem to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then they look down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, Summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	265
Pussy	303
Belrye's choice, either is good	341

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put togeth—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	271
	Explore their ass	275
	Explore their dick	279
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		283
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	287
	French kiss	291
	Just hold them for a bit	295
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	299

Well, since your hands are already on their breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding their nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give one of their nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring their breasts, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, their ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind their back, one of your hands finds its way to their ass. They feel a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives their asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of their hands slide down your back as you do. Their claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell they are being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. Finding their tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, their hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

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point I would take anyth—”

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“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

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Option	Page
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by their dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down their body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past their flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of their sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give their cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of their cock, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, they seem to have fully extended from the sheath. Their length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give them a gentle nudge on their shoulder and ask if they want to roll over. With a little giggle, they do, then presses their body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As they press tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around theirs and slide the other underneath their head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here...” They raise their head for you to move your arm down a bit. As they lay back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better...” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub their soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize they are pushing back just a *little* harder with their butt than they probably needs to. They also seem to have positioned themselves just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between their cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against their tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as they grind against you. Fully hard, you decide to give them a bit of a surprise. As they push back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, they push back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” they breathe over their shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy...” As if to drive home their point, they begin working themselves down onto your cock.

As they go past the halfway point, you give them the rest with one hard push. You feel them shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh...” they reply, needily. As they rest a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, they ask, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out their more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down their muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping their lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," they say, a mix of bemusement and wonder in their voice, as you feel their hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of their big, floppy ears. You're not sure what their hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to them. Thinking back to their goatlike eyes, they probably see the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of their thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" they give a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, theirs feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of their head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Their hands are exploring your face, as they continue, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down their back, your hand finds their tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of their body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before they stop and let your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Their exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," they say, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to their hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, they ask, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you

had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against theirs. As theirs part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel their tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while they might look a lot like a goat, they are something else entirely. You also quickly discover that their tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of their tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to..." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as they pull you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around them as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for their part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like they want to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, they softly say, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of...sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, they break the kiss and ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
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Build	Average	Average
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Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around their soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until their arms gently wrap around you. Their soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in their voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for them. In their voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of their claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, they do the same on the other side. You realize that they are tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give them a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against their shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of their hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm their body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear them softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um . . . okay, I can do that!” They think for a moment, then continue, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner . . .” Their tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel their hands reach down and roll you away from them, followed by the sensation of their soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control . . .” they continue, their fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what they would do to you. Maybe they would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *their* kinks. Or maybe they would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe . . .” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” they snap their fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with their other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Their tone shifts again, to an almost parental one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a parent to take good care of you. Or . . .” they lower their voice to a growl as they continue, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoness like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” they give your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in their hand. They go back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as they let you think. You also feel their lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether they are trying to sway your decision, are just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t they *just* get done warning you about all of the things they could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt they would be giving you all of these warnings. They’ve already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . ." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind...”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	309
	Explore their ass	313
	Explore their dick	317
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		321
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	325
	French kiss	329
	Just hold them for a bit	333
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	337

Well, since your hands are already on their breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding their nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give one of their nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring their breasts, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, their ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind their back, one of your hands finds its way to their ass. They feel a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives their asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of their hands slide down your back as you do. Their claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell they are being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. Finding their tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, their hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this

point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in response.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You do have to admit, your curiosity has been piqued by their dick, so that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down their body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past their flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of their sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine.

You hear a small giggle, “For wanting me to have a pussy instead, you don’t seem to mind my dick. You must like both, but just be *slightly* more into a nice, wet hole.”

“Y-yeah,” you reply, with Belrye letting out a soft moan as you gently rub their cock. It feels like a strange mix of human and equine, with the blunt head sliding out of a sheath. It also feels much warmer than you expected.

As you explore, you feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren’t really a goat. You give their cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” they reply, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. “Seems like you like it, too.”

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of their cock, they ask, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” In your hands, they seem to have fully extended from the sheath. Their length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give them a gentle nudge on their shoulder and ask if they want to roll over. With a little giggle, they do, then press their body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As they press tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around them and slide the other underneath their head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here...” They raise their head for you to move your arm down a bit. As they lay back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better...” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub their soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize they are pushing back just a *little* harder with their butt than they probably need to. They also seem to have positioned themselves just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between their cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as they grind against you. Fully hard, you decide to give them a bit of a surprise. As they push back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, they push back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” they breathe over their shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy...” As if to drive home their point, they begin working themselves down onto your cock.

As they go past the halfway point, you give them the rest with one hard push. You feel them shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh...” they reply, needily. As they rest a hand on yours, they add, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, they ask, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out their more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down their muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping their lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," they say, a mix of bemusement and wonder in their voice, as you feel their hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of their big, floppy ears. You're not sure what their hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to them. Thinking back to their goatlike eyes, they probably see the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of their thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" they give a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, theirs feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of their head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Their hands are exploring your face, as they continue, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down their back, your hand finds their tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of their body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before they stop and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Their exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," they say, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to their hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, they ask, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you

had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against theirs. As theirs part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel their tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while they might look a lot like a goat, they are something else entirely. You also quickly discover that their tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of their tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as they pull you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around them as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for their part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like they want to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, they softly say, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, they break the kiss and ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around their soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until their arms gently wrap around you. Their soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in their voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for them. In their voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of their claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, they do the same on the other side. You realize that they are tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give them a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against their shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of their hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm their body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear them softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against their shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 
Friends with benefits	0 
Dominant Belrye	0 
Submissive Belrye	0 

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um. . . okay, I can do that!” They think for a moment, then continue, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner. . .” Their tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel their hands reach down and roll you away from them, followed by the sensation of their soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control. . .” they continue, their fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what they would do to you. Maybe they would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *their* kinks. Or maybe they would ride your face night after night, making you eat them out until your tongue is aching. Or maybe. . .” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” they snap their fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with their other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Their tone shifts again, to an almost parental one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a parent to take good care of you. Or. . .” they lower her voice to a growl as they continue, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” they give your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in their hand. They go back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as they let you think. You also feel their lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether they are trying to sway your decision, are just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t they *just* get done warning you about all of the things they could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt they would be giving you all of these warnings. They’ve already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so. . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they’re safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

They stand up and walk over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give them a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” they reply, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	347
	Explore their ass	351
	Explore their dick	355
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		359
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	363
	French kiss	367
	Just hold them for a bit	371
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	375

Well, since your hands are already on their breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding their nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give one of their nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring their breasts, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, their ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind their back, one of your hands finds its way to their ass. They feel a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives their asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of their hands slide down your back as you do. Their claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell they are being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike her claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. Finding their tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, their hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this

point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in response.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by their dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down their body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past their flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give their cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh..." they reply, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, they seem to have fully extended from the sheath. Their length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give them a gentle nudge on their shoulder and ask if they want to roll over. With a little giggle, they do, then press their body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As they press tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around them and slide the other underneath their head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here...” They raise their head for you to move your arm down a bit. As they lay back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better...” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub their soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize they are pushing back just a *little* harder with their butt than they probably need to. They also seem to have positioned themselves just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between their cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as they grind against you. Fully hard, you decide to give them a bit of a surprise. As they push back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, they push back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” they breathe over their shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy...” As if to drive home their point, they begin working themselves down onto your cock.

As they go past the halfway point, you give them the rest with one hard push. You feel them shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh...” they reply, needily. As they rest a hand on yours, they add, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, they ask, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out their more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down their muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping their lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," they say, a mix of bemusement and wonder in their voice, as you feel their hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of their big, floppy ears. You're not sure what their hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to them. Thinking back to their goatlike eyes, they probably see the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of their thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" they give a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, theirs feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of their head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Their hands are exploring your face, as they continue, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down their back, your hand finds their tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of their body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before they stop and let your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Their exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," they say, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to their hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you

had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against theirs. As theirs part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel their tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while they might look a lot like a goat, they are something else entirely. You also quickly discover that their tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of their tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as they pull you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around them as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for their part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like they want to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, they softly say, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, they break the kiss and ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around their soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until their arms gently wrap around you. Their soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in their voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for them. In their voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of their claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, they do the same on the other side. You realize that they are tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give them a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against their shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of their hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm their body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear them softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against their shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um. . . okay, I can do that!” They think for a moment, then continue, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner. . .” Their tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel their hands reach down and roll you away from them, followed by the sensation of their soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control. . .” they continue, their fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what they would do to you. Maybe they would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *their* kinks. Or maybe they would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe. . .” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” they snap their fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with their other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Their tone shifts again, to an almost parental one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a parent to take good care of you. Or. . .” they lower their voice to a growl as they continue, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” they give your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in their hand. They go back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as they let you think. You also feel their lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether they are trying to sway your decision, are just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t they *just* get done warning you about all of the things they could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt they would be giving you all of these warnings. They’ve already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“We will work on that,” you interrupt. The demon stops, then gives you a smile.

“Yeah, you’re right. If you feed me enough lust, I can become pretty much anything you like! Well, not quite anything—I still have to be a demon. But I can change a lot! I can change you too, if you’d like. I can make certain things bigger or smaller, change stuff around completely, or even turn you into a whole different species!”

You give a nod. Having your own custom-made demon could be quite fun, and the idea of changing yourself has a certain appeal to it, too. This job certainly seems to come with some nice perks.

They take a moment to collect themselves, then stand tall and, suddenly formal, say, “Where are my manners? Summoner, I am Belrye. I will serve for as long as you have need of me.” Going back to a more relaxed posture, they add, “It’s easy to pronounce. ‘Bel’ like ‘dinner bell’, and ‘rye’ like ‘rye bread’.”

You introduce yourself in a similarly formal tone, figuring this must be another bullet point the book missed. Though you find it oddly reassuring that they don’t seem any better prepared for this than you are. You stare at each other in awkward silence for a moment, fumbling for something more to say. Blurting out the first thing that comes to mind, you ask, “Wait, you speak English?”

“Oh, yes. The wall between planes isn’t all that thick, which is why drawing some symbols on the floor let me come here. So we can sometimes see or hear things from here on Earth.” The demon looks around, “We *are* on Earth right now, right?”

“We are,” you reassure them, “It’s just that there is a ward in place. Security and stuff, you know.”

“Oh, okay! I had always heard about wards and things like that, but it’s different actually experiencing it firsthand, you know? It feels kinda like being in a bubble that I can’t see or feel through.” You see a goatlike tail swish side to side, “So what’s under the robe? You get to see me, so it’s only fair, right?” They give you a playful wink, which does nothing to hide the needy tone in their voice. “I know humans can be really shy about that sort of thing, sometimes, but I’m guessing if you summoned a lust demon, you’re probably not against getting naked. . .”

Well, it’s just the two of you, and you guess you *did* sign up for this. You take off your clothing, tossing it onto the desk. “Wow, a real human. . .” they say to themselves, licking their lips and making no attempt to be subtle. Maybe Terra’s metaphor about going to get tacos wasn’t far off, after all. From the visibly hardening nipples and the cock-tip emerging from its sheath, your

companion seems to enjoy what they are seeing.

Belrye looks like they are trying to resist immediately leaping onto you, with their hands instead giving their breasts a firm squeeze. Suddenly you notice something. “Wait, how many fingers do you have?”

They pause, confused, then hold up thier hands. Sure enough, each has three fingers and a thumb. “I’ve got the usual four. What do you—” They look down at your hands, “Oh! You know, suddenly a whole lot of things make more sense!”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, your counting system. Like how you have digits for ‘eight’ and ‘nine’. For us,” they slowly count on their fingers, “it goes five, six, seven. . .” They then hold one finger up on one hand and none on the other, like you would do to indicate the “ten’s” position, “And that’s eight.”

You suppose this is just the first of many such conversations the two of you will be having, as you get to know each other. Are you supposed to get to know them? Is that what is supposed to happen? Are you supposed to be teaching them something, or what is going on?

“So, what happens now? The instructions I was given are pretty vague, . . . mister? . . . miss?”

“Oh, right—your language gets weird about that stuff. You can call me either one. The lines back on Hell are so blurry that we really don’t think of ourselves as having a specific gender, if I’m being completely honest. Sure, there are body parts someone may be more into than others, but as far as what to call myself. . . I mean, I have boobs but no pussy, and I have a dick. Any of those things could be different tomorrow. I dunno, what would you like to call me?”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	?
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Female pronouns	383
Male pronouns	501
Neutral pronouns	620

You decide to use female pronouns for her. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

She gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

She takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” She gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks her head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” She shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” She continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, she is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave her by herself. “Sure, I would like that.”

Her tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demoness. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want her to look like? I mean, you sounded interested in working on some changes, and the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat girls? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

She gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, she sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” She gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as she wraps her arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in her soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," she says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, she closes her eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around her. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch she almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then she looks down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

Stat	You	Belrye
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Option	Page
Cock	388
Pussy	425
Belrye's choice, either is good	463

You decide to use female pronouns for her. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	393
Pussy	397
Belrye's choice, either is good	401

Well, since your hands are already on her breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding her nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give one of her nipples a slight pull, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring her breasts, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
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Breast Size	Flat	C
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, her ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind her back, one of your hands finds its way to her ass. She feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives her asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of her hands slide down your back as you do. Her claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell she is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. Finding her tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, her hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by her dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down her body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past her flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give her cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, she seems to have fully extended from the sheath. Her length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

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Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give her a gentle nudge on her shoulder and ask if she wants to roll over. With a little giggle, she does, then presses her body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As she presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around her and slide the other underneath her head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” She raises her head for you to move your arm down a bit. As she lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub her soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize she is pushing back just a *little* harder with her butt than she probably needs to. She also seems to have positioned herself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between her cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as she grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give her a bit of a surprise. As she pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demoness’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, she pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” she breathes over her shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home her point, she begins working herself down onto your cock.

As she goes past the halfway point, you give her the rest with one hard push. You feel her shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. As she rests a hand on yours, she adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, she asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demoness’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out her more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down her muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping her lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," she says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in her voice, as you feel her hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of her big, floppy ears. You're not sure what her hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to her. Thinking back to her goatlike eyes, she probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of her thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" she gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, hers feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of her head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Her hands are exploring your face, as she continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down her back, your hand finds her tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of her body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before she stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Her exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," she says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to her hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against hers. As hers part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel her tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while she might look a lot like a goat, she is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that her tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as she pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around her as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for her part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like she wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, she softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, she breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around her soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until her arms gently wrap around you. Her soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in her voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for her. In her voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of her claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, she does the same on the other side. You realize that she is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give her a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against her shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of her hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm her body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear her softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open

the floodgates as far as you're ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are..." he gives your cock a squeeze, "I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?"

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in his hand. He goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You're not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn't he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren't you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren't you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He's already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide...

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Species	Human	Goat
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Gender	Male	Female
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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	431
Explore her ass	435
Explore her dick	439
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	443
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	447
French kiss	451
Just hold her for a bit	455
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	459

Well, since your hands are already on her breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding her nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give one of her nipples a slight pull, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring her breasts, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, her ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind her back, one of your hands finds its way to her ass. She feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives her asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of her hands slide down your back as you do. Her claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell she is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. Finding her tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, her hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You do have to admit, your curiosity has been piqued by her dick, so that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down her body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past her flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine.

You hear a small giggle, “For wanting me to have a pussy instead, you don’t seem to mind my dick. You must like both, but just be *slightly* more into a nice, wet hole.”

“Y-yeah,” you reply, with Belrye letting out a soft moan as you gently rub her cock. It feels like a strange mix of human and equine, with the blunt head sliding out of a sheath. It also feels much warmer than you expected.

As you explore, you feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn’t really a goat. You give her cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. “Seems like you like it, too.”

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, she asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” In your hands, she seems to have fully extended from the sheath. Her length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved.

We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give her a gentle nudge on her shoulder and ask if she wants to roll over. With a little giggle, she does, then presses her body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As she presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around her and slide the other underneath her head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” She raises her head for you to move your arm down a bit. As she lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub her soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize she is pushing back just a *little* harder with her butt than she probably needs to. She also seems to have positioned herself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between her cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as she grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give her a bit of a surprise. As she pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demoness’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, she pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” she breathes over her shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home her point, she begins working herself down onto your cock.

As she goes past the halfway point, you give her the rest with one hard push. You feel her shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. As she rests a hand on yours, she adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, she asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demoness’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out her more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down her muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping her lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," she says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in her voice, as you feel her hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of her big, floppy ears. You're not sure what her hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to her. Thinking back to her goatlike eyes, she probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of her thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" she gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, hers feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of her head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Her hands are exploring your face, as she continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down her back, your hand finds her tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of her body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before she stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Her exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," she says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to her hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against hers. As hers part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel her tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while she might look a lot like a goat, she is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that her tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as she pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around her as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for her part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like she wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, she softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, she breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

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With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around her soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until her arms gently wrap around you. Her soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in her voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for her. In her voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of her claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, she does the same on the other side. You realize that she is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give her a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against her shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of her hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm her body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear her softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoness control...” she continues, her fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would ride your face night after night, making you eat her out until your tongue is aching. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoness you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoness, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoness like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” she gives your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in her hand. She goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, for the things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make them happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so. . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she’s safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

She stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give her a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” she replies, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

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Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
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Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	469
	Explore her ass	473
	Explore her dick	477
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon		481
	Explore her uniquely demonic parts	485
	French kiss	489
	Just hold her for a bit	493
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	497

Well, since your hands are already on her breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding her nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give one of her nipples a slight pull, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring her breasts, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, her ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind her back, one of your hands finds its way to her ass. She feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives her asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of her hands slide down your back as you do. Her claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell she is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. Finding her tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, her hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by her dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down her body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past her flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give her cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, she seems to have fully extended from the sheath. Her length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

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After a moment, you give her a gentle nudge on her shoulder and ask if she wants to roll over. With a little giggle, she does, then presses her body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As she presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around her and slide the other underneath her head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” She raises her head for you to move your arm down a bit. As she lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub her soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize she is pushing back just a *little* harder with her butt than she probably needs to. She also seems to have positioned herself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between her cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as she grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give her a bit of a surprise. As she pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demoness’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, she pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” she breathes over her shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home her point, she begins working herself down onto your cock.

As she goes past the halfway point, you give her the rest with one hard push. You feel her shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. As she rests a hand on yours, she adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, she asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demoness’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out her more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down her muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping her lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," she says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in her voice, as you feel her hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of her big, floppy ears. You're not sure what her hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to her. Thinking back to her goatlike eyes, she probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of her thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" she gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, hers feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of her head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Her hands are exploring your face, as she continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down her back, your hand finds her tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of her body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before she stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Her exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," she says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to her hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against hers. As hers part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel her tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while she might look a lot like a goat, she is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that her tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as she pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around her as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for her part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like she wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, she softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, she breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
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With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around her soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until her arms gently wrap around you. Her soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in her voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for her. In her voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of her claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, she does the same on the other side. You realize that she is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give her a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against her shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of her hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm her body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear her softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoness control...” she continues, her fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoness you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoness, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoness like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” she gives your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in her hand. She goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

You decide to use male pronouns for him. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

He gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

He takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” He gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks his head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” He shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” He continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, he is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave him by himself. “Sure, I would like that.”

His tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want him to look like? I mean, you sounded interested in working on some changes, and the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat guys? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

He gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, he sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” He gives you a wink, “but I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as he wraps his arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in his soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," he says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, he closes his eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around him. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch he almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then he looks down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	506
Pussy	544
Belrye's choice, either is good	582

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, whatever you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

He stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give him a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," he replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	512
	Explore his ass	516
	Explore his dick	520
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		524
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	528
	French kiss	532
	Just hold him for a bit	536
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	540

Well, since your hands are already on his breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding his nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give one of his nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring his breasts, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, his ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind his back, one of your hands finds its way to his ass. He feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives his asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of his hands slide down your back as you do. His claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell he is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. Finding his tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

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"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

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"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by his dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down his body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past his flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of his sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give his cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of his cock, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, he seems to have fully extended from the sheath. His length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give him a gentle nudge on his shoulder and ask if he wants to roll over. With a little giggle, he does, then presses his body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As he presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around his and slide the other underneath his head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” He raises his head for you to move your arm down a bit. As he lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub his soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize he is pushing back just a *little* harder with his butt than he probably needs to. He also seems to have positioned himself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between his cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against his tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as he grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give him a bit of a surprise. As he pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, he pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” he breathes over his shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home his point, he begins working himself down onto your cock.

As he goes past the halfway point, you give him the rest with one hard push. You feel him shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. As he rests a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, he asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out his more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down his muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping his lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," he says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in his voice, as you feel his hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of his big, floppy ears. You're not sure what his hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to him. Thinking back to his goatlike eyes, he probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of his thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" he gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, his feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of his head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." His hands are exploring your face, as he continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down his back, your hand finds his tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of his body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before he stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

His exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," he says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to his hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against his. As his part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel his tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while he might look a lot like a goat, he is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that his tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of his tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as he pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around him as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for his part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like he wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, he softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, he breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
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Gender	Male	Male
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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around his soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until his arms gently wrap around you. His soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in his voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for him. In his voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of his claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, he does the same on the other side. You realize that he is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give him a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against his shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of his hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm his body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear him softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open

the floodgates as far as you're ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are..." he gives your cock a squeeze, "I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?"

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in his hand. He goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You're not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn't he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren't you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren't you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He's already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide...

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Gender	Male	Male
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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

He stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give him a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," he replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	550
	Explore his ass	554
	Explore his dick	558
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		562
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	566
	French kiss	570
	Just hold him for a bit	574
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	578

Well, since your hands are already on his breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding his nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give one of his nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring his breasts, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, his ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind his back, one of your hands finds its way to his ass. He feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives his asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of his hands slide down your back as you do. His claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell he is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. Finding his tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, his hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You do have to admit, your curiosity has been piqued by his dick, so that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down his body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past his flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of his sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine.

You hear a small giggle, “For wanting me to have a pussy instead, you don’t seem to mind my dick. You must like both, but just be *slightly* more into a nice, wet hole.”

“Y-yeah,” you reply, with Belrye letting out a soft moan as you gently rub his cock. It feels like a strange mix of human and equine, with the blunt head sliding out of a sheath. It also feels much warmer than you expected.

As you explore, you feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike her claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn’t really a goat. You give his cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. “Seems like you like it, too.”

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of his cock, he asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” In your hands, he seems to have fully extended from the sheath. His length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved.

We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give him a gentle nudge on his shoulder and ask if he wants to roll over. With a little giggle, he does, then presses his body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As he presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around him and slide the other underneath his head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” He raises his head for you to move your arm down a bit. As he lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub his soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize he is pushing back just a *little* harder with his butt than he probably needs to. He also seems to have positioned himself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between his cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against his tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as he grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give him a bit of a surprise. As he pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, he pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” he breathes over his shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home his point, he begins working himself down onto your cock.

As he goes past the halfway point, you give him the rest with one hard push. You feel him shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. As he rests a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, he asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out his more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down his muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping his lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what he would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," he says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in his voice, as you feel his hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of his big, floppy ears. You're not sure what his hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to him. Thinking back to his goatlike eyes, he probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of his thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" he gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, his feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of his head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." His hands are exploring your face, as he continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down his back, your hand finds his tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of his body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before he stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

His exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," he says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to his hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against his. As his part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel his tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while he might look a lot like a goat, he is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that his tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of his tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as he pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around him as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for his part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like he wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, he softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, he breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

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With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around his soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until his arms gently wrap around you. His soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in his voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for him. In his voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of his claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, he does the same on the other side. You realize that he is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give him a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against his shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of his hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm his body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear him softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would ride your face night after night, making you eat him out until your tongue is aching. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are...” he gives your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in his hand. He goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0	Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End

“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, for the things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make them happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he’s safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

He stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give him a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” he replies, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

He opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces himself to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

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Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Breast Size	Flat	C
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	588
	Explore his ass	592
	Explore his dick	596
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		600
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	604
	French kiss	608
	Just hold him for a bit	612
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	616

Well, since your hands are already on his breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding his nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give one of his nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring his breasts, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, his ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind his back, one of your hands finds its way to his ass. He feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives his asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of his hands slide down your back as you do. His claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell he is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike her claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. Finding his tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by his dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down his body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past his flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of his sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give his cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of his cock, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, he seems to have fully extended from the sheath. His length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
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Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give him a gentle nudge on his shoulder and ask if he wants to roll over. With a little giggle, he does, then presses his body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As he presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around him and slide the other underneath his head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” He raises his head for you to move your arm down a bit. As he lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub his soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize he is pushing back just a *little* harder with his butt than he probably needs to. He also seems to have positioned himself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between his cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against his tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as he grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give him a bit of a surprise. As he pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, he pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” he breathes over his shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home his point, he begins working himself down onto your cock.

As he goes past the halfway point, you give him the rest with one hard push. You feel him shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. As he rests a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, he asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out his more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down his muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping his lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," he says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in his voice, as you feel his hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of his big, floppy ears. You're not sure what his hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to him. Thinking back to his goatlike eyes, he probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of his thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" he gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, his feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of his head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." His hands are exploring your face, as he continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down his back, your hand finds his tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of his body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before he stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

His exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," he says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to his hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against his. As his part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel his tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while he might look a lot like a goat, he is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that his tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of his tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as he pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around him as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for his part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like he wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, he softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, he breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
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With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around his soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until his arms gently wrap around you. His soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in his voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for him. In his voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of his claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, he does the same on the other side. You realize that he is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give him a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against his shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of his hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm his body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear him softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against his shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open

the floodgates as far as you're ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are..." he gives your cock a squeeze, "I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?"

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in his hand. He goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You're not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn't he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren't you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren't you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He's already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide...

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

You decide to use neutral pronouns for them. “So...have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

They give you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

They take the book and start slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” They get to the part with the summoning circle and cock their head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” They show the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” They continue to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, they are your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave them by themselves. “Sure, I would like that.”

Their tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want them to look like? I mean, you sounded interested in working on some changes, and the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat partners? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

They give you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, they sniff the air and say, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” They give you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as they wrap their arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away

in their soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going, but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we’re going to need a bed or something in here.”

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. “So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn’t send you away, does it?”

“So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn’t. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn’t send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?”

“Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I’m sure you’ve probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?”

“Actually, you are the first human I’ve ever touched. So remember how I said there weren’t many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I’ve lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can’t afford the real thing, it’s something to keep you fed.”

“You know,” you think out loud, “we’re really not so different from each other.”

“We’re really not,” they say, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, they close their eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around them. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch they almost seem to melt into your gentle hug.

You’re not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn’t nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then they look down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. “So, let’s start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?”

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	625
Pussy	663
Belrye's choice, either is good	701

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, whatever you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . ." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	631
	Explore their ass	635
	Explore their dick	639
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		643
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	647
	French kiss	651
	Just hold them for a bit	655
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	659

Well, since your hands are already on their breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding their nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give one of their nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring their breasts, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, their ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind their back, one of your hands finds its way to their ass. They feel a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives their asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of their hands slide down your back as you do. Their claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell they are being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. Finding their tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

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"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them

in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by their dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down their body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past their flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of their sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give their cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of their cock, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, they seem to have fully extended from the sheath. Their length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give them a gentle nudge on their shoulder and ask if they want to roll over. With a little giggle, they do, then presses their body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As they press tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around theirs and slide the other underneath their head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here...” They raise their head for you to move your arm down a bit. As they lay back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better...” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub their soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize they are pushing back just a *little* harder with their butt than they probably needs to. They also seem to have positioned themselves just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between their cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against their tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as they grind against you. Fully hard, you decide to give them a bit of a surprise. As they push back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, they push back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” they breathe over their shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy...” As if to drive home their point, they begin working themselves down onto your cock.

As they go past the halfway point, you give them the rest with one hard push. You feel them shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh...” they reply, needily. As they rest a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, they ask, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out their more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down their muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping their lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," they say, a mix of bemusement and wonder in their voice, as you feel their hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of their big, floppy ears. You're not sure what their hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to them. Thinking back to their goatlike eyes, they probably see the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of their thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" they give a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, theirs feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of their head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Their hands are exploring your face, as they continue, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down their back, your hand finds their tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of their body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before they stop and let your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Their exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," they say, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to their hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you

had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against theirs. As theirs part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel their tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while they might look a lot like a goat, they are something else entirely. You also quickly discover that their tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of their tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to..." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as they pull you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around them as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for their part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like they want to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, they softly say, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of...sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, they break the kiss and ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around their soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until their arms gently wrap around you. Their soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in their voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for them. In their voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of their claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, they do the same on the other side. You realize that they are tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give them a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against their shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of their hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm their body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear them softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
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Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um . . . okay, I can do that!” They think for a moment, then continue, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner . . .” Their tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel their hands reach down and roll you away from them, followed by the sensation of their soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control . . .” they continue, their fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what they would do to you. Maybe they would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *their* kinks. Or maybe they would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe . . .” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” they snap their fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with their other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Their tone shifts again, to an almost parental one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a parent to take good care of you. Or . . .” they lower their voice to a growl as they continue, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoness like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” they give your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in their hand. They go back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as they let you think. You also feel their lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether they are trying to sway your decision, are just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t they *just* get done warning you about all of the things they could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt they would be giving you all of these warnings. They’ve already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
	Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . ." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put togeth—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind...”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	669
	Explore their ass	673
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Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		681
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	685
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	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	697

Well, since your hands are already on their breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding their nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give one of their nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring their breasts, they ask, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, their ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind their back, one of your hands finds its way to their ass. They feel a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives their asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of their hands slide down your back as you do. Their claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell they are being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. Finding their tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them

in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You do have to admit, your curiosity has been piqued by their dick, so that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down their body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past their flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of their sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine.

You hear a small giggle, “For wanting me to have a pussy instead, you don’t seem to mind my dick. You must like both, but just be *slightly* more into a nice, wet hole.”

“Y-yeah,” you reply, with Belrye letting out a soft moan as you gently rub their cock. It feels like a strange mix of human and equine, with the blunt head sliding out of a sheath. It also feels much warmer than you expected.

As you explore, you feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren’t really a goat. You give their cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” they reply, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. “Seems like you like it, too.”

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of their cock, they ask, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” In your hands, they seem to have fully extended from the sheath. Their length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give them a gentle nudge on their shoulder and ask if they want to roll over. With a little giggle, they do, then press their body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As they press tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around them and slide the other underneath their head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here...” They raise their head for you to move your arm down a bit. As they lay back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better...” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub their soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize they are pushing back just a *little* harder with their butt than they probably need to. They also seem to have positioned themselves just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between their cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as they grind against you. Fully hard, you decide to give them a bit of a surprise. As they push back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, they push back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” they breathe over their shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy...” As if to drive home their point, they begin working themselves down onto your cock.

As they go past the halfway point, you give them the rest with one hard push. You feel them shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh...” they reply, needily. As they rest a hand on yours, they add, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, they ask, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out their more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down their muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping their lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," they say, a mix of bemusement and wonder in their voice, as you feel their hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of their big, floppy ears. You're not sure what their hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to them. Thinking back to their goatlike eyes, they probably see the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of their thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" they give a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, theirs feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of their head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Their hands are exploring your face, as they continue, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down their back, your hand finds their tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of their body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before they stop and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Their exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," they say, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to their hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, they ask, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you

had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against theirs. As theirs part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel their tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while they might look a lot like a goat, they are something else entirely. You also quickly discover that their tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as they pull you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around them as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for their part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like they want to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, they softly say, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, they break the kiss and ask, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around their soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until their arms gently wrap around you. Their soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in their voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for them. In their voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of their claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, they do the same on the other side. You realize that they are tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give them a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, Summoner?"

You bury your face against their shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of their hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm their body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear them softly say, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against their shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

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Option	Page
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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um. . . okay, I can do that!” They think for a moment, then continue, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner. . .” Their tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel their hands reach down and roll you away from them, followed by the sensation of their soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control. . .” they continue, their fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what they would do to you. Maybe they would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *their* kinks. Or maybe they would ride your face night after night, making you eat them out until your tongue is aching. Or maybe. . .” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” they snap their fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with their other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Their tone shifts again, to an almost parental one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a parent to take good care of you. Or. . .” they lower her voice to a growl as they continue, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” they give your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in their hand. They go back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as they let you think. You also feel their lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether they are trying to sway your decision, are just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t they *just* get done warning you about all of the things they could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt they would be giving you all of these warnings. They’ve already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, for the things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make them happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they’re safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

They stand up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give them a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” they reply, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	707
Explore their ass	711
Explore their dick	715
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon	719
Explore their uniquely demonic parts	723
French kiss	727
Just hold them for a bit	731
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	735

Well, since your hands are already on their breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding their nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give one of their nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring their breasts, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, their ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind their back, one of your hands finds its way to their ass. They feel a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives their asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of their hands slide down your back as you do. Their claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell they are being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike her claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. Finding their tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

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"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them

in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by their dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down their body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past their flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give their cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh..." they reply, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, they seem to have fully extended from the sheath. Their length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give them a gentle nudge on their shoulder and ask if they want to roll over. With a little giggle, they do, then press their body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As they press tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around them and slide the other underneath their head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here...” They raise their head for you to move your arm down a bit. As they lay back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better...” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub their soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize they are pushing back just a *little* harder with their butt than they probably need to. They also seem to have positioned themselves just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between their cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as they grind against you. Fully hard, you decide to give them a bit of a surprise. As they push back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, they push back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” they breathe over their shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy...” As if to drive home their point, they begin working themselves down onto your cock.

As they go past the halfway point, you give them the rest with one hard push. You feel them shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh...” they reply, needily. As they rest a hand on yours, they add, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, they ask, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out their more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down their muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping their lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," they say, a mix of bemusement and wonder in their voice, as you feel their hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of their big, floppy ears. You're not sure what their hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to them. Thinking back to their goatlike eyes, they probably see the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of their thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" they give a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, theirs feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of their head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Their hands are exploring your face, as they continue, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down their back, your hand finds their tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of their body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before they stop and let your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Their exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," they say, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to their hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you

had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against theirs. As theirs part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel their tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while they might look a lot like a goat, they are something else entirely. You also quickly discover that their tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as they pull you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around them as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for their part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like they want to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, they softly say, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, they break the kiss and ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around their soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until their arms gently wrap around you. Their soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in their voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for them. In their voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of their claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, they do the same on the other side. You realize that they are tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give them a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against their shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of their hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm their body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear them softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against their shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um . . . okay, I can do that!” They think for a moment, then continue, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner . . .” Their tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel their hands reach down and roll you away from them, followed by the sensation of their soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control . . .” they continue, their fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what they would do to you. Maybe they would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *their* kinks. Or maybe they would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe . . .” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” they snap their fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with their other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Their tone shifts again, to an almost parental one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a parent to take good care of you. Or . . .” they lower their voice to a growl as they continue, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” they give your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in their hand. They go back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as they let you think. You also feel their lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether they are trying to sway your decision, are just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t they *just* get done warning you about all of the things they could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt they would be giving you all of these warnings. They’ve already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“Hung, but I could do without stacked,” you interrupt. The demon stops, then gives you a smile.

“Oh? Much more interested in this, are we?” They gesture teasingly down at their sheath and balls. “If you feed me enough lust, I can become pretty much anything you like! Well, not quite anything—I still have to be a demon. But I can change a lot! I can change you too, if you’d like. I can make certain things bigger or smaller, change stuff around completely, or even turn you into a whole different species!”

You give a nod. Having your own custom-made demon could be quite fun, and the idea of changing yourself has a certain appeal to it, too. This job certainly seems to come with some nice perks.

They take a moment to collect themselves, then stand tall and, suddenly formal, say, “Where are my manners? Summoner, I am Belrye. I will serve for as long as you have need of me.” Going back to a more relaxed posture, they add, “It’s easy to pronounce. ‘Bel’ like ‘dinner bell’, and ‘rye’ like ‘rye bread’.”

You introduce yourself in a similarly formal tone, figuring this must be another bullet point the book missed. Though you find it oddly reassuring that they don’t seem any better prepared for this than you are. You stare at each other in awkward silence for a moment, fumbling for something more to say. Blurting out the first thing that comes to mind, you ask, “Wait, you speak English?”

“Oh, yes. The wall between planes isn’t all that thick, which is why drawing some symbols on the floor let me come here. So we can sometimes see or hear things from here on Earth.” The demon looks around, “We *are* on Earth right now, right?”

“We are,” you reassure them, “It’s just that there is a ward in place. Security and stuff, you know.”

“Oh, okay! I had always heard about wards and things like that, but it’s different actually experiencing it firsthand, you know? It feels kinda like being in a bubble that I can’t see or feel through.” You see a goatlike tail swish side to side, “So what’s under the robe? You get to see me, so it’s only fair, right?” They give you a playful wink, which does nothing to hide the needy tone in their voice. “I know humans can be really shy about that sort of thing, sometimes, but I’m guessing if you summoned a lust demon, you’re probably not against getting naked. . .”

Well, it’s just the two of you, and you guess you *did* sign up for this. You take off your clothing, tossing it onto the desk. “Wow, a real human. . .” they say to themselves, licking their lips and making no attempt to be subtle. Maybe Terra’s metaphor about going to get tacos wasn’t far off, after all. From

the visibly hardening nipples and the cock-tip emerging from its sheath, your companion seems to enjoy what they are seeing.

Belrye looks like they are trying to resist immediately leaping onto you, with their hands instead reaching between their legs to stroke their slowly extending cock. Suddenly you notice something. “Wait, how many fingers do you have?”

They pause, confused, then hold up their hands. Sure enough, each has three fingers and a thumb. “I’ve got the usual four. What do you—” They look down at your hands, “Oh! You know, suddenly a whole lot of things make more sense!”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, your counting system. Like how you have digits for ‘eight’ and ‘nine’. For us,” they slowly count on their fingers, “it goes five, six, seven. . .” They then hold one finger up on one hand and none on the other, like you would do to indicate the “ten’s” position, “And that’s eight.”

You suppose this is just the first of many such conversations the two of you will be having, as you get to know each other. Are you supposed to get to know them? Is that what is supposed to happen? Are you supposed to be teaching them something, or what is going on?

“So, what happens now? The instructions I was given are pretty vague, . . . mister? . . . miss?”

“Oh, right—your language gets weird about that stuff. You can call me either one. The lines back on Hell are so blurry that we really don’t think of ourselves as having a specific gender, if I’m being completely honest. Sure, there are body parts someone may be into more than others, but as far as what to call myself. . . I mean, I have boobs but no pussy, and I have a dick. Any of those things could be different tomorrow. I dunno, what would you like to call me?”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	?
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Female pronouns	743
Male pronouns	862
Neutral pronouns	981

You decide to use female pronouns for her. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

She gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

She takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” She gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks her head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” She shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” She continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, she is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave her by herself. “Sure, I would like that.”

Her tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demoness. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want her to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me hung, but aren’t into me being stacked. Into flat girls with dicks? I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

She gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, she sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” She gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as she wraps her arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in her soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," she says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, she closes her eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around her. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch she almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then she looks down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	748
Pussy	786
Belrye's choice, either is good	824

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there’s something you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	754
Explore her ass	758
Explore her dick	762
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	766
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	770
French kiss	774
Just hold her for a bit	778
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	782

Well, since your hands are already on her breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding her nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give one of her nipples a slight pull, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too. Kinda surprising, since I seem to recall you saying you weren't into stacked girls," she giggles, "Maybe you just like them small?"

As you keep exploring her breasts, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them

in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, her ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind her back, one of your hands finds its way to her ass. She feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives her asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of her hands slide down your back as you do. Her claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell she is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. Finding her tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, her hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

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If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by her dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down her body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past her flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give her cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, she seems to have fully extended from the sheath. Her length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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After a moment, you give her a gentle nudge on her shoulder and ask if she wants to roll over. With a little giggle, she does, then presses her body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As she presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around her and slide the other underneath her head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” She raises her head for you to move your arm down a bit. As she lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub her soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize she is pushing back just a *little* harder with her butt than she probably needs to. She also seems to have positioned herself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between her cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as she grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give her a bit of a surprise. As she pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demoness’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, she pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” she breathes over her shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home her point, she begins working herself down onto your cock.

As she goes past the halfway point, you give her the rest with one hard push. You feel her shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. As she rests a hand on yours, she adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, she asks, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demoness’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

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Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Build	Average	Average
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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out her more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down her muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping her lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," she says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in her voice, as you feel her hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of her big, floppy ears. You're not sure what her hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to her. Thinking back to her goatlike eyes, she probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of her thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" she gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, hers feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of her head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Her hands are exploring your face, as she continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down her back, your hand finds her tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of her body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before she stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Her exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," she says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to her hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against hers. As hers part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel her tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while she might look a lot like a goat, she is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that her tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, Summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as she pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around her as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for her part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like she wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, she softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, she breaks the kiss and asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

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Option	Page
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around her soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until her arms gently wrap around you. Her soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, Summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in her voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for her. In her voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of her claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, she does the same on the other side. You realize that she is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give her a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, Summoner?"

You bury your face against their shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of her hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm her body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in eachother's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear her softly say, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

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Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoness control...” she continues, her fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoness you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoness, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoness like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” she gives your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in her hand. She goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Oh? I’m a bit surprised, since you liked the idea of me being hung. Maybe you just didn’t know that was an option? Either way, absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she’s safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

She stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give her a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” she replies, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	792
Explore her ass	796
Explore her dick	800
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	804
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	808
French kiss	812
Just hold her for a bit	816
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	820

Well, since your hands are already on her breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding her nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give one of her nipples a slight pull, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too. Kinda surprising, since I seem to recall you saying you weren't into stacked girls," she giggles, "Maybe you just like them small?"

As you keep exploring her breasts, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, her ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind her back, one of your hands finds its way to her ass. She feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives her asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of her hands slide down your back as you do. Her claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell she is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. Finding her tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, her hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You do have to admit, your curiosity has been piqued by her dick, so that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down her body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past her flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine.

You hear a small giggle, “For wanting me to have a pussy instead, you don’t seem to mind my dick. You must like both, but just be *slightly* more into a nice, wet hole.”

“Y-yeah,” you reply, with Belrye letting out a soft moan as you gently rub her cock. It feels like a strange mix of human and equine, with the blunt head sliding out of a sheath. It also feels much warmer than you expected.

As you explore, you feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn’t really a goat. You give her cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. “Seems like you like it, too.”

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, she asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” In your hands, she seems to have fully extended from the sheath. Her length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved.

We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give her a gentle nudge on her shoulder and ask if she wants to roll over. With a little giggle, she does, then presses her body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As she presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around her and slide the other underneath her head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” She raises her head for you to move your arm down a bit. As she lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub her soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize she is pushing back just a *little* harder with her butt than she probably needs to. She also seems to have positioned herself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between her cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as she grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give her a bit of a surprise. As she pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demoness’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, she pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” she breathes over her shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home her point, she begins working herself down onto your cock.

As she goes past the halfway point, you give her the rest with one hard push. You feel her shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. As she rests a hand on yours, she adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, she asks, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demoness’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out her more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down her muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping her lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," she says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in her voice, as you feel her hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of her big, floppy ears. You're not sure what her hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to her. Thinking back to her goatlike eyes, she probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of her thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" she gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, hers feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of her head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Her hands are exploring your face, as she continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down her back, your hand finds her tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of her body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before she stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Her exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," she says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to her hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against hers. As hers part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel her tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while she might look a lot like a goat, she is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that her tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, Summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as she pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around her as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for her part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like she wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, she softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . .sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, she breaks the kiss and asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

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With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around her soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until her arms gently wrap around you. Her soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, Summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in her voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for her. In her voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of her claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, she does the same on the other side. You realize that she is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give her a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, Summoner?"

You bury your face against her shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of her hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm her body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear her softly say, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoness control...” she continues, her fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would ride your face night after night, making you eat her out until your tongue is aching. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoness you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoness, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoness like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” she gives your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in her hand. She goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she’s safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

She stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give her a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” she replies, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair...” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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	Option	Page
	Boob groping	830
	Explore her ass	834
	Explore her dick	838
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon		842
	Explore her uniquely demonic parts	846
	French kiss	850
	Just hold her for a bit	854
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	858

Well, since your hands are already on her breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding her nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give one of her nipples a slight pull, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too. Kinda surprising, since I seem to recall you saying you weren't into stacked girls," she giggles, "Maybe you just like them small?"

As you keep exploring her breasts, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them

in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, her ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind her back, one of your hands finds its way to her ass. She feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives her asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of her hands slide down your back as you do. Her claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell she is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. Finding her tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, her hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by her dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down her body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past her flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give her cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, she seems to have fully extended from the sheath. Her length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give her a gentle nudge on her shoulder and ask if she wants to roll over. With a little giggle, she does, then presses her body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As she presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around her and slide the other underneath her head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” She raises her head for you to move your arm down a bit. As she lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub her soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize she is pushing back just a *little* harder with her butt than she probably needs to. She also seems to have positioned herself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between her cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as she grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give her a bit of a surprise. As she pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demoness’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, she pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” she breathes over her shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home her point, she begins working herself down onto your cock.

As she goes past the halfway point, you give her the rest with one hard push. You feel her shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. As she rests a hand on yours, she adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, she asks, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demoness’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out her more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down her muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping her lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," she says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in her voice, as you feel her hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of her big, floppy ears. You're not sure what her hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to her. Thinking back to her goatlike eyes, she probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of her thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" she gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, hers feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of her head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Her hands are exploring your face, as she continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down her back, your hand finds her tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of her body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before she stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Her exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," she says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to her hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against hers. As hers part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel her tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while she might look a lot like a goat, she is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that her tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, Summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as she pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around her as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for her part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like she wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, she softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, she breaks the kiss and asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
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Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around her soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until her arms gently wrap around you. Her soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, Summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in her voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for her. In her voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of her claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, she does the same on the other side. You realize that she is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give her a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, Summoner?"

You bury your face against her shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of her hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm her body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in eachother's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear her softly say, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoness control...” she continues, her fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoness you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoness, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoness like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” she gives your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in her hand. She goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

You decide to use male pronouns for him. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

He gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

He takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” He gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks his head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” He shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” He continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, he is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave him by himself. “Sure, I would like that.”

His tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want him to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me hung, but aren’t into me being stacked. Into big-dicked guys? I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

He gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, he sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” He gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as he wraps his arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in his soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," he says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, he closes his eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around him. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch he almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then he looks down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. It seems you like the idea of me having a dick, yes? I can change it up, if you'd rather I had something different instead."

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	867
Pussy	905
Belrye's choice, either is good	943

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

He stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," he replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	873
	Explore his ass	877
	Explore his dick	881
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		885
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	889
	French kiss	893
	Just hold him for a bit	897
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	901

Well, since your hands are already on his breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding his nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give one of his nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too. Kinda surprising, since I seem to recall you saying you weren't into stacked guys," he giggles, "Maybe you just like them small?"

As you keep exploring his breasts, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, his ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind his back, one of your hands finds its way to his ass. He feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives his asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of his hands slide down your back as you do. His claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell he is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. Finding his tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

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"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

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If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by his dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down his body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past his flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of his sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give his cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of his cock, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, he seems to have fully extended from the sheath. His length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give him a gentle nudge on his shoulder and ask if he wants to roll over. With a little giggle, he does, then presses his body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As he presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around his and slide the other underneath his head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” He raises his head for you to move your arm down a bit. As he lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub his soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize he is pushing back just a *little* harder with his butt than he probably needs to. He also seems to have positioned himself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between his cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against his tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as he grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give him a bit of a surprise. As he pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, he pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” he breathes over his shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home his point, he begins working himself down onto your cock.

As he goes past the halfway point, you give him the rest with one hard push. You feel him shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. As he rests a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, he asks, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

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Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out his more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down his muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping his lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," he says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in his voice, as you feel his hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of his big, floppy ears. You're not sure what his hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to him. Thinking back to his goatlike eyes, he probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of his thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" he gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, his feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of his head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." His hands are exploring your face, as he continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down his back, your hand finds his tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of his body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before he stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

His exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," he says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to his hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against his. As his part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel his tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while he might look a lot like a goat, he is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that his tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of his tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, Summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as he pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around him as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for his part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like he wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, he softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, he breaks the kiss and asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

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Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around his soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until his arms gently wrap around you. His soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, Summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in his voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for him. In his voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of his claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, he does the same on the other side. You realize that he is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give him a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, Summoner?"

You bury your face against his shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of his hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm his body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear him softly say, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

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Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open

the floodgates as far as you're ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are..." he gives your cock a squeeze, "I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?"

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in his hand. He goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You're not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn't he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren't you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren't you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He's already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide...

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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Oh? I’m a bit surprised, since you liked the idea of me being hung. Maybe you just didn’t know that was an option? Either way, absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he’s safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

He stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give him a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” he replies, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces himself to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	911
	Explore his ass	915
	Explore his dick	919
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		923
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	927
	French kiss	931
	Just hold him for a bit	935
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	939

Well, since your hands are already on his breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding his nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give one of his nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too. Kinda surprising, since I seem to recall you saying you weren't into stacked guys," he giggles, "Maybe you just like them small?"

As you keep exploring his breasts, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them

in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, his ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind his back, one of your hands finds its way to his ass. He feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives his asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of his hands slide down your back as you do. His claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell he is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. Finding his tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, his hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You do have to admit, your curiosity has been piqued by his dick, so that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down his body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past his flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of his sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine.

You hear a small giggle, “For wanting me to have a pussy instead, you don’t seem to mind my dick. You must like both, but just be *slightly* more into a nice, wet hole.”

“Y-yeah,” you reply, with Belrye letting out a soft moan as you gently rub his cock. It feels like a strange mix of human and equine, with the blunt head sliding out of a sheath. It also feels much warmer than you expected.

As you explore, you feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn’t really a goat. You give his cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. “Seems like you like it, too.”

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of his cock, he asks, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” In your hands, he seems to have fully extended from the sheath. His length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved.

We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give him a gentle nudge on his shoulder and ask if he wants to roll over. With a little giggle, he does, then presses his body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As he presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around him and slide the other underneath his head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” He raises his head for you to move your arm down a bit. As he lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub his soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize he is pushing back just a *little* harder with his butt than he probably needs to. He also seems to have positioned himself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between his cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against his tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as he grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give him a bit of a surprise. As he pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, he pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” he breathes over his shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home his point, he begins working himself down onto your cock.

As he goes past the halfway point, you give him the rest with one hard push. You feel him shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. As he rests a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, he asks, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out his more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down his muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping his lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what he would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," he says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in his voice, as you feel his hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of his big, floppy ears. You're not sure what his hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to him. Thinking back to his goatlike eyes, he probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of his thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" he gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, his feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of his head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." His hands are exploring your face, as he continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down his back, your hand finds his tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of his body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before he stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

His exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," he says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to his hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against his. As his part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel his tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while he might look a lot like a goat, he is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that his tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of his tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, Summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as he pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around him as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for his part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like he wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, he softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, he breaks the kiss and asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

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With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around his soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until his arms gently wrap around you. His soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, Summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in his voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for him. In his voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of his claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, he does the same on the other side. You realize that he is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give him a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, Summoner?"

You bury your face against his shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of his hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm his body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear him softly say, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would ride your face night after night, making you eat him out until your tongue is aching. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are...” he gives your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in his hand. He goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he’s safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

He stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give him a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” he replies, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

He opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces himself to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

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Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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	Option	Page
	Boob groping	949
	Explore his ass	953
	Explore his dick	957
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		961
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	965
	French kiss	969
	Just hold him for a bit	973
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	977

Well, since your hands are already on his breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding his nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give one of his nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too. Kinda surprising, since I seem to recall you saying you weren't into stacked guys," he giggles, "Maybe you just like them small?"

As you keep exploring his breasts, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, his ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind his back, one of your hands finds its way to his ass. He feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives his asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of his hands slide down your back as you do. His claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell he is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. Finding his tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, his hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by his dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down his body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past his flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of his sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give his cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of his cock, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, he seems to have fully extended from the sheath. His length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give him a gentle nudge on his shoulder and ask if he wants to roll over. With a little giggle, he does, then presses his body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As he presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around him and slide the other underneath his head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” He raises his head for you to move your arm down a bit. As he lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub his soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize he is pushing back just a *little* harder with his butt than he probably needs to. He also seems to have positioned himself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between his cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against his tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as he grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give him a bit of a surprise. As he pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, he pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” he breathes over his shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home his point, he begins working himself down onto your cock.

As he goes past the halfway point, you give him the rest with one hard push. You feel him shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. As he rests a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, he asks, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out his more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down his muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping his lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," he says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in his voice, as you feel his hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of his big, floppy ears. You're not sure what his hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to him. Thinking back to his goatlike eyes, he probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of his thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" he gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, his feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of his head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." His hands are exploring your face, as he continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down his back, your hand finds his tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of his body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before he stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

His exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," he says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to his hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against his. As his part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel his tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while he might look a lot like a goat, he is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that his tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of his tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, Summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as he pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around him as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for his part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like he wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, he softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, he breaks the kiss and asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
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Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around his soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until his arms gently wrap around you. His soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in his voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for him. In his voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of his claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, he does the same on the other side. You realize that he is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give him a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against his shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of his hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm his body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear him softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against his shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a Summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open

the floodgates as far as you're ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are..." he gives your cock a squeeze, "I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?"

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in his hand. He goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You're not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn't he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren't you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren't you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He's already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide...

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

You decide to use neutral pronouns for them. “So...have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

They give you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

They take the book and start slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” They get to the part with the summoning circle and cock their head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” They show the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” They continue to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, they are your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave them by themselves. “Sure, I would like that.”

Their tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want them to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me hung, but aren’t into me being stacked. Into big-dicked partners? I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

They give you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, they sniff the air and say, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” He gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as they wrap their arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in their soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," they say, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, they close their eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around them. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch they almost seem to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then they look down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. It seems you like the idea of me having a dick, yes? I can change it up, if you'd rather I had something different instead."

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	986
Pussy	1024
Belrye's choice, either is good	1062

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there’s something you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put togeth—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	992
	Explore their ass	996
	Explore their dick	1000
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		1004
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	1008
	French kiss	1012
	Just hold them for a bit	1016
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1020

Well, since your hands are already on their breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding their nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give one of their nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too. Kinda surprising, since I seem to recall you saying you weren't into stacked girls," they giggle, "Maybe you just like them small?"

As you keep exploring their breasts, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, their ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind their back, one of your hands finds its way to their ass. They feel a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives their asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of their hands slide down your back as you do. Their claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell they are being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. Finding their tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, their hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

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You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in response.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by their dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down their body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past their flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of their sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give their cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of their cock, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, they seem to have fully extended from the sheath. Their length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give them a gentle nudge on their shoulder and ask if they want to roll over. With a little giggle, they do, then press their body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As they press tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around them and slide the other underneath their head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here...” They raise their head for you to move your arm down a bit. As they lay back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better...” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub their soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize they are pushing back just a *little* harder with their butt than they probably need to. They also seem to have positioned themselves just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between their cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against their tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as they grind against you. Fully hard, you decide to give them a bit of a surprise. As they push back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, they push back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” they breathe over their shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy...” As if to drive home their point, they begin working themselves down onto your cock.

As they go past the halfway point, you give them the rest with one hard push. You feel them shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh...” they reply, needily. As they rest a hand on yours, they add, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, they ask, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out their more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down their muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping their lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," they say, a mix of bemusement and wonder in their voice, as you feel their hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of their big, floppy ears. You're not sure what their hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to them. Thinking back to their goatlike eyes, they probably see the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of their thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" they give a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, theirs feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of their head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Their hands are exploring your face, as they continue, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down their back, your hand finds their tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of their body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before they stop and let your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Their exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," they say, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to their hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you

had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against theirs. As theirs part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel their tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while they might look a lot like a goat, they are something else entirely. You also quickly discover that their tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of their tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to..." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as they pull you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around them as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for their part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like they want to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, they softly say, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of...sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, they break the kiss and asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around their soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until their arms gently wrap around you. Their soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in their voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for them. In their voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of their claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, they do the same on the other side. You realize that they are tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give them a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against their shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of their hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm their body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear them softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um . . . okay, I can do that!” They think for a moment, then continue, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner. . .” Their tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel their hands reach down and roll you away from them, followed by the sensation of their soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control. . .” they continue, their fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what they would do to you. Maybe they would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *their* kinks. Or maybe they would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe. . .” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” they snap their fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with their other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Their tone shifts again, to an almost parental one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a parent to take good care of you. Or. . .” they lower their voice to a growl as they continue, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” they give your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in their hand. They go back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as they let you think. You also feel their lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether they are trying to sway your decision, are just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t they *just* get done warning you about all of the things they could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt they would be giving you all of these warnings. They’ve already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Oh? I’m a bit surprised, since you liked the idea of me being hung. Maybe you just didn’t know that was an option? Either way, absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so. . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they’re safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

They stand up and walk over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give them a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” they reply, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	1030
	Explore their ass	1034
	Explore their dick	1038
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		1042
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	1046
	French kiss	1050
	Just hold them for a bit	1054
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1058

Well, since your hands are already on their breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding their nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give one of their nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of Belrye's legs. "Seems like you like it, too. Kinda surprising, since I seem to recall you saying you weren't into stacked guys," they giggle, "Maybe you just like them small?"

As you keep exploring their breasts, they ask, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, their ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind their back, one of your hands finds its way to their ass. They feel a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives their asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of their hands slide down your back as you do. Their claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell they are being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. Finding their tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, Their hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, they ask, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this

point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in response.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You do have to admit, your curiosity has been piqued by their dick, so that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down their body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past their flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of their sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine.

You hear a small giggle, “For wanting me to have a pussy instead, you don’t seem to mind my dick. You must like both, but just be *slightly* more into a nice, wet hole.”

“Y-yeah,” you reply, with Belrye letting out a soft moan as you gently rub their cock. It feels like a strange mix of human and equine, with the blunt head sliding out of a sheath. It also feels much warmer than you expected.

As you explore, you feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren’t really a goat. You give their cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” they reply, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. “Seems like you like it, too.”

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of their cock, they ask, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” In your hands, they seem to have fully extended from the sheath. Their length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give them a gentle nudge on their shoulder and ask if they want to roll over. With a little giggle, they do, then presses their body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As they press tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around them and slide the other underneath their head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here...” They raise their head for you to move your arm down a bit. As they lay back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better...” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub their soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize they are pushing back just a *little* harder with their butt than they probably need to. They also seem to have positioned himself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between their cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against their tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as they grind against you. Fully hard, you decide to give them a bit of a surprise. As they push back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, they push back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” they breathe over their shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy...” As if to drive home their point, they begin working themselves down onto your cock.

As they go past the halfway point, you give them the rest with one hard push. You feel them shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh...” they reply, needily. As they rest a hand on yours, they add, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, they ask, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out their more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down their muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping their lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," they say, a mix of bemusement and wonder in their voice, as you feel their hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of their big, floppy ears. You're not sure what their hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to them. Thinking back to their goatlike eyes, they probably see the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of their thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" they give a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, theirs feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of Belrye's head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Their hands are exploring your face, as they continue, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down their back, your hand finds their tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of their body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before they stop and let your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Their exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," they say, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to their hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, they ask, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you

had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against theirs. As theirs part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel their tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while they might look a lot like a goat, they are something else entirely. You also quickly discover that their tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of their tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, Summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as they pull you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around them as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for their part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like they want to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, they softly say, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, they break the kiss and ask, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

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With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around their soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until their arms gently wrap around you. Their soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in their voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for them. In their voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of their claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, they do the same on the other side. You realize that they are tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give them a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against their shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of their hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm their body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear them softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against their shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um. . . okay, I can do that!” They think for a moment, then continue, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner. . .” Their tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel their hands reach down and roll you away from them, followed by the sensation of their soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control. . .” they continue, their fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what they would do to you. Maybe they would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *their* kinks. Or maybe they would ride your face night after night, making you eat them out until your tongue is aching. Or maybe. . .” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” they snap their fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with their other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Their tone shifts again, to an almost parental one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a parent to take good care of you. Or. . .” they lower their voice to a growl as they continue, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” they give your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in their hand. They go back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as they let you think. You also feel their lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether they are trying to sway your decision, are just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t they *just* get done warning you about all of the things they could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt they would be giving you all of these warnings. They’ve already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they’re safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

They stand up and walk over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give them a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” they reply, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

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Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Build	Average	Average
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	Option	Page
	Boob groping	1068
	Explore their ass	1072
	Explore their dick	1076
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		1080
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	1084
	French kiss	1088
	Just hold them for a bit	1092
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1096

Well, since your hands are already on their breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding their nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give one of their nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel Belrye wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too. Kinda surprising, since I seem to recall you saying you weren't into stacked partners," they giggle, "Maybe you just like them small?"

As you keep exploring their breasts, they ask, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, their ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind their back, one of your hands finds its way to their ass. They feel a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives their asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of their hands slide down your back as you do. Their claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell they are being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. Finding their tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, their hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, they ask, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this

point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in response.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by their dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down their body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past their flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of their sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of Belrye's other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give their cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of Belrye's legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of their cock, they ask, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, they seem to have fully extended from the sheath. Their length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give them a gentle nudge on their shoulder and ask if they want to roll over. With a little giggle, they do, then press their body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As they press tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around them and slide the other underneath their head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here...” They raise their head for you to move your arm down a bit. As they lay back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better...” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub their soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize they are pushing back just a *little* harder with their butt than they probably need to. They also seem to have positioned themselves just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between their cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against their tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as they grind against you. Fully hard, you decide to give them a bit of a surprise. As they push back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, they push back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” Belrye breathes over their shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy...” As if to drive home their point, they begin working themselves down onto your cock.

As they go past the halfway point, you give them the rest with one hard push. You feel them shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh...” Belrye replies, needily. As they rest a hand on yours, they add, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, they ask, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out Belrye's more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down their muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping their lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," they say, a mix of bemusement and wonder in their voice, as you feel their hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of their big, floppy ears. You're not sure what Belrye's hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to them. Thinking back to their goatlike eyes, they probably see the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of their thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" They give a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, Belrye's feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of the demon's head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Their hands are exploring your face, as they continue, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down their back, your hand finds their tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of their body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before they stop and let your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Belrye's exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," they say, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to their hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, Belrye asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a

literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against theirs. As Belrye's part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel Belrye's tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while they might look a lot like a goat, they are something else entirely. You also quickly discover that their tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of their tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, Summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as they pull you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around them as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for their part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like they want to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, Belrye softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . .sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, they break the kiss and asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

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With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around their soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until their arms gently wrap around you. Their soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in their voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for them. In their voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of their claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, they do the same on the other side. You realize that they are tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give them a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against their shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of their hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm their body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear them softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against their shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um... okay, I can do that!” Belrye thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner...” Their tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel their hands reach down and roll you away from them, followed by the sensation of their soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” they continue, their fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what they would do to you. Maybe they would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *their* kinks. Or maybe they would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” they snap their fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with their other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Belrye’s tone shifts again, to an almost parental one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a parent to take good care of you. Or...” they lower their voice to a growl as they continue, “maybe you’d love to be a Summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” they give your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in their hand. They go back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as they let you think. You also feel their lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether they are trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t they *just* get done warning you about all of the things they could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt they would be giving you all of these warnings. They’ve already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0	Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End

“Stacked, but I could do without hung,” you interrupt. The demon stops, then gives you a smile.

“Oh? Much more interested in these, are we?” They gesture teasingly at their breasts. “If you feed me enough lust, I can become pretty much anything you like! Well, not quite anything—I still have to be a demon. But I can change a lot! I can change you too, if you’d like. I can make certain things bigger or smaller, change stuff around completely, or even turn you into a whole different species!”

You give a nod. Having your own custom-made demon could be quite fun, and the idea of changing yourself has a certain appeal to it, too. This job certainly seems to come with some nice perks.

They take a moment to collect themselves, then stand tall and, suddenly formal, say, “Where are my manners? Summoner, I am Belrye. I will serve for as long as you have need of me.” Going back to a more relaxed posture, they add, “It’s easy to pronounce. ‘Bel’ like ‘dinner bell’, and ‘rye’ like ‘rye bread’.”

You introduce yourself in a similarly formal tone, figuring this must be another bullet point the book missed. Though you find it oddly reassuring that they don’t seem any better prepared for this than you are. You stare at each other in awkward silence for a moment, fumbling for something more to say. Blurting out the first thing that comes to mind, you ask, “Wait, you speak English?”

“Oh, yes. The wall between planes isn’t all that thick, which is why drawing some symbols on the floor let me come here. So we can sometimes see or hear things from here on Earth.” The demon looks around, “We *are* on Earth right now, right?”

“We are,” you reassure them, “It’s just that there is a ward in place. Security and stuff, you know.”

“Oh, okay! I had always heard about wards and things like that, but it’s different actually experiencing it firsthand, you know? It feels kinda like being in a bubble that I can’t see or feel through.” You see a goatlike tail swish side to side, “So what’s under the robe? You get to see me, so it’s only fair, right?” They give you a playful wink, which does nothing to hide the needy tone in their voice. “I know humans can be really shy about that sort of thing, sometimes, but I’m guessing if you summoned a lust demon, you’re probably not against getting naked. . .”

Well, it’s just the two of you, and you guess you *did* sign up for this. You take off your clothing, tossing it onto the desk. “Wow, a real human. . .” they say to themselves, licking their lips and making no attempt to be subtle. Maybe Terra’s metaphor about going to get tacos wasn’t far off, after all. From

the visibly hardening nipples and the cock-tip emerging from its sheath, your companion seems to enjoy what they are seeing.

Belrye looks like they are trying to resist immediately leaping onto you, with their hands instead firmly grasping their breasts. Suddenly, you notice something. “Wait, how many fingers do you have?”

They pause, confused, then hold up their hands. Sure enough, each has three fingers and a thumb. “I’ve got the usual four. What do you—” They look down at your hands, ““Oh! You know, suddenly a whole lot of things make more sense!”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, your counting system. Like how you have digits for ‘eight’ and ‘nine’. For us,” they slowly count on their fingers, “it goes five, six, seven. . .” They then hold one finger up on one hand and none on the other, like you would do to indicate the “ten’s” position, “And that’s eight.”

You suppose this is just the first of many such conversations the two of you will be having, as you get to know each other. Are you supposed to get to know them? Is that what is supposed to happen? Are you supposed to be teaching them something, or what is going on?

“So, what happens now? The instructions I was given are pretty vague, . . . mister? . . . miss?”

“Oh, right—your language gets weird about that stuff. You can call me either one. The lines back on Hell are so blurry that we really don’t think of ourselves as having a specific gender, if I’m being completely honest. Sure, there are body parts someone may be more into than others, but as far as what to call myself. . . I mean, I have boobs but no pussy, and I have a dick. Any of those things could be different tomorrow. I dunno, what would you like to call me?”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	?
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Female pronouns	1104
Male pronouns	1223
Neutral pronouns	1342

You decide to use female pronouns for her. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

She gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

She takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” She gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks her head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” She shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” She continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, she is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave her by herself. “Sure, I would like that.”

Her tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demoness. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want her to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me stacked, but aren’t into me being hung. I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

She gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, she sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” She gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as she wraps her arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in her soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," she says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, she closes her eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around her. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch she almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then she looks down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. It sounds like you might like me having a pussy instead?"

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	1109
Pussy	1147
Belrye's choice, either is good	1185

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there’s something you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put togeth—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	1115
	Explore her ass	1119
	Explore her dick	1123
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon		1127
	Explore her uniquely demonic parts	1131
	French kiss	1135
	Just hold her for a bit	1139
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1143

Well, since your hands are already on her breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding her nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give one of her nipples a slight pull, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring her breasts, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, her ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind her back, one of your hands finds its way to her ass. She feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives her asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of her hands slide down your back as you do. Her claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell she is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. Finding her tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, her hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in response.

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Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by her dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down her body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past her flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

"You know, for not liking hung girls, you sure seem to like my dick. . . ." Belrye lets out a giggle, "Maybe you just prefer smaller girls?"

Before you can answer, her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give her cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, she seems to have fully extended from the sheath. Her length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this

point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in pleasure.

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After a moment, you give her a gentle nudge on her shoulder and ask if she wants to roll over. With a little giggle, she does, then presses her body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As she presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around her and slide the other underneath her head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” She raises her head for you to move your arm down a bit. As she lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub her soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize she is pushing back just a *little* harder with her butt than she probably needs to. She also seems to have positioned herself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between her cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as she grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give her a bit of a surprise. As she pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demoness’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, she pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” she breathes over her shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home her point, she begins working herself down onto your cock.

As she goes past the halfway point, you give her the rest with one hard push. You feel her shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. As she rests a hand on yours, she adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, she asks, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demoness’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

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You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out her more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down her muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping her lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," she says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in her voice, as you feel her hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of her big, floppy ears. You're not sure what her hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to her. Thinking back to her goatlike eyes, she probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of her thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" she gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, hers feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of her head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Her hands are exploring your face, as she continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down her back, your hand finds her tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of her body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before she stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Her exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," she says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to her hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
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Breast Size	Flat	C
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against hers. As hers part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel her tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while she might look a lot like a goat, she is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that her tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, Summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as she pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around her as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for her part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like she wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, she softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, she breaks the kiss and asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

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With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around her soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until her arms gently wrap around you. Her soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, Summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in her voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for her. In her voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of her claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, she does the same on the other side. You realize that she is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give her a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, Summoner?"

You bury your face against her shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of her hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm her body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear her softly say, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoneess control...” she continues, her fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would ride your face night after night. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoneess you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoneess, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoneess like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open

the floodgates as far as you're ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . ." she gives your cock a squeeze, "I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?"

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in her hand. She goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You're not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn't she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren't you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren't you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She's already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	1153
Explore her ass	1157
Explore her dick	1161
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	1165
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	1169
French kiss	1173
Just hold her for a bit	1177
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1181

Well, since your hands are already on her breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding her nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give one of her nipples a slight pull, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring her breasts, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, her ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind her back, one of your hands finds its way to her ass. She feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives her asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of her hands slide down your back as you do. Her claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell she is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. Finding her tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, her hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You do have to admit, your curiosity has been piqued by her dick, so that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down her body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past her flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine.

You hear a small giggle, “For wanting me to have a pussy instead, you don’t seem to mind my dick. You must like both, but just be *slightly* more into a nice, wet hole.”

“Y-yeah,” you reply, with Belrye letting out a soft moan as you gently rub her cock. It feels like a strange mix of human and equine, with the blunt head sliding out of a sheath. It also feels much warmer than you expected.

As you explore, you feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn’t really a goat. You give her cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. “Seems like you like it, too.”

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, she asks, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” In your hands, she seems to have fully extended from the sheath. Her length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved.

We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give her a gentle nudge on her shoulder and ask if she wants to roll over. With a little giggle, she does, then presses her body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As she presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around her and slide the other underneath her head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” She raises her head for you to move your arm down a bit. As she lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub her soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize she is pushing back just a *little* harder with her butt than she probably needs to. She also seems to have positioned herself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between her cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as she grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give her a bit of a surprise. As she pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demoness’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, she pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” she breathes over her shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home her point, she begins working herself down onto your cock.

As she goes past the halfway point, you give her the rest with one hard push. You feel her shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. As she rests a hand on yours, she adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, she asks, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demoness’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out her more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down her muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping her lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," she says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in her voice, as you feel her hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of her big, floppy ears. You're not sure what her hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to her. Thinking back to her goatlike eyes, she probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of her thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" she gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, hers feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of her head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Her hands are exploring your face, as she continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down her back, your hand finds her tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of her body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before she stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Her exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," she says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to her hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Breast Size	Flat	C
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against hers. As hers part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel her tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while she might look a lot like a goat, she is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that her tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, Summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as she pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around her as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for her part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like she wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, she softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . .sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, she breaks the kiss and asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around her soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until her arms gently wrap around you. Her soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, Summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in her voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for her. In her voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of her claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, she does the same on the other side. You realize that she is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give her a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, Summoner?"

You bury your face against her shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of her hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm her body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in eachother's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear her softly say, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoneess control...” she continues, her fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would ride your face night after night, making you eat her out until your tongue is aching. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoneess you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoneess, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoneess like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” she gives your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in her hand. She goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so. . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she’s safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

She stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give her a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” she replies, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	1191
Explore her ass	1195
Explore her dick	1199
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	1203
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	1207
French kiss	1211
Just hold her for a bit	1215
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1219

Well, since your hands are already on her breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding her nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give one of her nipples a slight pull, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring her breasts, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, her ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind her back, one of your hands finds its way to her ass. She feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives her asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of her hands slide down your back as you do. Her claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell she is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. Finding her tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, her hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by her dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down her body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past her flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

"You know, for not liking hung girls, you sure seem to like my dick. . ." Belrye lets out a giggle, "Maybe you just prefer smaller girls?"

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give her cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, she seems to have fully extended from the sheath. Her length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this

point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in pleasure.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give her a gentle nudge on her shoulder and ask if she wants to roll over. With a little giggle, she does, then presses her body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As she presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around her and slide the other underneath her head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” She raises her head for you to move your arm down a bit. As she lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub her soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize she is pushing back just a *little* harder with her butt than she probably needs to. She also seems to have positioned herself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between her cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as she grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give her a bit of a surprise. As she pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demoness’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, she pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” she breathes over her shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home her point, she begins working herself down onto your cock.

As she goes past the halfway point, you give her the rest with one hard push. You feel her shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. As she rests a hand on yours, she adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, she asks, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demoness’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out her more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down her muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping her lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," she says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in her voice, as you feel her hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of her big, floppy ears. You're not sure what her hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to her. Thinking back to her goatlike eyes, she probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of her thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" she gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, hers feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of her head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Her hands are exploring your face, as she continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down her back, your hand finds her tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of her body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before she stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Her exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," she says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to her hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
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Build	Average	Average
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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against hers. As hers part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel her tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while she might look a lot like a goat, she is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that her tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, Summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as she pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around her as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for her part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like she wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, she softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . .sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, she breaks the kiss and asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around her soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until her arms gently wrap around you. Her soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, Summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in her voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for her. In her voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of her claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, she does the same on the other side. You realize that she is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give her a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, Summoner?"

You bury your face against her shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of her hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm her body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in eachother's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear her softly say, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoneess control...” she continues, her fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would ride your face night after night. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoneess you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoneess, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoneess like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open

the floodgates as far as you're ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . ." she gives your cock a squeeze, "I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?"

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in her hand. She goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You're not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn't she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren't you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren't you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She's already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

You decide to use male pronouns for him. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

He gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

He takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” He gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks his head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” He shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” He continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, he is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave him by himself. “Sure, I would like that.”

His tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want him to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me stacked, but aren’t into me being hung. Into big-boobed guys? I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

He gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, he sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” He gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as he wraps his arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in his soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," he says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, he closes his eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around him. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch he almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then he looks down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. It sounds like you might like me having a pussy instead? Or perhaps you just like boys who aren't too big?"

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	1228
Pussy	1266
Belrye's choice, either is good	1304

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there’s something you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

He stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give him a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," he replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces himself to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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Species	Human	Goat
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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	1234
	Explore his ass	1238
	Explore his dick	1242
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		1246
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	1250
	French kiss	1254
	Just hold him for a bit	1258
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1262

Well, since your hands are already on his breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding his nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give one of his nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring his breasts, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, his ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind his back, one of your hands finds its way to his ass. He feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives his asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of his hands slide down your back as you do. His claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell he is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. Finding his tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, his hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by his dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down his body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past his flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of his sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

"You know, for not liking hung guys, you sure seem to like my dick..." Belrye lets out a giggle, "Maybe you just prefer smaller guys?"

Before you can answer, his lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give his cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh..." he replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of his cock, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, he seems to have fully extended from the sheath. His length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this

point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in pleasure.

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After a moment, you give him a gentle nudge on his shoulder and ask if he wants to roll over. With a little giggle, he does, then presses his body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As he presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around his and slide the other underneath his head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” He raises his head for you to move your arm down a bit. As he lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub his soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize he is pushing back just a *little* harder with his butt than he probably needs to. He also seems to have positioned himself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between his cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against his tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as he grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give him a bit of a surprise. As he pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, he pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” he breathes over his shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home his point, he begins working himself down onto your cock.

As he goes past the halfway point, you give him the rest with one hard push. You feel him shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. As he rests a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, he asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out his more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down his muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping his lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," he says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in his voice, as you feel his hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of his big, floppy ears. You're not sure what his hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to him. Thinking back to his goatlike eyes, he probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of his thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" he gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, his feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of his head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." His hands are exploring your face, as he continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down his back, your hand finds his tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of his body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before he stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

His exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," he says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to his hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against his. As his part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel his tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while he might look a lot like a goat, he is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that his tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of his tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, Summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as he pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around him as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for his part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like he wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, he softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, he breaks the kiss and asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

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With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around his soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until his arms gently wrap around you. His soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, Summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in his voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for him. In his voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of his claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, he does the same on the other side. You realize that he is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give him a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, Summoner?"

You bury your face against his shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of his hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm his body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear him softly say, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open

the floodgates as far as you're ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are..." he gives your cock a squeeze, "I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?"

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in his hand. He goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You're not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn't he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren't you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren't you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He's already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide...

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

He stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give him a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," he replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	1272
	Explore his ass	1276
	Explore his dick	1280
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		1284
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	1288
	French kiss	1292
	Just hold him for a bit	1296
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1300

Well, since your hands are already on his breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding his nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give one of his nipples a slight pull, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring his breasts, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, his ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind his back, one of your hands finds its way to his ass. He feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives his asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of his hands slide down your back as you do. His claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell he is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. Finding his tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, his hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You do have to admit, your curiosity has been piqued by his dick, so that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down his body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past his flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of his sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine.

You hear a small giggle, “For wanting me to have a pussy instead, you don’t seem to mind my dick. You must like both, but just be *slightly* more into a nice, wet hole.”

“Y-yeah,” you reply, with Belrye letting out a soft moan as you gently rub his cock. It feels like a strange mix of human and equine, with the blunt head sliding out of a sheath. It also feels much warmer than you expected.

As you explore, you feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn’t really a goat. You give his cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. “Seems like you like it, too.”

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of his cock, he asks, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” In your hands, he seems to have fully extended from the sheath. His length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved.

We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give him a gentle nudge on his shoulder and ask if he wants to roll over. With a little giggle, he does, then presses his body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As he presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around him and slide the other underneath his head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” He raises his head for you to move your arm down a bit. As he lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub his soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize he is pushing back just a *little* harder with his butt than he probably needs to. He also seems to have positioned himself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between his cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against his tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as he grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give him a bit of a surprise. As he pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, he pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” he breathes over his shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home his point, he begins working himself down onto your cock.

As he goes past the halfway point, you give him the rest with one hard push. You feel him shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. As he rests a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, he asks, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out his more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down his muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping his lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what he would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," he says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in his voice, as you feel his hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of his big, floppy ears. You're not sure what his hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to him. Thinking back to his goatlike eyes, he probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of his thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" he gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, his feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of his head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." His hands are exploring your face, as he continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down his back, your hand finds his tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of his body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before he stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

His exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," he says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to his hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against his. As his part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel his tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while he might look a lot like a goat, he is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that his tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of his tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, Summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as he pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around him as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for his part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like he wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, he softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, he breaks the kiss and asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around his soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until his arms gently wrap around you. His soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, Summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in his voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for him. In his voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of his claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, he does the same on the other side. You realize that he is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give him a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, Summoner?"

You bury your face against his shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of his hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm his body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear him softly say, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would ride your face night after night, making you eat him out until your tongue is aching. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are...” he gives your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in his hand. He goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so. . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he’s safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

He stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give him a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” he replies, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	1310
	Explore his ass	1314
	Explore his dick	1318
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		1322
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	1326
	French kiss	1330
	Just hold him for a bit	1334
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1338

Well, since your hands are already on his breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding his nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give one of his nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring his breasts, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, his ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind his back, one of your hands finds its way to his ass. He feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives his asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of his hands slide down your back as you do. His claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell he is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. Finding his tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, his hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by his dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down his body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past his flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of his sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

"You know, for not liking hung guys, you sure seem to like my dick..." Belrye lets out a giggle, "Maybe you just prefer smaller guys?"

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give his cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh..." he replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of his cock, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, he seems to have fully extended from the sheath. His length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this

point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in pleasure.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give him a gentle nudge on his shoulder and ask if he wants to roll over. With a little giggle, he does, then presses his body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As he presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around him and slide the other underneath his head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” He raises his head for you to move your arm down a bit. As he lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub his soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize he is pushing back just a *little* harder with his butt than he probably needs to. He also seems to have positioned himself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between his cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against his tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as he grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give him a bit of a surprise. As he pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, he pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” he breathes over his shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home his point, he begins working himself down onto your cock.

As he goes past the halfway point, you give him the rest with one hard push. You feel him shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. As he rests a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, he asks, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out his more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down his muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping his lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," he says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in his voice, as you feel his hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of his big, floppy ears. You're not sure what his hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to him. Thinking back to his goatlike eyes, he probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of his thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" he gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, his feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of his head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." His hands are exploring your face, as he continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down his back, your hand finds his tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of his body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before he stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

His exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," he says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to his hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against his. As his part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel his tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while he might look a lot like a goat, he is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that his tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of his tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, Summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as he pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around him as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for his part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like he wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, he softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . .sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, he breaks the kiss and asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around his soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until his arms gently wrap around you. His soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in his voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for him. In his voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of his claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, he does the same on the other side. You realize that he is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give him a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against his shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of his hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm his body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear him softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against his shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would ride your face night after night. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoness, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoness like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open

the floodgates as far as you're ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are..." he gives your cock a squeeze, "I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?"

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in his hand. He goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You're not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn't he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren't you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren't you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He's already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide...

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

You decide to use neutral pronouns for him. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

They give you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

They take the book and start slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” They get to the part with the summoning circle and cock their head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” They show the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” They continue to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, they are your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave them by themselves. “Sure, I would like that.”

Their tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want them to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me stacked, but aren’t into me being hung. Into big-boobed partners? I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

They give you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, they sniff the air and say, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” They give you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as they wrap their arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in their soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," they say, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, they close their eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around them. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch they almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then they look down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. It sounds like you might like me having a pussy instead? Or perhaps you just like boys who aren't too big?"

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	1347
Pussy	1385
Belrye's choice, either is good	1423

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there’s something you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put togeth—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind...”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	1353
	Explore their ass	1357
	Explore their dick	1361
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		1365
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	1369
	French kiss	1373
	Just hold them for a bit	1377
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1381

Well, since your hands are already on their breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding their nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give one of their nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring their breasts, they ask, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, their ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind their back, one of your hands finds its way to their ass. They feel a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives their asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of their hands slide down your back as you do. Their claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell they are being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. Finding their tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, their hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, they ask, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this

point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in response.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

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Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by their dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down their body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past their flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of their sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

"You know, for not liking hung partners, you sure seem to like my dick. . ." Belrye lets out a giggle, "Maybe you just prefer smaller partners?"

Before you can answer, their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give their cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of their cock, they ask, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, they seem to have fully extended from the sheath. Their length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really

thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give them a gentle nudge on their shoulder and ask if they want to roll over. With a little giggle, they do, then presses their body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As they press tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around theirs and slide the other underneath their head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here...” They raise their head for you to move your arm down a bit. As they lay back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better...” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub their soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize they are pushing back just a *little* harder with their butt than they probably needs to. They also seem to have positioned themselves just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between their cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against their tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as they grind against you. Fully hard, you decide to give them a bit of a surprise. As they push back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, they push back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” they breathe over their shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy...” As if to drive home their point, they begin working themselves down onto your cock.

As they go past the halfway point, you give them the rest with one hard push. You feel them shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh...” they reply, needily. As they rest a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, they ask, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out their more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down their muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping their lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," they say, a mix of bemusement and wonder in their voice, as you feel their hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of their big, floppy ears. You're not sure what their hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to them. Thinking back to their goatlike eyes, they probably see the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of their thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" they give a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, theirs feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of their head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Their hands are exploring your face, as they continue, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down their back, your hand finds their tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of their body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before they stop and let your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Their exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," they say, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to their hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, they ask, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you

had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against theirs. As theirs part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel their tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while they might look a lot like a goat, they are something else entirely. You also quickly discover that their tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of their tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, Summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as they pull you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around them as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for their part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like they want to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, they softly say, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, they break the kiss and asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

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With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around their soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until their arms gently wrap around you. Their soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in their voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for them. In their voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of their claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, they do the same on the other side. You realize that they are tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give them a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against their shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of their hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm their body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear them softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um. . . okay, I can do that!” They think for a moment, then continue, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner. . .” Their tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel their hands reach down and roll you away from them, followed by the sensation of their soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control. . .” they continue, their fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what they would do to you. Maybe they would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *their* kinks. Or maybe they would ride your face night after night. Or maybe. . .” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” they snap their fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with their other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Their tone shifts again, to an almost parental one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a parent to take good care of you. Or. . .” they lower their voice to a growl as they continue, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open

the floodgates as far as you're ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . ." they give your cock a squeeze, "I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?"

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in their hand. They go back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as they let you think. You also feel their lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You're not sure whether they are trying to sway your decision, are just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn't they *just* get done warning you about all of the things they could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren't you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren't you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt they would be giving you all of these warnings. They've already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put togeth—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	1391
	Explore their ass	1395
	Explore their dick	1399
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		1403
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	1407
	French kiss	1411
	Just hold them for a bit	1415
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1419

Well, since your hands are already on their breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding their nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give one of their nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring their breasts, they ask, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, their ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind their back, one of your hands finds its way to their ass. They feel a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives their asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of their hands slide down your back as you do. Their claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell they are being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. Finding their tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, their hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, they ask, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this

point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in response.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
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Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You do have to admit, your curiosity has been piqued by their dick, so that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down their body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past their flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of their sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine.

You hear a small giggle, “For wanting me to have a pussy instead, you don’t seem to mind my dick. You must like both, but just be *slightly* more into a nice, wet hole.”

“Y-yeah,” you reply, with Belrye letting out a soft moan as you gently rub their cock. It feels like a strange mix of human and equine, with the blunt head sliding out of a sheath. It also feels much warmer than you expected.

As you explore, you feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren’t really a goat. You give their cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” they reply, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. “Seems like you like it, too.”

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of their cock, they ask, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” In your hands, they seem to have fully extended from the sheath. Their length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give them a gentle nudge on their shoulder and ask if they want to roll over. With a little giggle, they do, then press their body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As they press tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around them and slide the other underneath their head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here...” They raise their head for you to move your arm down a bit. As they lay back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better...” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub their soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize they are pushing back just a *little* harder with their butt than they probably need to. They also seem to have positioned themselves just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between their cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as they grind against you. Fully hard, you decide to give them a bit of a surprise. As they push back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, they push back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” they breathe over their shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy...” As if to drive home their point, they begin working themselves down onto your cock.

As they go past the halfway point, you give them the rest with one hard push. You feel them shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh...” they reply, needily. As they rest a hand on yours, they add, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, they ask, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out their more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down their muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping their lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," they say, a mix of bemusement and wonder in their voice, as you feel their hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of their big, floppy ears. You're not sure what their hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to them. Thinking back to their goatlike eyes, they probably see the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of their thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" they give a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, theirs feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of their head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Their hands are exploring your face, as they continue, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down their back, your hand finds their tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of their body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before they stop and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Their exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," they say, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to their hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, they ask, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you

had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
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Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against theirs. As theirs part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel their tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while they might look a lot like a goat, they are something else entirely. You also quickly discover that their tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of their tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, Summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as they pull you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around them as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for their part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like they want to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, they softly say, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, they break the kiss and ask, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around their soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until their arms gently wrap around you. Their soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in their voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for them. In their voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of their claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, they do the same on the other side. You realize that they are tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give them a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against their shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of their hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm their body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear them softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against their shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um. . . okay, I can do that!” They think for a moment, then continue, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner. . .” Their tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel their hands reach down and roll you away from them, followed by the sensation of their soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control. . .” they continue, their fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what they would do to you. Maybe they would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *their* kinks. Or maybe they would ride your face night after night, making you eat them out until your tongue is aching. Or maybe. . .” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” they snap their fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with their other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Their tone shifts again, to an almost parental one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a parent to take good care of you. Or. . .” they lower their voice to a growl as they continue, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” they give your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in their hand. They go back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as they let you think. You also feel their lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether they are trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t they *just* get done warning you about all of the things they could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt they would be giving you all of these warnings. They’ve already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they’re safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

They stand up and walk over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give them a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” they reply, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	1429
Explore their ass	1433
Explore their dick	0 Dead End
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon	1437
Explore their uniquely demonic parts	0 Dead End
French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold them for a bit	1441
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End

Well, since your hands are already on their breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding their nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that their isn't really a goat. You give one of their nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring their breasts, they ask, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
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Build	Average	Average
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, their ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind their back, one of your hands finds its way to their ass. They feel a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives their asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of their hands slide down your back as you do. Their claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell they are being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. Finding their tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, their hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, they ask, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this

point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in response.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Breast Size	Flat	C
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give them a gentle nudge on their shoulder and ask if they want to roll over. With a little giggle, they do, then press their body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As they press tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around them and slide the other underneath their head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here...” They raise their head for you to move your arm down a bit. As they lay back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better...” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub their soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize they are pushing back just a *little* harder with their butt than they probably need to. They also seem to have positioned themselves just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between their cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as they grind against you. Fully hard, you decide to give them a bit of a surprise. As they push back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, they push back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” they breathe over their shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy...” As if to drive home their point, they begin working themselves down onto your cock.

As they go past the halfway point, you give them the rest with one hard push. You feel them shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh...” they reply, needily. As they rest a hand on yours, they add, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, they ask, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around their soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until their arms gently wrap around you. Their soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in their voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for them. In their voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of their claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, they do the same on the other side. You realize that they are tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give them a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against their shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of their hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm their body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear them softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against their shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Oh, uh, sister.” You suppose you should have been ready for that. Tom writes your name down, then checks a calendar on the desk and writes today’s date. “So, uh, what exactly am I supposed to do here? Like I was assuming we were talking about things like shoveling the walk or painting walls. But after seeing, well..” you nod toward the door where Kletano had left, “I probably shouldn’t assume anything.”

He gives you a grin. “Well, let me tell you a bit about our work here. Let’s take a walk.” He rises from his chair and leads you to the same door Kletano had left through. In the back of your mind, you were expecting a torchlit corridor stretching down into darkness, distant roars, and magic words echoing up to you. Well, you were right about the corridor part, though it is lit with the kinds of lightbulbs you would see in any other building. As you walk, you pass another demon. This one is female and seems to be in a bit of a hurry carrying a mug of coffee. She and Tom exchange nods as you pass.

“New sister?”

“New sister.”

“Welcome, new sister! Sorry, late for a meeting.” This all seems oddly familiar, like what you might see at a typical office. What is going on here?

A few steps later, Tom leads you through a side-door and into a room. This is much more what you were expecting. An old woman in a pale gray robe is seated behind a small desk, with several shelves of books behind her. She looks at you, and then turns to Tom.

“Hello, Terra. A new sister has joined our order.” Turning to you, he begins to explain, “So, let me tell you a bit about our order. As you have started to see firsthand, there are other planes of existence out there besides our own. In fact, there are a vast multitude of them, populated by an equally wide variety of creatures. Our mission here is to begin to establish diplomatic relations outside of our plane. We feel that it is better to reach out on our own, rather than wait to be contacted by the first one to take an interest in us.”

“So, since those are most definitely demons, I’m thinking you chose Hell. Don’t get me wrong, I’ve never been the religious type, but..”

“But why Hell?” Tom asks rhetorically. “Actually, Hell and Earth have a long and complicated history together. At times it has been peaceful, and at other times less so. We felt the best place to start was with a society we have some common history with. Another reason we were drawn to Hell was because their society is quite stable. While their system of government resembles ancient feudalism here, the overall structure has not changed in thousands of years.”

“Also, the council chose Hell, and that was that,” Terra chimes in, casting

a glance at Tom. Something about her expression makes you uneasy.

“Ah yes, not everyone agrees with the council’s decision, but I suppose time will tell. What we are doing now is something of an exchange program. We are summoning demons and helping them to integrate into our order. Your job will be to assist with this summoning and training process. I am sure it sounds a bit scary, but don’t worry. Terra here will be training and supervising you.” She gives you a confident nod.

This all sounds quite fascinating, but at the moment you have a more mundane concern. “So, um, what is the pay cycle here? See, my landlord is kicking me out in a few days.”

“Oh,” Terra replies, “that actually makes it easier. You see, we typically prefer summoners stay here at the temple. You are free to come and go, of course, but the nature of your duties make it far easier if you are on site. It sounds like that will not be a problem?” You shake your head. “Excellent. As for your things, let me show you to your room.”

The three of you leave and continue further down the hallway, reaching an elevator that appears to have been installed much more recently. “Summoning section five,” she says as you enter, and the elevator dings. You feel the elevator start to move quickly downward, before it comes to a stop and the door opens. This, you realize, is more like you expected. The walls are made of stone brick, and strange symbols cover the walls and ceiling. The corridor is lit by torches in wall sconces, and robed figures occasionally move from room to room.

“Yours is the first room on the left, so it should be easy to remember. Summoning section five, room one.” She points to an unmarked stone brick beside the door. “Press your hand there.”

You press your palm against it, finding it strangely warm. After you pull away, the brick starts to glow with another strange symbol. “There, the room is now keyed to you. This door will only open if you press your palm against it. Quite an effective doorlock, wouldn’t you say?”

“So wait, does this mean I’m some kind of wizard?” The strangeness of everything is starting to sink in.

“You are no more a wizard than a programmer is a mage. The world is governed by certain rules. Through our... ‘partnership’ with Hell, we have gained access to new types of technology, which work in ways you are unfamiliar with.”

You experimentally put your hand back against the stone, and the door opens smoothly inward. The room is about the size of a typical bedroom, and has a bed and writing desk inside. One thing you note is the lack of a power outlet. They must not have electricity down here. An hour ago, you would

have thought that strange.

“You will be able to get moved in after you see the other room.” She leads you out (it looks like the lock only works one way), and gestures to the room on the other side of the lock stone. “So, your right hand opened the door to the left. Now use your left hand. The same stone unlocks both doors. Since it is between the doors, use the hand closest to the stone to unlock the door you are standing in front of.”

You press against it, and as the door opens you walk inside. This room looks far more like a dungeon. It is unfurnished, apart from a set of four shackles hanging from the ceiling, a sink, a floor drain, a table, and a single chair. “This room is where you will do the summoning. It is left unfurnished since each summoner tends to set things up differently. Unlike the other room, this room is keyed to you for both entering and exiting. This is done as a safety precaution, but we will talk more about that later.”

The next few hours are a blur. You are shown the rest of the facilities, ranging from restrooms to summoning-ink storage. This is followed by Tom driving you to your house to collect your things (What possessions you have left fit in a suitcase.) The two of you talk the whole way, but it all goes in one ear and out the other. You come back to what is now your home as the Sun is rising, make your way to summoning section five, room one, and fall into bed. You don’t even remember your head hitting the pillow before you are asleep.

You are awakened sometime later by a pleasant chiming sound. You are not sure where it is coming from, but as soon as you sit up in bed it stops. Unsure what else to do, you arrange the items from your suitcase in the room. The old photo goes on the desk, your spare clothing goes in the closet, and a few minutes later you are moved in. It still doesn’t feel like home, but maybe that will change with time. You take a change of clothes and a towel, then head to the shower.

After your shower, you are finally feeling more like yourself. Fifteen minutes to just process everything that has been happening made a big difference. You also had a chance to look at a clock, and realized it was evening again. You had slept through the day, but that meant surprisingly little with most things beneath the surface. You make your way to Terra’s office, assuming this should be her shift again. Sure enough, you find her there. Sitting on the desk are a robe and a thin, leather-bound book. “Ah, welcome back. Did you sleep well?” You nod in reply. “Excellent, you looked pretty glazed over at the end of last night. So, excited for your first summon?”

“Yeah. And more than a bit scared. I’ve seen enough movies to know I don’t want to do this wrong.”

“Movies often get things wrong, but that is one thing they are right about. Here,” she gestures to the book and robe, “these are for you.” She gives you a moment to put the robe on over your clothes. For as hot as it looks, you find it surprisingly comfortable. “Now, let’s go to your summoning room and get started. The process takes a while and must be done carefully, but it is not complicated.” The two of you walk together down to your summoning room. It still looks just as uninviting as it had the night before. Still, you open your book and start looking at it. Inside is a large collection of symbols, diagrams, and instructions.

“Now, there are two main things that we will need to do, and they must be done in this order. First, we will be making a ward. And second, we will be making a summoning circle. Now, the rooms themselves have a very powerful ward on them that prevents demons from perceiving anything outside of these walls. Once they have been properly trained, you can allow them out. Any questions so far?”

“So this room looks really uncomfortable, especially with the shackles and stuff. From what Tom was saying, shouldn’t the room be setup to be more welcoming first?”

Terra lets out a long sigh. “So, when a demon arrives, we never know who we are going to get. Some are easy to work with, and others are definitely not. Some are immediately hostile. This room is here to contain them until they have been prepared to work with us. Brother Tom has never seen a demon who hasn’t been fully prepared yet, so his head is a bit in the clouds when it comes to the whole process.” Something about her phrasing again makes you feel uneasy, but since she is the expert here, you decide to follow her lead.

“Wait, so the demon is locked in here, right?” Terra nods. “Shouldn’t there be some sort of toilet or something in here for them? Like I get that a bed can be added, but I don’t see any sort of plumbing in here aside from the sink and that drain.”

“Oh, right. So demons generally don’t need to eat, though there are some exceptions. For example, a lust demon feeds on lust, a wrath demon consumes anger, etc. Since they don’t eat, there is no need for a toilet. The same goes for drinking. They are *able* to eat, but it is not needed for them. Getting you aroused and eating the emotion is like a late-night taco run for a lust demon.”

She walks you through the process of drawing the ward on the floor, using a large bottle of ink and a fingertip. The symbols, while strange, are not too complex. As you complete the final symbol, it glows brightly along with the ink on your fingertip. Over a few seconds, it fades to a dull green, and the ink on your finger disappears completely.

“Now,” she says, “this ward will prevent the demon from being able to

harm you. They will not be able to cause you physical pain. However, they are still fully capable of lying, tricking you, angering you, insulting you, etc. Be prepared for that. They are also prevented from directly damaging or touching the ward or the summoning circle you will be drawing next. Again, though, they can trick you or try to indirectly cause you to do it. The ward itself is very fragile. A single smudge is all it takes to deactivate it. Be exceedingly careful about that.”

“So, let’s get started on the summoning circle. By the way, before you complete that, you will need to let me out of the room. The ward protects you, and only you. Once you have summoned a demon, it is not safe to bring anyone else in here, either demon or human. I will guide you until you are ready to draw the final symbol.” You nod.

“Okay, this is where things get interesting. First, draw a circle like the diagram here.” After you have drawn it, she says, “Very good. Next is the symbol for the type of demon you will be summoning. I have been told by the council to have you summon a lust demon.”

“Oh, uh, okay. What are they like? Do they try to seduce you or something?”

“Lust demons are pretty basic, actually. They feed off of human lust in the same way that you eat food. They can actually starve if they don’t get enough of it, but the more they get, the more powerful they become. Their abilities are generally limited to body reshaping, either their own or others.”

“Am I supposed to try to resist being attracted to it?”

“Actually, attraction is encouraged. But don’t lose sight of what is going on. You can feed them lust, but be sure not to let them manipulate you. Normally you would have spent weeks or months training for this, but we are actually quite short on summoners.”

You mull that over for a moment, then nod and examine the symbol. It is rather simple, yet still looks oddly suggestive. You then start carefully drawing it out on the floor. It takes a little time, but you finish copying it with Terra’s supervision. This is followed by the remaining symbols, one by one. Eventually, you stand up, stretch, and admire your handiwork. There is one line left on the last symbol.

“Okay, time to let me out. Now, the next section of your book explains everything you need to know. But if you have any questions at all, as long as the demon is safely restrained, you can come and ask myself or any of our brothers and sisters.” She demonstrates to you that she is unable to open the door, even pulling back with all her strength. You walk over and let her out. The door feels heavy, but there is no resistance otherwise.

Now alone, you decide to check the book before drawing that last line. It

is less a set of instructions and more a set of guidelines:

- The demon feeds on your lust and gains power from it.
- The more lust you feed it, the more it can reshape itself.
- The demon can reshape you as well, though doing so requires more lust.
- It wants you to be attracted to it, and is generally very open-minded about changes.
- They are low-ranking demons back home, so kind treatment goes a long way.

And so, with a bit of rushed instruction and five bullet points, you complete the final symbol.

Nothing.

You flip back to the summoning circle reference, comparing it to what you drew. Everything seems to be matching up. You are struggling a bit to read the symbols, though. Was it always this dark in here?

Suddenly, a blinding flash from the center of the circle startles you, causing you to drop the book and step away. It is strange to look at, burning your eyes like staring at the Sun, only it appears to be pitch black. It slowly expands to fill the circle, stopping when it reaches the edges.

“H-hello?” You hear a voice coming through it, like someone speaking on the other side.

Thinking about another few bullet points that really should have been in that list, you reply, “Hello. Are, uh, you a demon?”

There is a sound like a distorted gasp. “You’re a human? Are you summoning me?!” From the description Terra had given, you were expecting something a bit more sudden and forceful, like the demon appearing on the floor or suspended in midair.

“Yes, you are being summoned. Could you come through the portal-thing, please?” You see the edges of the portal starting to flicker back toward the center.

“Oh, okay! Hang on, let me grab my—no, there’s no time! Okay, coming through!” With a single bound, a demon leaps up through the portal, standing with its hooves on the edges as the portal closes beneath them. After it closes, you are finally able to get a good look.

The demon stands at about five and a half feet, you would guess, and is covered in short, brown fur. They are also completely naked. Figuring that a lust demon wouldn’t mind, your eyes drift from the large, curled goat horns,

down the face, and down to their body. You first notice a good-sized pair of breasts, fully exposed. As you look down further, you see their body is fairly lean. Though between their legs, rather than seeing the pink slit of a pussy, you see the sheath of a cock and a pair of rather large balls.

“Sorry, I know you were probably hoping I would be stacked and hung and stuff. But I can be! I promise! And—”

Stat	You	?
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	?
Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	B	C
Nipple Length	0.5"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
“You look amazing.”	1454
“We will work on that.”	1551
“Hung, but I could do without stacked.”	1648
“Stacked, but I could do without hung.”	1745

“You look amazing,” you interrupt.

The demon stops, stunned. “I... I do?”

“Yes you do. You don’t need to be stacked or hung to be attractive. You look great just the way you are.”

The demon gives you a warm smile, then continues more calmly, “Thanks, human. Surely you have things you find more attractive than others, though. A ‘type’, if you will. I can become nearly anything, if I am fed enough lust. In fact, I can make changes to your body, too. I can make certain things bigger or smaller, change stuff around completely, or even turn you into a whole different species!”

The demon’s eyes suddenly go wide, as a realization hits them. They stand tall and, suddenly formal, say, “Where are my manners? Summoner, I am Belrye. I will serve for as long as you have need of me.” Going back to a more relaxed posture, they add, “It’s easy to pronounce. ‘Bel’ like ‘dinner bell’, and ‘rye’ like ‘rye bread.’”

You introduce yourself in a similarly formal tone, figuring this must be another bullet point the book missed. Though you find it oddly reassuring that they don’t seem any better prepared for this than you are. You stare at each other in awkward silence for a moment, fumbling for something more to say. Blurting out the first thing that comes to mind, you ask, “Wait, you speak English?”

“Oh, yes. The wall between planes isn’t all that thick, which is why drawing some symbols on the floor let me come here. So we can sometimes see or hear things from here on Earth.” The demon looks around, “We *are* on Earth right now, right?”

“We are,” you reassure them, “It’s just that there is a ward in place. Security and stuff, you know.”

“Oh, okay! I had always heard about wards and things like that, but it’s different actually experiencing it firsthand, you know? It feels kinda like being in a bubble that I can’t see or feel through.” You see a goatlike tail swish side to side, “So what’s under the robe? You get to see me, so it’s only fair, right?” They give you a playful wink, which does nothing to hide the needy tone in their voice. “I know humans can be really shy about that sort of thing, sometimes, but I’m guessing if you summoned a lust demon, you’re probably not against getting naked...”

Well, it’s just the two of you, and you guess you *did* sign up for this. You take off your clothing, tossing it onto the desk. “Wow, a real human...” they say to themselves, licking their lips and making no attempt to be subtle. Maybe Terra’s metaphor about going to get tacos wasn’t far off, after all. From the visibly hardening nipples and the cock-tip emerging from its sheath, your

companion seems to enjoy what they are seeing.

Belrye looks like they are trying to resist immediately leaping onto you, with their hands instead giving their breasts a firm squeeze. Suddenly you notice something. “Wait, how many fingers do you have?”

They pause, confused, then hold up their hands. Sure enough, each has three fingers and a thumb. “I’ve got the usual four. What do you—” They look down at your hands, “Oh! You know, suddenly a whole lot of things make more sense!”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, your counting system. Like how you have digits for ‘eight’ and ‘nine’. For us,” they slowly count on their fingers, “it goes five, six, seven. . .” They then hold one finger up on one hand and none on the other, like you would do to indicate the “ten’s” position, “And that’s eight.”

You suppose this is just the first of many such conversations the two of you will be having, as you get to know each other. Are you supposed to get to know them? Is that what is supposed to happen? Are you supposed to be teaching them something, or what is going on?

“So, what happens now? The instructions I was given are pretty vague, . . . mister? . . . miss?”

“Oh, right—your language gets weird about that stuff. You can call me either one. The lines back on Hell are so blurry that we don’t really think of ourselves as having a specific gender, if I’m being completely honest. Sure, there are body parts someone may be more into than others, but as far as what to call myself. . . I mean, I have boobs but no pussy, and I have a dick. Any of those things could be different tomorrow. I dunno, what would you like to call me?”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	?
Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	B	C
Nipple Length	0.5"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Female pronouns	1458
Male pronouns	1489
Neutral pronouns	1520

You decide to use female pronouns for her. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

She gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

She takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” She gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks her head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” She shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” She continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, she is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave her by herself. “Sure, I would like that.”

Her tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demoness. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want her to look like? I mean, I know you said you like how I look now, but the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat girls? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

She gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, she sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” She gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as she wraps her arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in her soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," she says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, she closes her eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around her. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch she almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then she looks down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	B	C
Nipple Length	0.5"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	1463
Pussy	1473
Belrye's choice, either is good	1479

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . ." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	B	C
Nipple Length	0.5"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	0 Dead End
Explore her ass	0 Dead End
Explore her dick	0 Dead End
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	0 Dead End
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	0 Dead End
French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold her for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1469

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoneess control...” she continues, her fingers reaching down to your quickly dampening pussy and starting to teasingly stroke your clit, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoneess you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to rub your clit with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoneess, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoneess like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how wet you are...” she slips a fingertip inside of you, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your pussy tingling at her touch. She slides her finger a tiny bit deeper, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

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“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoness control...” she continues, her fingers reaching down to your quickly dampening pussy and starting to teasingly stroke your clit, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoness you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to rub your clit with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoness, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoness like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how wet you are...” she slips a fingertip inside of you, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your pussy tingling at her touch. She slides her finger a tiny bit deeper, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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You decide to use male pronouns for him. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

He gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

He takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” He gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks his head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” He shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” He continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, he is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave him by himself. “Sure, I would like that.”

His tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want him to look like? I mean, I know you said you like how I look now, but the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat chests? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

He gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, he sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” He gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as he wraps his arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in his soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," he says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, he closes his eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around him. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch he almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then he looks down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

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Option	Page
Cock	1494
Pussy	1504
Belrye's choice, either is good	1510

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

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“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

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He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

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"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

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"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

He stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," he replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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Option	Page
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Explore his ass	0 Dead End
Explore his dick	0 Dead End
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon	0 Dead End
Explore his uniquely demonic parts	0 Dead End
French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold him for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1500

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers reaching down to your quickly dampening pussy and starting to teasingly stroke your clit, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to rub your clit with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how wet you are...” he slips a fingertip inside of you, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your pussy tingling at his touch. He slides his finger a tiny bit deeper, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
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“I think I’d rather you had a pussy, if that’s okay with you.”

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“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End

“I want to leave that up to you. I’m good either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

He stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," he replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	B	C
Nipple Length	0.5"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	0 Dead End
Explore his ass	0 Dead End
Explore his dick	0 Dead End
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon	0 Dead End
Explore his uniquely demonic parts	0 Dead End
French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold him for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1516

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers reaching down to your quickly dampening pussy and starting to teasingly stroke your clit, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to rub your clit with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how wet you are...” he slips a fingertip inside of you, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your pussy tingling at his touch. She slides her finger a tiny bit deeper, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

You decide to use neutral pronouns for them. “So...have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

They give you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

They take the book and start slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” They get to the part with the summoning circle and cock their head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” They show the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” He continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, they are your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave them by themselves. “Sure, I would like that.”

Their tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want them to look like? I mean, I know you said you like how I look now, but the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat chests? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

They give you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, they sniff the air and say, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” They give you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as they wrap their arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in their soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," they say, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, they close their eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around them. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch they almost seem to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then they look down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

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Species	Human	Goat
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Option	Page
Cock	1525
Pussy	1535
Belrye's choice, either is good	1541

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

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He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

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"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

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"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

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"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

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Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind...”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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Option	Page
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Explore their ass	0 Dead End
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French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold them for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1531

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um . . . okay, I can do that!” They think for a moment, then continue, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner . . .” Their tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel their hands reach down and roll you away from them, followed by the sensation of their soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control . . .” they continue, their fingers reaching down to your quickly dampening pussy and starting to teasingly stroke your clit, “who *knows* what they would do to you. Maybe they would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *their* kinks. Or maybe they would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe . . .” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” they snap their fingers beside your head, continuing to rub your clit with their other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Their tone shifts again, to an almost parental one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a parent to take good care of you. Or . . .” they lower their voice to a growl as they continue, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how wet you are...” they slip a fingertip inside of you, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your pussy tingling at their touch. They slide their finger a tiny bit deeper, as they let you think. You also feel their lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether they are trying to sway your decision, are just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t they *just* get done warning you about all of the things they could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt they would be giving you all of these warnings. They’ve already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Gender	Female	Nonbinary
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Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put togeth—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

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"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

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“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

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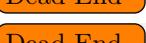
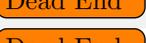
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Option	Page
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Explore their dick	0 
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon	0 
Explore their uniquely demonic parts	0 
French kiss	0 
Just hold them for a bit	0 
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1547

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um . . . okay, I can do that!” They think for a moment, then continue, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner . . .” Their tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel their hands reach down and roll you away from them, followed by the sensation of their soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control . . .” they continue, their fingers reaching down to your quickly dampening pussy and starting to teasingly stroke your clit, “who *knows* what they would do to you. Maybe they would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *their* kinks. Or maybe they would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe . . .” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” they snap their fingers beside your head, continuing to rub your clit with their other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Their tone shifts again, to an almost parental one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a parent to take good care of you. Or . . .” they lower their voice to a growl as they continue, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how wet you are...” they slip a fingertip inside of you, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your pussy tingling at their touch. They slide their finger a tiny bit deeper, as they let you think. You also feel their lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether they are trying to sway your decision, are just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t they *just* get done warning you about all of the things they could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt they would be giving you all of these warnings. They’ve already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	B	C
Nipple Length	0.5"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“We will work on that,” you interrupt. The demon stops, then gives you a smile.

“Yeah, you’re right. If you feed me enough lust, I can become pretty much anything you like! Well, not quite anything—I still have to be a demon. But I can change a lot! I can change you too, if you’d like. I can make certain things bigger or smaller, change stuff around completely, or even turn you into a whole different species!”

You give a nod. Having your own custom-made demon could be quite fun, and the idea of changing yourself has a certain appeal to it, too. This job certainly seems to come with some nice perks.

They take a moment to collect themselves, then stand tall and, suddenly formal, say, “Where are my manners? Summoner, I am Belrye. I will serve for as long as you have need of me.” Going back to a more relaxed posture, they add, “It’s easy to pronounce. ‘Bel’ like ‘dinner bell’, and ‘rye’ like ‘rye bread’.”

You introduce yourself in a similarly formal tone, figuring this must be another bullet point the book missed. Though you find it oddly reassuring that they don’t seem any better prepared for this than you are. You stare at each other in awkward silence for a moment, fumbling for something more to say. Blurting out the first thing that comes to mind, you ask, “Wait, you speak English?”

“Oh, yes. The wall between planes isn’t all that thick, which is why drawing some symbols on the floor let me come here. So we can sometimes see or hear things from here on Earth.” The demon looks around, “We *are* on Earth right now, right?”

“We are,” you reassure them, “It’s just that there is a ward in place. Security and stuff, you know.”

“Oh, okay! I had always heard about wards and things like that, but it’s different actually experiencing it firsthand, you know? It feels kinda like being in a bubble that I can’t see or feel through.” You see a goatlike tail swish side to side, “So what’s under the robe? You get to see me, so it’s only fair, right?” They give you a playful wink, which does nothing to hide the needy tone in their voice. “I know humans can be really shy about that sort of thing, sometimes, but I’m guessing if you summoned a lust demon, you’re probably not against getting naked. . .”

Well, it’s just the two of you, and you guess you *did* sign up for this. You take off your clothing, tossing it onto the desk. “Wow, a real human. . .” they say to themselves, licking their lips and making no attempt to be subtle. Maybe Terra’s metaphor about going to get tacos wasn’t far off, after all. From the visibly hardening nipples and the cock-tip emerging from its sheath, your

companion seems to enjoy what they are seeing.

Belrye looks like they are trying to resist immediately leaping onto you, with their hands instead giving their breasts a firm squeeze. Suddenly you notice something. “Wait, how many fingers do you have?”

They pause, confused, then hold up thier hands. Sure enough, each has three fingers and a thumb. “I’ve got the usual four. What do you—” They look down at your hands, “Oh! You know, suddenly a whole lot of things make more sense!”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, your counting system. Like how you have digits for ‘eight’ and ‘nine’. For us,” they slowly count on their fingers, “it goes five, six, seven. . .” They then hold one finger up on one hand and none on the other, like you would do to indicate the “ten’s” position, “And that’s eight.”

You suppose this is just the first of many such conversations the two of you will be having, as you get to know each other. Are you supposed to get to know them? Is that what is supposed to happen? Are you supposed to be teaching them something, or what is going on?

“So, what happens now? The instructions I was given are pretty vague, . . . mister? . . . miss?”

“Oh, right—your language gets weird about that stuff. You can call me either one. The lines back on Hell are so blurry that we really don’t think of ourselves as having a specific gender, if I’m being completely honest. Sure, there are body parts someone may be more into than others, but as far as what to call myself. . . I mean, I have boobs but no pussy, and I have a dick. Any of those things could be different tomorrow. I dunno, what would you like to call me?”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	?
Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	B	C
Nipple Length	0.5"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Female pronouns	1555
Male pronouns	1586
Neutral pronouns	1617

You decide to use female pronouns for her. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

She gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

She takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” She gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks her head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” She shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” She continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, she is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave her by herself. “Sure, I would like that.”

Her tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demoness. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want her to look like? I mean, you sounded interested in working on some changes, and the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat girls? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

She gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, she sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or. . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” She gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I. . . well. . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as she wraps her arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in her soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going, but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we’re going to need a bed or something in here.”

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. “So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn’t send you away, does it?”

“So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn’t. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn’t send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?”

“Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I’m sure you’ve probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?”

“Actually, you are the first human I’ve ever touched. So remember how I said there weren’t many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I’ve lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can’t afford the real thing, it’s something to keep you fed.”

“You know,” you think out loud, “we’re really not so different from each other.”

“We’re really not,” she says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, she closes her eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around her. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch she almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You’re not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn’t nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then she looks down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. “So, let’s start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	B	C
Nipple Length	0.5"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	1560
Pussy	1570
Belrye's choice, either is good	1576

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, whatever you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	B	C
Nipple Length	0.5"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	0 Dead End
Explore her ass	0 Dead End
Explore her dick	0 Dead End
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	0 Dead End
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	0 Dead End
French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold her for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1566

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoneess control...” she continues, her fingers reaching down to your quickly dampening pussy and starting to teasingly stroke your clit, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoneess you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to rub your clit with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoneess, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoneess like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how wet you are...” she slips a fingertip inside of you, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your pussy tingling at her touch. She slides her finger a tiny bit deeper, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	B	C
Nipple Length	0.5"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
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Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

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“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

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He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, for the things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make them happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

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Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
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French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold her for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1582

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoneess control...” she continues, her fingers reaching down to your quickly dampening pussy and starting to teasingly stroke your clit, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoneess you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to rub your clit with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoneess, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoneess like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how wet you are...” she slips a fingertip inside of you, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your pussy tingling at her touch. She slides her finger a tiny bit deeper, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Option	Page
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Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
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You decide to use male pronouns for him. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

He gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

He takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” He gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks his head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” He shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” He continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, he is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave him by himself. “Sure, I would like that.”

His tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want him to look like? I mean, you sounded interested in working on some changes, and the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat chests? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

He gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, he sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” He gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as he wraps his arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in his soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going, but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we’re going to need a bed or something in here.”

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. “So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn’t send you away, does it?”

“So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn’t. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn’t send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?”

“Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I’m sure you’ve probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?”

“Actually, you are the first human I’ve ever touched. So remember how I said there weren’t many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I’ve lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can’t afford the real thing, it’s something to keep you fed.”

“You know,” you think out loud, “we’re really not so different from each other.”

“We’re really not,” he says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, he closes his eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around him. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch he almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You’re not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn’t nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then he looks down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. “So, let’s start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?”

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Option	Page
Cock	1591
Pussy	1601
Belrye's choice, either is good	1607

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, whatever you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

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"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

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"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

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"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

He stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

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place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," he replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

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You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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Option	Page
Boob groping	0 Dead End
Explore his ass	0 Dead End
Explore his dick	0 Dead End
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon	0 Dead End
Explore his uniquely demonic parts	0 Dead End
French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold him for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1597

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers reaching down to your quickly dampening pussy and starting to teasingly stroke your clit, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to rub your clit with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how wet you are...” he slips a fingertip inside of you, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your pussy tingling at his touch. He slides his finger a tiny bit deeper, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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	Option	Page
	“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
	Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
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	Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

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“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he’s safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

He stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give him a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” he replies, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	0 Dead End
Explore his ass	0 Dead End
Explore his dick	0 Dead End
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon	0 Dead End
Explore his uniquely demonic parts	0 Dead End
French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold him for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1613

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers reaching down to your quickly dampening pussy and starting to teasingly stroke your clit, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to rub your clit with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how wet you are...” he slips a fingertip inside of you, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your pussy tingling at his touch. He slides his finger a tiny bit deeper, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
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Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

You decide to use neutral pronouns for them. “So...have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

They give you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

They take the book and start slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” They get to the part with the summoning circle and cocks their head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” They show the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” They continue to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, they are your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave them by themselves. “Sure, I would like that.”

Their tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want them to look like? I mean, you sounded interested in working on some changes, and the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat chests? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

They give you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, they sniff the air and say, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” They give you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as they wrap their arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in their soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going, but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we’re

going to need a bed or something in here.”

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. “So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn’t send you away, does it?”

“So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn’t. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn’t send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?”

“Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I’m sure you’ve probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?”

“Actually, you are the first human I’ve ever touched. So remember how I said there weren’t many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I’ve lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can’t afford the real thing, it’s something to keep you fed.”

“You know,” you think out loud, “we’re really not so different from each other.”

“We’re really not,” they say, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, they close their eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around them. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch they almost seem to melt into your gentle hug.

You’re not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn’t nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then they look down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. “So, let’s start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?”

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
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Breast Size	B	C
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Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	1622
Pussy	1632
Belrye's choice, either is good	1638

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, whatever you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . ." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rises to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

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"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	0 
Explore their ass	0 
Explore their dick	0 
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon	0 
Explore their uniquely demonic parts	0 
French kiss	0 
Just hold them for a bit	0 
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1628

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um. . . okay, I can do that!” They think for a moment, then continue, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner. . .” Their tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel their hands reach down and roll you away from them, followed by the sensation of their soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control. . .” they continue, their fingers reaching down to your quickly dampening pussy and starting to teasingly stroke your clit, “who *knows* what they would do to you. Maybe they would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *their* kinks. Or maybe they would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe. . .” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” they snap their fingers beside your head, continuing to rub your clit with their other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Their tone shifts again, to an almost parental one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a parent to take good care of you. Or. . .” they lower their voice to a growl as they continue, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how wet you are...” they slip a fingertip inside of you, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your pussy tingling at their touch. They slide their finger a tiny bit deeper, as they let you think. You also feel their lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether they are trying to sway your decision, are just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t they *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt they would be giving you all of these warnings. They’ve already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
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Build	Average	Average
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Nipple Length	0.5"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
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Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put togeth—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind...”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, for the things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make them happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

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Explore their dick	0 
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon	0 
Explore their uniquely demonic parts	0 
French kiss	0 
Just hold them for a bit	0 
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1644

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um . . . okay, I can do that!” They think for a moment, then continue, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner. . .” Their tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel their hands reach down and roll you away from them, followed by the sensation of their soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control. . .” they continue, their fingers reaching down to your quickly dampening pussy and starting to teasingly stroke your clit, “who *knows* what they would do to you. Maybe they would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *their* kinks. Or maybe they would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe. . .” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

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Their tone shifts again, to an almost parental one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a parent to take good care of you. Or. . .” they lower their voice to a growl as they continue, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how wet you are...” they slip a fingertip inside of you, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your pussy tingling at their touch. They slide their finger a tiny bit deeper, as they let you think. You also feel their lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether they are trying to sway your decision, are just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t they *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt they would be giving you all of these warnings. They’ve already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“Hung, but I could do without stacked,” you interrupt. The demon stops, then gives you a smile.

“Oh? Much more interested in this, are we?” They gesture teasingly down at their sheath and balls. “If you feed me enough lust, I can become pretty much anything you like! Well, not quite anything—I still have to be a demon. But I can change a lot! I can change you too, if you’d like. I can make certain things bigger or smaller, change stuff around completely, or even turn you into a whole different species!”

You give a nod. Having your own custom-made demon could be quite fun, and the idea of changing yourself has a certain appeal to it, too. This job certainly seems to come with some nice perks.

They take a moment to collect themselves, then stand tall and, suddenly formal, say, “Where are my manners? Summoner, I am Belrye. I will serve for as long as you have need of me.” Going back to a more relaxed posture, they add, “It’s easy to pronounce. ‘Bel’ like ‘dinner bell’, and ‘rye’ like ‘rye bread’.”

You introduce yourself in a similarly formal tone, figuring this must be another bullet point the book missed. Though you find it oddly reassuring that they don’t seem any better prepared for this than you are. You stare at each other in awkward silence for a moment, fumbling for something more to say. Blurting out the first thing that comes to mind, you ask, “Wait, you speak English?”

“Oh, yes. The wall between planes isn’t all that thick, which is why drawing some symbols on the floor let me come here. So we can sometimes see or hear things from here on Earth.” The demon looks around, “We *are* on Earth right now, right?”

“We are,” you reassure them, “It’s just that there is a ward in place. Security and stuff, you know.”

“Oh, okay! I had always heard about wards and things like that, but it’s different actually experiencing it firsthand, you know? It feels kinda like being in a bubble that I can’t see or feel through.” You see a goatlike tail swish side to side, “So what’s under the robe? You get to see me, so it’s only fair, right?” They give you a playful wink, which does nothing to hide the needy tone in their voice. “I know humans can be really shy about that sort of thing, sometimes, but I’m guessing if you summoned a lust demon, you’re probably not against getting naked. . .”

Well, it’s just the two of you, and you guess you *did* sign up for this. You take off your clothing, tossing it onto the desk. “Wow, a real human. . .” they say to themselves, licking their lips and making no attempt to be subtle. Maybe Terra’s metaphor about going to get tacos wasn’t far off, after all. From

the visibly hardening nipples and the cock-tip emerging from its sheath, your companion seems to enjoy what they are seeing.

Belrye looks like they are trying to resist immediately leaping onto you, with their hands instead reaching between their legs to stroke their slowly extending cock. Suddenly you notice something. “Wait, how many fingers do you have?”

They pause, confused, then hold up their hands. Sure enough, each has three fingers and a thumb. “I’ve got the usual four. What do you—” They look down at your hands, “Oh! You know, suddenly a whole lot of things make more sense!”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, your counting system. Like how you have digits for ‘eight’ and ‘nine’. For us,” they slowly count on their fingers, “it goes five, six, seven. . .” They then hold one finger up on one hand and none on the other, like you would do to indicate the “ten’s” position, “And that’s eight.”

You suppose this is just the first of many such conversations the two of you will be having, as you get to know each other. Are you supposed to get to know them? Is that what is supposed to happen? Are you supposed to be teaching them something, or what is going on?

“So, what happens now? The instructions I was given are pretty vague, . . . mister? . . . miss?”

“Oh, right—your language gets weird about that stuff. You can call me either one. The lines back on Hell are so blurry that we really don’t think of ourselves as having a specific gender, if I’m being completely honest. Sure, there are body parts someone may be into more than others, but as far as what to call myself. . . I mean, I have boobs but no pussy, and I have a dick. Any of those things could be different tomorrow. I dunno, what would you like to call me?”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	?
Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	B	C
Nipple Length	0.5"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Female pronouns	1652
Male pronouns	1683
Neutral pronouns	1714

You decide to use female pronouns for her. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

She gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

She takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” She gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks her head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” She shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” She continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, she is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave her by herself. “Sure, I would like that.”

Her tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demoness. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want her to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me hung, but aren’t into me being stacked. Into flat girls with dicks? I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

She gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, she sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” She gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as she wraps her arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in her soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," she says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, she closes her eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around her. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch she almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then she looks down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I should be hung, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

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Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	1657
Pussy	1667
Belrye's choice, either is good	1673

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there’s something you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

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“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so. . ." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	B	C
Nipple Length	0.5"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	0 Dead End
Explore her ass	0 Dead End
Explore her dick	0 Dead End
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	0 Dead End
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	0 Dead End
French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold her for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1663

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoneess control...” she continues, her fingers reaching down to your quickly dampening pussy and starting to teasingly stroke your clit, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoneess you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to rub your clit with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoneess, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoneess like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how wet you are...” she slips a fingertip inside of you, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your pussy tingling at her touch. She slides her finger a tiny bit deeper, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Oh? I’m a bit surprised, since you liked the idea of me being hung. Maybe you just didn’t know that was an option? Either way, absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

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“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so. . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she’s safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

She stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give her a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” she replies, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

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Just hold her for a bit	0 Dead End
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“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so. . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoneess control...” she continues, her fingers reaching down to your quickly dampening pussy and starting to teasingly stroke your clit, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoneess you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to rub your clit with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoneess, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoneess like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how wet you are...” she slips a fingertip inside of you, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your pussy tingling at her touch. She slides her finger a tiny bit deeper, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
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Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
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Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
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Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
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You decide to use male pronouns for him. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

He gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

He takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” He gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks his head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” He shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” He continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, he is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave him by himself. “Sure, I would like that.”

His tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want him to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me hung, but aren’t into me being stacked. Not into guys with boobs? I can absolutely do flat.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

He gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, he sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” He gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as he wraps his arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in his soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," he says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, he closes his eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around him. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch he almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then he looks down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I should be hung, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

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Cock	1688
Pussy	1698
Belrye's choice, either is good	1704

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

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Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold him for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1694

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers reaching down to your quickly dampening pussy and starting to teasingly stroke your clit, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to rub your clit with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how wet you are...” he slips a fingertip inside of you, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your pussy tingling at his touch. He slides his finger a tiny bit deeper, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Oh? I’m a bit surprised, since you liked the idea of me being hung. Maybe you just didn’t know that was an option? Either way, absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

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“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

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“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair...” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces himself to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

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Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	0 Dead End
Explore his ass	0 Dead End
Explore his dick	0 Dead End
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon	0 Dead End
Explore his uniquely demonic parts	0 Dead End
French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold him for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1710

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers reaching down to your quickly dampening pussy and starting to teasingly stroke your clit, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to rub your clit with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how wet you are...” he slips a fingertip inside of you, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your pussy tingling at his touch. He slides his finger a tiny bit deeper, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

You decide to use neutral pronouns for them. “So...have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

They give you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

They take the book and start slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” They get to the part with the summoning circle and cock their head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” They show the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” They continue to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, they are your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave them by themselves. “Sure, I would like that.”

Their tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want them to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me hung, but aren’t into me being stacked. Not into partners with boobs? I can absolutely do flat.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

They give you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, they sniff the air and say, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” They give you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as they wrap their arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in their soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," they say, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, they close their eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around them. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch they almost seem to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then they look down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I should be hung, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
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Nipple Length	0.5"	0.5"
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Option	Page
Cock	1719
Pussy	1729
Belrye's choice, either is good	1735

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put togeth—oh shit!"

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"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind...”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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Option	Page
Boob groping	0 
Explore their ass	0 
Explore their dick	0 
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon	0 
Explore their uniquely demonic parts	0 
French kiss	0 
Just hold them for a bit	0 
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1725

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um . . . okay, I can do that!” They think for a moment, then continue, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner. . .” Their tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel their hands reach down and roll you away from them, followed by the sensation of their soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control. . .” they continue, their fingers reaching down to your quickly dampening pussy and starting to teasingly stroke your clit, “who *knows* what they would do to you. Maybe they would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *their* kinks. Or maybe they would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe. . .” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” they snap their fingers beside your head, continuing to rub your clit with their other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Their tone shifts again, to an almost parental one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a parent to take good care of you. Or. . .” they lower their voice to a growl as they continue, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how wet you are...” they slip a fingertip inside of you, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your pussy tingling at their touch. They slide their finger a tiny bit deeper, as they let you think. You also feel their lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether they are trying to sway your decision, are just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t they *just* get done warning you about all of the things they could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt they would be giving you all of these warnings. They’ve already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Option	Page
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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Oh? I’m a bit surprised, since you liked the idea of me being hung. Maybe you just didn’t know that was an option? Either way, absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they’re safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

They stand up and walk over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give them a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” they reply, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

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“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

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Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon	0 
Explore their uniquely demonic parts	0 
French kiss	0 
Just hold them for a bit	0 
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1741

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um . . . okay, I can do that!” They think for a moment, then continue, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner . . .” Their tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel their hands reach down and roll you away from them, followed by the sensation of their soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control . . .” they continue, their fingers reaching down to your quickly dampening pussy and starting to teasingly stroke your clit, “who *knows* what they would do to you. Maybe they would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *their* kinks. Or maybe they would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe . . .” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” they snap their fingers beside your head, continuing to rub your clit with their other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Their tone shifts again, to an almost parental one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a parent to take good care of you. Or . . .” they lower their voice to a growl as they continue, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how wet you are...” they slip a fingertip inside of you, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your pussy tingling at their touch. They slide their finger a tiny bit deeper, as they let you think. You also feel their lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether they are trying to sway your decision, are just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t they *just* get done warning you about all of the things they could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt they would be giving you all of these warnings. They’ve already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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“Stacked, but I could do without hung,” you interrupt. The demon stops, then gives you a smile.

“Oh? Much more interested in these, are we?” They gesture teasingly at their breasts. “If you feed me enough lust, I can become pretty much anything you like! Well, not quite anything—I still have to be a demon. But I can change a lot! I can change you too, if you’d like. I can make certain things bigger or smaller, change stuff around completely, or even turn you into a whole different species!”

You give a nod. Having your own custom-made demon could be quite fun, and the idea of changing yourself has a certain appeal to it, too. This job certainly seems to come with some nice perks.

They take a moment to collect themselves, then stand tall and, suddenly formal, say, “Where are my manners? Summoner, I am Belrye. I will serve for as long as you have need of me.” Going back to a more relaxed posture, they add, “It’s easy to pronounce. ‘Bel’ like ‘dinner bell’, and ‘rye’ like ‘rye bread’.”

You introduce yourself in a similarly formal tone, figuring this must be another bullet point the book missed. Though you find it oddly reassuring that they don’t seem any better prepared for this than you are. You stare at each other in awkward silence for a moment, fumbling for something more to say. Blurting out the first thing that comes to mind, you ask, “Wait, you speak English?”

“Oh, yes. The wall between planes isn’t all that thick, which is why drawing some symbols on the floor let me come here. So we can sometimes see or hear things from here on Earth.” The demon looks around, “We *are* on Earth right now, right?”

“We are,” you reassure them, “It’s just that there is a ward in place. Security and stuff, you know.”

“Oh, okay! I had always heard about wards and things like that, but it’s different actually experiencing it firsthand, you know? It feels kinda like being in a bubble that I can’t see or feel through.” You see a goatlike tail swish side to side, “So what’s under the robe? You get to see me, so it’s only fair, right?” They give you a playful wink, which does nothing to hide the needy tone in their voice. “I know humans can be really shy about that sort of thing, sometimes, but I’m guessing if you summoned a lust demon, you’re probably not against getting naked. . .”

Well, it’s just the two of you, and you guess you *did* sign up for this. You take off your clothing, tossing it onto the desk. “Wow, a real human. . .” they say to themselves, licking their lips and making no attempt to be subtle. Maybe Terra’s metaphor about going to get tacos wasn’t far off, after all. From

the visibly hardening nipples and the cock-tip emerging from its sheath, your companion seems to enjoy what they are seeing.

Belrye looks like they are trying to resist immediately leaping onto you, with their hands instead firmly grasping their breasts. Suddenly, you notice something. “Wait, how many fingers do you have?”

They pause, confused, then hold up their hands. Sure enough, each has three fingers and a thumb. “I’ve got the usual four. What do you—” They look down at your hands, ““Oh! You know, suddenly a whole lot of things make more sense!”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, your counting system. Like how you have digits for ‘eight’ and ‘nine’. For us,” they slowly count on their fingers, “it goes five, six, seven. . .” They then hold one finger up on one hand and none on the other, like you would do to indicate the “ten’s” position, “And that’s eight.”

You suppose this is just the first of many such conversations the two of you will be having, as you get to know each other. Are you supposed to get to know them? Is that what is supposed to happen? Are you supposed to be teaching them something, or what is going on?

“So, what happens now? The instructions I was given are pretty vague, . . . mister? . . . miss?”

“Oh, right—your language gets weird about that stuff. You can call me either one. The lines back on Hell are so blurry that we really don’t think of ourselves as having a specific gender, if I’m being completely honest. Sure, there are body parts someone may be more into than others, but as far as what to call myself. . . I mean, I have boobs but no pussy, and I have a dick. Any of those things could be different tomorrow. I dunno, what would you like to call me?”

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Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Female pronouns	1749
Male pronouns	1772
Neutral pronouns	1795

You decide to use female pronouns for her. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

She gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

She takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” She gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks her head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” She shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” She continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, she is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave her by herself. “Sure, I would like that.”

Her tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demoness. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want her to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me stacked, but aren’t into me being hung. I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

She gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, she sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” She gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as she wraps her arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in her soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," she says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, she closes her eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around her. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch she almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then she looks down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you aren't into me being hung, I assume that means you'd rather I had a pussy? Or do you just want me have a cock, but just to not be huge?"

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Option	Page
Cock	1754
Pussy	1760
Belrye's choice, either is good	1766

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there’s something you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

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“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

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You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

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“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

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She stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

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“I’d like that,” she replies, “I’d like that so, so much.”

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She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

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You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

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Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	0 Dead End
Explore her ass	0 Dead End
Explore her dick	0 Dead End
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	0 Dead End
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	0 Dead End
French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold her for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End

You decide to use male pronouns for him. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

He gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

He takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” He gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks his head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” He shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” He continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, he is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave him by himself. “Sure, I would like that.”

His tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want him to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me stacked, but aren’t into me being hung. Into big-boobed guys? I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

He gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, he sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” He gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as he wraps his arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in his soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," he says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, he closes his eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around him. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch he almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then he looks down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you're into me being hung, I assume that means you'd rather I have a dick than a pussy?"

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Option	Page
Cock	1777
Pussy	1783
Belrye's choice, either is good	1789

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there’s something you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

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“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

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You decide to use neutral pronouns for them. “So...have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

They give you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

They take the book and start slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” They get to the part with the summoning circle and cock their head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” They show the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” They continue to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, they are your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave them by himself. “Sure, I would like that.”

Their tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want them to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me hung, but aren’t into me being stacked. Into big-boobed? I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

They give you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, they sniff the air and say, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” They give you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as they wrap their arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in their soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," they say, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, they close their eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around them. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch they almost seem to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then they look down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you're into me being hung, I assume that means you'd rather I have a dick than a pussy?"

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Belrye's choice, either is good	1812

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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

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“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put togeth—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

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“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

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“Oh, uh, brother.” You suppose you should have been ready for that.

“Ah, see? This is why I ask,” Tom writes your name down, then checks a calendar on the desk and writes today’s date, “Brother it is!”

“So, uh, what exactly am I supposed to do here? Like I was assuming we were talking about things like shoveling the walk or painting walls. But after seeing, well. . .” you nod toward the door where Kletano had left, “I probably shouldn’t assume anything.”

He gives you a grin. “Well, let me tell you a bit about our work here. Let’s take a walk.” He rises from his chair and leads you to the same door Kletano had left through. In the back of your mind, you were expecting a torchlit corridor stretching down into darkness, distant roars, and magic words echoing up to you. Well, you were right about the corridor part, though it is lit with the kinds of lightbulbs you would see in any other building. As you walk, you pass another demon. This one is female and seems to be in a bit of a hurry carrying a mug of coffee. She and Tom exchange nods as you pass.

“New sister?”

“New brother, actually.”

“My apologies! Welcome, new brother! Sorry, late for a meeting.” This all seems oddly familiar, like what you might see at a typical office. What is going on here?

A few steps later, Tom leads you through a side-door and into a room. This is much more what you were expecting. An old woman in a pale gray robe is seated behind a small desk, with several shelves of books behind her. She looks at you, and then turns to Tom.

“Hello, Terra. A new brother has joined our order.” Turning to you, he begins to explain, “So, let me tell you a bit about our order. As you have started to see firsthand, there are other planes of existence out there besides our own. In fact, there are a vast multitude of them, populated by an equally wide variety of creatures. Our mission here is to begin to establish diplomatic relations outside of our plane. We feel that it is better to reach out on our own, rather than wait to be contacted by the first one to take an interest in us.”

“So, since those are most definitely demons, I’m thinking you chose Hell. Don’t get me wrong, I’ve never been the religious type, but. . .”

“But why Hell?” Tom asks rhetorically. “Actually, Hell and Earth have a long and complicated history together. At times it has been peaceful, and at other times less so. We felt the best place to start was with a society we have some common history with. Another reason we were drawn to Hell was because their society is quite stable. While their system of government resembles ancient feudalism here, the overall structure has not changed in

thousands of years.”

“Also, the council chose Hell, and that was that,” Terra chimes in, casting a glance at Tom. Something about her expression makes you uneasy.

“Ah yes, not everyone agrees with the council’s decision, but I suppose time will tell. What we are doing now is something of an exchange program. We are summoning demons and helping them to integrate into our order. Your job will be to assist with this summoning and training process. I am sure it sounds a bit scary, but don’t worry. Terra here will be training and supervising you.” She gives you a confident nod.

This all sounds quite fascinating, but at the moment you have a more mundane concern. “So, um, what is the pay cycle here? See, my landlord is kicking me out in a few days.”

“Oh,” Terra replies, “that actually makes it easier. You see, we typically prefer summoners stay here at the temple. You are free to come and go, of course, but the nature of your duties make it far easier if you are on site. It sounds like that will not be a problem?” You shake your head. “Excellent. As for your things, let me show you to your room.”

The three of you leave and continue further down the hallway, reaching an elevator that appears to have been installed much more recently. “Summoning section five,” she says as you enter, and the elevator dings. You feel the elevator start to move quickly downward, before it comes to a stop and the door opens. This, you realize, is more like you expected. The walls are made of stone brick, and strange symbols cover the walls and ceiling. The corridor is lit by torches in wall sconces, and robed figures occasionally move from room to room.

“Yours is the first room on the left, so it should be easy to remember. Summoning section five, room one.” She points to an unmarked stone brick beside the door. “Press your hand there.”

You press your palm against it, finding it strangely warm. After you pull away, the brick starts to glow with another strange symbol. “There, the room is now keyed to you. This door will only open if you press your palm against it. Quite an effective doorlock, wouldn’t you say?”

“So wait, does this mean I’m some kind of wizard?” The strangeness of everything is starting to sink in.

“You are no more a wizard than a programmer is a mage. The world is governed by certain rules. Through our... ‘partnership’ with Hell, we have gained access to new types of technology, which work in ways you are unfamiliar with.”

You experimentally put your hand back against the stone, and the door opens smoothly inward. The room is about the size of a typical bedroom, and

has a bed and writing desk inside. One thing you note is the lack of a power outlet. They must not have electricity down here. An hour ago, you would have thought that strange.

“You will be able to get moved in after you see the other room.” She leads you out (it looks like the lock only works one way), and gestures to the room on the other side of the lock stone. “So, your right hand opened the door to the left. Now use your left hand. The same stone unlocks both doors. Since it is between the doors, use the hand closest to the stone to unlock the door you are standing in front of.”

You press against it, and as the door opens you walk inside. This room looks far more like a dungeon. It is unfurnished, apart from a set of four shackles hanging from the ceiling, a sink, a floor drain, a table, and a single chair. “This room is where you will do the summoning. It is left unfurnished since each summoner tends to set things up differently. Unlike the other room, this room is keyed to you for both entering and exiting. This is done as a safety precaution, but we will talk more about that later.”

The next few hours are a blur. You are shown the rest of the facilities, ranging from restrooms to summoning-ink storage. This is followed by Tom driving you to your house to collect your things (What possessions you have left fit in a suitcase.) The two of you talk the whole way, but it all goes in one ear and out the other. You come back to what is now your home as the Sun is rising, make your way to summoning section five, room one, and fall into bed. You don’t even remember your head hitting the pillow before you are asleep.

You are awakened sometime later by a pleasant chiming sound. You are not sure where it is coming from, but as soon as you sit up in bed it stops. Unsure what else to do, you arrange the items from your suitcase in the room. The old photo goes on the desk, your spare clothing goes in the closet, and a few minutes later you are moved in. It still doesn’t feel like home, but maybe that will change with time. You take a change of clothes and a towel, then head to the shower.

After your shower, you are finally feeling more like yourself. Fifteen minutes to just process everything that has been happening made a big difference. You also had a chance to look at a clock, and realized it was evening again. You had slept through the day, but that meant surprisingly little with most things beneath the surface. You make your way to Terra’s office, assuming this should be her shift again. Sure enough, you find her there. Sitting on the desk are a robe and a thin, leather-bound book. “Ah, welcome back. Did you sleep well?” You nod in reply. “Excellent, you looked pretty glazed over at the end of last night. So, excited for your first summon?”

“Yeah. And more than a bit scared. I’ve seen enough movies to know I don’t want to do this wrong.”

“Movies often get things wrong, but that is one thing they are right about. Here,” she gestures to the book and robe, “these are for you.” She gives you a moment to put the robe on over your clothes. For as hot as it looks, you find it surprisingly comfortable. “Now, let’s go to your summoning room and get started. The process takes a while and must be done carefully, but it is not complicated.” The two of you walk together down to your summoning room. It still looks just as uninviting as it had the night before. Still, you open your book and start looking at it. Inside is a large collection of symbols, diagrams, and instructions.

“Now, there are two main things that we will need to do, and they must be done in this order. First, we will be making a ward. And second, we will be making a summoning circle. Now, the rooms themselves have a very powerful ward on them that prevents demons from perceiving anything outside of these walls. Once they have been properly trained, you can allow them out. Any questions so far?”

“So this room looks really uncomfortable, especially with the shackles and stuff. From what Tom was saying, shouldn’t the room be setup to be more welcoming first?”

Terra lets out a long sigh. “So, when a demon arrives, we never know who we are going to get. Some are easy to work with, and others are definitely not. Some are immediately hostile. This room is here to contain them until they have been prepared to work with us. Brother Tom has never seen a demon who hasn’t been fully prepared yet, so his head is a bit in the clouds when it comes to the whole process.” Something about her phrasing again makes you feel uneasy, but since she is the expert here, you decide to follow her lead.

“Wait, so the demon is locked in here, right?” Terra nods. “Shouldn’t there be some sort of toilet or something in here for them? Like I get that a bed can be added, but I don’t see any sort of plumbing in here aside from the sink and that drain.”

“Oh, right. So demons generally don’t need to eat, though there are some exceptions. For example, a lust demon feeds on lust, a wrath demon consumes anger, etc. Since they don’t eat, there is no need for a toilet. The same goes for drinking. They are *able* to eat, but it is not needed for them. Getting you aroused and eating the emotion is like a late-night taco run for a lust demon.”

She walks you through the process of drawing the ward on the floor, using a large bottle of ink and a fingertip. The symbols, while strange, are not too complex. As you complete the final symbol, it glows brightly along with the ink on your fingertip. Over a few seconds, it fades to a dull green, and the ink

on your finger disappears completely.

“Now,” she says, “this ward will prevent the demon from being able to harm you. They will not be able to cause you physical pain. However, they are still fully capable of lying, tricking you, angering you, insulting you, etc. Be prepared for that. They are also prevented from directly damaging or touching the ward or the summoning circle you will be drawing next. Again, though, they can trick you or try to indirectly cause you to do it. The ward itself is very fragile. A single smudge is all it takes to deactivate it. Be exceedingly careful about that.”

“So, let’s get started on the summoning circle. By the way, before you complete that, you will need to let me out of the room. The ward protects you, and only you. Once you have summoned a demon, it is not safe to bring anyone else in here, either demon or human. I will guide you until you are ready to draw the final symbol.” You nod.

“Okay, this is where things get interesting. First, draw a circle like the diagram here.” After you have drawn it, she says, “Very good. Next is the symbol for the type of demon you will be summoning. I have been told by the council to have you summon a lust demon.”

“Oh, uh, okay. What are they like? Do they try to seduce you or something?”

“Lust demons are pretty basic, actually. They feed off of human lust in the same way that you eat food. They can actually starve if they don’t get enough of it, but the more they get, the more powerful they become. Their abilities are generally limited to body reshaping, either their own or others.”

“Am I supposed to try to resist being attracted to it?”

“Actually, attraction is encouraged. But don’t lose sight of what is going on. You can feed them lust, but be sure not to let them manipulate you. Normally you would have spent weeks or months training for this, but we are actually quite short on summoners.”

You mull that over for a moment, then nod and examine the symbol. It is rather simple, yet still looks oddly suggestive. You then start carefully drawing it out on the floor. It takes a little time, but you finish copying it with Terra’s supervision. This is followed by the remaining symbols, one by one. Eventually, you stand up, stretch, and admire your handiwork. There is one line left on the last symbol.

“Okay, time to let me out. Now, the next section of your book explains everything you need to know. But if you have any questions at all, as long as the demon is safely restrained, you can come and ask myself or any of our brothers and sisters.” She demonstrates to you that she is unable to open the door, even pulling back with all her strength. You walk over and let her out.

The door feels heavy, but there is no resistance otherwise.

Now alone, you decide to check the book before drawing that last line. It is less a set of instructions and more a set of guidelines:

- The demon feeds on your lust and gains power from it.
- The more lust you feed it, the more it can reshape itself.
- The demon can reshape you as well, though doing so requires more lust.
- It wants you to be attracted to it, and is generally very open-minded about changes.
- They are low-ranking demons back home, so kind treatment goes a long way.

And so, with a bit of rushed instruction and five bullet points, you complete the final symbol.

Nothing.

You flip back to the summoning circle reference, comparing it to what you drew. Everything seems to be matching up. You are struggling a bit to read the symbols, though. Was it always this dark in here?

Suddenly, a blinding flash from the center of the circle startles you, causing you to drop the book and step away. It is strange to look at, burning your eyes like staring at the Sun, only it appears to be pitch black. It slowly expands to fill the circle, stopping when it reaches the edges.

“H-hello?” You hear a voice coming through it, like someone speaking on the other side.

Thinking about another few bullet points that really should have been in that list, you reply, “Hello. Are, uh, you a demon?”

There is a sound like a distorted gasp. “You’re a human? Are you summoning me?!” From the description Terra had given, you were expecting something a bit more sudden and forceful, like the demon appearing on the floor or suspended in midair.

“Yes, you are being summoned. Could you come through the portal-thing, please?” You see the edges of the portal starting to flicker back toward the center.

“Oh, okay! Hang on, let me grab my—no, there’s no time! Okay, coming through!” With a single bound, a demon leaps up through the portal, standing with its hooves on the edges as the portal closes beneath them. After it closes, you are finally able to get a good look.

The demon stands at about five and a half feet, you would guess, and is covered in short, brown fur. They are also completely naked. Figuring that a lust demon wouldn't mind, your eyes drift from the large, curled goat horns, down the face, and down to their body. You first notice a good-sized pair of breasts, fully exposed. As you look down further, you see their body is fairly lean. Though between their legs, rather than seeing the pink slit of a pussy, you see the sheath of a cock and a pair of rather large balls.

“Sorry, I know you were probably hoping I would be stacked and hung and stuff. But I can be! I promise! And—”

Stat	You	?
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	?
Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	B	C
Nipple Length	0.5"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
“You look amazing.”	1827
“We will work on that.”	1924
“Hung, but I could do without stacked.”	2013
“Stacked, but I could do without hung.”	2086

“You look amazing,” you interrupt.

The demon stops, stunned. “I... I do?”

“Yes you do. You don’t need to be stacked or hung to be attractive. You look great just the way you are.”

The demon gives you a warm smile, then continues more calmly, “Thanks, human. Surely you have things you find more attractive than others, though. A ‘type’, if you will. I can become nearly anything, if I am fed enough lust. In fact, I can make changes to your body, too. I can make certain things bigger or smaller, change stuff around completely, or even turn you into a whole different species!”

The demon’s eyes suddenly go wide, as a realization hits them. They stand tall and, suddenly formal, say, “Where are my manners? Summoner, I am Belrye. I will serve for as long as you have need of me.” Going back to a more relaxed posture, they add, “It’s easy to pronounce. ‘Bel’ like ‘dinner bell’, and ‘rye’ like ‘rye bread.’”

You introduce yourself in a similarly formal tone, figuring this must be another bullet point the book missed. Though you find it oddly reassuring that they don’t seem any better prepared for this than you are. You stare at each other in awkward silence for a moment, fumbling for something more to say. Blurting out the first thing that comes to mind, you ask, “Wait, you speak English?”

“Oh, yes. The wall between planes isn’t all that thick, which is why drawing some symbols on the floor let me come here. So we can sometimes see or hear things from here on Earth.” The demon looks around, “We *are* on Earth right now, right?”

“We are,” you reassure them, “It’s just that there is a ward in place. Security and stuff, you know.”

“Oh, okay! I had always heard about wards and things like that, but it’s different actually experiencing it firsthand, you know? It feels kinda like being in a bubble that I can’t see or feel through.” You see a goatlike tail swish side to side, “So what’s under the robe? You get to see me, so it’s only fair, right?” They give you a playful wink, which does nothing to hide the needy tone in their voice. “I know humans can be really shy about that sort of thing, sometimes, but I’m guessing if you summoned a lust demon, you’re probably not against getting naked...”

Well, it’s just the two of you, and you guess you *did* sign up for this. You take off your clothing, tossing it onto the desk. “Wow, a real human...” they say to themselves, licking their lips and making no attempt to be subtle. Maybe Terra’s metaphor about going to get tacos wasn’t far off, after all. From the visibly hardening nipples and the cock-tip emerging from its sheath, your

companion seems to enjoy what they are seeing.

Belrye looks like they are trying to resist immediately leaping onto you, with their hands instead giving their breasts a firm squeeze. Suddenly you notice something. “Wait, how many fingers do you have?”

They pause, confused, then hold up their hands. Sure enough, each has three fingers and a thumb. “I’ve got the usual four. What do you—” They look down at your hands, “Oh! You know, suddenly a whole lot of things make more sense!”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, your counting system. Like how you have digits for ‘eight’ and ‘nine’. For us,” they slowly count on their fingers, “it goes five, six, seven. . .” They then hold one finger up on one hand and none on the other, like you would do to indicate the “ten’s” position, “And that’s eight.”

You suppose this is just the first of many such conversations the two of you will be having, as you get to know each other. Are you supposed to get to know them? Is that what is supposed to happen? Are you supposed to be teaching them something, or what is going on?

“So, what happens now? The instructions I was given are pretty vague, . . . mister? . . . miss?”

“Oh, right—your language gets weird about that stuff. You can call me either one. The lines back on Hell are so blurry that we don’t really think of ourselves as having a specific gender, if I’m being completely honest. Sure, there are body parts someone may be more into than others, but as far as what to call myself. . . I mean, I have boobs but no pussy, and I have a dick. Any of those things could be different tomorrow. I dunno, what would you like to call me?”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	?
Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	B	C
Nipple Length	0.5"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Female pronouns	1831
Male pronouns	1862
Neutral pronouns	1893

You decide to use female pronouns for her. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

She gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

She takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” She gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks her head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” She shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” She continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, she is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave her by herself. “Sure, I would like that.”

Her tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demoness. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want her to look like? I mean, I know you said you like how I look now, but the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat girls? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

She gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, she sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” She gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as she wraps her arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in her soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," she says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, she closes her eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but you would swear you felt genuine affection from the demoness. You wrap your arms around her. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch she almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then she looks down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	B	C
Nipple Length	0.5"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	1836
Pussy	1846
Belrye's choice, either is good	1852

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	B	C
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Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	0 Dead End
Explore her ass	0 Dead End
Explore her dick	0 Dead End
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	0 Dead End
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	0 Dead End
French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold her for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1842

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoness control...” she continues, her fingers reaching down to your quickly dampening pussy and starting to teasingly stroke your clit, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoness you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to rub your clit with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoness, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoness like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how wet you are...” she slips a fingertip inside of you, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your pussy tingling at her touch. She slides her finger a tiny bit deeper, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

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“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoness control...” she continues, her fingers reaching down to your quickly dampening pussy and starting to teasingly stroke your clit, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoness you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to rub your clit with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoness, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoness like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how wet you are...” she slips a fingertip inside of you, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your pussy tingling at her touch. She slides her finger a tiny bit deeper, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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You decide to use male pronouns for him. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

He gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

He takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” He gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks his head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” He shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” He continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, he is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave him by himself. “Sure, I would like that.”

His tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want him to look like? I mean, I know you said you like how I look now, but the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat chests? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

He gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, he sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” He gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as he wraps his arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in his soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," he says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, he closes his eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around him. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch he almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then he looks down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

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Option	Page
Cock	1867
Pussy	1877
Belrye's choice, either is good	1883

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

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“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

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"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

He stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," he replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	B	C
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Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	0 Dead End
Explore his ass	0 Dead End
Explore his dick	0 Dead End
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon	0 Dead End
Explore his uniquely demonic parts	0 Dead End
French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold him for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1873

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers reaching down to your quickly dampening pussy and starting to teasingly stroke your clit, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to rub your clit with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how wet you are...” he slips a fingertip inside of you, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your pussy tingling at his touch. She slides her finger a tiny bit deeper, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
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Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
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“I think I’d rather you had a pussy, if that’s okay with you.”

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“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

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You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold him for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End

“I want to leave that up to you. I’m good either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

He stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," he replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1889

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers reaching down to your quickly dampening pussy and starting to teasingly stroke your clit, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to rub your clit with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how wet you are...” he slips a fingertip inside of you, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your pussy tingling at his touch. She slides her finger a tiny bit deeper, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
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Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
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You decide to use neutral pronouns for them. “So...have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

They give you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

They take the book and start slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” They get to the part with the summoning circle and cock their head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” They show the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” They continue to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, they are your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave them by themselves. “Sure, I would like that.”

Their tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want them to look like? I mean, I know you said you like how I look now, but the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat partners? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

They give you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, they sniff the air and say, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” They give you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as they wrap their arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in their soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," they say, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, they close their eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but you would swear you felt genuine affection from the demon. You wrap your arms around them. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch they almost seem to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then they look down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

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Option	Page
Cock	1898
Pussy	1908
Belrye's choice, either is good	1914

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

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"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

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They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um . . . okay, I can do that!” They think for a moment, then continue, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner . . .” Their tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel their hands reach down and roll you away from them, followed by the sensation of their soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control . . .” they continue, their fingers reaching down to your quickly dampening pussy and starting to teasingly stroke your clit, “who *knows* what they would do to you. Maybe they would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *their* kinks. Or maybe they would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe . . .” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” they snap their fingers beside your head, continuing to rub your clit with their other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Their tone shifts again, to an almost parental one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a parent to take good care of you. Or . . .” they lower their voice to a growl as they continue, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how wet you are...” they slip a fingertip inside of you, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your pussy tingling at their touch. They slide their finger a tiny bit deeper, as they let you think. You also feel their lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether they are trying to sway your decision, are just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t they *just* get done warning you about all of the things they could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt they would be giving you all of these warnings. They’ve already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . ." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

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place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

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You feel their hands reach down and roll you away from them, followed by the sensation of their soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control . . .” they continue, their fingers reaching down to your quickly dampening pussy and starting to teasingly stroke your clit, “who *knows* what they would do to you. Maybe they would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *their* kinks. Or maybe they would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe . . .” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” they snap their fingers beside your head, continuing to rub your clit with their other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Their tone shifts again, to an almost parental one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a parent to take good care of you. Or . . .” they lower their voice to a growl as they continue, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how wet you are...” they slip a fingertip inside of you, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your pussy tingling at their touch. They slide their finger a tiny bit deeper, as they let you think. You also feel their lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether they are trying to sway your decision, are just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t they *just* get done warning you about all of the things they could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt they would be giving you all of these warnings. They’ve already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	B	C
Nipple Length	0.5"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“We will work on that,” you interrupt. The demon stops, then gives you a smile.

“Yeah, you’re right. If you feed me enough lust, I can become pretty much anything you like! Well, not quite anything—I still have to be a demon. But I can change a lot! I can change you too, if you’d like. I can make certain things bigger or smaller, change stuff around completely, or even turn you into a whole different species!”

You give a nod. Having your own custom-made demon could be quite fun, and the idea of changing yourself has a certain appeal to it, too. This job certainly seems to come with some nice perks.

They take a moment to collect themselves, then stand tall and, suddenly formal, say, “Where are my manners? Summoner, I am Belrye. I will serve for as long as you have need of me.” Going back to a more relaxed posture, they add, “It’s easy to pronounce. ‘Bel’ like ‘dinner bell’, and ‘rye’ like ‘rye bread’.”

You introduce yourself in a similarly formal tone, figuring this must be another bullet point the book missed. Though you find it oddly reassuring that they don’t seem any better prepared for this than you are. You stare at each other in awkward silence for a moment, fumbling for something more to say. Blurting out the first thing that comes to mind, you ask, “Wait, you speak English?”

“Oh, yes. The wall between planes isn’t all that thick, which is why drawing some symbols on the floor let me come here. So we can sometimes see or hear things from here on Earth.” The demon looks around, “We *are* on Earth right now, right?”

“We are,” you reassure them, “It’s just that there is a ward in place. Security and stuff, you know.”

“Oh, okay! I had always heard about wards and things like that, but it’s different actually experiencing it firsthand, you know? It feels kinda like being in a bubble that I can’t see or feel through.” You see a goatlike tail swish side to side, “So what’s under the robe? You get to see me, so it’s only fair, right?” They give you a playful wink, which does nothing to hide the needy tone in their voice. “I know humans can be really shy about that sort of thing, sometimes, but I’m guessing if you summoned a lust demon, you’re probably not against getting naked. . .”

Well, it’s just the two of you, and you guess you *did* sign up for this. You take off your clothing, tossing it onto the desk. “Wow, a real human. . .” they say to themselves, licking their lips and making no attempt to be subtle. Maybe Terra’s metaphor about going to get tacos wasn’t far off, after all. From the visibly hardening nipples and the cock-tip emerging from its sheath, your

companion seems to enjoy what they are seeing.

Belrye looks like they are trying to resist immediately leaping onto you, with their hands instead giving their breasts a firm squeeze. Suddenly you notice something. “Wait, how many fingers do you have?”

They pause, confused, then hold up thier hands. Sure enough, each has three fingers and a thumb. “I’ve got the usual four. What do you—” They look down at your hands, “Oh! You know, suddenly a whole lot of things make more sense!”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, your counting system. Like how you have digits for ‘eight’ and ‘nine’. For us,” they slowly count on their fingers, “it goes five, six, seven. . .” They then hold one finger up on one hand and none on the other, like you would do to indicate the “ten’s” position, “And that’s eight.”

You suppose this is just the first of many such conversations the two of you will be having, as you get to know each other. Are you supposed to get to know them? Is that what is supposed to happen? Are you supposed to be teaching them something, or what is going on?

“So, what happens now? The instructions I was given are pretty vague, . . . mister? . . . miss?”

“Oh, right—your language gets weird about that stuff. You can call me either one. The lines back on Hell are so blurry that we really don’t think of ourselves as having a specific gender, if I’m being completely honest. Sure, there are body parts someone may be more into than others, but as far as what to call myself. . . I mean, I have boobs but no pussy, and I have a dick. Any of those things could be different tomorrow. I dunno, what would you like to call me?”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	?
Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	B	C
Nipple Length	0.5"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Female pronouns	1928
Male pronouns	1959
Neutral pronouns	1990

You decide to use female pronouns for her. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

She gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

She takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” She gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks her head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” She shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” She continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, she is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave her by herself. “Sure, I would like that.”

Her tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demoness. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want her to look like? I mean, you sounded interested in working on some changes, and the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat girls? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

She gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, she sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” She gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as she wraps her arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in her soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," she says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, she closes her eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around her. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch she almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then she looks down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	B	C
Nipple Length	0.5"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	1933
Pussy	1943
Belrye's choice, either is good	1949

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, whatever you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put togeth—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	B	C
Nipple Length	0.5"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	0 Dead End
Explore her ass	0 Dead End
Explore her dick	0 Dead End
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	0 Dead End
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	0 Dead End
French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold her for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1939

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoness control...” she continues, her fingers reaching down to your quickly dampening pussy and starting to teasingly stroke your clit, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoness you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to rub your clit with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoness, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoness like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how wet you are...” she slips a fingertip inside of you, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your pussy tingling at her touch. She slides her finger a tiny bit deeper, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

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He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

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“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, for the things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make them happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoness control...” she continues, her fingers reaching down to your quickly dampening pussy and starting to teasingly stroke your clit, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoness you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to rub your clit with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoness, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoness like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how wet you are...” she slips a fingertip inside of you, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your pussy tingling at her touch. She slides her finger a tiny bit deeper, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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You decide to use male pronouns for him. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

He gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

He takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” He gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks his head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” He shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” He continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, he is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave him by himself. “Sure, I would like that.”

His tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want him to look like? I mean, you sounded interested in working on some changes, and the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat guys? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

He gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, he sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” He gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as he wraps his arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in his soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," he says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, he closes his eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but you would swear you felt genuine affection from the demon. You wrap your arms around him. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch he almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then he looks down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

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Option	Page
Cock	1964
Pussy	1974
Belrye's choice, either is good	1980

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, whatever you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

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“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

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“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

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"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

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"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

He stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give him a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," he replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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Species	Human	Goat
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Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	0 Dead End
Explore his ass	0 Dead End
Explore his dick	0 Dead End
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon	0 Dead End
Explore his uniquely demonic parts	0 Dead End
French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold him for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1970

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers reaching down to your quickly dampening pussy and starting to teasingly stroke your clit, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to rub your clit with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how wet you are...” he slips a fingertip inside of you, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your pussy tingling at his touch. She slides her finger a tiny bit deeper, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
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Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

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“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, for the things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make them happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he’s safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

He stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give him a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” he replies, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

He opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces himself to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	B	C
Nipple Length	0.5"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	0 Dead End
Explore his ass	0 Dead End
Explore his dick	0 Dead End
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon	0 Dead End
Explore his uniquely demonic parts	0 Dead End
French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold him for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1986

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers reaching down to your quickly dampening pussy and starting to teasingly stroke your clit, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to rub your clit with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how wet you are...” he slips a fingertip inside of you, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your pussy tingling at his touch. She slides her finger a tiny bit deeper, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Height	5'4"	5'6"
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Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

You decide to use neutral pronouns for them. “So...have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

They give you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

They take the book and start slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” They get to the part with the summoning circle and cock their head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” They show the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” They continue to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, they are your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave them by themselves. “Sure, I would like that.”

Their tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want him to look like? I mean, you sounded interested in working on some changes, and the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat partners? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

They give you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, they sniff the air and say, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” They give you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as they wrap their arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in their soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," they say, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, they close their eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but you would swear you felt genuine affection from the demon. You wrap your arms around them. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch they almost seem to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then they look down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	B	C
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Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	1995
Pussy	2001
Belrye's choice, either is good	2007

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, whatever you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

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"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

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“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

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"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

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"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

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When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

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Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

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“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, for the things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make them happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

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“Hung, but I could do without stacked,” you interrupt. The demon stops, then gives you a smile.

“Oh? Much more interested in this, are we?” They gesture teasingly down at their sheath and balls. “If you feed me enough lust, I can become pretty much anything you like! Well, not quite anything—I still have to be a demon. But I can change a lot! I can change you too, if you’d like. I can make certain things bigger or smaller, change stuff around completely, or even turn you into a whole different species!”

You give a nod. Having your own custom-made demon could be quite fun, and the idea of changing yourself has a certain appeal to it, too. This job certainly seems to come with some nice perks.

They take a moment to collect themselves, then stand tall and, suddenly formal, say, “Where are my manners? Summoner, I am Belrye. I will serve for as long as you have need of me.” Going back to a more relaxed posture, they add, “It’s easy to pronounce. ‘Bel’ like ‘dinner bell’, and ‘rye’ like ‘rye bread’.”

You introduce yourself in a similarly formal tone, figuring this must be another bullet point the book missed. Though you find it oddly reassuring that they don’t seem any better prepared for this than you are. You stare at each other in awkward silence for a moment, fumbling for something more to say. Blurting out the first thing that comes to mind, you ask, “Wait, you speak English?”

“Oh, yes. The wall between planes isn’t all that thick, which is why drawing some symbols on the floor let me come here. So we can sometimes see or hear things from here on Earth.” The demon looks around, “We *are* on Earth right now, right?”

“We are,” you reassure them, “It’s just that there is a ward in place. Security and stuff, you know.”

“Oh, okay! I had always heard about wards and things like that, but it’s different actually experiencing it firsthand, you know? It feels kinda like being in a bubble that I can’t see or feel through.” You see a goatlike tail swish side to side, “So what’s under the robe? You get to see me, so it’s only fair, right?” They give you a playful wink, which does nothing to hide the needy tone in their voice. “I know humans can be really shy about that sort of thing, sometimes, but I’m guessing if you summoned a lust demon, you’re probably not against getting naked. . .”

Well, it’s just the two of you, and you guess you *did* sign up for this. You take off your clothing, tossing it onto the desk. “Wow, a real human. . .” they say to themselves, licking their lips and making no attempt to be subtle. Maybe Terra’s metaphor about going to get tacos wasn’t far off, after all. From

the visibly hardening nipples and the cock-tip emerging from its sheath, your companion seems to enjoy what they are seeing.

Belrye looks like they are trying to resist immediately leaping onto you, with their hands instead reaching between their legs to stroke their slowly extending cock. Suddenly you notice something. “Wait, how many fingers do you have?”

They pause, confused, then hold up their hands. Sure enough, each has three fingers and a thumb. “I’ve got the usual four. What do you—” They look down at your hands, “Oh! You know, suddenly a whole lot of things make more sense!”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, your counting system. Like how you have digits for ‘eight’ and ‘nine’. For us,” they slowly count on their fingers, “it goes five, six, seven. . .” They then hold one finger up on one hand and none on the other, like you would do to indicate the “ten’s” position, “And that’s eight.”

You suppose this is just the first of many such conversations the two of you will be having, as you get to know each other. Are you supposed to get to know them? Is that what is supposed to happen? Are you supposed to be teaching them something, or what is going on?

“So, what happens now? The instructions I was given are pretty vague, . . . mister? . . . miss?”

“Oh, right—your language gets weird about that stuff. You can call me either one. The lines back on Hell are so blurry that we really don’t think of ourselves as having a specific gender, if I’m being completely honest. Sure, there are body parts someone may be into more than others, but as far as what to call myself. . . I mean, I have boobs but no pussy, and I have a dick. Any of those things could be different tomorrow. I dunno, what would you like to call me?”

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Option	Page
Female pronouns	2017
Male pronouns	2040
Neutral pronouns	2063

You decide to use female pronouns for her. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

She gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

She takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” She gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks her head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” She shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” She continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, she is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave her by herself. “Sure, I would like that.”

Her tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demoness. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want her to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me hung, but aren’t into me being stacked. Into flat girls with dicks? I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

She gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, she sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” She gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as she wraps her arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in her soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," she says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, she closes her eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around her. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch she almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then she looks down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I should be hung, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	2022
Pussy	2028
Belrye's choice, either is good	2034

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there’s something you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

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“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

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"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

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"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

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"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

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"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

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Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

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You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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Just hold her for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Oh? I’m a bit surprised, since you liked the idea of me being hung. Maybe you just didn’t know that was an option? Either way, absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

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You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

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You decide to use male pronouns for him. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

He gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

He takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” He gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks his head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” He shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” He continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, he is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave him by himself. “Sure, I would like that.”

His tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want him to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me hung, but aren’t into me being stacked. Into flat guys with dicks? I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

He gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, he sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” He gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as he wraps his arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in his soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," he says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, he closes his eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around him. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch he almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then he looks down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I should be hung, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

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Option	Page
Cock	2045
Pussy	2051
Belrye's choice, either is good	2057

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

He stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," he replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

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"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Oh? I’m a bit surprised, since you liked the idea of me being hung. Maybe you just didn’t know that was an option? Either way, absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

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When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

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“I’d like that,” he replies, “I’d like that so, so much.”

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He opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

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wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

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Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

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Option	Page
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Explore his ass	0 Dead End
Explore his dick	0 Dead End
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon	0 Dead End
Explore his uniquely demonic parts	0 Dead End
French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold him for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End

You decide to use neutral pronouns for them. “So...have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

They give you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

They take the book and start slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” They get to the part with the summoning circle and cock their head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” They show the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” They continue to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, they are your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave them by themselves. “Sure, I would like that.”

Their tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want them to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me hung, but aren’t into me being stacked. Into flat partners with dicks? I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

They give you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, they sniff the air and say, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” They give you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as they wrap their arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in their soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," they say, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, they close their eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around them. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch they almost seem to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then they look down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I should be hung, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

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Option	Page
Cock	2068
Pussy	2074
Belrye's choice, either is good	2080

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“Absolutely! Of course, if there’s something you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Oh? I’m a bit surprised, since you liked the idea of me being hung. Maybe you just didn’t know that was an option? Either way, absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

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You give them a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” they reply, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind...”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

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Explore their uniquely demonic parts	0 Dead End
French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold them for a bit	0 Dead End
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“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they’re safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

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Just hold them for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End

“Stacked, but I could do without hung,” you interrupt. The demon stops, then gives you a smile.

“Oh? Much more interested in these, are we?” They gesture teasingly at their breasts. “If you feed me enough lust, I can become pretty much anything you like! Well, not quite anything—I still have to be a demon. But I can change a lot! I can change you too, if you’d like. I can make certain things bigger or smaller, change stuff around completely, or even turn you into a whole different species!”

You give a nod. Having your own custom-made demon could be quite fun, and the idea of changing yourself has a certain appeal to it, too. This job certainly seems to come with some nice perks.

They take a moment to collect themselves, then stand tall and, suddenly formal, say, “Where are my manners? Summoner, I am Belrye. I will serve for as long as you have need of me.” Going back to a more relaxed posture, they add, “It’s easy to pronounce. ‘Bel’ like ‘dinner bell’, and ‘rye’ like ‘rye bread’.”

You introduce yourself in a similarly formal tone, figuring this must be another bullet point the book missed. Though you find it oddly reassuring that they don’t seem any better prepared for this than you are. You stare at each other in awkward silence for a moment, fumbling for something more to say. Blurting out the first thing that comes to mind, you ask, “Wait, you speak English?”

“Oh, yes. The wall between planes isn’t all that thick, which is why drawing some symbols on the floor let me come here. So we can sometimes see or hear things from here on Earth.” The demon looks around, “We *are* on Earth right now, right?”

“We are,” you reassure them, “It’s just that there is a ward in place. Security and stuff, you know.”

“Oh, okay! I had always heard about wards and things like that, but it’s different actually experiencing it firsthand, you know? It feels kinda like being in a bubble that I can’t see or feel through.” You see a goatlike tail swish side to side, “So what’s under the robe? You get to see me, so it’s only fair, right?” They give you a playful wink, which does nothing to hide the needy tone in their voice. “I know humans can be really shy about that sort of thing, sometimes, but I’m guessing if you summoned a lust demon, you’re probably not against getting naked. . .”

Well, it’s just the two of you, and you guess you *did* sign up for this. You take off your clothing, tossing it onto the desk. “Wow, a real human. . .” they say to themselves, licking their lips and making no attempt to be subtle. Maybe Terra’s metaphor about going to get tacos wasn’t far off, after all. From

the visibly hardening nipples and the cock-tip emerging from its sheath, your companion seems to enjoy what they are seeing.

Belrye looks like they are trying to resist immediately leaping onto you, with their hands instead firmly grasping their breasts. Suddenly, you notice something. “Wait, how many fingers do you have?”

They pause, confused, then hold up their hands. Sure enough, each has three fingers and a thumb. “I’ve got the usual four. What do you—” They look down at your hands, ““Oh! You know, suddenly a whole lot of things make more sense!”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, your counting system. Like how you have digits for ‘eight’ and ‘nine’. For us,” they slowly count on their fingers, “it goes five, six, seven. . .” They then hold one finger up on one hand and none on the other, like you would do to indicate the “ten’s” position, “And that’s eight.”

You suppose this is just the first of many such conversations the two of you will be having, as you get to know each other. Are you supposed to get to know them? Is that what is supposed to happen? Are you supposed to be teaching them something, or what is going on?

“So, what happens now? The instructions I was given are pretty vague, . . . mister? . . . miss?”

“Oh, right—your language gets weird about that stuff. You can call me either one. The lines back on Hell are so blurry that we really don’t think of ourselves as having a specific gender, if I’m being completely honest. Sure, there are body parts someone may be more into than others, but as far as what to call myself. . . I mean, I have boobs but no pussy, and I have a dick. Any of those things could be different tomorrow. I dunno, what would you like to call me?”

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Option	Page
Female pronouns	2090
Male pronouns	2113
Neutral pronouns	2136

You decide to use female pronouns for her. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

She gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

She takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” She gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks her head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” She shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” She continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, she is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave her by herself. “Sure, I would like that.”

Her tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demoness. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want her to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me stacked, but aren’t into me being hung. I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

She gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, she sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” She gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as she wraps her arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in her soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," she says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, she closes her eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around her. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch she almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then she looks down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you aren't into me being hung, I assume that means you'd rather I had a pussy? Or do you just want me have a cock, but just to not be huge?"

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Option	Page
Cock	2095
Pussy	2101
Belrye's choice, either is good	2107

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there’s something you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

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You decide to use male pronouns for him. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

He gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

He takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” He gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks his head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” He shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” He continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, he is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave him by himself. “Sure, I would like that.”

His tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want him to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me stacked, but aren’t into me being hung. Into big-boobed guys? I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

He gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, he sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” He gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as he wraps his arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in his soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," he says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, he closes his eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around him. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch he almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then he looks down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you aren't into me being hung, I assume that means you'd rather I had a pussy? Or do you just want me have a cock, but just to not be huge?"

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Option	Page
Cock	2118
Pussy	2124
Belrye's choice, either is good	2130

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there’s something you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

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"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

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When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

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"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

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You decide to use neutral pronouns for them. “So...have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

They give you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

They take the book and start slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” They get to the part with the summoning circle and cock their head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” They show the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” They continue to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, they are your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave them by themselves. “Sure, I would like that.”

Their tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want them to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me stacked, but aren’t into me being hung. Into big-boobed partners? I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

They give you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, they sniff the air and say, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” They give you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as they wrap their arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in their soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," they say, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, they close their eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around them. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch they almost seem to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then they look down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you aren't into me being hung, I assume that means you'd rather I had a pussy? Or do you just want me have a cock, but just to not be huge?"

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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	2141
Pussy	2147
Belrye's choice, either is good	2153

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there’s something you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

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“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

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"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

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"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

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“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

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“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they’re safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

They stand up and walk over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give them a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” they reply, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put togeth—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	B	C
Nipple Length	0.5"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	0 Dead End
Explore their ass	0 Dead End
Explore their dick	0 Dead End
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon	0 Dead End
Explore their uniquely demonic parts	0 Dead End
French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold them for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End

“Oh, uh, sister.” You suppose you should have been ready for that.

“Ah, see? This is why I ask,” Tom writes your name down, then checks a calendar on the desk and writes today’s date, “Sister it is!”

“So, uh, what exactly am I supposed to do here? Like I was assuming we were talking about things like shoveling the walk or painting walls. But after seeing, well. . .” you nod toward the door where Kletano had left, “I probably shouldn’t assume anything.”

He gives you a grin. “Well, let me tell you a bit about our work here. Let’s take a walk.” He rises from his chair and leads you to the same door Kletano had left through. In the back of your mind, you were expecting a torchlit corridor stretching down into darkness, distant roars, and magic words echoing up to you. Well, you were right about the corridor part, though it is lit with the kinds of lightbulbs you would see in any other building. As you walk, you pass another demon. This one is female and seems to be in a bit of a hurry carrying a mug of coffee. She and Tom exchange nods as you pass.

“New brother?”

“New sister, actually.”

“My apologies! Welcome, new sister! Sorry, late for a meeting.” This all seems oddly familiar, like what you might see at a typical office. What is going on here?

A few steps later, Tom leads you through a side-door and into a room. This is much more what you were expecting. An old woman in a pale gray robe is seated behind a small desk, with several shelves of books behind her. She looks at you, and then turns to Tom.

“Hello, Terra. A new sister has joined our order.” Turning to you, he begins to explain, “So, let me tell you a bit about our order. As you have started to see firsthand, there are other planes of existence out there besides our own. In fact, there are a vast multitude of them, populated by an equally wide variety of creatures. Our mission here is to begin to establish diplomatic relations outside of our plane. We feel that it is better to reach out on our own, rather than wait to be contacted by the first one to take an interest in us.”

“So, since those are most definitely demons, I’m thinking you chose Hell. Don’t get me wrong, I’ve never been the religious type, but. . .”

“But why Hell?” Tom asks rhetorically. “Actually, Hell and Earth have a long and complicated history together. At times it has been peaceful, and at other times less so. We felt the best place to start was with a society we have some common history with. Another reason we were drawn to Hell was because their society is quite stable. While their system of government resembles ancient feudalism here, the overall structure has not changed in

thousands of years.”

“Also, the council chose Hell, and that was that,” Terra chimes in, casting a glance at Tom. Something about her expression makes you uneasy.

“Ah yes, not everyone agrees with the council’s decision, but I suppose time will tell. What we are doing now is something of an exchange program. We are summoning demons and helping them to integrate into our order. Your job will be to assist with this summoning and training process. I am sure it sounds a bit scary, but don’t worry. Terra here will be training and supervising you.” She gives you a confident nod.

This all sounds quite fascinating, but at the moment you have a more mundane concern. “So, um, what is the pay cycle here? See, my landlord is kicking me out in a few days.”

“Oh,” Terra replies, “that actually makes it easier. You see, we typically prefer summoners stay here at the temple. You are free to come and go, of course, but the nature of your duties make it far easier if you are on site. It sounds like that will not be a problem?” You shake your head. “Excellent. As for your things, let me show you to your room.”

The three of you leave and continue further down the hallway, reaching an elevator that appears to have been installed much more recently. “Summoning section five,” she says as you enter, and the elevator dings. You feel the elevator start to move quickly downward, before it comes to a stop and the door opens. This, you realize, is more like you expected. The walls are made of stone brick, and strange symbols cover the walls and ceiling. The corridor is lit by torches in wall sconces, and robed figures occasionally move from room to room.

“Yours is the first room on the left, so it should be easy to remember. Summoning section five, room one.” She points to an unmarked stone brick beside the door. “Press your hand there.”

You press your palm against it, finding it strangely warm. After you pull away, the brick starts to glow with another strange symbol. “There, the room is now keyed to you. This door will only open if you press your palm against it. Quite an effective doorlock, wouldn’t you say?”

“So wait, does this mean I’m some kind of wizard?” The strangeness of everything is starting to sink in.

“You are no more a wizard than a programmer is a mage. The world is governed by certain rules. Through our... ‘partnership’ with Hell, we have gained access to new types of technology, which work in ways you are unfamiliar with.”

You experimentally put your hand back against the stone, and the door opens smoothly inward. The room is about the size of a typical bedroom, and

has a bed and writing desk inside. One thing you note is the lack of a power outlet. They must not have electricity down here. An hour ago, you would have thought that strange.

“You will be able to get moved in after you see the other room.” She leads you out (it looks like the lock only works one way), and gestures to the room on the other side of the lock stone. “So, your right hand opened the door to the left. Now use your left hand. The same stone unlocks both doors. Since it is between the doors, use the hand closest to the stone to unlock the door you are standing in front of.”

You press against it, and as the door opens you walk inside. This room looks far more like a dungeon. It is unfurnished, apart from a set of four shackles hanging from the ceiling, a sink, a floor drain, a table, and a single chair. “This room is where you will do the summoning. It is left unfurnished since each summoner tends to set things up differently. Unlike the other room, this room is keyed to you for both entering and exiting. This is done as a safety precaution, but we will talk more about that later.”

The next few hours are a blur. You are shown the rest of the facilities, ranging from restrooms to summoning-ink storage. This is followed by Tom driving you to your house to collect your things (What possessions you have left fit in a suitcase.) The two of you talk the whole way, but it all goes in one ear and out the other. You come back to what is now your home as the Sun is rising, make your way to summoning section five, room one, and fall into bed. You don’t even remember your head hitting the pillow before you are asleep.

You are awakened sometime later by a pleasant chiming sound. You are not sure where it is coming from, but as soon as you sit up in bed it stops. Unsure what else to do, you arrange the items from your suitcase in the room. The old photo goes on the desk, your spare clothing goes in the closet, and a few minutes later you are moved in. It still doesn’t feel like home, but maybe that will change with time. You take a change of clothes and a towel, then head to the shower.

After your shower, you are finally feeling more like yourself. Fifteen minutes to just process everything that has been happening made a big difference. You also had a chance to look at a clock, and realized it was evening again. You had slept through the day, but that meant surprisingly little with most things beneath the surface. You make your way to Terra’s office, assuming this should be her shift again. Sure enough, you find her there. Sitting on the desk are a robe and a thin, leather-bound book. “Ah, welcome back. Did you sleep well?” You nod in reply. “Excellent, you looked pretty glazed over at the end of last night. So, excited for your first summon?”

“Yeah. And more than a bit scared. I’ve seen enough movies to know I don’t want to do this wrong.”

“Movies often get things wrong, but that is one thing they are right about. Here,” she gestures to the book and robe, “these are for you.” She gives you a moment to put the robe on over your clothes. For as hot as it looks, you find it surprisingly comfortable. “Now, let’s go to your summoning room and get started. The process takes a while and must be done carefully, but it is not complicated.” The two of you walk together down to your summoning room. It still looks just as uninviting as it had the night before. Still, you open your book and start looking at it. Inside is a large collection of symbols, diagrams, and instructions.

“Now, there are two main things that we will need to do, and they must be done in this order. First, we will be making a ward. And second, we will be making a summoning circle. Now, the rooms themselves have a very powerful ward on them that prevents demons from perceiving anything outside of these walls. Once they have been properly trained, you can allow them out. Any questions so far?”

“So this room looks really uncomfortable, especially with the shackles and stuff. From what Tom was saying, shouldn’t the room be setup to be more welcoming first?”

Terra lets out a long sigh. “So, when a demon arrives, we never know who we are going to get. Some are easy to work with, and others are definitely not. Some are immediately hostile. This room is here to contain them until they have been prepared to work with us. Brother Tom has never seen a demon who hasn’t been fully prepared yet, so his head is a bit in the clouds when it comes to the whole process.” Something about her phrasing again makes you feel uneasy, but since she is the expert here, you decide to follow her lead.

“Wait, so the demon is locked in here, right?” Terra nods. “Shouldn’t there be some sort of toilet or something in here for them? Like I get that a bed can be added, but I don’t see any sort of plumbing in here aside from the sink and that drain.”

“Oh, right. So demons generally don’t need to eat, though there are some exceptions. For example, a lust demon feeds on lust, a wrath demon consumes anger, etc. Since they don’t eat, there is no need for a toilet. The same goes for drinking. They are *able* to eat, but it is not needed for them. Getting you aroused and eating the emotion is like a late-night taco run for a lust demon.”

She walks you through the process of drawing the ward on the floor, using a large bottle of ink and a fingertip. The symbols, while strange, are not too complex. As you complete the final symbol, it glows brightly along with the ink on your fingertip. Over a few seconds, it fades to a dull green, and the ink

on your finger disappears completely.

“Now,” she says, “this ward will prevent the demon from being able to harm you. They will not be able to cause you physical pain. However, they are still fully capable of lying, tricking you, angering you, insulting you, etc. Be prepared for that. They are also prevented from directly damaging or touching the ward or the summoning circle you will be drawing next. Again, though, they can trick you or try to indirectly cause you to do it. The ward itself is very fragile. A single smudge is all it takes to deactivate it. Be exceedingly careful about that.”

“So, let’s get started on the summoning circle. By the way, before you complete that, you will need to let me out of the room. The ward protects you, and only you. Once you have summoned a demon, it is not safe to bring anyone else in here, either demon or human. I will guide you until you are ready to draw the final symbol.” You nod.

“Okay, this is where things get interesting. First, draw a circle like the diagram here.” After you have drawn it, she says, “Very good. Next is the symbol for the type of demon you will be summoning. I have been told by the council to have you summon a lust demon.”

“Oh, uh, okay. What are they like? Do they try to seduce you or something?”

“Lust demons are pretty basic, actually. They feed off of human lust in the same way that you eat food. They can actually starve if they don’t get enough of it, but the more they get, the more powerful they become. Their abilities are generally limited to body reshaping, either their own or others.”

“Am I supposed to try to resist being attracted to it?”

“Actually, attraction is encouraged. But don’t lose sight of what is going on. You can feed them lust, but be sure not to let them manipulate you. Normally you would have spent weeks or months training for this, but we are actually quite short on summoners.”

You mull that over for a moment, then nod and examine the symbol. It is rather simple, yet still looks oddly suggestive. You then start carefully drawing it out on the floor. It takes a little time, but you finish copying it with Terra’s supervision. This is followed by the remaining symbols, one by one. Eventually, you stand up, stretch, and admire your handiwork. There is one line left on the last symbol.

“Okay, time to let me out. Now, the next section of your book explains everything you need to know. But if you have any questions at all, as long as the demon is safely restrained, you can come and ask myself or any of our brothers and sisters.” She demonstrates to you that she is unable to open the door, even pulling back with all her strength. You walk over and let her out.

The door feels heavy, but there is no resistance otherwise.

Now alone, you decide to check the book before drawing that last line. It is less a set of instructions and more a set of guidelines:

- The demon feeds on your lust and gains power from it.
- The more lust you feed it, the more it can reshape itself.
- The demon can reshape you as well, though doing so requires more lust.
- It wants you to be attracted to it, and is generally very open-minded about changes.
- They are low-ranking demons back home, so kind treatment goes a long way.

And so, with a bit of rushed instruction and five bullet points, you complete the final symbol.

Nothing.

You flip back to the summoning circle reference, comparing it to what you drew. Everything seems to be matching up. You are struggling a bit to read the symbols, though. Was it always this dark in here?

Suddenly, a blinding flash from the center of the circle startles you, causing you to drop the book and step away. It is strange to look at, burning your eyes like staring at the Sun, only it appears to be pitch black. It slowly expands to fill the circle, stopping when it reaches the edges.

“H-hello?” You hear a voice coming through it, like someone speaking on the other side.

Thinking about another few bullet points that really should have been in that list, you reply, “Hello. Are, uh, you a demon?”

There is a sound like a distorted gasp. “You’re a human? Are you summoning me?!” From the description Terra had given, you were expecting something a bit more sudden and forceful, like the demon appearing on the floor or suspended in midair.

“Yes, you are being summoned. Could you come through the portal-thing, please?” You see the edges of the portal starting to flicker back toward the center.

“Oh, okay! Hang on, let me grab my—no, there’s no time! Okay, coming through!” With a single bound, a demon leaps up through the portal, standing with its hooves on the edges as the portal closes beneath them. After it closes, you are finally able to get a good look.

The demon stands at about five and a half feet, you would guess, and is covered in short, brown fur. They are also completely naked. Figuring that a lust demon wouldn't mind, your eyes drift from the large, curled goat horns, down the face, and down to their body. You first notice a good-sized pair of breasts, fully exposed. As you look down further, you see their body is fairly lean. Though between their legs, rather than seeing the pink slit of a pussy, you see the sheath of a cock and a pair of rather large balls.

“Sorry, I know you were probably hoping I would be stacked and hung and stuff. But I can be! I promise! And—”

Stat	You	?
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	?
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“You look amazing.”	2168
“We will work on that.”	2529
“Hung, but I could do without stacked.”	2890
“Stacked, but I could do without hung.”	3149

“You look amazing,” you interrupt.

The demon stops, stunned. “I... I do?”

“Yes you do. You don’t need to be stacked or hung to be attractive. You look great just the way you are.”

The demon gives you a warm smile, then continues more calmly, “Thanks, human. Surely you have things you find more attractive than others, though. A ‘type’, if you will. I can become nearly anything, if I am fed enough lust. In fact, I can make changes to your body, too. I can make certain things bigger or smaller, change stuff around completely, or even turn you into a whole different species!”

The demon’s eyes suddenly go wide, as a realization hits them. They stand tall and, suddenly formal, say, “Where are my manners? Summoner, I am Belrye. I will serve for as long as you have need of me.” Going back to a more relaxed posture, they add, “It’s easy to pronounce. ‘Bel’ like ‘dinner bell’, and ‘rye’ like ‘rye bread.’”

You introduce yourself in a similarly formal tone, figuring this must be another bullet point the book missed. Though you find it oddly reassuring that they don’t seem any better prepared for this than you are. You stare at each other in awkward silence for a moment, fumbling for something more to say. Blurting out the first thing that comes to mind, you ask, “Wait, you speak English?”

“Oh, yes. The wall between planes isn’t all that thick, which is why drawing some symbols on the floor let me come here. So we can sometimes see or hear things from here on Earth.” The demon looks around, “We *are* on Earth right now, right?”

“We are,” you reassure them, “It’s just that there is a ward in place. Security and stuff, you know.”

“Oh, okay! I had always heard about wards and things like that, but it’s different actually experiencing it firsthand, you know? It feels kinda like being in a bubble that I can’t see or feel through.” You see a goatlike tail swish side to side, “So what’s under the robe? You get to see me, so it’s only fair, right?” They give you a playful wink, which does nothing to hide the needy tone in their voice. “I know humans can be really shy about that sort of thing, sometimes, but I’m guessing if you summoned a lust demon, you’re probably not against getting naked...”

Well, it’s just the two of you, and you guess you *did* sign up for this. You take off your clothing, tossing it onto the desk. “Wow, a real human...” they say to themselves, licking their lips and making no attempt to be subtle. Maybe Terra’s metaphor about going to get tacos wasn’t far off, after all. From the visibly hardening nipples and the cock-tip emerging from its sheath, your

companion seems to enjoy what they are seeing.

Belrye looks like they are trying to resist immediately leaping onto you, with their hands instead giving their breasts a firm squeeze. Suddenly you notice something. “Wait, how many fingers do you have?”

They pause, confused, then hold up their hands. Sure enough, each has three fingers and a thumb. “I’ve got the usual four. What do you—” They look down at your hands, “Oh! You know, suddenly a whole lot of things make more sense!”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, your counting system. Like how you have digits for ‘eight’ and ‘nine’. For us,” they slowly count on their fingers, “it goes five, six, seven. . .” They then hold one finger up on one hand and none on the other, like you would do to indicate the “ten’s” position, “And that’s eight.”

You suppose this is just the first of many such conversations the two of you will be having, as you get to know each other. Are you supposed to get to know them? Is that what is supposed to happen? Are you supposed to be teaching them something, or what is going on?

“So, what happens now? The instructions I was given are pretty vague, . . . mister? . . . miss?”

“Oh, right—your language gets weird about that stuff. You can call me either one. The lines back on Hell are so blurry that we don’t really think of ourselves as having a specific gender, if I’m being completely honest. Sure, there are body parts someone may be more into than others, but as far as what to call myself. . . I mean, I have boobs but no pussy, and I have a dick. Any of those things could be different tomorrow. I dunno, what would you like to call me?”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	?
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Female pronouns	2172
Male pronouns	2291
Neutral pronouns	2410

You decide to use female pronouns for her. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

She gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

She takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” She gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks her head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” She shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” She continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, she is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave her by herself. “Sure, I would like that.”

Her tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demoness. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want her to look like? I mean, I know you said you like how I look now, but the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat girls? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

She gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, she sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” She gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as she wraps her arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in her soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," she says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, she closes her eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but you would swear you felt genuine affection from the demoness. You wrap your arms around her. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch she almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then she looks down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	2177
Pussy	2215
Belrye's choice, either is good	2253

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	2183
	Explore her ass	2187
	Explore her dick	2191
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon		2195
	Explore her uniquely demonic parts	2199
	French kiss	2203
	Just hold her for a bit	2207
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2211

Well, since your hands are already on her breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding her nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give one of her nipples a slight pull, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring her breasts, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, her ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind her back, one of your hands finds its way to her ass. She feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives her asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of her hands slide down your back as you do. Her claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell she is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. Finding her tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by her dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down her body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past her flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give her cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, she seems to have fully extended from the sheath. Her length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

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After a moment, you give her a gentle nudge on her shoulder and ask if she wants to roll over. With a little giggle, she does, then presses her body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As she presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around her and slide the other underneath her head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” She raises her head for you to move your arm down a bit. As she lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub her soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize she is pushing back just a *little* harder with her butt than she probably needs to. She also seems to have positioned herself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between her cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as she grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give her a bit of a surprise. As she pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demoness’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, she pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” she breathes over her shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home her point, she begins working herself down onto your cock.

As she goes past the halfway point, you give her the rest with one hard push. You feel her shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. As she rests a hand on yours, she adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, she asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demoness’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out her more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down her muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping her lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," she says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in her voice, as you feel her hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of her big, floppy ears. You're not sure what her hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to her. Thinking back to her goatlike eyes, she probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of her thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" she gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, hers feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of her head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Her hands are exploring your face, as she continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down her back, your hand finds her tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of her body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before she stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Her exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," she says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to her hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against hers. As hers part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel her tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while she might look a lot like a goat, she is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that her tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as she pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around her as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for her part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like she wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, she softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, she breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

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With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around her soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until her arms gently wrap around you. Her soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in her voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for her. In her voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of her claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, she does the same on the other side. You realize that she is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give her a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against her shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of her hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm her body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear her softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

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love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoness control...” she continues, her fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoness you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoness, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoness like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” she gives your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in her hand. She goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
	Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
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	Option	Page
	Boob groping	2221
	Explore her ass	2225
	Explore her dick	2229
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon		2233
	Explore her uniquely demonic parts	2237
	French kiss	2241
	Just hold her for a bit	2245
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2249

Well, since your hands are already on her breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding her nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give one of her nipples a slight pull, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring her breasts, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, her ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind her back, one of your hands finds its way to her ass. She feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives her asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of her hands slide down your back as you do. Her claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell she is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. Finding her tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You do have to admit, your curiosity has been piqued by her dick, so that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down her body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past her flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine.

You hear a small giggle, “For wanting me to have a pussy instead, you don’t seem to mind my dick. You must like both, but just be *slightly* more into a nice, wet hole.”

“Y-yeah,” you reply, with Belrye letting out a soft moan as you gently rub her cock. It feels like a strange mix of human and equine, with the blunt head sliding out of a sheath. It also feels much warmer than you expected.

As you explore, you feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn’t really a goat. You give her cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. “Seems like you like it, too.”

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, she asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” In your hands, she seems to have fully extended from the sheath. Her length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved.

We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give her a gentle nudge on her shoulder and ask if she wants to roll over. With a little giggle, she does, then presses her body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As she presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around her and slide the other underneath her head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” She raises her head for you to move your arm down a bit. As she lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub her soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize she is pushing back just a *little* harder with her butt than she probably needs to. She also seems to have positioned herself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between her cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as she grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give her a bit of a surprise. As she pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demoness’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, she pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” she breathes over her shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home her point, she begins working herself down onto your cock.

As she goes past the halfway point, you give her the rest with one hard push. You feel her shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. As she rests a hand on yours, she adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, she asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demoness’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out her more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down her muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping her lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," she says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in her voice, as you feel her hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of her big, floppy ears. You're not sure what her hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to her. Thinking back to her goatlike eyes, she probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of her thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" she gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, hers feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of her head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Her hands are exploring your face, as she continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down her back, your hand finds her tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of her body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before she stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Her exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," she says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to her hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against hers. As hers part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel her tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while she might look a lot like a goat, she is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that her tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as she pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around her as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for her part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like she wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, she softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, she breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around her soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until her arms gently wrap around you. Her soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in her voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for her. In her voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of her claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, she does the same on the other side. You realize that she is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give her a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against her shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of her hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm her body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear her softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoness control...” she continues, her fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would ride your face night after night, making you eat her out until your tongue is aching. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoness you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoness, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoness like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” she gives your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in her hand. She goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so. . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she’s safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

She stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give her a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” she replies, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	2259
Explore her ass	2263
Explore her dick	2267
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	2271
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	2275
French kiss	2279
Just hold her for a bit	2283
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2287

Well, since your hands are already on her breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding her nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give one of her nipples a slight pull, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring her breasts, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, her ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind her back, one of your hands finds its way to her ass. She feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives her asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of her hands slide down your back as you do. Her claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell she is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. Finding her tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Option	Page
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Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by her dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down her body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past her flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give her cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, she seems to have fully extended from the sheath. Her length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

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If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give her a gentle nudge on her shoulder and ask if she wants to roll over. With a little giggle, she does, then presses her body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As she presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around her and slide the other underneath her head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” She raises her head for you to move your arm down a bit. As she lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub her soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize she is pushing back just a *little* harder with her butt than she probably needs to. She also seems to have positioned herself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between her cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as she grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give her a bit of a surprise. As she pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demoness’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, she pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” she breathes over her shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home her point, she begins working herself down onto your cock.

As she goes past the halfway point, you give her the rest with one hard push. You feel her shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. As she rests a hand on yours, she adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, she asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demoness’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out her more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down her muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping her lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," she says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in her voice, as you feel her hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of her big, floppy ears. You're not sure what her hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to her. Thinking back to her goatlike eyes, she probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of her thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" she gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, hers feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of her head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Her hands are exploring your face, as she continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down her back, your hand finds her tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of her body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before she stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Her exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," she says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to her hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against hers. As hers part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel her tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while she might look a lot like a goat, she is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that her tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as she pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around her as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for her part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like she wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, she softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, she breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around her soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until her arms gently wrap around you. Her soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in her voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for her. In her voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of her claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, she does the same on the other side. You realize that she is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give her a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against her shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of her hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm her body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear her softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoness control...” she continues, her fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoness you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoness, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoness like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” she gives your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in her hand. She goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

You decide to use male pronouns for him. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

He gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

He takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” He gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks his head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” He shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” He continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, he is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave him by himself. “Sure, I would like that.”

His tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want him to look like? I mean, I know you said you like how I look now, but the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat chests? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

He gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, he sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” He gives you a wink, “but I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as he wraps his arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in his soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," he says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, he closes his eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around him. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch he almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then he looks down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	2296
Pussy	2334
Belrye's choice, either is good	2372

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

He stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," he replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	2302
	Explore his ass	2306
	Explore his dick	2310
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		2314
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	2318
	French kiss	2322
	Just hold him for a bit	2326
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2330

Well, since your hands are already on his breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding his nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give one of his nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring his breasts, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, his ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind his back, one of your hands finds its way to his ass. He feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives his asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of his hands slide down your back as you do. His claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell he is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. Finding his tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Build	Average	Average
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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by his dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down his body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past his flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of his sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give his cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of his cock, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, he seems to have fully extended from the sheath. His length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

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You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 
Friends with benefits	0 
Dominant Belrye	0 
Submissive Belrye	0 

After a moment, you give him a gentle nudge on his shoulder and ask if he wants to roll over. With a little giggle, he does, then presses his body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As he presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around his and slide the other underneath his head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here...” He raises his head for you to move your arm down a bit. As he lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better...” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub his soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize he is pushing back just a *little* harder with his butt than he probably needs to. He also seems to have positioned himself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between his cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against his tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as he grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give him a bit of a surprise. As he pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, he pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” he breathes over his shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy...” As if to drive home his point, he begins working himself down onto your cock.

As he goes past the halfway point, you give him the rest with one hard push. You feel him shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh...” he replies, needily. As he rests a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, he asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out his more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down his muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping his lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," he says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in his voice, as you feel his hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of his big, floppy ears. You're not sure what his hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to him. Thinking back to his goatlike eyes, he probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of his thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" he gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, his feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of his head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." His hands are exploring your face, as he continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down his back, your hand finds his tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of his body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before he stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

His exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," he says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to his hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against his. As his part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel his tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while he might look a lot like a goat, he is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that his tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of his tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as he pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around him as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for his part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like he wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, he softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, he breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

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With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around his soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until his arms gently wrap around you. His soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in his voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for him. In his voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of his claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, he does the same on the other side. You realize that he is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give him a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against his shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of his hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm his body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear him softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open

the floodgates as far as you're ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are..." he gives your cock a squeeze, "I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?"

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in his hand. He goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You're not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn't he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren't you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren't you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He's already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide...

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“I think I’d rather you had a pussy, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But

then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he’s safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

He stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give her a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something.

You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," he replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put togeth—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces himself to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on

hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind...”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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	Option	Page
	Boob groping	2340
	Explore his ass	2344
	Explore his dick	2348
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		2352
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	2356
	French kiss	2360
	Just hold him for a bit	2364
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2368

Well, since your hands are already on his breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding his nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give one of his nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring his breasts, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, his ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind his back, one of your hands finds its way to his ass. He feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives his asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of his hands slide down your back as you do. His claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell he is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. Finding his tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You do have to admit, your curiosity has been piqued by his dick, so that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down his body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past his flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of his sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine.

You hear a small giggle, “For wanting me to have a pussy instead, you don’t seem to mind my dick. You must like both, but just be *slightly* more into a nice, wet hole.”

“Y-yeah,” you reply, with Belrye letting out a soft moan as you gently rub his cock. It feels like a strange mix of human and equine, with the blunt head sliding out of a sheath. It also feels much warmer than you expected.

As you explore, you feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike her claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn’t really a goat. You give his cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. “Seems like you like it, too.”

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of his cock, he asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” In your hands, he seems to have fully extended from the sheath. His length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved.

We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

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You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
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After a moment, you give him a gentle nudge on his shoulder and ask if he wants to roll over. With a little giggle, he does, then presses his body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As he presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around him and slide the other underneath his head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” He raises his head for you to move your arm down a bit. As he lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub his soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize he is pushing back just a *little* harder with his butt than he probably needs to. He also seems to have positioned himself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between his cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against his tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as he grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give him a bit of a surprise. As he pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, he pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” he breathes over his shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home his point, he begins working himself down onto your cock.

As he goes past the halfway point, you give him the rest with one hard push. You feel him shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. As he rests a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, he asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out his more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down his muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping his lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what he would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," he says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in his voice, as you feel his hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of his big, floppy ears. You're not sure what his hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to him. Thinking back to his goatlike eyes, he probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of his thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" he gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, his feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of his head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." His hands are exploring your face, as he continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down his back, your hand finds his tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of his body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before he stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

His exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," he says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to his hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against his. As his part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel his tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while he might look a lot like a goat, he is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that his tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of his tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as he pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around him as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for his part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like he wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, he softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, he breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

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With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around his soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until his arms gently wrap around you. His soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in his voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for him. In his voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of his claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, he does the same on the other side. You realize that he is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give him a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against his shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of his hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm his body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear him softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would ride your face night after night, making you eat him out until your tongue is aching. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are...” he gives your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in his hand. He goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0	Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End

“I want to leave that up to you. I’m good either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

He stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," he replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	2378
	Explore his ass	2382
	Explore his dick	2386
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		2390
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	2394
	French kiss	2398
	Just hold him for a bit	2402
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2406

Well, since your hands are already on his breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding his nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give one of his nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring his breasts, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, his ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind his back, one of your hands finds its way to his ass. He feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives his asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of his hands slide down your back as you do. His claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell he is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike her claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. Finding his tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by his dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down his body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past his flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of his sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give his cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of his cock, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, he seems to have fully extended from the sheath. His length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

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If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give him a gentle nudge on his shoulder and ask if he wants to roll over. With a little giggle, he does, then presses his body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As he presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around him and slide the other underneath his head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here...” He raises his head for you to move your arm down a bit. As he lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better...” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub his soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize he is pushing back just a *little* harder with his butt than he probably needs to. He also seems to have positioned himself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between his cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against his tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as he grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give him a bit of a surprise. As he pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, he pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” he breathes over his shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy...” As if to drive home his point, he begins working himself down onto your cock.

As he goes past the halfway point, you give him the rest with one hard push. You feel him shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh...” he replies, needily. As he rests a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, he asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out his more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down his muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping his lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," he says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in his voice, as you feel his hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of his big, floppy ears. You're not sure what his hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to him. Thinking back to his goatlike eyes, he probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of his thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" he gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, his feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of his head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." His hands are exploring your face, as he continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down his back, your hand finds his tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of his body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before he stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

His exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," he says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to his hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against his. As his part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel his tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while he might look a lot like a goat, he is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that his tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of his tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as he pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around him as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for his part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like he wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, he softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, he breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around his soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until his arms gently wrap around you. His soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in his voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for him. In his voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of his claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, he does the same on the other side. You realize that he is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give him a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against his shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of his hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm his body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear him softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against his shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open

the floodgates as far as you're ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are..." he gives your cock a squeeze, "I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?"

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in his hand. He goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You're not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn't he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren't you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren't you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He's already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide...

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

You decide to use neutral pronouns for them. “So...have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

They give you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

They take the book and start slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” They get to the part with the summoning circle and cock their head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” They show the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” They continue to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, they are your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave them by themselves. “Sure, I would like that.”

Their tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want them to look like? I mean, I know you said you like how I look now, but the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat partners? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

They give you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, they sniff the air and say, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or...?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” They give you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I... well... I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as they wrap their arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in their soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," they say, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, they close their eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but you would swear you felt genuine affection from the demon. You wrap your arms around them. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch they almost seem to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then they look down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	2415
Pussy	2453
Belrye's choice, either is good	2491

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put togeth—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind...”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	2421
	Explore their ass	2425
	Explore their dick	2429
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		2433
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	2437
	French kiss	2441
	Just hold them for a bit	2445
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2449

Well, since your hands are already on their breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding their nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give one of their nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring their breasts, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, their ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind their back, one of your hands finds its way to their ass. They feel a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives their asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of their hands slide down your back as you do. Their claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell they are being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. Finding their tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them

in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by their dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down their body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past their flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of their sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give their cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of their cock, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, they seem to have fully extended from the sheath. Their length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give them a gentle nudge on their shoulder and ask if they want to roll over. With a little giggle, they do, then presses their body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As they press tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around theirs and slide the other underneath their head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here...” They raise their head for you to move your arm down a bit. As they lay back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better...” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub their soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize they are pushing back just a *little* harder with their butt than they probably needs to. They also seem to have positioned themselves just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between their cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against their tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as they grind against you. Fully hard, you decide to give them a bit of a surprise. As they push back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, they push back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” they breathe over their shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy...” As if to drive home their point, they begin working themselves down onto your cock.

As they go past the halfway point, you give them the rest with one hard push. You feel them shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh...” they reply, needily. As they rest a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, they ask, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out their more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down their muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping their lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," they say, a mix of bemusement and wonder in their voice, as you feel their hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of their big, floppy ears. You're not sure what their hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to them. Thinking back to their goatlike eyes, they probably see the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of their thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" they give a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, theirs feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of their head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Their hands are exploring your face, as they continue, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down their back, your hand finds their tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of their body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before they stop and let your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Their exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," they say, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to their hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you

had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against theirs. As theirs part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel their tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while they might look a lot like a goat, they are something else entirely. You also quickly discover that their tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of their tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to..." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as they pull you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around them as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for their part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like they want to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, they softly say, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of...sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, they break the kiss and ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

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With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around their soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until their arms gently wrap around you. Their soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in their voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for them. In their voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of their claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, they do the same on the other side. You realize that they are tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give them a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against their shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of their hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm their body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear them softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um . . . okay, I can do that!” They think for a moment, then continue, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner. . .” Their tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel their hands reach down and roll you away from them, followed by the sensation of their soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control. . .” they continue, their fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what they would do to you. Maybe they would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *their* kinks. Or maybe they would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe. . .” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” they snap their fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with their other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Their tone shifts again, to an almost parental one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a parent to take good care of you. Or. . .” they lower their voice to a growl as they continue, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoness like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” they give your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in their hand. They go back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as they let you think. You also feel their lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether they are trying to sway your decision, are just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t they *just* get done warning you about all of the things they could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt they would be giving you all of these warnings. They’ve already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
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Build	Average	Average
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Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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	Option	Page
	Boob groping	2459
	Explore their ass	2463
	Explore their dick	2467
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		2471
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	2475
	French kiss	2479
	Just hold them for a bit	2483
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2487

Well, since your hands are already on their breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding their nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give one of their nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring their breasts, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, their ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind their back, one of your hands finds its way to their ass. They feel a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives their asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of their hands slide down your back as you do. Their claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell they are being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. Finding their tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them

in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You do have to admit, your curiosity has been piqued by their dick, so that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down their body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past their flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of their sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine.

You hear a small giggle, “For wanting me to have a pussy instead, you don’t seem to mind my dick. You must like both, but just be *slightly* more into a nice, wet hole.”

“Y-yeah,” you reply, with Belrye letting out a soft moan as you gently rub their cock. It feels like a strange mix of human and equine, with the blunt head sliding out of a sheath. It also feels much warmer than you expected.

As you explore, you feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren’t really a goat. You give their cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” they reply, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. “Seems like you like it, too.”

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of their cock, they ask, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” In your hands, they seem to have fully extended from the sheath. Their length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give them a gentle nudge on their shoulder and ask if they want to roll over. With a little giggle, they do, then press their body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As they press tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around them and slide the other underneath their head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here...” They raise their head for you to move your arm down a bit. As they lay back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better...” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub their soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize they are pushing back just a *little* harder with their butt than they probably need to. They also seem to have positioned themselves just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between their cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as they grind against you. Fully hard, you decide to give them a bit of a surprise. As they push back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, they push back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” they breathe over their shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy...” As if to drive home their point, they begin working themselves down onto your cock.

As they go past the halfway point, you give them the rest with one hard push. You feel them shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh...” they reply, needily. As they rest a hand on yours, they add, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, they ask, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out their more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down their muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping their lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," they say, a mix of bemusement and wonder in their voice, as you feel their hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of their big, floppy ears. You're not sure what their hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to them. Thinking back to their goatlike eyes, they probably see the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of their thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" they give a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, theirs feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of their head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Their hands are exploring your face, as they continue, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down their back, your hand finds their tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of their body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before they stop and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Their exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," they say, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to their hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you

had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against theirs. As theirs part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel their tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while they might look a lot like a goat, they are something else entirely. You also quickly discover that their tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as they pull you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around them as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for their part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like they want to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, they softly say, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, they break the kiss and ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around their soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until their arms gently wrap around you. Their soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in their voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for them. In their voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of their claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, they do the same on the other side. You realize that they are tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give them a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against their shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of their hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm their body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear them softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against their shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um. . . okay, I can do that!” They think for a moment, then continue, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner. . .” Their tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel their hands reach down and roll you away from them, followed by the sensation of their soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control. . .” they continue, their fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what they would do to you. Maybe they would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *their* kinks. Or maybe they would ride your face night after night, making you eat them out until your tongue is aching. Or maybe. . .” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” they snap their fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with their other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Their tone shifts again, to an almost parental one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a parent to take good care of you. Or. . .” they lower her voice to a growl as they continue, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” they give your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in their hand. They go back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as they let you think. You also feel their lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether they are trying to sway your decision, are just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t they *just* get done warning you about all of the things they could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt they would be giving you all of these warnings. They’ve already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they’re safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

They stand up and walk over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give them a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” they reply, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	2497
Explore their ass	2501
Explore their dick	2505
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon	2509
Explore their uniquely demonic parts	2513
French kiss	2517
Just hold them for a bit	2521
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2525

Well, since your hands are already on their breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding their nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give one of their nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring their breasts, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, their ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind their back, one of your hands finds its way to their ass. They feel a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives their asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of their hands slide down your back as you do. Their claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell they are being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike her claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. Finding their tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them

in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by their dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down their body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past their flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give their cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh..." they reply, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, they seem to have fully extended from the sheath. Their length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
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Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give them a gentle nudge on their shoulder and ask if they want to roll over. With a little giggle, they do, then press their body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As they press tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around them and slide the other underneath their head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here...” They raise their head for you to move your arm down a bit. As they lay back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better...” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub their soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize they are pushing back just a *little* harder with their butt than they probably need to. They also seem to have positioned themselves just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between their cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as they grind against you. Fully hard, you decide to give them a bit of a surprise. As they push back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, they push back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” they breathe over their shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy...” As if to drive home their point, they begin working themselves down onto your cock.

As they go past the halfway point, you give them the rest with one hard push. You feel them shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh...” they reply, needily. As they rest a hand on yours, they add, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, they ask, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out their more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down their muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping their lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," they say, a mix of bemusement and wonder in their voice, as you feel their hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of their big, floppy ears. You're not sure what their hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to them. Thinking back to their goatlike eyes, they probably see the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of their thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" they give a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, theirs feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of their head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Their hands are exploring your face, as they continue, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down their back, your hand finds their tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of their body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before they stop and let your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Their exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," they say, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to their hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you

had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against theirs. As theirs part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel their tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while they might look a lot like a goat, they are something else entirely. You also quickly discover that their tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as they pull you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around them as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for their part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like they want to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, they softly say, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, they break the kiss and ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

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If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
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Build	Average	Average
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around their soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until their arms gently wrap around you. Their soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in their voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for them. In their voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of their claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, they do the same on the other side. You realize that they are tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give them a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against their shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of their hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm their body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear them softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against their shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um . . . okay, I can do that!” They think for a moment, then continue, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner. . .” Their tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel their hands reach down and roll you away from them, followed by the sensation of their soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control. . .” they continue, their fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what they would do to you. Maybe they would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *their* kinks. Or maybe they would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe. . .” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” they snap their fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with their other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Their tone shifts again, to an almost parental one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a parent to take good care of you. Or. . .” they lower their voice to a growl as they continue, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” they give your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in their hand. They go back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as they let you think. You also feel their lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether they are trying to sway your decision, are just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t they *just* get done warning you about all of the things they could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt they would be giving you all of these warnings. They’ve already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“We will work on that,” you interrupt. The demon stops, then gives you a smile.

“Yeah, you’re right. If you feed me enough lust, I can become pretty much anything you like! Well, not quite anything—I still have to be a demon. But I can change a lot! I can change you too, if you’d like. I can make certain things bigger or smaller, change stuff around completely, or even turn you into a whole different species!”

You give a nod. Having your own custom-made demon could be quite fun, and the idea of changing yourself has a certain appeal to it, too. This job certainly seems to come with some nice perks.

They take a moment to collect themselves, then stand tall and, suddenly formal, say, “Where are my manners? Summoner, I am Belrye. I will serve for as long as you have need of me.” Going back to a more relaxed posture, they add, “It’s easy to pronounce. ‘Bel’ like ‘dinner bell’, and ‘rye’ like ‘rye bread’.”

You introduce yourself in a similarly formal tone, figuring this must be another bullet point the book missed. Though you find it oddly reassuring that they don’t seem any better prepared for this than you are. You stare at each other in awkward silence for a moment, fumbling for something more to say. Blurting out the first thing that comes to mind, you ask, “Wait, you speak English?”

“Oh, yes. The wall between planes isn’t all that thick, which is why drawing some symbols on the floor let me come here. So we can sometimes see or hear things from here on Earth.” The demon looks around, “We *are* on Earth right now, right?”

“We are,” you reassure them, “It’s just that there is a ward in place. Security and stuff, you know.”

“Oh, okay! I had always heard about wards and things like that, but it’s different actually experiencing it firsthand, you know? It feels kinda like being in a bubble that I can’t see or feel through.” You see a goatlike tail swish side to side, “So what’s under the robe? You get to see me, so it’s only fair, right?” They give you a playful wink, which does nothing to hide the needy tone in their voice. “I know humans can be really shy about that sort of thing, sometimes, but I’m guessing if you summoned a lust demon, you’re probably not against getting naked. . .”

Well, it’s just the two of you, and you guess you *did* sign up for this. You take off your clothing, tossing it onto the desk. “Wow, a real human. . .” they say to themselves, licking their lips and making no attempt to be subtle. Maybe Terra’s metaphor about going to get tacos wasn’t far off, after all. From the visibly hardening nipples and the cock-tip emerging from its sheath, your

companion seems to enjoy what they are seeing.

Belrye looks like they are trying to resist immediately leaping onto you, with their hands instead giving their breasts a firm squeeze. Suddenly you notice something. “Wait, how many fingers do you have?”

They pause, confused, then hold up thier hands. Sure enough, each has three fingers and a thumb. “I’ve got the usual four. What do you—” They look down at your hands, “Oh! You know, suddenly a whole lot of things make more sense!”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, your counting system. Like how you have digits for ‘eight’ and ‘nine’. For us,” they slowly count on their fingers, “it goes five, six, seven. . .” They then hold one finger up on one hand and none on the other, like you would do to indicate the “ten’s” position, “And that’s eight.”

You suppose this is just the first of many such conversations the two of you will be having, as you get to know each other. Are you supposed to get to know them? Is that what is supposed to happen? Are you supposed to be teaching them something, or what is going on?

“So, what happens now? The instructions I was given are pretty vague, . . . mister? . . . miss?”

“Oh, right—your language gets weird about that stuff. You can call me either one. The lines back on Hell are so blurry that we really don’t think of ourselves as having a specific gender, if I’m being completely honest. Sure, there are body parts someone may be more into than others, but as far as what to call myself. . . I mean, I have boobs but no pussy, and I have a dick. Any of those things could be different tomorrow. I dunno, what would you like to call me?”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	?
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Female pronouns	2533
Male pronouns	2652
Neutral pronouns	2771

You decide to use female pronouns for her. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

She gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

She takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” She gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks her head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” She shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” She continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, she is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave her by herself. “Sure, I would like that.”

Her tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demoness. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want her to look like? I mean, you sounded interested in working on some changes, and the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat girls? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

She gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, she sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” She gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as she wraps her arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in her soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," she says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, she closes her eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around her. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch she almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then she looks down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	2538
Pussy	2576
Belrye's choice, either is good	2614

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, whatever you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	2544
Explore her ass	2548
Explore her dick	2552
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	2556
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	2560
French kiss	2564
Just hold her for a bit	2568
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2572

Well, since your hands are already on her breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding her nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give one of her nipples a slight pull, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring her breasts, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, her ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind her back, one of your hands finds its way to her ass. She feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives her asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of her hands slide down your back as you do. Her claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell she is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. Finding her tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Build	Average	Average
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by her dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down her body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past her flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give her cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, she seems to have fully extended from the sheath. Her length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

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"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give her a gentle nudge on her shoulder and ask if she wants to roll over. With a little giggle, she does, then presses her body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As she presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around her and slide the other underneath her head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” She raises her head for you to move your arm down a bit. As she lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub her soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize she is pushing back just a *little* harder with her butt than she probably needs to. She also seems to have positioned herself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between her cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as she grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give her a bit of a surprise. As she pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demoness’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, she pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” she breathes over her shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home her point, she begins working herself down onto your cock.

As she goes past the halfway point, you give her the rest with one hard push. You feel her shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. As she rests a hand on yours, she adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, she asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demoness’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out her more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down her muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping her lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," she says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in her voice, as you feel her hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of her big, floppy ears. You're not sure what her hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to her. Thinking back to her goatlike eyes, she probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of her thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" she gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, hers feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of her head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Her hands are exploring your face, as she continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down her back, your hand finds her tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of her body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before she stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Her exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," she says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to her hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against hers. As hers part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel her tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while she might look a lot like a goat, she is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that her tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as she pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around her as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for her part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like she wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, she softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, she breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

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With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around her soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until her arms gently wrap around you. Her soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in her voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for her. In her voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of her claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, she does the same on the other side. You realize that she is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give her a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against her shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of her hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm her body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear her softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

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Option	Page
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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open

the floodgates as far as you're ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are..." he gives your cock a squeeze, "I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?"

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in his hand. He goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You're not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn't he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren't you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren't you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He's already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide...

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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	2582
Explore her ass	2586
Explore her dick	2590
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	2594
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	2598
French kiss	2602
Just hold her for a bit	2606
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2610

Well, since your hands are already on her breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding her nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give one of her nipples a slight pull, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring her breasts, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, her ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind her back, one of your hands finds its way to her ass. She feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives her asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of her hands slide down your back as you do. Her claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell she is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. Finding her tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You do have to admit, your curiosity has been piqued by her dick, so that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down her body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past her flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine.

You hear a small giggle, “For wanting me to have a pussy instead, you don’t seem to mind my dick. You must like both, but just be *slightly* more into a nice, wet hole.”

“Y-yeah,” you reply, with Belrye letting out a soft moan as you gently rub her cock. It feels like a strange mix of human and equine, with the blunt head sliding out of a sheath. It also feels much warmer than you expected.

As you explore, you feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn’t really a goat. You give her cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. “Seems like you like it, too.”

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, she asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” In your hands, she seems to have fully extended from the sheath. Her length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved.

We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give her a gentle nudge on her shoulder and ask if she wants to roll over. With a little giggle, she does, then presses her body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As she presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around her and slide the other underneath her head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” She raises her head for you to move your arm down a bit. As she lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub her soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize she is pushing back just a *little* harder with her butt than she probably needs to. She also seems to have positioned herself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between her cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as she grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give her a bit of a surprise. As she pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demoness’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, she pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” she breathes over her shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home her point, she begins working herself down onto your cock.

As she goes past the halfway point, you give her the rest with one hard push. You feel her shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. As she rests a hand on yours, she adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, she asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demoness’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out her more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down her muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping her lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," she says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in her voice, as you feel her hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of her big, floppy ears. You're not sure what her hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to her. Thinking back to her goatlike eyes, she probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of her thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" she gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, hers feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of her head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Her hands are exploring your face, as she continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down her back, your hand finds her tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of her body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before she stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Her exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," she says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to her hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against hers. As hers part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel her tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while she might look a lot like a goat, she is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that her tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as she pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around her as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for her part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like she wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, she softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, she breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

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With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around her soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until her arms gently wrap around you. Her soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in her voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for her. In her voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of her claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, she does the same on the other side. You realize that she is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give her a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against her shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of her hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm her body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear her softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoness control...” she continues, her fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would ride your face night after night, making you eat her out until your tongue is aching. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoness you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoness, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoness like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” she gives your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in her hand. She goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, for the things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make them happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so. . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she’s safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

She stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give her a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” she replies, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	2620
Explore her ass	2624
Explore her dick	2628
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	2632
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	2636
French kiss	2640
Just hold her for a bit	2644
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2648

Well, since your hands are already on her breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding her nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give one of her nipples a slight pull, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring her breasts, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, her ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind her back, one of your hands finds its way to her ass. She feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives her asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of her hands slide down your back as you do. Her claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell she is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. Finding her tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Option	Page
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by her dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down her body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past her flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give her cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, she seems to have fully extended from the sheath. Her length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give her a gentle nudge on her shoulder and ask if she wants to roll over. With a little giggle, she does, then presses her body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As she presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around her and slide the other underneath her head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” She raises her head for you to move your arm down a bit. As she lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub her soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize she is pushing back just a *little* harder with her butt than she probably needs to. She also seems to have positioned herself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between her cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as she grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give her a bit of a surprise. As she pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demoness’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, she pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” she breathes over her shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home her point, she begins working herself down onto your cock.

As she goes past the halfway point, you give her the rest with one hard push. You feel her shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. As she rests a hand on yours, she adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, she asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demoness’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out her more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down her muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping her lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," she says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in her voice, as you feel her hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of her big, floppy ears. You're not sure what her hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to her. Thinking back to her goatlike eyes, she probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of her thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" she gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, hers feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of her head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Her hands are exploring your face, as she continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down her back, your hand finds her tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of her body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before she stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Her exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," she says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to her hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against hers. As hers part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel her tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while she might look a lot like a goat, she is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that her tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as she pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around her as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for her part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like she wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, she softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, she breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around her soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until her arms gently wrap around you. Her soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in her voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for her. In her voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of her claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, she does the same on the other side. You realize that she is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give her a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against her shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of her hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm her body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear her softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 
Friends with benefits	0 
Dominant Belrye	0 
Submissive Belrye	0 

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoness control...” she continues, her fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoness you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoness, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoness like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” she gives your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in her hand. She goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

You decide to use male pronouns for him. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

He gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

He takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” He gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks his head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” He shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” He continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, he is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave him by himself. “Sure, I would like that.”

His tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want him to look like? I mean, you sounded interested in working on some changes, and the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat guys? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

He gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, he sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” He gives you a wink, “but I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as he wraps his arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in his soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," he says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, he closes his eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around him. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch he almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then he looks down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	2657
Pussy	2695
Belrye's choice, either is good	2733

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, whatever you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

He stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give him a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," he replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	2663
	Explore his ass	2667
	Explore his dick	2671
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		2675
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	2679
	French kiss	2683
	Just hold him for a bit	2687
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2691

Well, since your hands are already on his breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding his nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give one of his nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring his breasts, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, his ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind his back, one of your hands finds its way to his ass. He feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives his asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of his hands slide down your back as you do. His claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell he is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. Finding his tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
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Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by his dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down his body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past his flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of his sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give his cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of his cock, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, he seems to have fully extended from the sheath. His length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give him a gentle nudge on his shoulder and ask if he wants to roll over. With a little giggle, he does, then presses his body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As he presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around his and slide the other underneath his head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” He raises his head for you to move your arm down a bit. As he lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub his soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize he is pushing back just a *little* harder with his butt than he probably needs to. He also seems to have positioned himself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between his cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against his tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as he grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give him a bit of a surprise. As he pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, he pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” he breathes over his shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home his point, he begins working himself down onto your cock.

As he goes past the halfway point, you give him the rest with one hard push. You feel him shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. As he rests a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, he asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out his more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down his muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping his lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," he says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in his voice, as you feel his hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of his big, floppy ears. You're not sure what his hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to him. Thinking back to his goatlike eyes, he probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of his thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" he gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, his feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of his head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." His hands are exploring your face, as he continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down his back, your hand finds his tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of his body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before he stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

His exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," he says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to his hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against his. As his part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel his tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while he might look a lot like a goat, he is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that his tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of his tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as he pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around him as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for his part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like he wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, he softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, he breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

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With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around his soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until his arms gently wrap around you. His soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in his voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for him. In his voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of his claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, he does the same on the other side. You realize that he is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give him a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against his shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of his hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm his body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear him softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open

the floodgates as far as you're ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are..." he gives your cock a squeeze, "I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?"

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in his hand. He goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You're not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn't he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren't you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren't you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He's already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide...

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	Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0	Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

He stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give him a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," he replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
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	Option	Page
	Boob groping	2701
	Explore his ass	2705
	Explore his dick	2709
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		2713
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	2717
	French kiss	2721
	Just hold him for a bit	2725
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2729

Well, since your hands are already on his breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding his nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give one of his nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring his breasts, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, his ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind his back, one of your hands finds its way to his ass. He feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives his asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of his hands slide down your back as you do. His claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell he is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. Finding his tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You do have to admit, your curiosity has been piqued by his dick, so that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down his body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past his flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of his sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine.

You hear a small giggle, “For wanting me to have a pussy instead, you don’t seem to mind my dick. You must like both, but just be *slightly* more into a nice, wet hole.”

“Y-yeah,” you reply, with Belrye letting out a soft moan as you gently rub his cock. It feels like a strange mix of human and equine, with the blunt head sliding out of a sheath. It also feels much warmer than you expected.

As you explore, you feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike her claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn’t really a goat. You give his cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. “Seems like you like it, too.”

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of his cock, he asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” In your hands, he seems to have fully extended from the sheath. His length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved.

We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give him a gentle nudge on his shoulder and ask if he wants to roll over. With a little giggle, he does, then presses his body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As he presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around him and slide the other underneath his head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” He raises his head for you to move your arm down a bit. As he lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub his soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize he is pushing back just a *little* harder with his butt than he probably needs to. He also seems to have positioned himself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between his cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against his tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as he grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give him a bit of a surprise. As he pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, he pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” he breathes over his shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home his point, he begins working himself down onto your cock.

As he goes past the halfway point, you give him the rest with one hard push. You feel him shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. As he rests a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, he asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out his more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down his muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping his lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what he would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," he says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in his voice, as you feel his hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of his big, floppy ears. You're not sure what his hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to him. Thinking back to his goatlike eyes, he probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of his thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" he gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, his feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of his head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." His hands are exploring your face, as he continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down his back, your hand finds his tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of his body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before he stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

His exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," he says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to his hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against his. As his part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel his tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while he might look a lot like a goat, he is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that his tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of his tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as he pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around him as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for his part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like he wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, he softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, he breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
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Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
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Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around his soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until his arms gently wrap around you. His soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in his voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for him. In his voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of his claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, he does the same on the other side. You realize that he is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give him a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against his shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of his hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm his body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear him softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would ride your face night after night, making you eat him out until your tongue is aching. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are...” he gives your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in his hand. He goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, for the things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make them happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so. . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he’s safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

He stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give him a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” he replies, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

He opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair...” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	2739
	Explore his ass	2743
	Explore his dick	2747
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		2751
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	2755
	French kiss	2759
	Just hold him for a bit	2763
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2767

Well, since your hands are already on his breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding his nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give one of his nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring his breasts, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, his ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind his back, one of your hands finds its way to his ass. He feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives his asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of his hands slide down your back as you do. His claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell he is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike her claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. Finding his tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by his dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down his body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past his flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of his sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give his cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of his cock, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, he seems to have fully extended from the sheath. His length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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After a moment, you give him a gentle nudge on his shoulder and ask if he wants to roll over. With a little giggle, he does, then presses his body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As he presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around him and slide the other underneath his head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” He raises his head for you to move your arm down a bit. As he lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub his soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize he is pushing back just a *little* harder with his butt than he probably needs to. He also seems to have positioned himself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between his cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against his tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as he grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give him a bit of a surprise. As he pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, he pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” he breathes over his shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home his point, he begins working himself down onto your cock.

As he goes past the halfway point, you give him the rest with one hard push. You feel him shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. As he rests a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, he asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out his more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down his muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping his lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," he says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in his voice, as you feel his hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of his big, floppy ears. You're not sure what his hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to him. Thinking back to his goatlike eyes, he probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of his thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" he gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, his feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of his head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." His hands are exploring your face, as he continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down his back, your hand finds his tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of his body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before he stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

His exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," he says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to his hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against his. As his part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel his tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while he might look a lot like a goat, he is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that his tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of his tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as he pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around him as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for his part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like he wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, he softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, he breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

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With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around his soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until his arms gently wrap around you. His soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in his voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for him. In his voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of his claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, he does the same on the other side. You realize that he is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give him a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against his shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of his hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm his body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear him softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against his shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open

the floodgates as far as you're ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are..." he gives your cock a squeeze, "I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?"

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in his hand. He goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You're not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn't he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren't you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren't you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He's already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide...

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Species	Human	Goat
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Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

You decide to use neutral pronouns for them. “So...have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

They give you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

They take the book and start slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” They get to the part with the summoning circle and cock their head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” They show the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” They continue to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, they are your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave them by themselves. “Sure, I would like that.”

Their tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want them to look like? I mean, you sounded interested in working on some changes, and the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat partners? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

They give you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, they sniff the air and say, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” They give you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as they wrap their arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away

in their soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going, but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we’re going to need a bed or something in here.”

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. “So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn’t send you away, does it?”

“So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn’t. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn’t send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?”

“Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I’m sure you’ve probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?”

“Actually, you are the first human I’ve ever touched. So remember how I said there weren’t many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I’ve lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can’t afford the real thing, it’s something to keep you fed.”

“You know,” you think out loud, “we’re really not so different from each other.”

“We’re really not,” they say, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, they close their eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around them. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch they almost seem to melt into your gentle hug.

You’re not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn’t nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then they look down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. “So, let’s start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	2776
Pussy	2814
Belrye's choice, either is good	2852

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, whatever you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . ." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put togeth—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	2782
	Explore their ass	2786
	Explore their dick	2790
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		2794
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	2798
	French kiss	2802
	Just hold them for a bit	2806
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2810

Well, since your hands are already on their breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding their nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give one of their nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring their breasts, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, their ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind their back, one of your hands finds its way to their ass. They feel a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives their asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of their hands slide down your back as you do. Their claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell they are being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. Finding their tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them

in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by their dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down their body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past their flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of their sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give their cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of their cock, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, they seem to have fully extended from the sheath. Their length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give them a gentle nudge on their shoulder and ask if they want to roll over. With a little giggle, they do, then presses their body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As they press tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around theirs and slide the other underneath their head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here...” They raise their head for you to move your arm down a bit. As they lay back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better...” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub their soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize they are pushing back just a *little* harder with their butt than they probably needs to. They also seem to have positioned themselves just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between their cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against their tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as they grind against you. Fully hard, you decide to give them a bit of a surprise. As they push back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, they push back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” they breathe over their shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy...” As if to drive home their point, they begin working themselves down onto your cock.

As they go past the halfway point, you give them the rest with one hard push. You feel them shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh...” they reply, needily. As they rest a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, they ask, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out their more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down their muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping their lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," they say, a mix of bemusement and wonder in their voice, as you feel their hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of their big, floppy ears. You're not sure what their hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to them. Thinking back to their goatlike eyes, they probably see the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of their thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" they give a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, theirs feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of their head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Their hands are exploring your face, as they continue, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down their back, your hand finds their tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of their body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before they stop and let your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Their exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," they say, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to their hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you

had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against theirs. As theirs part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel their tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while they might look a lot like a goat, they are something else entirely. You also quickly discover that their tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of their tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to..." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as they pull you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around them as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for their part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like they want to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, they softly say, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of...sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, they break the kiss and ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around their soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until their arms gently wrap around you. Their soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in their voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for them. In their voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of their claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, they do the same on the other side. You realize that they are tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give them a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against their shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of their hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm their body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in eachother's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear them softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um . . . okay, I can do that!” They think for a moment, then continue, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner. . .” Their tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel their hands reach down and roll you away from them, followed by the sensation of their soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control. . .” they continue, their fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what they would do to you. Maybe they would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *their* kinks. Or maybe they would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe. . .” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” they snap their fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with their other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Their tone shifts again, to an almost parental one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a parent to take good care of you. Or. . .” they lower their voice to a growl as they continue, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoness like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” they give your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in their hand. They go back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as they let you think. You also feel their lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether they are trying to sway your decision, are just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t they *just* get done warning you about all of the things they could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt they would be giving you all of these warnings. They’ve already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put togeth—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind...”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
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	Option	Page
	Boob groping	2820
	Explore their ass	2824
	Explore their dick	2828
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		2832
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	2836
	French kiss	2840
	Just hold them for a bit	2844
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2848

Well, since your hands are already on their breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding their nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give one of their nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring their breasts, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Well, their ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind their back, one of your hands finds its way to their ass. They feel a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives their asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of their hands slide down your back as you do. Their claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell they are being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. Finding their tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

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As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

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in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You do have to admit, your curiosity has been piqued by their dick, so that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down their body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past their flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of their sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine.

You hear a small giggle, “For wanting me to have a pussy instead, you don’t seem to mind my dick. You must like both, but just be *slightly* more into a nice, wet hole.”

“Y-yeah,” you reply, with Belrye letting out a soft moan as you gently rub their cock. It feels like a strange mix of human and equine, with the blunt head sliding out of a sheath. It also feels much warmer than you expected.

As you explore, you feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren’t really a goat. You give their cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” they reply, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. “Seems like you like it, too.”

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of their cock, they ask, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” In your hands, they seem to have fully extended from the sheath. Their length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give them a gentle nudge on their shoulder and ask if they want to roll over. With a little giggle, they do, then press their body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As they press tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around them and slide the other underneath their head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here...” They raise their head for you to move your arm down a bit. As they lay back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better...” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub their soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize they are pushing back just a *little* harder with their butt than they probably need to. They also seem to have positioned themselves just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between their cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as they grind against you. Fully hard, you decide to give them a bit of a surprise. As they push back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, they push back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” they breathe over their shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy...” As if to drive home their point, they begin working themselves down onto your cock.

As they go past the halfway point, you give them the rest with one hard push. You feel them shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh...” they reply, needily. As they rest a hand on yours, they add, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, they ask, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out their more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down their muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping their lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," they say, a mix of bemusement and wonder in their voice, as you feel their hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of their big, floppy ears. You're not sure what their hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to them. Thinking back to their goatlike eyes, they probably see the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of their thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" they give a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, theirs feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of their head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Their hands are exploring your face, as they continue, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down their back, your hand finds their tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of their body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before they stop and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Their exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," they say, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to their hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you

had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against theirs. As theirs part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel their tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while they might look a lot like a goat, they are something else entirely. You also quickly discover that their tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as they pull you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around them as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for their part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like they want to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, they softly say, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, they break the kiss and ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around their soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until their arms gently wrap around you. Their soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in their voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for them. In their voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of their claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, they do the same on the other side. You realize that they are tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give them a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against their shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of their hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm their body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in eachother's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear them softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against their shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um. . . okay, I can do that!” They think for a moment, then continue, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner. . .” Their tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel their hands reach down and roll you away from them, followed by the sensation of their soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control. . .” they continue, their fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what they would do to you. Maybe they would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *their* kinks. Or maybe they would ride your face night after night, making you eat them out until your tongue is aching. Or maybe. . .” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” they snap their fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with their other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Their tone shifts again, to an almost parental one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a parent to take good care of you. Or. . .” they lower her voice to a growl as they continue, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” they give your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in their hand. They go back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as they let you think. You also feel their lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether they are trying to sway your decision, are just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t they *just* get done warning you about all of the things they could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt they would be giving you all of these warnings. They’ve already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, for the things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make them happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they’re safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

They stand up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give them a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” they reply, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put togeth—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	2858
	Explore their ass	2862
	Explore their dick	2866
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		2870
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	2874
	French kiss	2878
	Just hold them for a bit	2882
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2886

Well, since your hands are already on their breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding their nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give one of their nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring their breasts, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, their ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind their back, one of your hands finds its way to their ass. They feel a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives their asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of their hands slide down your back as you do. Their claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell they are being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike her claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. Finding their tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them

in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by their dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down their body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past their flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give their cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, they seem to have fully extended from the sheath. Their length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give them a gentle nudge on their shoulder and ask if they want to roll over. With a little giggle, they do, then press their body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As they press tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around them and slide the other underneath their head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here...” They raise their head for you to move your arm down a bit. As they lay back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better...” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub their soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize they are pushing back just a *little* harder with their butt than they probably need to. They also seem to have positioned themselves just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between their cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as they grind against you. Fully hard, you decide to give them a bit of a surprise. As they push back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, they push back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” they breathe over their shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy...” As if to drive home their point, they begin working themselves down onto your cock.

As they go past the halfway point, you give them the rest with one hard push. You feel them shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh...” they reply, needily. As they rest a hand on yours, they add, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, they ask, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out their more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down their muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping their lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," they say, a mix of bemusement and wonder in their voice, as you feel their hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of their big, floppy ears. You're not sure what their hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to them. Thinking back to their goatlike eyes, they probably see the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of their thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" they give a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, theirs feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of their head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Their hands are exploring your face, as they continue, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down their back, your hand finds their tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of their body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before they stop and let your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Their exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," they say, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to their hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you

had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against theirs. As theirs part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel their tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while they might look a lot like a goat, they are something else entirely. You also quickly discover that their tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as they pull you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around them as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for their part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like they want to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, they softly say, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . .sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, they break the kiss and ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

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If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around their soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until their arms gently wrap around you. Their soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in their voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for them. In their voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of their claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, they do the same on the other side. You realize that they are tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give them a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against their shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of their hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm their body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear them softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against their shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um . . . okay, I can do that!” They think for a moment, then continue, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner. . .” Their tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel their hands reach down and roll you away from them, followed by the sensation of their soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control. . .” they continue, their fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what they would do to you. Maybe they would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *their* kinks. Or maybe they would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe. . .” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” they snap their fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with their other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Their tone shifts again, to an almost parental one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a parent to take good care of you. Or. . .” they lower their voice to a growl as they continue, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” they give your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in their hand. They go back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as they let you think. You also feel their lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether they are trying to sway your decision, are just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t they *just* get done warning you about all of the things they could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt they would be giving you all of these warnings. They’ve already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“Hung, but I could do without stacked,” you interrupt. The demon stops, then gives you a smile.

“Oh? Much more interested in this, are we?” They gesture teasingly down at their sheath and balls. “If you feed me enough lust, I can become pretty much anything you like! Well, not quite anything—I still have to be a demon. But I can change a lot! I can change you too, if you’d like. I can make certain things bigger or smaller, change stuff around completely, or even turn you into a whole different species!”

You give a nod. Having your own custom-made demon could be quite fun, and the idea of changing yourself has a certain appeal to it, too. This job certainly seems to come with some nice perks.

They take a moment to collect themselves, then stand tall and, suddenly formal, say, “Where are my manners? Summoner, I am Belrye. I will serve for as long as you have need of me.” Going back to a more relaxed posture, they add, “It’s easy to pronounce. ‘Bel’ like ‘dinner bell’, and ‘rye’ like ‘rye bread’.”

You introduce yourself in a similarly formal tone, figuring this must be another bullet point the book missed. Though you find it oddly reassuring that they don’t seem any better prepared for this than you are. You stare at each other in awkward silence for a moment, fumbling for something more to say. Blurting out the first thing that comes to mind, you ask, “Wait, you speak English?”

“Oh, yes. The wall between planes isn’t all that thick, which is why drawing some symbols on the floor let me come here. So we can sometimes see or hear things from here on Earth.” The demon looks around, “We *are* on Earth right now, right?”

“We are,” you reassure them, “It’s just that there is a ward in place. Security and stuff, you know.”

“Oh, okay! I had always heard about wards and things like that, but it’s different actually experiencing it firsthand, you know? It feels kinda like being in a bubble that I can’t see or feel through.” You see a goatlike tail swish side to side, “So what’s under the robe? You get to see me, so it’s only fair, right?” They give you a playful wink, which does nothing to hide the needy tone in their voice. “I know humans can be really shy about that sort of thing, sometimes, but I’m guessing if you summoned a lust demon, you’re probably not against getting naked. . .”

Well, it’s just the two of you, and you guess you *did* sign up for this. You take off your clothing, tossing it onto the desk. “Wow, a real human. . .” they say to themselves, licking their lips and making no attempt to be subtle. Maybe Terra’s metaphor about going to get tacos wasn’t far off, after all. From

the visibly hardening nipples and the cock-tip emerging from its sheath, your companion seems to enjoy what they are seeing.

Belrye looks like they are trying to resist immediately leaping onto you, with their hands instead reaching between their legs to stroke their slowly extending cock. Suddenly you notice something. “Wait, how many fingers do you have?”

They pause, confused, then hold up their hands. Sure enough, each has three fingers and a thumb. “I’ve got the usual four. What do you—” They look down at your hands, “Oh! You know, suddenly a whole lot of things make more sense!”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, your counting system. Like how you have digits for ‘eight’ and ‘nine’. For us,” they slowly count on their fingers, “it goes five, six, seven. . .” They then hold one finger up on one hand and none on the other, like you would do to indicate the “ten’s” position, “And that’s eight.”

You suppose this is just the first of many such conversations the two of you will be having, as you get to know each other. Are you supposed to get to know them? Is that what is supposed to happen? Are you supposed to be teaching them something, or what is going on?

“So, what happens now? The instructions I was given are pretty vague, . . . mister? . . . miss?”

“Oh, right—your language gets weird about that stuff. You can call me either one. The lines back on Hell are so blurry that we really don’t think of ourselves as having a specific gender, if I’m being completely honest. Sure, there are body parts someone may be into more than others, but as far as what to call myself. . . I mean, I have boobs but no pussy, and I have a dick. Any of those things could be different tomorrow. I dunno, what would you like to call me?”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	?
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Female pronouns	2894
Male pronouns	3015
Neutral pronouns	3114

You decide to use female pronouns for her. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

She gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

She takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” She gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks her head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” She shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” She continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, she is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave her by herself. “Sure, I would like that.”

Her tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demoness. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want her to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me hung, but aren’t into me being stacked. Into flat girls with dicks? I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

She gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, she sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” She gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as she wraps her arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in her soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," she says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, she closes her eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around her. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch she almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then she looks down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	2899
Pussy	2937
Belrye's choice, either is good	2977

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there’s something you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	2905
Explore her ass	2909
Explore her dick	2913
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	2917
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	2921
French kiss	2925
Just hold her for a bit	2929
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2933

Well, since your hands are already on her breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding her nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give one of her nipples a slight pull, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too. Kinda surprising, since I seem to recall you saying you weren't into stacked girls," she giggles, "Maybe you just like them small?"

As you keep exploring her breasts, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them

in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, her ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind her back, one of your hands finds its way to her ass. She feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives her asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of her hands slide down your back as you do. Her claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell she is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. Finding her tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, her hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by her dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down her body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past her flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give her cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, she seems to have fully extended from the sheath. Her length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give her a gentle nudge on her shoulder and ask if she wants to roll over. With a little giggle, she does, then presses her body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As she presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around her and slide the other underneath her head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” She raises her head for you to move your arm down a bit. As she lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub her soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize she is pushing back just a *little* harder with her butt than she probably needs to. She also seems to have positioned herself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between her cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as she grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give her a bit of a surprise. As she pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demoness’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, she pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” she breathes over her shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home her point, she begins working herself down onto your cock.

As she goes past the halfway point, you give her the rest with one hard push. You feel her shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. As she rests a hand on yours, she adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, she asks, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demoness’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out her more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down her muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping her lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," she says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in her voice, as you feel her hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of her big, floppy ears. You're not sure what her hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to her. Thinking back to her goatlike eyes, she probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of her thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" she gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, hers feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of her head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Her hands are exploring your face, as she continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down her back, your hand finds her tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of her body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before she stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Her exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," she says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to her hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against hers. As hers part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel her tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while she might look a lot like a goat, she is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that her tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, Summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as she pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around her as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for her part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like she wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, she softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, she breaks the kiss and asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

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With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around her soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until her arms gently wrap around you. Her soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, Summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in her voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for her. In her voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of her claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, she does the same on the other side. You realize that she is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give her a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, Summoner?"

You bury your face against their shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of her hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm her body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in eachother's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear her softly say, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoness control...” she continues, her fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoness you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoness, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoness like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” she gives your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in her hand. She goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Oh? I’m a bit surprised, since you liked the idea of me being hung. Maybe you just didn’t know that was an option? Either way, absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so. . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she’s safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

She stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give her a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” she replies, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Build	Average	Average
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Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Option	Page
Boob groping	2943
Explore her ass	2947
Explore her dick	2951
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	2955
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	2959
French kiss	2963
Just hold her for a bit	2967
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2971

Well, since your hands are already on her breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding her nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give one of her nipples a slight pull, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too. Kinda surprising, since I seem to recall you saying you weren't into stacked girls," she giggles, "Maybe you just like them small?"

As you keep exploring her breasts, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, her ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind her back, one of your hands finds its way to her ass. She feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives her asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of her hands slide down your back as you do. Her claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell she is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. Finding her tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, her hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You do have to admit, your curiosity has been piqued by her dick, so that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down her body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past her flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine.

You hear a small giggle, “For wanting me to have a pussy instead, you don’t seem to mind my dick. You must like both, but just be *slightly* more into a nice, wet hole.”

“Y-yeah,” you reply, with Belrye letting out a soft moan as you gently rub her cock. It feels like a strange mix of human and equine, with the blunt head sliding out of a sheath. It also feels much warmer than you expected.

As you explore, you feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn’t really a goat. You give her cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. “Seems like you like it, too.”

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, she asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” In your hands, she seems to have fully extended from the sheath. Her length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved.

We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give her a gentle nudge on her shoulder and ask if she wants to roll over. With a little giggle, she does, then presses her body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As she presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around her and slide the other underneath her head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” She raises her head for you to move your arm down a bit. As she lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub her soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize she is pushing back just a *little* harder with her butt than she probably needs to. She also seems to have positioned herself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between her cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as she grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give her a bit of a surprise. As she pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demoness’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, she pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” she breathes over her shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home her point, she begins working herself down onto your cock.

As she goes past the halfway point, you give her the rest with one hard push. You feel her shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. As she rests a hand on yours, she adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, she asks, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demoness’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out her more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down her muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping her lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," she says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in her voice, as you feel her hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of her big, floppy ears. You're not sure what her hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to her. Thinking back to her goatlike eyes, she probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of her thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" she gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, hers feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of her head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Her hands are exploring your face, as she continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down her back, your hand finds her tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of her body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before she stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Her exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," she says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to her hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against hers. As hers part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel her tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while she might look a lot like a goat, she is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that her tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, Summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as she pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around her as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for her part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like she wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, she softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, she breaks the kiss and asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
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Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around her soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until her arms gently wrap around you. Her soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, Summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in her voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for her. In her voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of her claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, she does the same on the other side. You realize that she is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give her a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, Summoner?"

You bury your face against her shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of her hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm her body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in eachother's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear her softly say, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

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Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Oh? I’m a bit surprised, since you liked the idea of me being hung. Maybe you just didn’t know that was an option? Either way, absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so. . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she’s safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

She stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give her a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” she replies, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
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Option	Page
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Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	0 Dead End
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	0 Dead End
French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold her for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End

“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

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You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

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Option	Page
Boob groping	2983
Explore her ass	2987
Explore her dick	2991
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	2995
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	2999
French kiss	3003
Just hold her for a bit	3007
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	3011

Well, since your hands are already on her breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding her nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give one of her nipples a slight pull, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too. Kinda surprising, since I seem to recall you saying you weren't into stacked girls," she giggles, "Maybe you just like them small?"

As you keep exploring her breasts, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them

in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, her ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind her back, one of your hands finds its way to her ass. She feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives her asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of her hands slide down your back as you do. Her claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell she is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. Finding her tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, her hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

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You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

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Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by her dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down her body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past her flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give her cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, she seems to have fully extended from the sheath. Her length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give her a gentle nudge on her shoulder and ask if she wants to roll over. With a little giggle, she does, then presses her body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As she presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around her and slide the other underneath her head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” She raises her head for you to move your arm down a bit. As she lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub her soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize she is pushing back just a *little* harder with her butt than she probably needs to. She also seems to have positioned herself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between her cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as she grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give her a bit of a surprise. As she pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demoness’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, she pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” she breathes over her shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home her point, she begins working herself down onto your cock.

As she goes past the halfway point, you give her the rest with one hard push. You feel her shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. As she rests a hand on yours, she adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, she asks, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demoness’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out her more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down her muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping her lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," she says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in her voice, as you feel her hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of her big, floppy ears. You're not sure what her hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to her. Thinking back to her goatlike eyes, she probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of her thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" she gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, hers feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of her head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Her hands are exploring your face, as she continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down her back, your hand finds her tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of her body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before she stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Her exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," she says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to her hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against hers. As hers part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel her tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while she might look a lot like a goat, she is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that her tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, Summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as she pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around her as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for her part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like she wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, she softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . .sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, she breaks the kiss and asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around her soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until her arms gently wrap around you. Her soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, Summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in her voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for her. In her voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of her claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, she does the same on the other side. You realize that she is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give her a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, Summoner?"

You bury your face against her shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of her hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm her body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in eachother's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear her softly say, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoness control...” she continues, her fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoness you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoness, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoness like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” she gives your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in her hand. She goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

You decide to use male pronouns for him. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

He gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

He takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” He gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks his head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” He shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” He continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, he is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave him by himself. “Sure, I would like that.”

His tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want him to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me hung, but aren’t into me being stacked. Into big-dicked guys? I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

He gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, he sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” He gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as he wraps his arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in his soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," he says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, he closes his eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around him. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch he almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then he looks down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. It seems you like the idea of me having a dick, yes? I can change it up, if you'd rather I had something different instead."

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	3020
Pussy	3058
Belrye's choice, either is good	3096

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

He stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," he replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	3026
	Explore his ass	3030
	Explore his dick	3034
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		3038
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	3042
	French kiss	3046
	Just hold him for a bit	3050
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	3054

Well, since your hands are already on his breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding his nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give one of his nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too. Kinda surprising, since I seem to recall you saying you weren't into stacked guys," he giggles, "Maybe you just like them small?"

As you keep exploring his breasts, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, his ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind his back, one of your hands finds its way to his ass. He feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives his asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of his hands slide down your back as you do. His claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell he is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. Finding his tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, his hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

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love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
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Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by his dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down his body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past his flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of his sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give his cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of his cock, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, he seems to have fully extended from the sheath. His length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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After a moment, you give him a gentle nudge on his shoulder and ask if he wants to roll over. With a little giggle, he does, then presses his body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As he presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around his and slide the other underneath his head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” He raises his head for you to move your arm down a bit. As he lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub his soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize he is pushing back just a *little* harder with his butt than he probably needs to. He also seems to have positioned himself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between his cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against his tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as he grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give him a bit of a surprise. As he pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, he pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” he breathes over his shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home his point, he begins working himself down onto your cock.

As he goes past the halfway point, you give him the rest with one hard push. You feel him shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. As he rests a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, he asks, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

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If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

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Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out his more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down his muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping his lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," he says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in his voice, as you feel his hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of his big, floppy ears. You're not sure what his hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to him. Thinking back to his goatlike eyes, he probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of his thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" he gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, his feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of his head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." His hands are exploring your face, as he continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down his back, your hand finds his tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of his body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before he stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

His exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," he says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to his hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 
Friends with benefits	0 
Dominant Belrye	0 
Submissive Belrye	0 

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against his. As his part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel his tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while he might look a lot like a goat, he is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that his tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of his tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, Summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as he pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around him as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for his part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like he wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, he softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, he breaks the kiss and asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

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“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around his soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until his arms gently wrap around you. His soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, Summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in his voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for him. In his voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of his claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, he does the same on the other side. You realize that he is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give him a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, Summoner?"

You bury your face against his shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of his hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm his body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear him softly say, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

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love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open

the floodgates as far as you're ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are..." he gives your cock a squeeze, "I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?"

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in his hand. He goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You're not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn't he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren't you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren't you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He's already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide...

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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
	Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Oh? I’m a bit surprised, since you liked the idea of me being hung. Maybe you just didn’t know that was an option? Either way, absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he’s safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

He stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give him a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” he replies, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair...” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces himself to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	3064
	Explore his ass	3068
	Explore his dick	3072
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		3076
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	3080
	French kiss	3084
	Just hold him for a bit	3088
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	3092

Well, since your hands are already on his breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding his nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give one of his nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too. Kinda surprising, since I seem to recall you saying you weren't into stacked guys," he giggles, "Maybe you just like them small?"

As you keep exploring his breasts, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them

in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, his ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind his back, one of your hands finds its way to his ass. He feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives his asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of his hands slide down your back as you do. His claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell he is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. Finding his tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, his hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You do have to admit, your curiosity has been piqued by his dick, so that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down his body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past his flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of his sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine.

You hear a small giggle, “For wanting me to have a pussy instead, you don’t seem to mind my dick. You must like both, but just be *slightly* more into a nice, wet hole.”

“Y-yeah,” you reply, with Belrye letting out a soft moan as you gently rub his cock. It feels like a strange mix of human and equine, with the blunt head sliding out of a sheath. It also feels much warmer than you expected.

As you explore, you feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn’t really a goat. You give his cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. “Seems like you like it, too.”

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of his cock, he asks, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” In your hands, he seems to have fully extended from the sheath. His length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved.

We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give him a gentle nudge on his shoulder and ask if he wants to roll over. With a little giggle, he does, then presses his body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As he presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around him and slide the other underneath his head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” He raises his head for you to move your arm down a bit. As he lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub his soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize he is pushing back just a *little* harder with his butt than he probably needs to. He also seems to have positioned himself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between his cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against his tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as he grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give him a bit of a surprise. As he pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, he pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” he breathes over his shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home his point, he begins working himself down onto your cock.

As he goes past the halfway point, you give him the rest with one hard push. You feel him shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. As he rests a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, he asks, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out his more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down his muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping his lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what he would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," he says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in his voice, as you feel his hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of his big, floppy ears. You're not sure what his hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to him. Thinking back to his goatlike eyes, he probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of his thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh Summoner?" he gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, his feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of his head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." His hands are exploring your face, as he continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down his back, your hand finds his tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of his body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before he stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

His exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," he says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to his hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against his. As his part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel his tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while he might look a lot like a goat, he is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that his tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of his tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, Summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as he pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around him as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for his part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like he wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, he softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, he breaks the kiss and asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around his soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until his arms gently wrap around you. His soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, Summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in his voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for him. In his voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of his claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, he does the same on the other side. You realize that he is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give him a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, Summoner?"

You bury your face against his shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of his hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm his body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear him softly say, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, Summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would ride your face night after night, making you eat him out until your tongue is aching. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, Summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, Summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry Summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, Summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are...” he gives your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in his hand. He goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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	Option	Page
	“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
	Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
	Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
	Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he’s safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

He stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give him a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” he replies, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

He opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Option	Page
Boob groping	3102
Explore his ass	3106
Explore his dick	0 
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon	0 
Explore his uniquely demonic parts	0 
French kiss	0 
Just hold him for a bit	3110
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 

Well, since your hands are already on his breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding his nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give one of his nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too. Kinda surprising, since I seem to recall you saying you weren't into stacked guys," he giggles, "Maybe you just like them small?"

As you keep exploring his breasts, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, his ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind his back, one of your hands finds its way to his ass. He feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives his asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of his hands slide down your back as you do. His claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell he is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. Finding his tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too." At the same time, his hands give your own ass a squeeze. "Since you're so into my butt, Summoner, returning the favor feels like it's only fair. . ."

"You don't mind, then?" You're pretty sure lust demons would be sexually open-minded, but you would rather not assume. After all, maybe in their culture something as tame to humans as holding hands could be seen as taboo.

"Not one bit! I'm into a whole lot of stuff, myself. Probably not a big surprise, huh?" Belrye lets out a chuckle, "I'm a lot more worried about going too far for *you*—I've heard a lot of humans aren't into much beyond the basics. That's perfectly okay, if you're not! But, uh, I like it weird. . ."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, he asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

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You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

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With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around his soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until his arms gently wrap around you. His soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in his voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for him. In his voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of his claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, he does the same on the other side. You realize that he is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give him a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against his shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of his hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm his body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear him softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against his shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You decide to use neutral pronouns for them. “So...have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

They give you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

They take the book and start slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” They get to the part with the summoning circle and cock their head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” They show the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” They continue to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, they are your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave them by themselves. “Sure, I would like that.”

Their tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want them to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me hung, but aren’t into me being stacked. Into big-dicked partners? I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

They give you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, they sniff the air and say, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” He gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as they wrap their arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in their soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," they say, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, they close their eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around them. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch they almost seem to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then they look down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. It seems you like the idea of me having a dick, yes? I can change it up, if you'd rather I had something different instead."

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Option	Page
Cock	3119
Pussy	3129
Belrye's choice, either is good	3139

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there’s something you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind...”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	0 
Explore their ass	0 
Explore their dick	0 
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon	0 
Explore their uniquely demonic parts	0 
French kiss	0 
Just hold them for a bit	3125
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around their soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until their arms gently wrap around you. Their soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in their voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for them. In their voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of their claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, they do the same on the other side. You realize that they are tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give them a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against their shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of their hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm their body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear them softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Oh? I’m a bit surprised, since you liked the idea of me being hung. Maybe you just didn’t know that was an option? Either way, absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

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“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	0 
Explore their ass	0 
Explore their dick	0 
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon	0 
Explore their uniquely demonic parts	0 
French kiss	0 
Just hold them for a bit	3135
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around their soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until their arms gently wrap around you. Their soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in their voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for them. In their voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of their claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, they do the same on the other side. You realize that they are tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give them a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against their shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of their hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm their body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear them softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against their shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
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Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they’re safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

They stand up and walk over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give them a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” they reply, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put togeth—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

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Option	Page
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Explore their uniquely demonic parts	0 
French kiss	0 
Just hold them for a bit	3145
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around their soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until their arms gently wrap around you. Their soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

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"I know, I know," There is no judgment in their voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for them. In their voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of their claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, they do the same on the other side. You realize that they are tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give them a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against their shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

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You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

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love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

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If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Stacked, but I could do without hung,” you interrupt. The demon stops, then gives you a smile.

“Oh? Much more interested in these, are we?” They gesture teasingly at their breasts. “If you feed me enough lust, I can become pretty much anything you like! Well, not quite anything—I still have to be a demon. But I can change a lot! I can change you too, if you’d like. I can make certain things bigger or smaller, change stuff around completely, or even turn you into a whole different species!”

You give a nod. Having your own custom-made demon could be quite fun, and the idea of changing yourself has a certain appeal to it, too. This job certainly seems to come with some nice perks.

They take a moment to collect themselves, then stand tall and, suddenly formal, say, “Where are my manners? Summoner, I am Belrye. I will serve for as long as you have need of me.” Going back to a more relaxed posture, they add, “It’s easy to pronounce. ‘Bel’ like ‘dinner bell’, and ‘rye’ like ‘rye bread’.”

You introduce yourself in a similarly formal tone, figuring this must be another bullet point the book missed. Though you find it oddly reassuring that they don’t seem any better prepared for this than you are. You stare at each other in awkward silence for a moment, fumbling for something more to say. Blurting out the first thing that comes to mind, you ask, “Wait, you speak English?”

“Oh, yes. The wall between planes isn’t all that thick, which is why drawing some symbols on the floor let me come here. So we can sometimes see or hear things from here on Earth.” The demon looks around, “We *are* on Earth right now, right?”

“We are,” you reassure them, “It’s just that there is a ward in place. Security and stuff, you know.”

“Oh, okay! I had always heard about wards and things like that, but it’s different actually experiencing it firsthand, you know? It feels kinda like being in a bubble that I can’t see or feel through.” You see a goatlike tail swish side to side, “So what’s under the robe? You get to see me, so it’s only fair, right?” They give you a playful wink, which does nothing to hide the needy tone in their voice. “I know humans can be really shy about that sort of thing, sometimes, but I’m guessing if you summoned a lust demon, you’re probably not against getting naked. . .”

Well, it’s just the two of you, and you guess you *did* sign up for this. You take off your clothing, tossing it onto the desk. “Wow, a real human. . .” they say to themselves, licking their lips and making no attempt to be subtle. Maybe Terra’s metaphor about going to get tacos wasn’t far off, after all. From

the visibly hardening nipples and the cock-tip emerging from its sheath, your companion seems to enjoy what they are seeing.

Belrye looks like they are trying to resist immediately leaping onto you, with their hands instead firmly grasping their breasts. Suddenly, you notice something. “Wait, how many fingers do you have?”

They pause, confused, then hold up their hands. Sure enough, each has three fingers and a thumb. “I’ve got the usual four. What do you—” They look down at your hands, ““Oh! You know, suddenly a whole lot of things make more sense!”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, your counting system. Like how you have digits for ‘eight’ and ‘nine’. For us,” they slowly count on their fingers, “it goes five, six, seven. . .” They then hold one finger up on one hand and none on the other, like you would do to indicate the “ten’s” position, “And that’s eight.”

You suppose this is just the first of many such conversations the two of you will be having, as you get to know each other. Are you supposed to get to know them? Is that what is supposed to happen? Are you supposed to be teaching them something, or what is going on?

“So, what happens now? The instructions I was given are pretty vague, . . . mister? . . . miss?”

“Oh, right—your language gets weird about that stuff. You can call me either one. The lines back on Hell are so blurry that we really don’t think of ourselves as having a specific gender, if I’m being completely honest. Sure, there are body parts someone may be more into than others, but as far as what to call myself. . . I mean, I have boobs but no pussy, and I have a dick. Any of those things could be different tomorrow. I dunno, what would you like to call me?”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	?
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Female pronouns	3153
Male pronouns	3176
Neutral pronouns	3203

You decide to use female pronouns for her. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

She gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

She takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” She gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks her head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” She shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” She continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, she is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave her by herself. “Sure, I would like that.”

Her tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demoness. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want her to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me stacked, but aren’t into me being hung. I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

She gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, she sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” She gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as she wraps her arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in her soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," she says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, she closes her eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around her. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch she almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then she looks down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. It sounds like you might like me having a pussy instead?"

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Option	Page
Cock	3158
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Belrye's choice, either is good	3170

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there’s something you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

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"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

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"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

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You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

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You decide to use male pronouns for him. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

He gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

He takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” He gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks his head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” He shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” He continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, he is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave him by himself. “Sure, I would like that.”

His tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want him to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me stacked, but aren’t into me being hung. Into big-boobed guys? I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

He gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, he sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” He gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as he wraps his arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in his soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," he says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, he closes his eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around him. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch he almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then he looks down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. It sounds like you might like me having a pussy instead? Or perhaps you just like boys who aren't too big?"

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Option	Page
Cock	3181
Pussy	3187
Belrye's choice, either is good	3193

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there’s something you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

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“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

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"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

He stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give him a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," he replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

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"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

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“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

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You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

He stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give him a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” he replies, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	0 Dead End
Explore his ass	0 Dead End
Explore his dick	0 Dead End
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon	0 Dead End
Explore his uniquely demonic parts	0 Dead End
French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold him for a bit	3199
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around his soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until his arms gently wrap around you. His soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in his voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for him. In his voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of his claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, he does the same on the other side. You realize that he is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give him a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against his shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of his hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm his body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear him softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against his shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You decide to use neutral pronouns for him. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

They give you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

They take the book and start slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” They get to the part with the summoning circle and cock their head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” They show the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” They continue to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, they are your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave them by themselves. “Sure, I would like that.”

Their tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want them to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me stacked, but aren’t into me being hung. Into big-boobed partners? I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

They give you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, they sniff the air and say, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” They give you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as they wrap their arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in their soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," they say, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, they close their eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around them. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch they almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then they look down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. It sounds like you might like me having a pussy instead? Or perhaps you just like boys who aren't too big?"

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	3208
Pussy	3218
Belrye's choice, either is good	3228

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there’s something you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put togeth—oh shit!"

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"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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Option	Page
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Explore their ass	0 
Explore their dick	0 
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon	0 
Explore their uniquely demonic parts	0 
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Just hold them for a bit	3214
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around their soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until their arms gently wrap around you. Their soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

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"I know, I know," There is no judgment in their voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for them. In their voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of their claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, they do the same on the other side. You realize that they are tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give them a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against their shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

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You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
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Build	Average	Average
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . ." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put togeth—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind...”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around their soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until their arms gently wrap around you. Their soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in their voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for them. In their voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of their claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, they do the same on the other side. You realize that they are tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give them a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against their shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of their hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm their body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear them softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

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“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

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“Oh, uh, just sibling please.” You suppose you should have been ready for that.

“Ah, see? This is why I ask,” Tom writes your name down, then checks a calendar on the desk and writes today’s date, “Sibling it is!”

“So, uh, what exactly am I supposed to do here? Like I was assuming we were talking about things like shoveling the walk or painting walls. But after seeing, well. . .” you nod toward the door where Kletano had left, “I probably shouldn’t assume anything.”

He gives you a grin. “Well, let me tell you a bit about our work here. Let’s take a walk.” He rises from his chair and leads you to the same door Kletano had left through. In the back of your mind, you were expecting a torchlit corridor stretching down into darkness, distant roars, and magic words echoing up to you. Well, you were right about the corridor part, though it is lit with the kinds of lightbulbs you would see in any other building. As you walk, you pass another demon. This one is female and seems to be in a bit of a hurry carrying a mug of coffee. She and Tom exchange nods as you pass.

“New brother?”

“New sibling, actually.”

“My apologies! Welcome, new sibling! Sorry, late for a meeting.” This all seems oddly familiar, like what you might see at a typical office. What is going on here?

A few steps later, Tom leads you through a side-door and into a room. This is much more what you were expecting. An old woman in a pale gray robe is seated behind a small desk, with several shelves of books behind her. She looks at you, and then turns to Tom.

“Hello, Terra. A new sibling has joined our order.” Turning to you, he begins to explain, “So, let me tell you a bit about our order. As you have started to see firsthand, there are other planes of existence out there besides our own. In fact, there are a vast multitude of them, populated by an equally wide variety of creatures. Our mission here is to begin to establish diplomatic relations outside of our plane. We feel that it is better to reach out on our own, rather than wait to be contacted by the first one to take an interest in us.”

“So, since those are most definitely demons, I’m thinking you chose Hell. Don’t get me wrong, I’ve never been the religious type, but. . .”

“But why Hell?” Tom asks rhetorically. “Actually, Hell and Earth have a long and complicated history together. At times it has been peaceful, and at other times less so. We felt the best place to start was with a society we have some common history with. Another reason we were drawn to Hell was because their society is quite stable. While their system of government

resembles ancient feudalism here, the overall structure has not changed in thousands of years.”

“Also, the council chose Hell, and that was that,” Terra chimes in, casting a glance at Tom. Something about her expression makes you uneasy.

“Ah yes, not everyone agrees with the council’s decision, but I suppose time will tell. What we are doing now is something of an exchange program. We are summoning demons and helping them to integrate into our order. Your job will be to assist with this summoning and training process. I am sure it sounds a bit scary, but don’t worry. Terra here will be training and supervising you.” She gives you a confident nod.

This all sounds quite fascinating, but at the moment you have a more mundane concern. “So, um, what is the pay cycle here? See, my landlord is kicking me out in a few days.”

“Oh,” Terra replies, “that actually makes it easier. You see, we typically prefer summoners stay here at the temple. You are free to come and go, of course, but the nature of your duties make it far easier if you are on site. It sounds like that will not be a problem?” You shake your head. “Excellent. As for your things, let me show you to your room.”

The three of you leave and continue further down the hallway, reaching an elevator that appears to have been installed much more recently. “Summoning section five,” she says as you enter, and the elevator dings. You feel the elevator start to move quickly downward, before it comes to a stop and the door opens. This, you realize, is more like you expected. The walls are made of stone brick, and strange symbols cover the walls and ceiling. The corridor is lit by torches in wall sconces, and robed figures occasionally move from room to room.

“Yours is the first room on the left, so it should be easy to remember. Summoning section five, room one.” She points to an unmarked stone brick beside the door. “Press your hand there.”

You press your palm against it, finding it strangely warm. After you pull away, the brick starts to glow with another strange symbol. “There, the room is now keyed to you. This door will only open if you press your palm against it. Quite an effective doorlock, wouldn’t you say?”

“So wait, does this mean I’m some kind of wizard?” The strangeness of everything is starting to sink in.

“You are no more a wizard than a programmer is a mage. The world is governed by certain rules. Through our... ‘partnership’ with Hell, we have gained access to new types of technology, which work in ways you are unfamiliar with.”

You experimentally put your hand back against the stone, and the door

opens smoothly inward. The room is about the size of a typical bedroom, and has a bed and writing desk inside. One thing you note is the lack of a power outlet. They must not have electricity down here. An hour ago, you would have thought that strange.

“You will be able to get moved in after you see the other room.” She leads you out (it looks like the lock only works one way), and gestures to the room on the other side of the lock stone. “So, your right hand opened the door to the left. Now use your left hand. The same stone unlocks both doors. Since it is between the doors, use the hand closest to the stone to unlock the door you are standing in front of.”

You press against it, and as the door opens you walk inside. This room looks far more like a dungeon. It is unfurnished, apart from a set of four shackles hanging from the ceiling, a sink, a floor drain, a table, and a single chair. “This room is where you will do the summoning. It is left unfurnished since each summoner tends to set things up differently. Unlike the other room, this room is keyed to you for both entering and exiting. This is done as a safety precaution, but we will talk more about that later.”

The next few hours are a blur. You are shown the rest of the facilities, ranging from restrooms to summoning-ink storage. This is followed by Tom driving you to your house to collect your things (What possessions you have left fit in a suitcase.) The two of you talk the whole way, but it all goes in one ear and out the other. You come back to what is now your home as the Sun is rising, make your way to summoning section five, room one, and fall into bed. You don’t even remember your head hitting the pillow before you are asleep.

You are awakened sometime later by a pleasant chiming sound. You are not sure where it is coming from, but as soon as you sit up in bed it stops. Unsure what else to do, you arrange the items from your suitcase in the room. The old photo goes on the desk, your spare clothing goes in the closet, and a few minutes later you are moved in. It still doesn’t feel like home, but maybe that will change with time. You take a change of clothes and a towel, then head to the shower.

After your shower, you are finally feeling more like yourself. Fifteen minutes to just process everything that has been happening made a big difference. You also had a chance to look at a clock, and realized it was evening again. You had slept through the day, but that meant surprisingly little with most things beneath the surface. You make your way to Terra’s office, assuming this should be her shift again. Sure enough, you find her there. Sitting on the desk are a robe and a thin, leather-bound book. “Ah, welcome back. Did you sleep well?” You nod in reply. “Excellent, you looked pretty glazed over at

the end of last night. So, excited for your first summon?”

“Yeah. And more than a bit scared. I’ve seen enough movies to know I don’t want to do this wrong.”

“Movies often get things wrong, but that is one thing they are right about. Here,” she gestures to the book and robe, “these are for you.” She gives you a moment to put the robe on over your clothes. For as hot as it looks, you find it surprisingly comfortable. “Now, let’s go to your summoning room and get started. The process takes a while and must be done carefully, but it is not complicated.” The two of you walk together down to your summoning room. It still looks just as uninviting as it had the night before. Still, you open your book and start looking at it. Inside is a large collection of symbols, diagrams, and instructions.

“Now, there are two main things that we will need to do, and they must be done in this order. First, we will be making a ward. And second, we will be making a summoning circle. Now, the rooms themselves have a very powerful ward on them that prevents demons from perceiving anything outside of these walls. Once they have been properly trained, you can allow them out. Any questions so far?”

“So this room looks really uncomfortable, especially with the shackles and stuff. From what Tom was saying, shouldn’t the room be setup to be more welcoming first?”

Terra lets out a long sigh. “So, when a demon arrives, we never know who we are going to get. Some are easy to work with, and others are definitely not. Some are immediately hostile. This room is here to contain them until they have been prepared to work with us. Brother Tom has never seen a demon who hasn’t been fully prepared yet, so his head is a bit in the clouds when it comes to the whole process.” Something about her phrasing again makes you feel uneasy, but since she is the expert here, you decide to follow her lead.

“Wait, so the demon is locked in here, right?” Terra nods. “Shouldn’t there be some sort of toilet or something in here for them? Like I get that a bed can be added, but I don’t see any sort of plumbing in here aside from the sink and that drain.”

“Oh, right. So demons generally don’t need to eat, though there are some exceptions. For example, a lust demon feeds on lust, a wrath demon consumes anger, etc. Since they don’t eat, there is no need for a toilet. The same goes for drinking. They are *able* to eat, but it is not needed for them. Getting you aroused and eating the emotion is like a late-night taco run for a lust demon.”

She walks you through the process of drawing the ward on the floor, using a large bottle of ink and a fingertip. The symbols, while strange, are not too complex. As you complete the final symbol, it glows brightly along with the

ink on your fingertip. Over a few seconds, it fades to a dull green, and the ink on your finger disappears completely.

“Now,” she says, “this ward will prevent the demon from being able to harm you. They will not be able to cause you physical pain. However, they are still fully capable of lying, tricking you, angering you, insulting you, etc. Be prepared for that. They are also prevented from directly damaging or touching the ward or the summoning circle you will be drawing next. Again, though, they can trick you or try to indirectly cause you to do it. The ward itself is very fragile. A single smudge is all it takes to deactivate it. Be exceedingly careful about that.”

“So, let’s get started on the summoning circle. By the way, before you complete that, you will need to let me out of the room. The ward protects you, and only you. Once you have summoned a demon, it is not safe to bring anyone else in here, either demon or human. I will guide you until you are ready to draw the final symbol.” You nod.

“Okay, this is where things get interesting. First, draw a circle like the diagram here.” After you have drawn it, she says, “Very good. Next is the symbol for the type of demon you will be summoning. I have been told by the council to have you summon a lust demon.”

“Oh, uh, okay. What are they like? Do they try to seduce you or something?”

“Lust demons are pretty basic, actually. They feed off of human lust in the same way that you eat food. They can actually starve if they don’t get enough of it, but the more they get, the more powerful they become. Their abilities are generally limited to body reshaping, either their own or others.”

“Am I supposed to try to resist being attracted to it?”

“Actually, attraction is encouraged. But don’t lose sight of what is going on. You can feed them lust, but be sure not to let them manipulate you. Normally you would have spent weeks or months training for this, but we are actually quite short on summoners.”

You mull that over for a moment, then nod and examine the symbol. It is rather simple, yet still looks oddly suggestive. You then start carefully drawing it out on the floor. It takes a little time, but you finish copying it with Terra’s supervision. This is followed by the remaining symbols, one by one. Eventually, you stand up, stretch, and admire your handiwork. There is one line left on the last symbol.

“Okay, time to let me out. Now, the next section of your book explains everything you need to know. But if you have any questions at all, as long as the demon is safely restrained, you can come and ask myself or any of our brothers and sisters.” She demonstrates to you that she is unable to open the

door, even pulling back with all her strength. You walk over and let her out. The door feels heavy, but there is no resistance otherwise.

Now alone, you decide to check the book before drawing that last line. It is less a set of instructions and more a set of guidelines:

- The demon feeds on your lust and gains power from it.
- The more lust you feed it, the more it can reshape itself.
- The demon can reshape you as well, though doing so requires more lust.
- It wants you to be attracted to it, and is generally very open-minded about changes.
- They are low-ranking demons back home, so kind treatment goes a long way.

And so, with a bit of rushed instruction and five bullet points, you complete the final symbol.

Nothing.

You flip back to the summoning circle reference, comparing it to what you drew. Everything seems to be matching up. You are struggling a bit to read the symbols, though. Was it always this dark in here?

Suddenly, a blinding flash from the center of the circle startles you, causing you to drop the book and step away. It is strange to look at, burning your eyes like staring at the Sun, only it appears to be pitch black. It slowly expands to fill the circle, stopping when it reaches the edges.

“H-hello?” You hear a voice coming through it, like someone speaking on the other side.

Thinking about another few bullet points that really should have been in that list, you reply, “Hello. Are, uh, you a demon?”

There is a sound like a distorted gasp. “You’re a human? Are you summoning me?!” From the description Terra had given, you were expecting something a bit more sudden and forceful, like the demon appearing on the floor or suspended in midair.

“Yes, you are being summoned. Could you come through the portal-thing, please?” You see the edges of the portal starting to flicker back toward the center.

“Oh, okay! Hang on, let me grab my—no, there’s no time! Okay, coming through!” With a single bound, a demon leaps up through the portal, standing with its hooves on the edges as the portal closes beneath them. After it closes, you are finally able to get a good look.

The demon stands at about five and a half feet, you would guess, and is covered in short, brown fur. They are also completely naked. Figuring that a lust demon wouldn't mind, your eyes drift from the large, curled goat horns, down the face, and down to their body. You first notice a good-sized pair of breasts, fully exposed. As you look down further, you see their body is fairly lean. Though between their legs, rather than seeing the pink slit of a pussy, you see the sheath of a cock and a pair of rather large balls.

“Sorry, I know you were probably hoping I would be stacked and hung and stuff. But I can be! I promise! And—”

Stat	You	?
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	?
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“You look amazing.”	3247
“We will work on that.”	3608
“Hung, but I could do without stacked.”	3897
“Stacked, but I could do without hung.”	3970

“You look amazing,” you interrupt.

The demon stops, stunned. “I... I do?”

“Yes you do. You don’t need to be stacked or hung to be attractive. You look great just the way you are.”

The demon gives you a warm smile, then continues more calmly, “Thanks, human. Surely you have things you find more attractive than others, though. A ‘type’, if you will. I can become nearly anything, if I am fed enough lust. In fact, I can make changes to your body, too. I can make certain things bigger or smaller, change stuff around completely, or even turn you into a whole different species!”

The demon’s eyes suddenly go wide, as a realization hits them. They stand tall and, suddenly formal, say, “Where are my manners? Summoner, I am Belrye. I will serve for as long as you have need of me.” Going back to a more relaxed posture, they add, “It’s easy to pronounce. ‘Bel’ like ‘dinner bell’, and ‘rye’ like ‘rye bread.’”

You introduce yourself in a similarly formal tone, figuring this must be another bullet point the book missed. Though you find it oddly reassuring that they don’t seem any better prepared for this than you are. You stare at each other in awkward silence for a moment, fumbling for something more to say. Blurting out the first thing that comes to mind, you ask, “Wait, you speak English?”

“Oh, yes. The wall between planes isn’t all that thick, which is why drawing some symbols on the floor let me come here. So we can sometimes see or hear things from here on Earth.” The demon looks around, “We *are* on Earth right now, right?”

“We are,” you reassure them, “It’s just that there is a ward in place. Security and stuff, you know.”

“Oh, okay! I had always heard about wards and things like that, but it’s different actually experiencing it firsthand, you know? It feels kinda like being in a bubble that I can’t see or feel through.” You see a goatlike tail swish side to side, “So what’s under the robe? You get to see me, so it’s only fair, right?” They give you a playful wink, which does nothing to hide the needy tone in their voice. “I know humans can be really shy about that sort of thing, sometimes, but I’m guessing if you summoned a lust demon, you’re probably not against getting naked...”

Well, it’s just the two of you, and you guess you *did* sign up for this. You take off your clothing, tossing it onto the desk. “Wow, a real human...” they say to themselves, licking their lips and making no attempt to be subtle. Maybe Terra’s metaphor about going to get tacos wasn’t far off, after all. From the visibly hardening nipples and the cock-tip emerging from its sheath, your

companion seems to enjoy what they are seeing.

Belrye looks like they are trying to resist immediately leaping onto you, with their hands instead giving their breasts a firm squeeze. Suddenly you notice something. “Wait, how many fingers do you have?”

They pause, confused, then hold up their hands. Sure enough, each has three fingers and a thumb. “I’ve got the usual four. What do you—” They look down at your hands, “Oh! You know, suddenly a whole lot of things make more sense!”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, your counting system. Like how you have digits for ‘eight’ and ‘nine’. For us,” they slowly count on their fingers, “it goes five, six, seven. . .” They then hold one finger up on one hand and none on the other, like you would do to indicate the “ten’s” position, “And that’s eight.”

You suppose this is just the first of many such conversations the two of you will be having, as you get to know each other. Are you supposed to get to know them? Is that what is supposed to happen? Are you supposed to be teaching them something, or what is going on?

“So, what happens now? The instructions I was given are pretty vague, . . . mister? . . . miss?”

“Oh, right—your language gets weird about that stuff. You can call me either one. The lines back on Hell are so blurry that we don’t really think of ourselves as having a specific gender, if I’m being completely honest. Sure, there are body parts someone may be more into than others, but as far as what to call myself. . . I mean, I have boobs but no pussy, and I have a dick. Any of those things could be different tomorrow. I dunno, what would you like to call me?”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	?
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Female pronouns	3251
Male pronouns	3370
Neutral pronouns	3489

You decide to use female pronouns for her. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

She gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

She takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” She gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks her head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” She shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” She continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, she is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave her by herself. “Sure, I would like that.”

Her tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demoness. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want her to look like? I mean, I know you said you like how I look now, but the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat girls? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

She gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, she sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” She gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as she wraps her arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in her soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," she says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, she closes her eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but you would swear you felt genuine affection from the demoness. You wrap your arms around her. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch she almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then she looks down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	3256
Pussy	3294
Belrye's choice, either is good	3332

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . ." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	3262
Explore her ass	3266
Explore her dick	3270
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	3274
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	3278
French kiss	3282
Just hold her for a bit	3286
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	3290

Well, since your hands are already on her breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding her nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give one of her nipples a slight pull, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring her breasts, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, her ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind her back, one of your hands finds its way to her ass. She feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives her asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of her hands slide down your back as you do. Her claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell she is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. Finding her tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by her dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down her body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past her flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give her cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, she seems to have fully extended from the sheath. Her length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give her a gentle nudge on her shoulder and ask if she wants to roll over. With a little giggle, she does, then presses her body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As she presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around her and slide the other underneath her head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” She raises her head for you to move your arm down a bit. As she lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub her soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize she is pushing back just a *little* harder with her butt than she probably needs to. She also seems to have positioned herself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between her cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as she grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give her a bit of a surprise. As she pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demoness’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, she pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” she breathes over her shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home her point, she begins working herself down onto your cock.

As she goes past the halfway point, you give her the rest with one hard push. You feel her shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. As she rests a hand on yours, she adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, she asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demoness’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out her more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down her muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping her lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," she says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in her voice, as you feel her hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of her big, floppy ears. You're not sure what her hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to her. Thinking back to her goatlike eyes, she probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of her thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" she gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, hers feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of her head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Her hands are exploring your face, as she continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down her back, your hand finds her tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of her body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before she stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Her exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," she says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to her hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against hers. As hers part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel her tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while she might look a lot like a goat, she is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that her tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as she pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around her as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for her part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like she wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, she softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, she breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around her soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until her arms gently wrap around you. Her soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in her voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for her. In her voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of her claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, she does the same on the other side. You realize that she is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give her a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against her shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of her hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm her body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear her softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoness control...” she continues, her fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoness you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoness, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoness like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” she gives your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in her hand. She goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	3300
Explore her ass	3304
Explore her dick	3308
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	3312
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	3316
French kiss	3320
Just hold her for a bit	3324
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	3328

Well, since your hands are already on her breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding her nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give one of her nipples a slight pull, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring her breasts, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Well, her ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind her back, one of your hands finds its way to her ass. She feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives her asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of her hands slide down your back as you do. Her claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell she is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. Finding her tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

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matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You do have to admit, your curiosity has been piqued by her dick, so that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down her body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past her flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine.

You hear a small giggle, “For wanting me to have a pussy instead, you don’t seem to mind my dick. You must like both, but just be *slightly* more into a nice, wet hole.”

“Y-yeah,” you reply, with Belrye letting out a soft moan as you gently rub her cock. It feels like a strange mix of human and equine, with the blunt head sliding out of a sheath. It also feels much warmer than you expected.

As you explore, you feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn’t really a goat. You give her cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. “Seems like you like it, too.”

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, she asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” In your hands, she seems to have fully extended from the sheath. Her length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved.

We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give her a gentle nudge on her shoulder and ask if she wants to roll over. With a little giggle, she does, then presses her body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As she presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around her and slide the other underneath her head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” She raises her head for you to move your arm down a bit. As she lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub her soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize she is pushing back just a *little* harder with her butt than she probably needs to. She also seems to have positioned herself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between her cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as she grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give her a bit of a surprise. As she pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demoness’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, she pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” she breathes over her shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home her point, she begins working herself down onto your cock.

As she goes past the halfway point, you give her the rest with one hard push. You feel her shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. As she rests a hand on yours, she adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, she asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demoness’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out her more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down her muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping her lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," she says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in her voice, as you feel her hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of her big, floppy ears. You're not sure what her hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to her. Thinking back to her goatlike eyes, she probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of her thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" she gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, hers feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of her head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Her hands are exploring your face, as she continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down her back, your hand finds her tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of her body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before she stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Her exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," she says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to her hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against hers. As hers part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel her tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while she might look a lot like a goat, she is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that her tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as she pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around her as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for her part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like she wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, she softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, she breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around her soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until her arms gently wrap around you. Her soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in her voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for her. In her voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of her claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, she does the same on the other side. You realize that she is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give her a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against her shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of her hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm her body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear her softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoness control...” she continues, her fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would ride your face night after night, making you eat her out until your tongue is aching. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoness you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoness, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoness like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” she gives your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in her hand. She goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0	Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0	Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0	Dead End

“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so. . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she’s safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

She stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give her a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” she replies, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	3338
Explore her ass	3342
Explore her dick	3346
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	3350
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	3354
French kiss	3358
Just hold her for a bit	3362
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	3366

Well, since your hands are already on her breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding her nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give one of her nipples a slight pull, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring her breasts, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, her ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind her back, one of your hands finds its way to her ass. She feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives her asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of her hands slide down your back as you do. Her claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell she is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. Finding her tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by her dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down her body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past her flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give her cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, she seems to have fully extended from the sheath. Her length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give her a gentle nudge on her shoulder and ask if she wants to roll over. With a little giggle, she does, then presses her body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As she presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around her and slide the other underneath her head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” She raises her head for you to move your arm down a bit. As she lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub her soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize she is pushing back just a *little* harder with her butt than she probably needs to. She also seems to have positioned herself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between her cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as she grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give her a bit of a surprise. As she pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demoness’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, she pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” she breathes over her shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home her point, she begins working herself down onto your cock.

As she goes past the halfway point, you give her the rest with one hard push. You feel her shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. As she rests a hand on yours, she adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, she asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demoness’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out her more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down her muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping her lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," she says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in her voice, as you feel her hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of her big, floppy ears. You're not sure what her hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to her. Thinking back to her goatlike eyes, she probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of her thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" she gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, hers feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of her head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Her hands are exploring your face, as she continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down her back, your hand finds her tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of her body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before she stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Her exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," she says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to her hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 
Friends with benefits	0 
Dominant Belrye	0 
Submissive Belrye	0 

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against hers. As hers part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel her tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while she might look a lot like a goat, she is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that her tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as she pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around her as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for her part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like she wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, she softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, she breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around her soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until her arms gently wrap around you. Her soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in her voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for her. In her voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of her claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, she does the same on the other side. You realize that she is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give her a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against her shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of her hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm her body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear her softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

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love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” She thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” Her tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel her hands reach down and roll you away from her, followed by the sensation of her soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demoness control...” she continues, her fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what she would do to you. Maybe she would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *her* kinks. Or maybe she would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demoness you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” she snaps her fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with her other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Her tone shifts again, to an almost motherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a mommy to take good care of you. Or...” she lowers her voice to a growl as she continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demoness, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoness like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” she gives your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in her hand. She goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as she lets you think. You also feel her lips on your neck, as the demoness gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether she is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t she *just* get done warning you about all of the things she could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt she would be giving you all of these warnings. She’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

You decide to use male pronouns for him. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

He gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

He takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” He gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks his head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” He shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” He continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, he is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave him by himself. “Sure, I would like that.”

His tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want him to look like? I mean, I know you said you like how I look now, but the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat chests? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

He gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, he sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” He gives you a wink, “but I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as he wraps his arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in his soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," he says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, he closes his eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around him. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch he almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then he looks down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

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Species	Human	Goat
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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	3375
Pussy	3413
Belrye's choice, either is good	3451

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

He stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," he replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	3381
	Explore his ass	3385
	Explore his dick	3389
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		3393
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	3397
	French kiss	3401
	Just hold him for a bit	3405
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	3409

Well, since your hands are already on his breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding his nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give one of his nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring his breasts, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, his ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind his back, one of your hands finds its way to his ass. He feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives his asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of his hands slide down your back as you do. His claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell he is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. Finding his tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by his dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down his body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past his flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of his sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give his cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of his cock, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, he seems to have fully extended from the sheath. His length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give him a gentle nudge on his shoulder and ask if he wants to roll over. With a little giggle, he does, then presses his body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As he presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around his and slide the other underneath his head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” He raises his head for you to move your arm down a bit. As he lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub his soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize he is pushing back just a *little* harder with his butt than he probably needs to. He also seems to have positioned himself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between his cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against his tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as he grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give him a bit of a surprise. As he pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, he pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” he breathes over his shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home his point, he begins working himself down onto your cock.

As he goes past the halfway point, you give him the rest with one hard push. You feel him shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. As he rests a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, he asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out his more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down his muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping his lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," he says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in his voice, as you feel his hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of his big, floppy ears. You're not sure what his hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to him. Thinking back to his goatlike eyes, he probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of his thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" he gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, his feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of his head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." His hands are exploring your face, as he continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down his back, your hand finds his tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of his body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before he stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

His exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," he says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to his hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against his. As his part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel his tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while he might look a lot like a goat, he is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that his tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of his tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as he pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around him as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for his part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like he wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, he softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, he breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

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Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around his soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until his arms gently wrap around you. His soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in his voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for him. In his voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of his claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, he does the same on the other side. You realize that he is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give him a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against his shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of his hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm his body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear him softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Option	Page
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open

the floodgates as far as you're ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are..." he gives your cock a squeeze, "I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?"

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in his hand. He goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You're not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn't he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren't you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren't you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He's already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide...

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Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“I think I’d rather you had a pussy, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But

then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he’s safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

He stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give her a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something.

You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," he replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put togeth—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces himself to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on

hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind...”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	3419
	Explore his ass	3423
	Explore his dick	3427
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		3431
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	3435
	French kiss	3439
	Just hold him for a bit	3443
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	3447

Well, since your hands are already on his breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding his nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give one of his nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring his breasts, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, his ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind his back, one of your hands finds its way to his ass. He feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives his asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of his hands slide down your back as you do. His claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell he is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. Finding his tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You do have to admit, your curiosity has been piqued by his dick, so that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down his body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past his flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of his sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine.

You hear a small giggle, “For wanting me to have a pussy instead, you don’t seem to mind my dick. You must like both, but just be *slightly* more into a nice, wet hole.”

“Y-yeah,” you reply, with Belrye letting out a soft moan as you gently rub his cock. It feels like a strange mix of human and equine, with the blunt head sliding out of a sheath. It also feels much warmer than you expected.

As you explore, you feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike her claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn’t really a goat. You give his cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. “Seems like you like it, too.”

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of his cock, he asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” In your hands, he seems to have fully extended from the sheath. His length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved.

We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give him a gentle nudge on his shoulder and ask if he wants to roll over. With a little giggle, he does, then presses his body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As he presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around him and slide the other underneath his head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here...” He raises his head for you to move your arm down a bit. As he lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better...” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub his soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize he is pushing back just a *little* harder with his butt than he probably needs to. He also seems to have positioned himself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between his cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against his tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as he grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give him a bit of a surprise. As he pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, he pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” he breathes over his shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy...” As if to drive home his point, he begins working himself down onto your cock.

As he goes past the halfway point, you give him the rest with one hard push. You feel him shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh...” he replies, needily. As he rests a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, he asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out his more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down his muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping his lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what he would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," he says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in his voice, as you feel his hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of his big, floppy ears. You're not sure what his hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to him. Thinking back to his goatlike eyes, he probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of his thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" he gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, his feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of his head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." His hands are exploring your face, as he continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down his back, your hand finds his tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of his body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before he stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

His exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," he says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to his hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against his. As his part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel his tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while he might look a lot like a goat, he is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that his tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of his tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as he pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around him as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for his part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like he wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, he softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, he breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around his soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until his arms gently wrap around you. His soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in his voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for him. In his voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of his claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, he does the same on the other side. You realize that he is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give him a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against his shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of his hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm his body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear him softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would ride your face night after night, making you eat him out until your tongue is aching. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are...” he gives your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in his hand. He goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He’s already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“I want to leave that up to you. I’m good either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

He stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," he replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	3457
	Explore his ass	3461
	Explore his dick	3465
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		3469
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	3473
	French kiss	3477
	Just hold him for a bit	3481
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	3485

Well, since your hands are already on his breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding his nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give one of his nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring his breasts, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, his ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind his back, one of your hands finds its way to his ass. He feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives his asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of his hands slide down your back as you do. His claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell he is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike her claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. Finding his tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by his dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down his body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past his flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of his sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give his cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of his cock, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, he seems to have fully extended from the sheath. His length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give him a gentle nudge on his shoulder and ask if he wants to roll over. With a little giggle, he does, then presses his body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As he presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around him and slide the other underneath his head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” He raises his head for you to move your arm down a bit. As he lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub his soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize he is pushing back just a *little* harder with his butt than he probably needs to. He also seems to have positioned himself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between his cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against his tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as he grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give him a bit of a surprise. As he pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, he pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” he breathes over his shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home his point, he begins working himself down onto your cock.

As he goes past the halfway point, you give him the rest with one hard push. You feel him shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. As he rests a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, he asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out his more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down his muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping his lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," he says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in his voice, as you feel his hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of his big, floppy ears. You're not sure what his hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to him. Thinking back to his goatlike eyes, he probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of his thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" he gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, his feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of his head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." His hands are exploring your face, as he continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down his back, your hand finds his tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of his body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before he stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

His exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," he says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to his hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against his. As his part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel his tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while he might look a lot like a goat, he is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that his tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of his tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as he pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around him as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for his part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like he wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, he softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, he breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around his soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until his arms gently wrap around you. His soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in his voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for him. In his voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of his claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, he does the same on the other side. You realize that he is tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give him a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against his shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of his hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm his body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear him softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against his shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um...okay, I can do that!” He thinks for a moment, then continues, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner...” His tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel his hands reach down and roll you away from him, followed by the sensation of his soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control...” he continues, his fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what he would do to you. Maybe he would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *his* kinks. Or maybe he would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe...” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” he snaps his fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with his other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

His tone shifts again, to an almost fatherly one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a daddy to take good care of you. Or...” he lowers his voice to a growl as he continues, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open

the floodgates as far as you're ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are..." he gives your cock a squeeze, "I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?"

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in his hand. He goes back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as he lets you think. You also feel his lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You're not sure whether he is trying to sway your decision, is just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn't he *just* get done warning you about all of the things he could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren't you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren't you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt he would be giving you all of these warnings. He's already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide...

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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

You decide to use neutral pronouns for them. “So...have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

They give you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

They take the book and start slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” They get to the part with the summoning circle and cock their head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” They show the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” They continue to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, they are your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave them by themselves. “Sure, I would like that.”

Their tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want them to look like? I mean, I know you said you like how I look now, but the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat partners? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

They give you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, they sniff the air and say, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” They give you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as they wrap their arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in their soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," they say, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, they close their eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but you would swear you felt genuine affection from the demon. You wrap your arms around them. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch they almost seem to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then they look down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	3494
Pussy	3532
Belrye's choice, either is good	3570

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . ." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put togeth—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	3500
	Explore their ass	3504
	Explore their dick	3508
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		3512
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	3516
	French kiss	3520
	Just hold them for a bit	3524
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	3528

Well, since your hands are already on their breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding their nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give one of their nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring their breasts, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, their ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind their back, one of your hands finds its way to their ass. They feel a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives their asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of their hands slide down your back as you do. Their claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell they are being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. Finding their tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them

in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by their dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down their body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past their flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of their sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give their cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of their cock, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, they seem to have fully extended from the sheath. Their length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give them a gentle nudge on their shoulder and ask if they want to roll over. With a little giggle, they do, then presses their body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As they press tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around theirs and slide the other underneath their head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here...” They raise their head for you to move your arm down a bit. As they lay back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better...” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub their soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize they are pushing back just a *little* harder with their butt than they probably needs to. They also seem to have positioned themselves just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between their cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against their tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as they grind against you. Fully hard, you decide to give them a bit of a surprise. As they push back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, they push back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” they breathe over their shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy...” As if to drive home their point, they begin working themselves down onto your cock.

As they go past the halfway point, you give them the rest with one hard push. You feel them shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh...” they reply, needily. As they rest a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, they ask, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out their more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down their muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping their lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," they say, a mix of bemusement and wonder in their voice, as you feel their hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of their big, floppy ears. You're not sure what their hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to them. Thinking back to their goatlike eyes, they probably see the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of their thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" they give a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, theirs feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of their head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Their hands are exploring your face, as they continue, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down their back, your hand finds their tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of their body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before they stop and let your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Their exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," they say, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to their hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you

had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against theirs. As theirs part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel their tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while they might look a lot like a goat, they are something else entirely. You also quickly discover that their tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of their tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to..." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as they pull you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around them as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for their part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like they want to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, they softly say, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of...sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, they break the kiss and ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around their soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until their arms gently wrap around you. Their soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in their voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for them. In their voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of their claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, they do the same on the other side. You realize that they are tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give them a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against their shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of their hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm their body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear them softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against her shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um. . . okay, I can do that!” They think for a moment, then continue, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner. . .” Their tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel their hands reach down and roll you away from them, followed by the sensation of their soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control. . .” they continue, their fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what they would do to you. Maybe they would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *their* kinks. Or maybe they would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe. . .” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” they snap their fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with their other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Their tone shifts again, to an almost parental one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a parent to take good care of you. Or. . .” they lower their voice to a growl as they continue, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demoness like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” they give your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in their hand. They go back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as they let you think. You also feel their lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether they are trying to sway your decision, are just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t they *just* get done warning you about all of the things they could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt they would be giving you all of these warnings. They’ve already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . ." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put togeth—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind...”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	3538
Explore their ass	3542
Explore their dick	3546
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon	3550
Explore their uniquely demonic parts	3554
French kiss	3558
Just hold them for a bit	3562
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	3566

Well, since your hands are already on their breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding their nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give one of their nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring their breasts, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, their ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind their back, one of your hands finds its way to their ass. They feel a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives their asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of their hands slide down your back as you do. Their claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell they are being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. Finding their tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them

in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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You do have to admit, your curiosity has been piqued by their dick, so that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down their body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past their flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of their sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine.

You hear a small giggle, “For wanting me to have a pussy instead, you don’t seem to mind my dick. You must like both, but just be *slightly* more into a nice, wet hole.”

“Y-yeah,” you reply, with Belrye letting out a soft moan as you gently rub their cock. It feels like a strange mix of human and equine, with the blunt head sliding out of a sheath. It also feels much warmer than you expected.

As you explore, you feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren’t really a goat. You give their cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” they reply, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. “Seems like you like it, too.”

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of their cock, they ask, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” In your hands, they seem to have fully extended from the sheath. Their length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

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If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give them a gentle nudge on their shoulder and ask if they want to roll over. With a little giggle, they do, then press their body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As they press tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around them and slide the other underneath their head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here...” They raise their head for you to move your arm down a bit. As they lay back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better...” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub their soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize they are pushing back just a *little* harder with their butt than they probably need to. They also seem to have positioned themselves just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between their cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as they grind against you. Fully hard, you decide to give them a bit of a surprise. As they push back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, they push back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” they breathe over their shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy...” As if to drive home their point, they begin working themselves down onto your cock.

As they go past the halfway point, you give them the rest with one hard push. You feel them shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh...” they reply, needily. As they rest a hand on yours, they add, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, they ask, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out their more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down their muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping their lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," they say, a mix of bemusement and wonder in their voice, as you feel their hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of their big, floppy ears. You're not sure what their hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to them. Thinking back to their goatlike eyes, they probably see the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of their thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" they give a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, theirs feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of their head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Their hands are exploring your face, as they continue, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down their back, your hand finds their tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of their body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before they stop and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Their exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," they say, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to their hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you

had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against theirs. As theirs part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel their tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while they might look a lot like a goat, they are something else entirely. You also quickly discover that their tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as they pull you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around them as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for their part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like they want to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, they softly say, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, they break the kiss and ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Breast Size	Flat	C
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around their soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until their arms gently wrap around you. Their soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in their voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for them. In their voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of their claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, they do the same on the other side. You realize that they are tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give them a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against their shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of their hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm their body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear them softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against their shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um. . . okay, I can do that!” They think for a moment, then continue, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner. . .” Their tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel their hands reach down and roll you away from them, followed by the sensation of their soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control. . .” they continue, their fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what they would do to you. Maybe they would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *their* kinks. Or maybe they would ride your face night after night, making you eat them out until your tongue is aching. Or maybe. . .” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” they snap their fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with their other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Their tone shifts again, to an almost parental one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a parent to take good care of you. Or. . .” they lower her voice to a growl as they continue, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” they give your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in their hand. They go back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as they let you think. You also feel their lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether they are trying to sway your decision, are just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t they *just* get done warning you about all of the things they could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt they would be giving you all of these warnings. They’ve already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so. . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they’re safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

They stand up and walk over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give them a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” they reply, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind...”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	Option	Page
	Boob groping	3576
	Explore their ass	3580
	Explore their dick	3584
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		3588
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	3592
	French kiss	3596
	Just hold them for a bit	3600
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	3604

Well, since your hands are already on their breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding their nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give one of their nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring their breasts, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, their ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind their back, one of your hands finds its way to their ass. They feel a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives their asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of their hands slide down your back as you do. Their claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell they are being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike her claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. Finding their tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them

in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by their dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down their body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past their flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give their cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of their cock, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, they seem to have fully extended from the sheath. Their length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give them a gentle nudge on their shoulder and ask if they want to roll over. With a little giggle, they do, then press their body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As they press tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around them and slide the other underneath their head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here...” They raise their head for you to move your arm down a bit. As they lay back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better...” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub their soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize they are pushing back just a *little* harder with their butt than they probably need to. They also seem to have positioned themselves just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between their cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as they grind against you. Fully hard, you decide to give them a bit of a surprise. As they push back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, they push back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” they breathe over their shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy...” As if to drive home their point, they begin working themselves down onto your cock.

As they go past the halfway point, you give them the rest with one hard push. You feel them shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh...” they reply, needily. As they rest a hand on yours, they add, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, they ask, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out their more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down their muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping their lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," they say, a mix of bemusement and wonder in their voice, as you feel their hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of their big, floppy ears. You're not sure what their hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to them. Thinking back to their goatlike eyes, they probably see the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of their thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" they give a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, theirs feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of their head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Their hands are exploring your face, as they continue, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down their back, your hand finds their tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of their body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before they stop and let your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Their exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," they say, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to their hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you

had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against theirs. As theirs part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel their tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while they might look a lot like a goat, they are something else entirely. You also quickly discover that their tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as they pull you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around them as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for their part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like they want to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, they softly say, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . .sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, they break the kiss and ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

With how much everything has been to take in, just wrapping your arms around their soft, furry body seems like a great start.

You don't realize how tightly you are squeezing until their arms gently wrap around you. Their soft voice whispers in your ear, "It's okay, summoner. I'm not going anywhere. It sounds like you've needed this for a very, very long time. We'll take things nice and slow."

"S-sorry, it's just a lot to take in," you explain, starting to get a little choked up.

"I know, I know," There is no judgment in their voice, no mirth that you aren't immediately ready for them. In their voice, you hear only tenderness. "I think I know something you'll like. . ."

You feel the rounded back of one of their claws very slowly trace a large arc from the middle of your back almost to your shoulder, before plunging down to your spine just above your hips. Then, they do the same on the other side. You realize that they are tracing a big heart shape on your back, and give them a squeeze.

"Aww, see? I knew you'd like it. Does my fur feel good, summoner?"

You bury your face against their shoulder. "It's so soft and warm. Like a big plushie or something. It's kinda. . ." You're not sure how to finish your thought. You would be happy to spend the whole night just like this, though you are sure Belrye has other things in mind for the evening.

"Kinda weird to have something that feels like a big plushie talking to you?" You feel one of their hands rub up and down against your back—you can't get over how warm their body feels. "You can talk to me, cuddle me, anything that makes you feel good."

For several minutes, you silently lie in each other's arms. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like Belrye wants to respect your boundaries.

You hear them softly say, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between being held like this for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause and think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful, but I'm right here beside you, okay? Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

Still resting against their shoulder, you think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye give you a gentle squeeze, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”

“W-wait, *me* take charge?” Belrye asks, surprised.

“Yeah! I mean, even if neither of us has done this before, I’m really curious what a lust demon would do, y’know?”

“Um. . . okay, I can do that!” They think for a moment, then continue, “Of course, there are a whole lot of different things that could mean, and I don’t want to get carried away and go too far, summoner. . .” Their tone seems to be quickly shifting from nervous to seductive. “After all, you don’t know aaannnyyy of the things I’m into yet.”

You feel their hands reach down and roll you away from them, followed by the sensation of their soft, furry breasts against your back. “And if you give a demon control. . .” they continue, their fingers wrapping around your quickly hardening cock and starting to teasingly stroke it, “who *knows* what they would do to you. Maybe they would turn you into something weird, twisting and reshaping you to fit all of *their* kinks. Or maybe they would use you as a cocksleeve night after night, making it a little bigger each time. Or maybe. . .” You start to wonder if this is the same shy, sweet demon you were just talking to a moment ago. “Maybe I would let you pick your changes, and I would pick my own.”

“In fact, summoner, changing the body is only one thing I can do. If you give your permission, then your mind can slowly be reshaped, too. Maybe I would make you cum every time I snap my fingers,” they snap their fingers beside your head, continuing to stroke your dick with their other hand. “Perhaps I would slowly chip away at your inhibitions, or rewire you to get off from worshipping my hooves.”

Their tone shifts again, to an almost parental one this time. “But the most important thing, summoner, is where *you* draw the line. Maybe some of that sounded good to you, or maybe none of it did. It could even be that you have some ideas you would love for me to help you explore. For example, perhaps you’ve always wanted a parent to take good care of you. Or. . .” they lower their voice to a growl as they continue, “maybe you’d love to be a summoner who lost control of their demon, and needs to suffer the consequences!”

“I-it’s, uh, kinda scary how quickly you can shift between things like that,” you nervously say over your shoulder.

“Sorry summoner, but I just really want to make sure you know what to be ready for when you let a demon like me be in charge. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent with no other outlet than masturbating and thinking about what I’d do if I was ever summoned. What’s the saying? Something about opening water gates?”

“Oh, ‘opening the floodgates’ is what you mean.”

“Yeah, that! So, uh, I guess I just want to make sure that you only open the floodgates as far as you’re ready for, summoner. But, uh, from how hard you are. . .” they give your cock a squeeze, “I get the feeling you have a pretty good idea how wide you want those floodgates opened already?”

While your head is still spinning a bit from the roller coaster of the past few minutes, Belrye was right about one thing: you can feel your cock throbbing in their hand. They go back to stroking, a tiny bit harder, as they let you think. You also feel their lips on your neck, as the demon gives it a kiss. You’re not sure whether they are trying to sway your decision, are just as aroused and needy as you are, or both.

A voice in the back of your mind tells you that this is a terrible idea. Not only could you find yourself dragged, kicking and screaming, off to Hell, but who knows what that would mean for the order, the city, or even the world? Besides, didn’t they *just* get done warning you about all of the things they could do to you? The right thing to do, here, would be to stay control of the situation.

On the other hand, aren’t you here because humanity had no use for you, in the first place? Aren’t you alone because no humans seemed interested in dating you? What do you really owe them? Besides, if Belrye had any bad intentions, you doubt they would be giving you all of these warnings. They’ve already told you more about what to expect than your introduction and partial instruction book had.

Making up your mind, you decide. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0 Dead End
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0 Dead End

“We will work on that,” you interrupt. The demon stops, then gives you a smile.

“Yeah, you’re right. If you feed me enough lust, I can become pretty much anything you like! Well, not quite anything—I still have to be a demon. But I can change a lot! I can change you too, if you’d like. I can make certain things bigger or smaller, change stuff around completely, or even turn you into a whole different species!”

You give a nod. Having your own custom-made demon could be quite fun, and the idea of changing yourself has a certain appeal to it, too. This job certainly seems to come with some nice perks.

They take a moment to collect themselves, then stand tall and, suddenly formal, say, “Where are my manners? Summoner, I am Belrye. I will serve for as long as you have need of me.” Going back to a more relaxed posture, they add, “It’s easy to pronounce. ‘Bel’ like ‘dinner bell’, and ‘rye’ like ‘rye bread’.”

You introduce yourself in a similarly formal tone, figuring this must be another bullet point the book missed. Though you find it oddly reassuring that they don’t seem any better prepared for this than you are. You stare at each other in awkward silence for a moment, fumbling for something more to say. Blurting out the first thing that comes to mind, you ask, “Wait, you speak English?”

“Oh, yes. The wall between planes isn’t all that thick, which is why drawing some symbols on the floor let me come here. So we can sometimes see or hear things from here on Earth.” The demon looks around, “We *are* on Earth right now, right?”

“We are,” you reassure them, “It’s just that there is a ward in place. Security and stuff, you know.”

“Oh, okay! I had always heard about wards and things like that, but it’s different actually experiencing it firsthand, you know? It feels kinda like being in a bubble that I can’t see or feel through.” You see a goatlike tail swish side to side, “So what’s under the robe? You get to see me, so it’s only fair, right?” They give you a playful wink, which does nothing to hide the needy tone in their voice. “I know humans can be really shy about that sort of thing, sometimes, but I’m guessing if you summoned a lust demon, you’re probably not against getting naked. . .”

Well, it’s just the two of you, and you guess you *did* sign up for this. You take off your clothing, tossing it onto the desk. “Wow, a real human. . .” they say to themselves, licking their lips and making no attempt to be subtle. Maybe Terra’s metaphor about going to get tacos wasn’t far off, after all. From the visibly hardening nipples and the cock-tip emerging from its sheath, your

companion seems to enjoy what they are seeing.

Belrye looks like they are trying to resist immediately leaping onto you, with their hands instead giving their breasts a firm squeeze. Suddenly you notice something. “Wait, how many fingers do you have?”

They pause, confused, then hold up thier hands. Sure enough, each has three fingers and a thumb. “I’ve got the usual four. What do you—” They look down at your hands, “Oh! You know, suddenly a whole lot of things make more sense!”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, your counting system. Like how you have digits for ‘eight’ and ‘nine’. For us,” they slowly count on their fingers, “it goes five, six, seven. . .” They then hold one finger up on one hand and none on the other, like you would do to indicate the “ten’s” position, “And that’s eight.”

You suppose this is just the first of many such conversations the two of you will be having, as you get to know each other. Are you supposed to get to know them? Is that what is supposed to happen? Are you supposed to be teaching them something, or what is going on?

“So, what happens now? The instructions I was given are pretty vague, . . . mister? . . . miss?”

“Oh, right—your language gets weird about that stuff. You can call me either one. The lines back on Hell are so blurry that we really don’t think of ourselves as having a specific gender, if I’m being completely honest. Sure, there are body parts someone may be more into than others, but as far as what to call myself. . . I mean, I have boobs but no pussy, and I have a dick. Any of those things could be different tomorrow. I dunno, what would you like to call me?”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	?
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Female pronouns	3612
Male pronouns	3707
Neutral pronouns	3802

You decide to use female pronouns for her. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

She gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

She takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” She gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks her head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” She shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” She continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, she is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave her by herself. “Sure, I would like that.”

Her tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demoness. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want her to look like? I mean, you sounded interested in working on some changes, and the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat girls? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

She gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, she sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” She gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as she wraps her arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in her soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," she says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, she closes her eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around her. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch she almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then she looks down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	3617
Pussy	3647
Belrye's choice, either is good	3677

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, whatever you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	3623
Explore her ass	3627
Explore her dick	3631
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	3635
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	3639
French kiss	3643
Just hold her for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End

Well, since your hands are already on her breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding her nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give one of her nipples a slight pull, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring her breasts, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, her ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind her back, one of your hands finds its way to her ass. She feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives her asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of her hands slide down your back as you do. Her claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell she is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. Finding her tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by her dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down her body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past her flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give her cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, she seems to have fully extended from the sheath. Her length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give her a gentle nudge on her shoulder and ask if she wants to roll over. With a little giggle, she does, then presses her body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As she presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around her and slide the other underneath her head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” She raises her head for you to move your arm down a bit. As she lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub her soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize she is pushing back just a *little* harder with her butt than she probably needs to. She also seems to have positioned herself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between her cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as she grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give her a bit of a surprise. As she pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demoness’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, she pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” she breathes over her shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home her point, she begins working herself down onto your cock.

As she goes past the halfway point, you give her the rest with one hard push. You feel her shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. As she rests a hand on yours, she adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, she asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demoness’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out her more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down her muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping her lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," she says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in her voice, as you feel her hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of her big, floppy ears. You're not sure what her hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to her. Thinking back to her goatlike eyes, she probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of her thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" she gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, hers feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of her head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Her hands are exploring your face, as she continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down her back, your hand finds her tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of her body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before she stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Her exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," she says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to her hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against hers. As hers part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel her tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while she might look a lot like a goat, she is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that her tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as she pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around her as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for her part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like she wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, she softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, she breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	3653
Explore her ass	3657
Explore her dick	3661
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	3665
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	3669
French kiss	3673
Just hold her for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End

Well, since your hands are already on her breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding her nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give one of her nipples a slight pull, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring her breasts, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, her ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind her back, one of your hands finds its way to her ass. She feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives her asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of her hands slide down your back as you do. Her claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell she is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. Finding her tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You do have to admit, your curiosity has been piqued by her dick, so that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down her body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past her flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine.

You hear a small giggle, “For wanting me to have a pussy instead, you don’t seem to mind my dick. You must like both, but just be *slightly* more into a nice, wet hole.”

“Y-yeah,” you reply, with Belrye letting out a soft moan as you gently rub her cock. It feels like a strange mix of human and equine, with the blunt head sliding out of a sheath. It also feels much warmer than you expected.

As you explore, you feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn’t really a goat. You give her cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. “Seems like you like it, too.”

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, she asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” In your hands, she seems to have fully extended from the sheath. Her length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved.

We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give her a gentle nudge on her shoulder and ask if she wants to roll over. With a little giggle, she does, then presses her body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As she presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around her and slide the other underneath her head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” She raises her head for you to move your arm down a bit. As she lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub her soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize she is pushing back just a *little* harder with her butt than she probably needs to. She also seems to have positioned herself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between her cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as she grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give her a bit of a surprise. As she pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demoness’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, she pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” she breathes over her shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home her point, she begins working herself down onto your cock.

As she goes past the halfway point, you give her the rest with one hard push. You feel her shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. As she rests a hand on yours, she adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, she asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demoness’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out her more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down her muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping her lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," she says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in her voice, as you feel her hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of her big, floppy ears. You're not sure what her hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to her. Thinking back to her goatlike eyes, she probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of her thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" she gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, hers feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of her head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Her hands are exploring your face, as she continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down her back, your hand finds her tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of her body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before she stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Her exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," she says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to her hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against hers. As hers part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel her tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while she might look a lot like a goat, she is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that her tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as she pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around her as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for her part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like she wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, she softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, she breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

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“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, for the things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make them happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so. . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she’s safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

She stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give her a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” she replies, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	3683
Explore her ass	3687
Explore her dick	3691
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	3695
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	3699
French kiss	3703
Just hold her for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End

Well, since your hands are already on her breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding her nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give one of her nipples a slight pull, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring her breasts, she asks, "So, Summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, her ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind her back, one of your hands finds its way to her ass. She feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives her asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of her hands slide down your back as you do. Her claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell she is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. Finding her tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of her hands are accounted for, that must be her own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in response.

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Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by her dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down her body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past her flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give her cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." she replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, she seems to have fully extended from the sheath. Her length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

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love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

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After a moment, you give her a gentle nudge on her shoulder and ask if she wants to roll over. With a little giggle, she does, then presses her body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As she presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around her and slide the other underneath her head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” She raises her head for you to move your arm down a bit. As she lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub her soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize she is pushing back just a *little* harder with her butt than she probably needs to. She also seems to have positioned herself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between her cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as she grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give her a bit of a surprise. As she pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demoness’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, she pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” she breathes over her shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home her point, she begins working herself down onto your cock.

As she goes past the halfway point, you give her the rest with one hard push. You feel her shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” she replies, needily. As she rests a hand on yours, she adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, she asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demoness’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out her more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down her muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping her lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," she says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in her voice, as you feel her hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of her big, floppy ears. You're not sure what her hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to her. Thinking back to her goatlike eyes, she probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of her thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" she gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, hers feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of her head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Her hands are exploring your face, as she continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down her back, your hand finds her tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of her body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before she stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Her exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," she says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to her hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, she asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against hers. As hers part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on her muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what she would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel her tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while she might look a lot like a goat, she is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that her tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as she pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around her as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for her part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demoness, but it feels like she wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, she softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, she breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her tighten her arms around you in return.

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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You decide to use male pronouns for him. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

He gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

He takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” He gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks his head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” He shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” He continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, he is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave him by himself. “Sure, I would like that.”

His tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want him to look like? I mean, you sounded interested in working on some changes, and the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat guys? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

He gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, he sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” He gives you a wink, “but I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as he wraps his arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in his soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," he says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, he closes his eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around him. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch he almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then he looks down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	3712
Pussy	3742
Belrye's choice, either is good	3772

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, whatever you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

He stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give him a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," he replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	3718
Explore his ass	3722
Explore his dick	3726
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon	3730
Explore his uniquely demonic parts	3734
French kiss	3738
Just hold him for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End

Well, since your hands are already on his breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding his nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give one of his nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring his breasts, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, his ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind his back, one of your hands finds its way to his ass. He feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives his asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of his hands slide down your back as you do. His claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell he is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. Finding his tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by his dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down his body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past his flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of his sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give his cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of his cock, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, he seems to have fully extended from the sheath. His length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give him a gentle nudge on his shoulder and ask if he wants to roll over. With a little giggle, he does, then presses his body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As he presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around his and slide the other underneath his head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” He raises his head for you to move your arm down a bit. As he lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub his soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize he is pushing back just a *little* harder with his butt than he probably needs to. He also seems to have positioned himself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between his cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against his tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as he grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give him a bit of a surprise. As he pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, he pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” he breathes over his shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home his point, he begins working himself down onto your cock.

As he goes past the halfway point, you give him the rest with one hard push. You feel him shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. As he rests a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, he asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out his more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down his muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping his lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," he says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in his voice, as you feel his hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of his big, floppy ears. You're not sure what his hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to him. Thinking back to his goatlike eyes, he probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of his thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" he gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, his feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of his head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." His hands are exploring your face, as he continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down his back, your hand finds his tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of his body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before he stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

His exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," he says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to his hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against his. As his part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel his tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while he might look a lot like a goat, he is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that his tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of his tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as he pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around him as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for his part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like he wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, he softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, he breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
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Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
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Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

He stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give him a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," he replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	3748
Explore his ass	3752
Explore his dick	3756
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon	3760
Explore his uniquely demonic parts	3764
French kiss	3768
Just hold him for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End

Well, since your hands are already on his breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding his nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give one of his nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring his breasts, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, his ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind his back, one of your hands finds its way to his ass. He feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives his asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of his hands slide down your back as you do. His claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell he is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. Finding his tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You do have to admit, your curiosity has been piqued by his dick, so that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down his body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past his flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of his sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine.

You hear a small giggle, “For wanting me to have a pussy instead, you don’t seem to mind my dick. You must like both, but just be *slightly* more into a nice, wet hole.”

“Y-yeah,” you reply, with Belrye letting out a soft moan as you gently rub his cock. It feels like a strange mix of human and equine, with the blunt head sliding out of a sheath. It also feels much warmer than you expected.

As you explore, you feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike her claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn’t really a goat. You give his cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. “Seems like you like it, too.”

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of his cock, he asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” In your hands, he seems to have fully extended from the sheath. His length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved.

We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give him a gentle nudge on his shoulder and ask if he wants to roll over. With a little giggle, he does, then presses his body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As he presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around him and slide the other underneath his head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” He raises his head for you to move your arm down a bit. As he lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub his soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize he is pushing back just a *little* harder with his butt than he probably needs to. He also seems to have positioned himself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between his cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against his tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as he grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give him a bit of a surprise. As he pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, he pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” he breathes over his shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home his point, he begins working himself down onto your cock.

As he goes past the halfway point, you give him the rest with one hard push. You feel him shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. As he rests a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, he asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out his more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down his muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping his lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what he would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," he says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in his voice, as you feel his hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of his big, floppy ears. You're not sure what his hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to him. Thinking back to his goatlike eyes, he probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of his thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" he gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, his feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of his head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." His hands are exploring your face, as he continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down his back, your hand finds his tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of his body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before he stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

His exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," he says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to his hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against his. As his part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel his tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while he might look a lot like a goat, he is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that his tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of his tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as he pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around him as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for his part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like he wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, he softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, he breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, for the things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make them happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so. . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he’s safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

He stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give him a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” he replies, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

He opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	3778
Explore his ass	3782
Explore his dick	3786
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon	3790
Explore his uniquely demonic parts	3794
French kiss	3798
Just hold him for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End

Well, since your hands are already on his breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding his nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give one of his nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring his breasts, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, his ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind his back, one of your hands finds its way to his ass. He feels a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives his asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of his hands slide down your back as you do. His claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell he is being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike her claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. Finding his tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be his own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by his dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down his body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past his flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of his sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of his hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of his fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of his other hand brush your cheek as his lips meet yours.

His lips part slightly, and you feel his tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of his teeth not unlike his claws. Despite his goatlike features, you remind yourself that he isn't really a goat. You give his cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." he replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel him wrap his legs around you. His hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of his legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of his cock, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, he seems to have fully extended from the sheath. His length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give him a gentle nudge on his shoulder and ask if he wants to roll over. With a little giggle, he does, then presses his body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As he presses tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around him and slide the other underneath his head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here. . .” He raises his head for you to move your arm down a bit. As he lays back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better. . .” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub his soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize he is pushing back just a *little* harder with his butt than he probably needs to. He also seems to have positioned himself just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between his cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against his tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as he grinds against you. Fully hard, you decide to give him a bit of a surprise. As he pushes back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, he pushes back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” he breathes over his shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy. . .” As if to drive home his point, he begins working himself down onto your cock.

As he goes past the halfway point, you give him the rest with one hard push. You feel him shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” he replies, needily. As he rests a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, he asks, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him arch his back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

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Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out his more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down his muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping his lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," he says, a mix of bemusement and wonder in his voice, as you feel his hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of his big, floppy ears. You're not sure what his hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to him. Thinking back to his goatlike eyes, he probably sees the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of his thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" he gives a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, his feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of his head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." His hands are exploring your face, as he continues, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down his back, your hand finds his tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of his body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before he stops and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

His exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," he says, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to his hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, he asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought

about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling him tighten his arms around you in return.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against his. As his part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on his muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what a demon would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel his tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while he might look a lot like a goat, he is something else entirely. You also quickly discover that his tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of his tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as he pulls you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around him as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for his part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like he wants to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, he softly says, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, he breaks the kiss and asks, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

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“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

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You decide to use neutral pronouns for them. “So...have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

They give you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

They take the book and start slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” They get to the part with the summoning circle and cock their head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” They show the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” They continue to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, they are your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave them by themselves. “Sure, I would like that.”

Their tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want them to look like? I mean, you sounded interested in working on some changes, and the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat partners? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

They give you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, they sniff the air and say, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” They give you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as they wrap their arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away

in their soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going, but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we’re going to need a bed or something in here.”

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. “So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn’t send you away, does it?”

“So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn’t. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn’t send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?”

“Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I’m sure you’ve probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?”

“Actually, you are the first human I’ve ever touched. So remember how I said there weren’t many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I’ve lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can’t afford the real thing, it’s something to keep you fed.”

“You know,” you think out loud, “we’re really not so different from each other.”

“We’re really not,” they say, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, they close their eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around them. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch they almost seem to melt into your gentle hug.

You’re not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn’t nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then they look down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. “So, let’s start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
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Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	3807
Pussy	3837
Belrye's choice, either is good	3867

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, whatever you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . ." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put togeth—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind...”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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Option	Page
Boob groping	3813
Explore their ass	3817
Explore their dick	3821
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon	3825
Explore their uniquely demonic parts	3829
French kiss	3833
Just hold them for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End

Well, since your hands are already on their breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding their nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give one of their nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring their breasts, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

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Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, their ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind their back, one of your hands finds its way to their ass. They feel a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives their asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of their hands slide down your back as you do. Their claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell they are being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. Finding their tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of his hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them

in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by their dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down their body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past their flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of their sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give their cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of their cock, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, they seem to have fully extended from the sheath. Their length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give them a gentle nudge on their shoulder and ask if they want to roll over. With a little giggle, they do, then presses their body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As they press tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around theirs and slide the other underneath their head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here...” They raise their head for you to move your arm down a bit. As they lay back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better...” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub their soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize they are pushing back just a *little* harder with their butt than they probably needs to. They also seem to have positioned themselves just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between their cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against their tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as they grind against you. Fully hard, you decide to give them a bit of a surprise. As they push back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, they push back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” they breathe over their shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy...” As if to drive home their point, they begin working themselves down onto your cock.

As they go past the halfway point, you give them the rest with one hard push. You feel them shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh...” they reply, needily. As they rest a hand on yours, he adds, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, they ask, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out their more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down their muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping their lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," they say, a mix of bemusement and wonder in their voice, as you feel their hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of their big, floppy ears. You're not sure what their hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to them. Thinking back to their goatlike eyes, they probably see the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of their thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" they give a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, theirs feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of their head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Their hands are exploring your face, as they continue, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down their back, your hand finds their tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of their body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before they stop and let your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Their exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," they say, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to their hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you

had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against theirs. As theirs part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel their tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while they might look a lot like a goat, they are something else entirely. You also quickly discover that their tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of their tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to..." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as they pull you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around them as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for their part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like they want to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, they softly say, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of...sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, they break the kiss and ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . ." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put togeth—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind...”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	3843
Explore their ass	3847
Explore their dick	3851
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon	3855
Explore their uniquely demonic parts	3859
French kiss	3863
Just hold them for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End

Well, since your hands are already on their breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding their nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give one of their nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring their breasts, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, their ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind their back, one of your hands finds its way to their ass. They feel a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives their asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of their hands slide down your back as you do. Their claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell they are being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. Finding their tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, though you still would rather be feeling a wet pussy instead.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them

in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You do have to admit, your curiosity has been piqued by their dick, so that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down their body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past their flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of their sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine.

You hear a small giggle, “For wanting me to have a pussy instead, you don’t seem to mind my dick. You must like both, but just be *slightly* more into a nice, wet hole.”

“Y-yeah,” you reply, with Belrye letting out a soft moan as you gently rub their cock. It feels like a strange mix of human and equine, with the blunt head sliding out of a sheath. It also feels much warmer than you expected.

As you explore, you feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren’t really a goat. You give their cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh. . .” they reply, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. “Seems like you like it, too.”

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of their cock, they ask, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” In your hands, they seem to have fully extended from the sheath. Their length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re

love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give them a gentle nudge on their shoulder and ask if they want to roll over. With a little giggle, they do, then press their body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As they press tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around them and slide the other underneath their head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here...” They raise their head for you to move your arm down a bit. As they lay back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better...” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub their soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize they are pushing back just a *little* harder with their butt than they probably need to. They also seem to have positioned themselves just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between their cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as they grind against you. Fully hard, you decide to give them a bit of a surprise. As they push back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, they push back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” they breathe over their shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy...” As if to drive home their point, they begin working themselves down onto your cock.

As they go past the halfway point, you give them the rest with one hard push. You feel them shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh...” they reply, needily. As they rest a hand on yours, they add, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, they ask, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out their more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down their muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping their lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," they say, a mix of bemusement and wonder in their voice, as you feel their hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of their big, floppy ears. You're not sure what their hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to them. Thinking back to their goatlike eyes, they probably see the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of their thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" they give a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, theirs feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of their head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Their hands are exploring your face, as they continue, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down their back, your hand finds their tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of their body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before they stop and lets your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Their exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," they say, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to their hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you

had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against theirs. As theirs part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel their tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while they might look a lot like a goat, they are something else entirely. You also quickly discover that their tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as they pull you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around them as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for their part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like they want to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, they softly say, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, they break the kiss and ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

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If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, for the things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make them happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they’re safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

They stand up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give them a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” they reply, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put togeth—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind...”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	3873
Explore their ass	3877
Explore their dick	3881
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon	3885
Explore their uniquely demonic parts	3889
French kiss	3893
Just hold them for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End

Well, since your hands are already on their breasts, that seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Under the fur, they feel firm and a bit perky. Finding their nipples, you rub them between your fingers, feeling them harden with every second. You feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give one of their nipples a slight pull, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give both of them a firmer pull, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you keep exploring their breasts, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that

matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's breasts a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, their ass certainly seems like a great place to start. It feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. Reaching down behind their back, one of your hands finds its way to their ass. They feel a bit muscular and athletic, yet the fur gives their asscheek a nice softness. You give it an experimental squeeze, feeling one of their hands slide down your back as you do. Their claws are gently raking against your skin, and you can tell they are being careful, but you can definitely feel their sharpness. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike her claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. Finding their tail, you wrap your fingers around it and give a small squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a slightly firmer squeeze, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you trace a finger down the crack of Belrye's ass, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel something rubbing against your dick. You realize that since both of their hands are accounted for, that must be their own. It feels strange, even besides the sheath, making you a bit curious what it looks like.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them

in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's ass a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in response.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by their dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down their body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past their flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of their hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of their fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of their other hand brush your cheek as their lips meet yours.

Their lips part slightly, and you feel their tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of their teeth not unlike their claws. Despite their goatlike features, you remind yourself that they aren't really a goat. You give their cock an experimental squeeze, and the demon whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh. . ." they reply, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel them wrap their legs around you. Their hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of their legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." In your hands, they seem to have fully extended from the sheath. Their length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anything—"

You are interrupted by Belrye's finger pressed against your lips. "You're love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We're gonna get through it together. But let's talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I'd like you to think back to stories you've read, movies you've watched, porn you've enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?"

"Y-yeah," you reply.

"Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?"

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye's hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye's cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back in pleasure.

If you're being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

After a moment, you give them a gentle nudge on their shoulder and ask if they want to roll over. With a little giggle, they do, then press their body back against yours. It feels a bit strange to lie like this, together with someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As they press tightly back against you, you wrap one arm around them and slide the other underneath their head. As you feel the curled horn press against it, though, you try to subtly reposition.

Belrye gives a giggle. “Not used to the horns, huh? Here...” They raise their head for you to move your arm down a bit. As they lay back down, you hear a gentle, “Much better...” Without thinking about it, your hand starts to rub their soft, furry belly. After a moment or two, you start to realize they are pushing back just a *little* harder with their butt than they probably need to. They also seem to have positioned themselves just so that your slowly hardening cock is tucked in between their cheeks, with the tip occasionally touching against her tail.

A bit more time passes, during which Belrye gives up any attempt at subtlety as they grind against you. Fully hard, you decide to give them a bit of a surprise. As they push back again, you quickly shift to angle your cock so that the demon’s asshole bumps straight against it. With a deep moan, they push back and you feel the tip slide inside.

“Wait,” you ask, “Don’t we need l—”

“No lube needed,” they breathe over their shoulder, “We can take human-sized stuff dry, nice and easy...” As if to drive home their point, they begin working themselves down onto your cock.

As they go past the halfway point, you give them the rest with one hard push. You feel them shudder slightly and tease, “Mmm, you like when I do that?”

“Uh-huh...” they reply, needily. As they rest a hand on yours, they add, “Seems like you like it, too.”

As the two of you start to find a slow, steady rhythm, they ask, “So, summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” You feel a bit overwhelmed, between feeling yourself buried in this demon’s ass and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um... I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by a hard push back from Belrye. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply. You probably shouldn’t be too surprised that Belrye can carry a conversation during this, but you are finding it much more difficult to do so.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye a hard thrust as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them arch their back to give you a better angle.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You've never been with a demon before, so naturally you would like to check out their more inhuman parts. You brush a hand down their muzzle, feeling the short, soft fur. Accidentally bumping their lip, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh yeah, there are a lot of things that are gonna feel different to you," they say, a mix of bemusement and wonder in their voice, as you feel their hand on your own cheek.

"For both of us," you reply. Working your way along, you brush against one of their big, floppy ears. You're not sure what their hearing is like with them, but you imagine the world probably sounds a lot different to them. Thinking back to their goatlike eyes, they probably see the world differently, too.

Your curiosity piqued, your hand explores upward until your fingers wrap around one of their thick, curled horns.

"Just like handlebars, eh summoner?" they give a small giggle.

"They certainly could be." Unlike a goat's horns, theirs feel smooth rather than ridged. You trace your finger along them, slowly feeling their graceful spiral before coming to a dull point near the side of their head.

"Y'know, this is gonna sound silly, but it feels so nice having someone think everyday parts of you are new and exotic." Their hands are exploring your face, as they continue, "Like your little nose is so cute, and it feels so strange that you don't have fur. I'm sure it makes cleaning up a lot easier."

Reaching down their back, your hand finds their tail. It feels short, with fur that seems to match the rest of their body. It gives a couple of wiggles, before they stop and let your fingers wrap around it. Sure enough, small and soft.

Their exploration mirrors your own, with a hand sliding down your back until you feel a clawed fingertip gently poking and rubbing against your tailbone. "Okay," they say, "*this* is gonna take some getting used to."

Now it's your turn to let out a laugh. You debate working your way down to their hooves, but you don't really want to change positions.

As your explorations turn into an embrace, they ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between getting a literal feel for a whole new species and being asked the kinds of questions you

had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

You figure a nice, tame start might be in order, so you ease yourself forward until your lips bump against theirs. As theirs part and your tongue slips past, you realize that you hadn't thought about just how big the lips on their muzzled face would actually be. You briefly think about what they would look like wearing lipstick on them, managing to stifle a laugh. Some human styles probably don't translate well to demons, and you are sure the reverse is also true. Maybe you will need to ask about that sometime.

That aside, though, you feel their tongue slide past your own lips as yours bumps into a couple of large, sharp teeth. You remind yourself that while they might look a lot like a goat, they are something else entirely. You also quickly discover that their tongue is quite a bit longer than yours, as it reaches far enough back to slightly set off your gag reflex.

"Mmm, a bit much for you?" Belrye parts from the kiss to ask, before running the tip of her tongue around your lips, "Don't worry, summoner—I only bite if you want me to. . ." You feel a soft, furry arm around your back as they pull you in for another kiss, yours wrapping around them as well.

For several minutes, the only sound are the wet smacks of making out with each other and the occasional moan or whimper of pleasure as your hands wander and start to explore. You are trying to take things slowly, though, and for their part, Belrye seems to be trying to match. You weren't sure what to expect, your first time with a lust demon, but it feels like they want to respect your boundaries.

As if reading your mind, they softly say, "Let me know if I'm taking things too fast, okay? I want you to feel comfy and safe with me, Summoner."

"Oh, you're not going too fast," you reply, "I'm just worried I'm going too slow and boring you."

"Nope, you're doing great! Besides, the better you feel, the better your lust tastes. Fear and nervousness make it kind of. . . sour?" Belrye appears to be struggling to describe the sensation.

Far too soon, they break the kiss and ask, "So, summoner, it sounds like you've maybe never been in a relationship before. But there's a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won't judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all." You feel a bit overwhelmed, between making out for the first time (with a whole new species, for that matter) and being asked the kinds of questions you had never needed to think about before.

You pause as you think for a moment. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who's into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—"

You are interrupted by Belrye giving your body a hard squeeze. “You’re love-starved, summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand gently squeeze yours, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s warm, furry body a final, firm hug as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling them tighten their arms around you in return.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 Dead End
Friends with benefits	0 Dead End
Dominant Belrye	0 Dead End
Submissive Belrye	0 Dead End

“Hung, but I could do without stacked,” you interrupt. The demon stops, then gives you a smile.

“Oh? Much more interested in this, are we?” They gesture teasingly down at their sheath and balls. “If you feed me enough lust, I can become pretty much anything you like! Well, not quite anything—I still have to be a demon. But I can change a lot! I can change you too, if you’d like. I can make certain things bigger or smaller, change stuff around completely, or even turn you into a whole different species!”

You give a nod. Having your own custom-made demon could be quite fun, and the idea of changing yourself has a certain appeal to it, too. This job certainly seems to come with some nice perks.

They take a moment to collect themselves, then stand tall and, suddenly formal, say, “Where are my manners? Summoner, I am Belrye. I will serve for as long as you have need of me.” Going back to a more relaxed posture, they add, “It’s easy to pronounce. ‘Bel’ like ‘dinner bell’, and ‘rye’ like ‘rye bread’.”

You introduce yourself in a similarly formal tone, figuring this must be another bullet point the book missed. Though you find it oddly reassuring that they don’t seem any better prepared for this than you are. You stare at each other in awkward silence for a moment, fumbling for something more to say. Blurting out the first thing that comes to mind, you ask, “Wait, you speak English?”

“Oh, yes. The wall between planes isn’t all that thick, which is why drawing some symbols on the floor let me come here. So we can sometimes see or hear things from here on Earth.” The demon looks around, “We *are* on Earth right now, right?”

“We are,” you reassure them, “It’s just that there is a ward in place. Security and stuff, you know.”

“Oh, okay! I had always heard about wards and things like that, but it’s different actually experiencing it firsthand, you know? It feels kinda like being in a bubble that I can’t see or feel through.” You see a goatlike tail swish side to side, “So what’s under the robe? You get to see me, so it’s only fair, right?” They give you a playful wink, which does nothing to hide the needy tone in their voice. “I know humans can be really shy about that sort of thing, sometimes, but I’m guessing if you summoned a lust demon, you’re probably not against getting naked. . .”

Well, it’s just the two of you, and you guess you *did* sign up for this. You take off your clothing, tossing it onto the desk. “Wow, a real human. . .” they say to themselves, licking their lips and making no attempt to be subtle. Maybe Terra’s metaphor about going to get tacos wasn’t far off, after all. From

the visibly hardening nipples and the cock-tip emerging from its sheath, your companion seems to enjoy what they are seeing.

Belrye looks like they are trying to resist immediately leaping onto you, with their hands instead reaching between their legs to stroke their slowly extending cock. Suddenly you notice something. “Wait, how many fingers do you have?”

They pause, confused, then hold up their hands. Sure enough, each has three fingers and a thumb. “I’ve got the usual four. What do you—” They look down at your hands, “Oh! You know, suddenly a whole lot of things make more sense!”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, your counting system. Like how you have digits for ‘eight’ and ‘nine’. For us,” they slowly count on their fingers, “it goes five, six, seven. . .” They then hold one finger up on one hand and none on the other, like you would do to indicate the “ten’s” position, “And that’s eight.”

You suppose this is just the first of many such conversations the two of you will be having, as you get to know each other. Are you supposed to get to know them? Is that what is supposed to happen? Are you supposed to be teaching them something, or what is going on?

“So, what happens now? The instructions I was given are pretty vague, . . . mister? . . . miss?”

“Oh, right—your language gets weird about that stuff. You can call me either one. The lines back on Hell are so blurry that we really don’t think of ourselves as having a specific gender, if I’m being completely honest. Sure, there are body parts someone may be into more than others, but as far as what to call myself. . . I mean, I have boobs but no pussy, and I have a dick. Any of those things could be different tomorrow. I dunno, what would you like to call me?”

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Female pronouns	3901
Male pronouns	3924
Neutral pronouns	3947

You decide to use female pronouns for her. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

She gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

She takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” She gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks her head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” She shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” She continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, she is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave her by herself. “Sure, I would like that.”

Her tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demoness. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want her to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me hung, but aren’t into me being stacked. Into flat girls with dicks? I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

She gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, she sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” She gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as she wraps her arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in her soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," she says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, she closes her eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around her. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch she almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then she looks down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	3906
Pussy	3912
Belrye's choice, either is good	3918

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there’s something you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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Option	Page
Boob groping	0 Dead End
Explore her ass	0 Dead End
Explore her dick	0 Dead End
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	0 Dead End
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	0 Dead End
French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold her for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Oh? I’m a bit surprised, since you liked the idea of me being hung. Maybe you just didn’t know that was an option? Either way, absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

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“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

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You decide to use male pronouns for him. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

He gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

He takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” He gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks his head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” He shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” He continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, he is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave him by himself. “Sure, I would like that.”

His tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want him to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me hung, but aren’t into me being stacked. Into big-dicked guys? I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

He gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, he sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” He gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as he wraps his arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in his soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," he says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, he closes his eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around him. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch he almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then he looks down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. It seems you like the idea of me having a dick, yes? I can change it up, if you'd rather I had something different instead."

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Belrye's choice, either is good	3941

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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Oh? I’m a bit surprised, since you liked the idea of me being hung. Maybe you just didn’t know that was an option? Either way, absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

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“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

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“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

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“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he’s safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

He stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give him a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

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“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

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You decide to use neutral pronouns for them. “So...have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

They give you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

They take the book and start slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” They get to the part with the summoning circle and cock their head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” They show the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” They continue to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, they are your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave them by themselves. “Sure, I would like that.”

Their tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want them to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me hung, but aren’t into me being stacked. Into big-dicked partners? I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

They give you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, they sniff the air and say, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” He gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as they wrap their arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in their soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," they say, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, they close their eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around them. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch they almost seem to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then they look down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. It seems you like the idea of me having a dick, yes? I can change it up, if you'd rather I had something different instead."

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Option	Page
Cock	3952
Pussy	3958
Belrye's choice, either is good	3964

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Oh? I’m a bit surprised, since you liked the idea of me being hung. Maybe you just didn’t know that was an option? Either way, absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

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“Stacked, but I could do without hung,” you interrupt. The demon stops, then gives you a smile.

“Oh? Much more interested in these, are we?” They gesture teasingly at their breasts. “If you feed me enough lust, I can become pretty much anything you like! Well, not quite anything—I still have to be a demon. But I can change a lot! I can change you too, if you’d like. I can make certain things bigger or smaller, change stuff around completely, or even turn you into a whole different species!”

You give a nod. Having your own custom-made demon could be quite fun, and the idea of changing yourself has a certain appeal to it, too. This job certainly seems to come with some nice perks.

They take a moment to collect themselves, then stand tall and, suddenly formal, say, “Where are my manners? Summoner, I am Belrye. I will serve for as long as you have need of me.” Going back to a more relaxed posture, they add, “It’s easy to pronounce. ‘Bel’ like ‘dinner bell’, and ‘rye’ like ‘rye bread’.”

You introduce yourself in a similarly formal tone, figuring this must be another bullet point the book missed. Though you find it oddly reassuring that they don’t seem any better prepared for this than you are. You stare at each other in awkward silence for a moment, fumbling for something more to say. Blurting out the first thing that comes to mind, you ask, “Wait, you speak English?”

“Oh, yes. The wall between planes isn’t all that thick, which is why drawing some symbols on the floor let me come here. So we can sometimes see or hear things from here on Earth.” The demon looks around, “We *are* on Earth right now, right?”

“We are,” you reassure them, “It’s just that there is a ward in place. Security and stuff, you know.”

“Oh, okay! I had always heard about wards and things like that, but it’s different actually experiencing it firsthand, you know? It feels kinda like being in a bubble that I can’t see or feel through.” You see a goatlike tail swish side to side, “So what’s under the robe? You get to see me, so it’s only fair, right?” They give you a playful wink, which does nothing to hide the needy tone in their voice. “I know humans can be really shy about that sort of thing, sometimes, but I’m guessing if you summoned a lust demon, you’re probably not against getting naked. . .”

Well, it’s just the two of you, and you guess you *did* sign up for this. You take off your clothing, tossing it onto the desk. “Wow, a real human. . .” they say to themselves, licking their lips and making no attempt to be subtle. Maybe Terra’s metaphor about going to get tacos wasn’t far off, after all. From

the visibly hardening nipples and the cock-tip emerging from its sheath, your companion seems to enjoy what they are seeing.

Belrye looks like they are trying to resist immediately leaping onto you, with their hands instead firmly grasping their breasts. Suddenly, you notice something. “Wait, how many fingers do you have?”

They pause, confused, then hold up their hands. Sure enough, each has three fingers and a thumb. “I’ve got the usual four. What do you—” They look down at your hands, ““Oh! You know, suddenly a whole lot of things make more sense!”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, your counting system. Like how you have digits for ‘eight’ and ‘nine’. For us,” they slowly count on their fingers, “it goes five, six, seven. . .” They then hold one finger up on one hand and none on the other, like you would do to indicate the “ten’s” position, “And that’s eight.”

You suppose this is just the first of many such conversations the two of you will be having, as you get to know each other. Are you supposed to get to know them? Is that what is supposed to happen? Are you supposed to be teaching them something, or what is going on?

“So, what happens now? The instructions I was given are pretty vague, . . . mister? . . . miss?”

“Oh, right—your language gets weird about that stuff. You can call me either one. The lines back on Hell are so blurry that we really don’t think of ourselves as having a specific gender, if I’m being completely honest. Sure, there are body parts someone may be more into than others, but as far as what to call myself. . . I mean, I have boobs but no pussy, and I have a dick. Any of those things could be different tomorrow. I dunno, what would you like to call me?”

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Female pronouns	3974
Male pronouns	3997
Neutral pronouns	4020

You decide to use female pronouns for her. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

She gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

She takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” She gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks her head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” She shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” She continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, she is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave her by herself. “Sure, I would like that.”

Her tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demoness. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want her to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me stacked, but aren’t into me being hung. I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

She gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, she sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” She gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as she wraps her arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in her soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," she says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, she closes her eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around her. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch she almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then she looks down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. It sounds like you might like me having a pussy instead?"

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	3979
Pussy	3985
Belrye's choice, either is good	3991

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there’s something you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

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"Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I'm gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it," she replies, winking at you. "I think I'm gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest."

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You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

She stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give her a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” she replies, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

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Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

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“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	0 Dead End
Explore her ass	0 Dead End
Explore her dick	0 Dead End
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	0 Dead End
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	0 Dead End
French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold her for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End

You decide to use male pronouns for him. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

He gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

He takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” He gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks his head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” He shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” He continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, he is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave him by himself. “Sure, I would like that.”

His tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want him to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me stacked, but aren’t into me being hung. Into big-boobed guys? I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

He gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, he sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” He gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as he wraps his arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in his soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," he says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, he closes his eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around him. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch he almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then he looks down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. It sounds like you might like me having a pussy instead? Or perhaps you just like boys who aren't too big?"

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Option	Page
Cock	4002
Pussy	4008
Belrye's choice, either is good	4014

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there’s something you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

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“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

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You decide to use neutral pronouns for them. “So...have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

They give you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

They take the book and start slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” They get to the part with the summoning circle and cock their head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” They show the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” They continue to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, they are your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave them by themselves. “Sure, I would like that.”

Their tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want them to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me stacked, but aren’t into me being hung. Into big-boobed partners? I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

They give you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, they sniff the air and say, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” They give you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as they wrap their arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in their soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," they say, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, they close their eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around them. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch they almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then they look down at your cock, standing proudly at attention. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. It sounds like you might like me having a pussy instead? Or perhaps you just like boys who aren't too big?"

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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

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“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . ." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

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They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

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“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

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“Oh, uh, just sibling please.” You suppose you should have been ready for that.

“Ah, see? This is why I ask,” Tom writes your name down, then checks a calendar on the desk and writes today’s date, “Sibling it is!”

“So, uh, what exactly am I supposed to do here? Like I was assuming we were talking about things like shoveling the walk or painting walls. But after seeing, well. . .” you nod toward the door where Kletano had left, “I probably shouldn’t assume anything.”

He gives you a grin. “Well, let me tell you a bit about our work here. Let’s take a walk.” He rises from his chair and leads you to the same door Kletano had left through. In the back of your mind, you were expecting a torchlit corridor stretching down into darkness, distant roars, and magic words echoing up to you. Well, you were right about the corridor part, though it is lit with the kinds of lightbulbs you would see in any other building. As you walk, you pass another demon. This one is female and seems to be in a bit of a hurry carrying a mug of coffee. She and Tom exchange nods as you pass.

“New sister?”

“New sibling, actually.”

“My apologies! Welcome, new sibling! Sorry, late for a meeting.” This all seems oddly familiar, like what you might see at a typical office. What is going on here?

A few steps later, Tom leads you through a side-door and into a room. This is much more what you were expecting. An old woman in a pale gray robe is seated behind a small desk, with several shelves of books behind her. She looks at you, and then turns to Tom.

“Hello, Terra. A new sibling has joined our order.” Turning to you, he begins to explain, “So, let me tell you a bit about our order. As you have started to see firsthand, there are other planes of existence out there besides our own. In fact, there are a vast multitude of them, populated by an equally wide variety of creatures. Our mission here is to begin to establish diplomatic relations outside of our plane. We feel that it is better to reach out on our own, rather than wait to be contacted by the first one to take an interest in us.”

“So, since those are most definitely demons, I’m thinking you chose Hell. Don’t get me wrong, I’ve never been the religious type, but. . .”

“But why Hell?” Tom asks rhetorically. “Actually, Hell and Earth have a long and complicated history together. At times it has been peaceful, and at other times less so. We felt the best place to start was with a society we have some common history with. Another reason we were drawn to Hell was because their society is quite stable. While their system of government

resembles ancient feudalism here, the overall structure has not changed in thousands of years.”

“Also, the council chose Hell, and that was that,” Terra chimes in, casting a glance at Tom. Something about her expression makes you uneasy.

“Ah yes, not everyone agrees with the council’s decision, but I suppose time will tell. What we are doing now is something of an exchange program. We are summoning demons and helping them to integrate into our order. Your job will be to assist with this summoning and training process. I am sure it sounds a bit scary, but don’t worry. Terra here will be training and supervising you.” She gives you a confident nod.

This all sounds quite fascinating, but at the moment you have a more mundane concern. “So, um, what is the pay cycle here? See, my landlord is kicking me out in a few days.”

“Oh,” Terra replies, “that actually makes it easier. You see, we typically prefer summoners stay here at the temple. You are free to come and go, of course, but the nature of your duties make it far easier if you are on site. It sounds like that will not be a problem?” You shake your head. “Excellent. As for your things, let me show you to your room.”

The three of you leave and continue further down the hallway, reaching an elevator that appears to have been installed much more recently. “Summoning section five,” she says as you enter, and the elevator dings. You feel the elevator start to move quickly downward, before it comes to a stop and the door opens. This, you realize, is more like you expected. The walls are made of stone brick, and strange symbols cover the walls and ceiling. The corridor is lit by torches in wall sconces, and robed figures occasionally move from room to room.

“Yours is the first room on the left, so it should be easy to remember. Summoning section five, room one.” She points to an unmarked stone brick beside the door. “Press your hand there.”

You press your palm against it, finding it strangely warm. After you pull away, the brick starts to glow with another strange symbol. “There, the room is now keyed to you. This door will only open if you press your palm against it. Quite an effective doorlock, wouldn’t you say?”

“So wait, does this mean I’m some kind of wizard?” The strangeness of everything is starting to sink in.

“You are no more a wizard than a programmer is a mage. The world is governed by certain rules. Through our... ‘partnership’ with Hell, we have gained access to new types of technology, which work in ways you are unfamiliar with.”

You experimentally put your hand back against the stone, and the door

opens smoothly inward. The room is about the size of a typical bedroom, and has a bed and writing desk inside. One thing you note is the lack of a power outlet. They must not have electricity down here. An hour ago, you would have thought that strange.

“You will be able to get moved in after you see the other room.” She leads you out (it looks like the lock only works one way), and gestures to the room on the other side of the lock stone. “So, your right hand opened the door to the left. Now use your left hand. The same stone unlocks both doors. Since it is between the doors, use the hand closest to the stone to unlock the door you are standing in front of.”

You press against it, and as the door opens you walk inside. This room looks far more like a dungeon. It is unfurnished, apart from a set of four shackles hanging from the ceiling, a sink, a floor drain, a table, and a single chair. “This room is where you will do the summoning. It is left unfurnished since each summoner tends to set things up differently. Unlike the other room, this room is keyed to you for both entering and exiting. This is done as a safety precaution, but we will talk more about that later.”

The next few hours are a blur. You are shown the rest of the facilities, ranging from restrooms to summoning-ink storage. This is followed by Tom driving you to your house to collect your things (What possessions you have left fit in a suitcase.) The two of you talk the whole way, but it all goes in one ear and out the other. You come back to what is now your home as the Sun is rising, make your way to summoning section five, room one, and fall into bed. You don’t even remember your head hitting the pillow before you are asleep.

You are awakened sometime later by a pleasant chiming sound. You are not sure where it is coming from, but as soon as you sit up in bed it stops. Unsure what else to do, you arrange the items from your suitcase in the room. The old photo goes on the desk, your spare clothing goes in the closet, and a few minutes later you are moved in. It still doesn’t feel like home, but maybe that will change with time. You take a change of clothes and a towel, then head to the shower.

After your shower, you are finally feeling more like yourself. Fifteen minutes to just process everything that has been happening made a big difference. You also had a chance to look at a clock, and realized it was evening again. You had slept through the day, but that meant surprisingly little with most things beneath the surface. You make your way to Terra’s office, assuming this should be her shift again. Sure enough, you find her there. Sitting on the desk are a robe and a thin, leather-bound book. “Ah, welcome back. Did you sleep well?” You nod in reply. “Excellent, you looked pretty glazed over at

the end of last night. So, excited for your first summon?”

“Yeah. And more than a bit scared. I’ve seen enough movies to know I don’t want to do this wrong.”

“Movies often get things wrong, but that is one thing they are right about. Here,” she gestures to the book and robe, “these are for you.” She gives you a moment to put the robe on over your clothes. For as hot as it looks, you find it surprisingly comfortable. “Now, let’s go to your summoning room and get started. The process takes a while and must be done carefully, but it is not complicated.” The two of you walk together down to your summoning room. It still looks just as uninviting as it had the night before. Still, you open your book and start looking at it. Inside is a large collection of symbols, diagrams, and instructions.

“Now, there are two main things that we will need to do, and they must be done in this order. First, we will be making a ward. And second, we will be making a summoning circle. Now, the rooms themselves have a very powerful ward on them that prevents demons from perceiving anything outside of these walls. Once they have been properly trained, you can allow them out. Any questions so far?”

“So this room looks really uncomfortable, especially with the shackles and stuff. From what Tom was saying, shouldn’t the room be setup to be more welcoming first?”

Terra lets out a long sigh. “So, when a demon arrives, we never know who we are going to get. Some are easy to work with, and others are definitely not. Some are immediately hostile. This room is here to contain them until they have been prepared to work with us. Brother Tom has never seen a demon who hasn’t been fully prepared yet, so his head is a bit in the clouds when it comes to the whole process.” Something about her phrasing again makes you feel uneasy, but since she is the expert here, you decide to follow her lead.

“Wait, so the demon is locked in here, right?” Terra nods. “Shouldn’t there be some sort of toilet or something in here for them? Like I get that a bed can be added, but I don’t see any sort of plumbing in here aside from the sink and that drain.”

“Oh, right. So demons generally don’t need to eat, though there are some exceptions. For example, a lust demon feeds on lust, a wrath demon consumes anger, etc. Since they don’t eat, there is no need for a toilet. The same goes for drinking. They are *able* to eat, but it is not needed for them. Getting you aroused and eating the emotion is like a late-night taco run for a lust demon.”

She walks you through the process of drawing the ward on the floor, using a large bottle of ink and a fingertip. The symbols, while strange, are not too complex. As you complete the final symbol, it glows brightly along with the

ink on your fingertip. Over a few seconds, it fades to a dull green, and the ink on your finger disappears completely.

“Now,” she says, “this ward will prevent the demon from being able to harm you. They will not be able to cause you physical pain. However, they are still fully capable of lying, tricking you, angering you, insulting you, etc. Be prepared for that. They are also prevented from directly damaging or touching the ward or the summoning circle you will be drawing next. Again, though, they can trick you or try to indirectly cause you to do it. The ward itself is very fragile. A single smudge is all it takes to deactivate it. Be exceedingly careful about that.”

“So, let’s get started on the summoning circle. By the way, before you complete that, you will need to let me out of the room. The ward protects you, and only you. Once you have summoned a demon, it is not safe to bring anyone else in here, either demon or human. I will guide you until you are ready to draw the final symbol.” You nod.

“Okay, this is where things get interesting. First, draw a circle like the diagram here.” After you have drawn it, she says, “Very good. Next is the symbol for the type of demon you will be summoning. I have been told by the council to have you summon a lust demon.”

“Oh, uh, okay. What are they like? Do they try to seduce you or something?”

“Lust demons are pretty basic, actually. They feed off of human lust in the same way that you eat food. They can actually starve if they don’t get enough of it, but the more they get, the more powerful they become. Their abilities are generally limited to body reshaping, either their own or others.”

“Am I supposed to try to resist being attracted to it?”

“Actually, attraction is encouraged. But don’t lose sight of what is going on. You can feed them lust, but be sure not to let them manipulate you. Normally you would have spent weeks or months training for this, but we are actually quite short on summoners.”

You mull that over for a moment, then nod and examine the symbol. It is rather simple, yet still looks oddly suggestive. You then start carefully drawing it out on the floor. It takes a little time, but you finish copying it with Terra’s supervision. This is followed by the remaining symbols, one by one. Eventually, you stand up, stretch, and admire your handiwork. There is one line left on the last symbol.

“Okay, time to let me out. Now, the next section of your book explains everything you need to know. But if you have any questions at all, as long as the demon is safely restrained, you can come and ask myself or any of our brothers and sisters.” She demonstrates to you that she is unable to open the

door, even pulling back with all her strength. You walk over and let her out. The door feels heavy, but there is no resistance otherwise.

Now alone, you decide to check the book before drawing that last line. It is less a set of instructions and more a set of guidelines:

- The demon feeds on your lust and gains power from it.
- The more lust you feed it, the more it can reshape itself.
- The demon can reshape you as well, though doing so requires more lust.
- It wants you to be attracted to it, and is generally very open-minded about changes.
- They are low-ranking demons back home, so kind treatment goes a long way.

And so, with a bit of rushed instruction and five bullet points, you complete the final symbol.

Nothing.

You flip back to the summoning circle reference, comparing it to what you drew. Everything seems to be matching up. You are struggling a bit to read the symbols, though. Was it always this dark in here?

Suddenly, a blinding flash from the center of the circle startles you, causing you to drop the book and step away. It is strange to look at, burning your eyes like staring at the Sun, only it appears to be pitch black. It slowly expands to fill the circle, stopping when it reaches the edges.

“H-hello?” You hear a voice coming through it, like someone speaking on the other side.

Thinking about another few bullet points that really should have been in that list, you reply, “Hello. Are, uh, you a demon?”

There is a sound like a distorted gasp. “You’re a human? Are you summoning me?!” From the description Terra had given, you were expecting something a bit more sudden and forceful, like the demon appearing on the floor or suspended in midair.

“Yes, you are being summoned. Could you come through the portal-thing, please?” You see the edges of the portal starting to flicker back toward the center.

“Oh, okay! Hang on, let me grab my—no, there’s no time! Okay, coming through!” With a single bound, a demon leaps up through the portal, standing with its hooves on the edges as the portal closes beneath them. After it closes, you are finally able to get a good look.

The demon stands at about five and a half feet, you would guess, and is covered in short, brown fur. They are also completely naked. Figuring that a lust demon wouldn't mind, your eyes drift from the large, curled goat horns, down the face, and down to their body. You first notice a good-sized pair of breasts, fully exposed. As you look down further, you see their body is fairly lean. Though between their legs, rather than seeing the pink slit of a pussy, you see the sheath of a cock and a pair of rather large balls.

“Sorry, I know you were probably hoping I would be stacked and hung and stuff. But I can be! I promise! And—”

Stat	You	?
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	?
Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	B	C
Nipple Length	0.5"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
“You look amazing.”	4052
“We will work on that.”	4125
“Hung, but I could do without stacked.”	4198
“Stacked, but I could do without hung.”	4271

“You look amazing,” you interrupt.

The demon stops, stunned. “I... I do?”

“Yes you do. You don’t need to be stacked or hung to be attractive. You look great just the way you are.”

The demon gives you a warm smile, then continues more calmly, “Thanks, human. Surely you have things you find more attractive than others, though. A ‘type’, if you will. I can become nearly anything, if I am fed enough lust. In fact, I can make changes to your body, too. I can make certain things bigger or smaller, change stuff around completely, or even turn you into a whole different species!”

The demon’s eyes suddenly go wide, as a realization hits them. They stand tall and, suddenly formal, say, “Where are my manners? Summoner, I am Belrye. I will serve for as long as you have need of me.” Going back to a more relaxed posture, they add, “It’s easy to pronounce. ‘Bel’ like ‘dinner bell’, and ‘rye’ like ‘rye bread.’”

You introduce yourself in a similarly formal tone, figuring this must be another bullet point the book missed. Though you find it oddly reassuring that they don’t seem any better prepared for this than you are. You stare at each other in awkward silence for a moment, fumbling for something more to say. Blurting out the first thing that comes to mind, you ask, “Wait, you speak English?”

“Oh, yes. The wall between planes isn’t all that thick, which is why drawing some symbols on the floor let me come here. So we can sometimes see or hear things from here on Earth.” The demon looks around, “We *are* on Earth right now, right?”

“We are,” you reassure them, “It’s just that there is a ward in place. Security and stuff, you know.”

“Oh, okay! I had always heard about wards and things like that, but it’s different actually experiencing it firsthand, you know? It feels kinda like being in a bubble that I can’t see or feel through.” You see a goatlike tail swish side to side, “So what’s under the robe? You get to see me, so it’s only fair, right?” They give you a playful wink, which does nothing to hide the needy tone in their voice. “I know humans can be really shy about that sort of thing, sometimes, but I’m guessing if you summoned a lust demon, you’re probably not against getting naked...”

Well, it’s just the two of you, and you guess you *did* sign up for this. You take off your clothing, tossing it onto the desk. “Wow, a real human...” they say to themselves, licking their lips and making no attempt to be subtle. Maybe Terra’s metaphor about going to get tacos wasn’t far off, after all. From the visibly hardening nipples and the cock-tip emerging from its sheath, your

companion seems to enjoy what they are seeing.

Belrye looks like they are trying to resist immediately leaping onto you, with their hands instead giving their breasts a firm squeeze. Suddenly you notice something. “Wait, how many fingers do you have?”

They pause, confused, then hold up their hands. Sure enough, each has three fingers and a thumb. “I’ve got the usual four. What do you—” They look down at your hands, “Oh! You know, suddenly a whole lot of things make more sense!”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, your counting system. Like how you have digits for ‘eight’ and ‘nine’. For us,” they slowly count on their fingers, “it goes five, six, seven. . .” They then hold one finger up on one hand and none on the other, like you would do to indicate the “ten’s” position, “And that’s eight.”

You suppose this is just the first of many such conversations the two of you will be having, as you get to know each other. Are you supposed to get to know them? Is that what is supposed to happen? Are you supposed to be teaching them something, or what is going on?

“So, what happens now? The instructions I was given are pretty vague, . . . mister? . . . miss?”

“Oh, right—your language gets weird about that stuff. You can call me either one. The lines back on Hell are so blurry that we don’t really think of ourselves as having a specific gender, if I’m being completely honest. Sure, there are body parts someone may be more into than others, but as far as what to call myself. . . I mean, I have boobs but no pussy, and I have a dick. Any of those things could be different tomorrow. I dunno, what would you like to call me?”

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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Female pronouns	4056
Male pronouns	4079
Neutral pronouns	4102

You decide to use female pronouns for her. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

She gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

She takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” She gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks her head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” She shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” She continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, she is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave her by herself. “Sure, I would like that.”

Her tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demoness. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want her to look like? I mean, I know you said you like how I look now, but the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat girls? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

She gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, she sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” She gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as she wraps her arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in her soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," she says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, she closes her eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around her. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch she almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then she looks down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	B	C
Nipple Length	0.5"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	4061
Pussy	4067
Belrye's choice, either is good	4073

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling she would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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Option	Page
Boob groping	0 Dead End
Explore her ass	0 Dead End
Explore her dick	0 Dead End
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	0 Dead End
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	0 Dead End
French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold her for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End

“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

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You decide to use male pronouns for him. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

He gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

He takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” He gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks his head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” He shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” He continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, he is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave him by himself. “Sure, I would like that.”

His tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want him to look like? I mean, I know you said you like how I look now, but the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat chests? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

He gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, he sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” He gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as he wraps his arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in his soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," he says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, he closes his eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around him. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch he almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then he looks down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

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Belrye's choice, either is good	4096

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“I think I’d rather you had a pussy, if that’s okay with you.”

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“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

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“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

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“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

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“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he’s safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

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He stands up and walks over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

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“I want to leave that up to you. I’m good either way.”

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You decide to use neutral pronouns for them. “So...have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

They give you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

They take the book and start slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” They get to the part with the summoning circle and cock their head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” They show the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” He continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, they are your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave them by themselves. “Sure, I would like that.”

Their tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want them to look like? I mean, I know you said you like how I look now, but the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat chests? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

They give you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, they sniff the air and say, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” They give you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as they wrap their arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in their soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," they say, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, they close their eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around them. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch they almost seem to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then they look down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

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Pussy	4113
Belrye's choice, either is good	4119

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

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“We will work on that,” you interrupt. The demon stops, then gives you a smile.

“Yeah, you’re right. If you feed me enough lust, I can become pretty much anything you like! Well, not quite anything—I still have to be a demon. But I can change a lot! I can change you too, if you’d like. I can make certain things bigger or smaller, change stuff around completely, or even turn you into a whole different species!”

You give a nod. Having your own custom-made demon could be quite fun, and the idea of changing yourself has a certain appeal to it, too. This job certainly seems to come with some nice perks.

They take a moment to collect themselves, then stand tall and, suddenly formal, say, “Where are my manners? Summoner, I am Belrye. I will serve for as long as you have need of me.” Going back to a more relaxed posture, they add, “It’s easy to pronounce. ‘Bel’ like ‘dinner bell’, and ‘rye’ like ‘rye bread’.”

You introduce yourself in a similarly formal tone, figuring this must be another bullet point the book missed. Though you find it oddly reassuring that they don’t seem any better prepared for this than you are. You stare at each other in awkward silence for a moment, fumbling for something more to say. Blurting out the first thing that comes to mind, you ask, “Wait, you speak English?”

“Oh, yes. The wall between planes isn’t all that thick, which is why drawing some symbols on the floor let me come here. So we can sometimes see or hear things from here on Earth.” The demon looks around, “We *are* on Earth right now, right?”

“We are,” you reassure them, “It’s just that there is a ward in place. Security and stuff, you know.”

“Oh, okay! I had always heard about wards and things like that, but it’s different actually experiencing it firsthand, you know? It feels kinda like being in a bubble that I can’t see or feel through.” You see a goatlike tail swish side to side, “So what’s under the robe? You get to see me, so it’s only fair, right?” They give you a playful wink, which does nothing to hide the needy tone in their voice. “I know humans can be really shy about that sort of thing, sometimes, but I’m guessing if you summoned a lust demon, you’re probably not against getting naked. . .”

Well, it’s just the two of you, and you guess you *did* sign up for this. You take off your clothing, tossing it onto the desk. “Wow, a real human. . .” they say to themselves, licking their lips and making no attempt to be subtle. Maybe Terra’s metaphor about going to get tacos wasn’t far off, after all. From the visibly hardening nipples and the cock-tip emerging from its sheath, your

companion seems to enjoy what they are seeing.

Belrye looks like they are trying to resist immediately leaping onto you, with their hands instead giving their breasts a firm squeeze. Suddenly you notice something. “Wait, how many fingers do you have?”

They pause, confused, then hold up thier hands. Sure enough, each has three fingers and a thumb. “I’ve got the usual four. What do you—” They look down at your hands, “Oh! You know, suddenly a whole lot of things make more sense!”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, your counting system. Like how you have digits for ‘eight’ and ‘nine’. For us,” they slowly count on their fingers, “it goes five, six, seven. . .” They then hold one finger up on one hand and none on the other, like you would do to indicate the “ten’s” position, “And that’s eight.”

You suppose this is just the first of many such conversations the two of you will be having, as you get to know each other. Are you supposed to get to know them? Is that what is supposed to happen? Are you supposed to be teaching them something, or what is going on?

“So, what happens now? The instructions I was given are pretty vague, . . . mister? . . . miss?”

“Oh, right—your language gets weird about that stuff. You can call me either one. The lines back on Hell are so blurry that we really don’t think of ourselves as having a specific gender, if I’m being completely honest. Sure, there are body parts someone may be more into than others, but as far as what to call myself. . . I mean, I have boobs but no pussy, and I have a dick. Any of those things could be different tomorrow. I dunno, what would you like to call me?”

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Option	Page
Female pronouns	4129
Male pronouns	4152
Neutral pronouns	4175

You decide to use female pronouns for her. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

She gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

She takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” She gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks her head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” She shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” She continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, she is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave her by herself. “Sure, I would like that.”

Her tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demoness. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want her to look like? I mean, you sounded interested in working on some changes, and the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat girls? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

She gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, she sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or. . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” She gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I. . . well. . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as she wraps her arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in her soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going, but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we’re going to need a bed or something in here.”

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. “So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn’t send you away, does it?”

“So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn’t. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn’t send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?”

“Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I’m sure you’ve probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?”

“Actually, you are the first human I’ve ever touched. So remember how I said there weren’t many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I’ve lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can’t afford the real thing, it’s something to keep you fed.”

“You know,” you think out loud, “we’re really not so different from each other.”

“We’re really not,” she says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, she closes her eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around her. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch she almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You’re not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn’t nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then she looks down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. “So, let’s start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?”

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Option	Page
Cock	4134
Pussy	4140
Belrye's choice, either is good	4146

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, whatever you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

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“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

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“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure she's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking her cock.

When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

She stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," she replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

She opens her mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put togeth—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up her hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." She takes one careful step back, her hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, her voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With her bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at her tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

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When she sees you, her eyes light up and she rises to her hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

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Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of her breasts. She lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. She slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

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Option	Page
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Explore her ass	0 Dead End
Explore her dick	0 Dead End
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	0 Dead End
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	0 Dead End
French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold her for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End

You decide to use male pronouns for him. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

He gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

He takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” He gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks his head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” He shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” He continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, he is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave him by himself. “Sure, I would like that.”

His tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want him to look like? I mean, you sounded interested in working on some changes, and the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat chests? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

He gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, he sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” He gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as he wraps his arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in his soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going, but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we’re going to need a bed or something in here.”

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. “So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn’t send you away, does it?”

“So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn’t. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn’t send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?”

“Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I’m sure you’ve probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?”

“Actually, you are the first human I’ve ever touched. So remember how I said there weren’t many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I’ve lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can’t afford the real thing, it’s something to keep you fed.”

“You know,” you think out loud, “we’re really not so different from each other.”

“We’re really not,” he says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, he closes his eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around him. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch he almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You’re not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn’t nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then he looks down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. “So, let’s start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?”

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Option	Page
Cock	4157
Pussy	4163
Belrye's choice, either is good	4169

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“Absolutely! Of course, whatever you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

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“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, for the things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make them happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

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When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

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You decide to use neutral pronouns for them. “So...have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

They give you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

They take the book and start slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” They get to the part with the summoning circle and cocks their head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” They show the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” They continue to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, they are your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave them by themselves. “Sure, I would like that.”

Their tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want them to look like? I mean, you sounded interested in working on some changes, and the sky is really the limit here. Like big breasts? I can have them. Into flat chests? Flat it is! Dick? Pussy? I can do it all.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

They give you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, they sniff the air and say, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” They give you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as they wrap their arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in their soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going, but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we’re

going to need a bed or something in here.”

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. “So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn’t send you away, does it?”

“So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn’t. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn’t send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?”

“Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I’m sure you’ve probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?”

“Actually, you are the first human I’ve ever touched. So remember how I said there weren’t many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I’ve lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can’t afford the real thing, it’s something to keep you fed.”

“You know,” you think out loud, “we’re really not so different from each other.”

“We’re really not,” they say, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, they close their eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around them. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch they almost seem to melt into your gentle hug.

You’re not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn’t nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then they look down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. “So, let’s start with the basics, summoner. If you think I look great already, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?”

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Cock	4180
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Belrye's choice, either is good	4192

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“Absolutely! Of course, whatever you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

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Just hold them for a bit	0 Dead End
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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

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“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

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"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they're safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give them a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," they reply, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, for the things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make them happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

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“Hung, but I could do without stacked,” you interrupt. The demon stops, then gives you a smile.

“Oh? Much more interested in this, are we?” They gesture teasingly down at their sheath and balls. “If you feed me enough lust, I can become pretty much anything you like! Well, not quite anything—I still have to be a demon. But I can change a lot! I can change you too, if you’d like. I can make certain things bigger or smaller, change stuff around completely, or even turn you into a whole different species!”

You give a nod. Having your own custom-made demon could be quite fun, and the idea of changing yourself has a certain appeal to it, too. This job certainly seems to come with some nice perks.

They take a moment to collect themselves, then stand tall and, suddenly formal, say, “Where are my manners? Summoner, I am Belrye. I will serve for as long as you have need of me.” Going back to a more relaxed posture, they add, “It’s easy to pronounce. ‘Bel’ like ‘dinner bell’, and ‘rye’ like ‘rye bread’.”

You introduce yourself in a similarly formal tone, figuring this must be another bullet point the book missed. Though you find it oddly reassuring that they don’t seem any better prepared for this than you are. You stare at each other in awkward silence for a moment, fumbling for something more to say. Blurting out the first thing that comes to mind, you ask, “Wait, you speak English?”

“Oh, yes. The wall between planes isn’t all that thick, which is why drawing some symbols on the floor let me come here. So we can sometimes see or hear things from here on Earth.” The demon looks around, “We *are* on Earth right now, right?”

“We are,” you reassure them, “It’s just that there is a ward in place. Security and stuff, you know.”

“Oh, okay! I had always heard about wards and things like that, but it’s different actually experiencing it firsthand, you know? It feels kinda like being in a bubble that I can’t see or feel through.” You see a goatlike tail swish side to side, “So what’s under the robe? You get to see me, so it’s only fair, right?” They give you a playful wink, which does nothing to hide the needy tone in their voice. “I know humans can be really shy about that sort of thing, sometimes, but I’m guessing if you summoned a lust demon, you’re probably not against getting naked. . .”

Well, it’s just the two of you, and you guess you *did* sign up for this. You take off your clothing, tossing it onto the desk. “Wow, a real human. . .” they say to themselves, licking their lips and making no attempt to be subtle. Maybe Terra’s metaphor about going to get tacos wasn’t far off, after all. From

the visibly hardening nipples and the cock-tip emerging from its sheath, your companion seems to enjoy what they are seeing.

Belrye looks like they are trying to resist immediately leaping onto you, with their hands instead reaching between their legs to stroke their slowly extending cock. Suddenly you notice something. “Wait, how many fingers do you have?”

They pause, confused, then hold up their hands. Sure enough, each has three fingers and a thumb. “I’ve got the usual four. What do you—” They look down at your hands, “Oh! You know, suddenly a whole lot of things make more sense!”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, your counting system. Like how you have digits for ‘eight’ and ‘nine’. For us,” they slowly count on their fingers, “it goes five, six, seven. . .” They then hold one finger up on one hand and none on the other, like you would do to indicate the “ten’s” position, “And that’s eight.”

You suppose this is just the first of many such conversations the two of you will be having, as you get to know each other. Are you supposed to get to know them? Is that what is supposed to happen? Are you supposed to be teaching them something, or what is going on?

“So, what happens now? The instructions I was given are pretty vague, . . . mister? . . . miss?”

“Oh, right—your language gets weird about that stuff. You can call me either one. The lines back on Hell are so blurry that we really don’t think of ourselves as having a specific gender, if I’m being completely honest. Sure, there are body parts someone may be into more than others, but as far as what to call myself. . . I mean, I have boobs but no pussy, and I have a dick. Any of those things could be different tomorrow. I dunno, what would you like to call me?”

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Option	Page
Female pronouns	4202
Male pronouns	4225
Neutral pronouns	4248

You decide to use female pronouns for her. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

She gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

She takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” She gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks her head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” She shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” She continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, she is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave her by herself. “Sure, I would like that.”

Her tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demoness. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want her to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me hung, but aren’t into me being stacked. Into flat girls with dicks? I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

She gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, she sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” She gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as she wraps her arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in her soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," she says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, she closes her eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around her. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch she almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then she looks down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I should be hung, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

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Species	Human	Goat
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Option	Page
Cock	4207
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Belrye's choice, either is good	4219

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there’s something you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Oh? I’m a bit surprised, since you liked the idea of me being hung. Maybe you just didn’t know that was an option? Either way, absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End

You decide to use male pronouns for him. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

He gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

He takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” He gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks his head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” He shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” He continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, he is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave him by himself. “Sure, I would like that.”

His tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want him to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me hung, but aren’t into me being stacked. Not into guys with boobs? I can absolutely do flat.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

He gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, he sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” He gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as he wraps his arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in his soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," he says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, he closes his eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around him. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch he almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then he looks down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I should be hung, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
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Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Cock	4230
Pussy	4236
Belrye's choice, either is good	4242

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

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“I kinda get the feeling he would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

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“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal

with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can't. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so..." He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers "I'll make an exception." Going back to normal, he reads through his list. "So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that's in there?"

"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

"They don't tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they've been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we're being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch."

"I've got to admit," you say, "something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I'm in summoning section five, room one."

"Got it, thanks. Oh, I'm Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!" He gives you a firm handshake. "I'll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I'll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure he's safe to be around, I'd appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case."

You let out a laugh and tell him you'll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking his cock.

When he sees you, his eyes light up and he rises to his hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

You nod, then ask, "Why were you sitting on the floor? There's a nice chair right over here."

"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

He stands up and walks over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

You give her a warm smile. "So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a

place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn't be jacking off like that when they get here." With a wink, you add, "Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?"

"I'd like that," he replies, "I'd like that so, so much."

"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

He opens his mouth to reply, but is interrupted by a chime sound. "Oh, that must be the furniture." You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

"Hey there, I'm here with your furniture," he says, wheeling the cart through the door. "And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn't expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have." He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. "Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair..." he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. "And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!"

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up his hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. "It's okay. I'm friendly, and I'm not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back." He takes one careful step back, his hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, "Are *you* okay? I know you're not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you."

"Oh, okay," Belrye replies, his voice calm and still not making sudden movements, "That doesn't hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don't want to anyway."

"That's a huge relief," Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. "Now, let me unload this bed for you." With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With him bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at his tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn't kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it's, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye's voice. “Well, if we can't see each other, we're just gonna have to go by feel. I don't think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I'm all yours.”

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Explore his uniquely demonic parts	0 Dead End
French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold him for a bit	0 Dead End
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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Oh? I’m a bit surprised, since you liked the idea of me being hung. Maybe you just didn’t know that was an option? Either way, absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

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“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind...”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of his breasts. He lets out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. He slides closer and whispers in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

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Explore his ass	0 Dead End
Explore his dick	0 Dead End
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon	0 Dead End
Explore his uniquely demonic parts	0 Dead End
French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold him for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End

You decide to use neutral pronouns for them. “So...have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

They give you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

They take the book and start slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” They get to the part with the summoning circle and cock their head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” They show the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” They continue to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, they are your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave them by themselves. “Sure, I would like that.”

Their tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want them to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me hung, but aren’t into me being stacked. Not into partners with boobs? I can absolutely do flat.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

They give you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, they sniff the air and say, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” They give you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as they wrap their arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in their soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," they say, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, they close their eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around them. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch they almost seem to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then they look down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you think I should be hung, I assume that means you like me having a dick? Or would you rather I had a pussy instead?"

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Option	Page
Cock	4253
Pussy	4259
Belrye's choice, either is good	4265

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there’s something you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

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“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

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“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

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"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses."

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Oh? I’m a bit surprised, since you liked the idea of me being hung. Maybe you just didn’t know that was an option? Either way, absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

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“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind. . .”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

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Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
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Explore their ass	0 Dead End
Explore their dick	0 Dead End
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon	0 Dead End
Explore their uniquely demonic parts	0 Dead End
French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold them for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End

“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

About halfway there, you suddenly stop in the hallway. Weren’t you supposed to not let anyone else in the summoning room besides yourself? You picture Belrye trying to sleep curled up on the cold, stone floor, deciding that can’t be how this is supposed to work. There must have been some mistake. A few minutes later, you are standing in the supply room, at the front desk.

“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

“Now, we’ve got a few models of beds we can do. Are you looking for a fancy four-poster canopy bed, or something more utilitarian?”

“I kinda get the feeling they would be into a canopy bed, I think.”

He looks up from the book. “Oh, wait. You mean you’ve already summoned one?”

“Yeah, is that bad? Terra had me summon one before she left.”

“Well, the rules are that I’m not supposed to go into summoning rooms when a demon is already occupying them. They’re supposed to have you deal with furnishings before the actual summoning. So technically I can’t. But then again, it pains me to think of a demon not having a bed to sleep in or a pillow to rest their head on, so . . .” He makes a show of checking that you are alone, then loudly whispers “I’ll make an exception.” Going back to normal, he reads through his list. “So a canopy bed, two pillows, two sets of blankets. Are you going to want a second chair for the table that’s in there?”

“Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?”

“Oh, it’s all free for you. We have a budget for equipment and stuff, so it all just gets counted as summoning expenses.”

Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. “Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven’t seen an offering plate or anything.”

“They don’t tell me that sort of information. But with all the demons they’ve been summoning, and what kinds they are, I get the feeling we’re being paid to do this. Just call it a hunch.”

“I’ve got to admit,” you say, “something about all of this strikes me as odd. Anyway, for now I should be getting back. Oh, I’m in summoning section five, room one.”

“Got it, thanks. Oh, I’m Steve by the way. Great to meet ya!” He gives you a firm handshake. “I’ll need a bit to get this all loaded up on the cart, but I’ll be down there in about ten minutes. If you could, ah, make sure they’re safe to be around, I’d appreciate it. Lust demons are a whole lot safer to be around than some of the other kinds, but just in case.”

You let out a laugh and tell him you’ll make sure, then head back to your summoning room. When you arrive, you are greeted by the sight of Belrye sitting on the stone floor, leaned back against the wall and slowly stroking their cock.

When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. “Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?”

You nod, then ask, “Why were you sitting on the floor? There’s a nice chair right over here.”

“Oh, um, I didn’t know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn’t assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food.”

“Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know it was okay.”

They stand up and walk over to the chair. “I’m really glad you’re the one who summoned me. You seem so kind.”

You give them a warm smile. “So, someone will be here in a few minutes with the bed and an extra chair for the table here. I figure that gives us a place to talk, or if you would like to share a dinner together or something. You probably shouldn’t be jacking off like that when they get here.” With a wink, you add, “Of course, once we have a bed, what do you say we get to know each other a bit better?”

“I’d like that,” they reply, “I’d like that so, so much.”

“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

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French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold them for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End

“Stacked, but I could do without hung,” you interrupt. The demon stops, then gives you a smile.

“Oh? Much more interested in these, are we?” They gesture teasingly at their breasts. “If you feed me enough lust, I can become pretty much anything you like! Well, not quite anything—I still have to be a demon. But I can change a lot! I can change you too, if you’d like. I can make certain things bigger or smaller, change stuff around completely, or even turn you into a whole different species!”

You give a nod. Having your own custom-made demon could be quite fun, and the idea of changing yourself has a certain appeal to it, too. This job certainly seems to come with some nice perks.

They take a moment to collect themselves, then stand tall and, suddenly formal, say, “Where are my manners? Summoner, I am Belrye. I will serve for as long as you have need of me.” Going back to a more relaxed posture, they add, “It’s easy to pronounce. ‘Bel’ like ‘dinner bell’, and ‘rye’ like ‘rye bread’.”

You introduce yourself in a similarly formal tone, figuring this must be another bullet point the book missed. Though you find it oddly reassuring that they don’t seem any better prepared for this than you are. You stare at each other in awkward silence for a moment, fumbling for something more to say. Blurting out the first thing that comes to mind, you ask, “Wait, you speak English?”

“Oh, yes. The wall between planes isn’t all that thick, which is why drawing some symbols on the floor let me come here. So we can sometimes see or hear things from here on Earth.” The demon looks around, “We *are* on Earth right now, right?”

“We are,” you reassure them, “It’s just that there is a ward in place. Security and stuff, you know.”

“Oh, okay! I had always heard about wards and things like that, but it’s different actually experiencing it firsthand, you know? It feels kinda like being in a bubble that I can’t see or feel through.” You see a goatlike tail swish side to side, “So what’s under the robe? You get to see me, so it’s only fair, right?” They give you a playful wink, which does nothing to hide the needy tone in their voice. “I know humans can be really shy about that sort of thing, sometimes, but I’m guessing if you summoned a lust demon, you’re probably not against getting naked. . .”

Well, it’s just the two of you, and you guess you *did* sign up for this. You take off your clothing, tossing it onto the desk. “Wow, a real human. . .” they say to themselves, licking their lips and making no attempt to be subtle. Maybe Terra’s metaphor about going to get tacos wasn’t far off, after all. From

the visibly hardening nipples and the cock-tip emerging from its sheath, your companion seems to enjoy what they are seeing.

Belrye looks like they are trying to resist immediately leaping onto you, with their hands instead firmly grasping their breasts. Suddenly, you notice something. “Wait, how many fingers do you have?”

They pause, confused, then hold up their hands. Sure enough, each has three fingers and a thumb. “I’ve got the usual four. What do you—” They look down at your hands, ““Oh! You know, suddenly a whole lot of things make more sense!”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, your counting system. Like how you have digits for ‘eight’ and ‘nine’. For us,” they slowly count on their fingers, “it goes five, six, seven. . .” They then hold one finger up on one hand and none on the other, like you would do to indicate the “ten’s” position, “And that’s eight.”

You suppose this is just the first of many such conversations the two of you will be having, as you get to know each other. Are you supposed to get to know them? Is that what is supposed to happen? Are you supposed to be teaching them something, or what is going on?

“So, what happens now? The instructions I was given are pretty vague, . . . mister? . . . miss?”

“Oh, right—your language gets weird about that stuff. You can call me either one. The lines back on Hell are so blurry that we really don’t think of ourselves as having a specific gender, if I’m being completely honest. Sure, there are body parts someone may be more into than others, but as far as what to call myself. . . I mean, I have boobs but no pussy, and I have a dick. Any of those things could be different tomorrow. I dunno, what would you like to call me?”

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Option	Page
Female pronouns	4275
Male pronouns	4298
Neutral pronouns	4321

You decide to use female pronouns for her. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

She gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

She takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” She gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks her head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” She shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” She continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, she is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave her by herself. “Sure, I would like that.”

Her tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demoness. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want her to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me stacked, but aren’t into me being hung. I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

She gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, she sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” She gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as she wraps her arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in her soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," she says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, she closes her eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around her. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch she almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then she looks down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you aren't into me being hung, I assume that means you'd rather I had a pussy? Or do you just want me have a cock, but just to not be huge?"

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Option	Page
Cock	4280
Pussy	4286
Belrye's choice, either is good	4292

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there’s something you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

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“Well, I need furniture for a summoning room,” you reply, “I assume I talk to you about that?”

“You betcha. You know, I get why they start you out with an empty room, but it would make things a whole lot easier if they gave you at least some basics to start out. So, what kinda demon are we looking at here?”

“Oh, uh, lust.” You feel your face redden slightly, but the man behind the counter lets out a booming laugh.

“Come now, you’re not the only one with a lust demon here. So you’re definitely gonna want a comfy bed, because you’re gonna be spending a lotta time in it. Maybe two sets of blankets, too. . .” You see him taking notes in a large book. It surprises you how nothing here seems to be done electronically. Maybe it is like the locks on your doors, and there is some sort of magic at work here.

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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

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“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

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“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, either way.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there are things you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” she replies, winking at you. “I think I’m gonna go ahead and keep the dick. I kinda like having it, to be honest.”

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You decide to use male pronouns for him. “So... have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

He gives you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

He takes the book and starts slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” He gets to the part with the summoning circle and cocks his head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” He shows the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” He continues to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, he is your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave him by himself. “Sure, I would like that.”

His tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want him to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me stacked, but aren’t into me being hung. Into big-boobed guys? I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

He gives you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, he sniffs the air and says, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” He gives you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as he wraps his arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in his soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," he says, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, he closes his eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around him. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch he almost seems to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then he looks down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you're into me being hung, I assume that means you'd rather I have a dick than a pussy?"

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Option	Page
Cock	4303
Pussy	4309
Belrye's choice, either is good	4315

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there’s something you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely! Though I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. And I think I know just where to get it,” he replies, winking at you.

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You decide to use neutral pronouns for them. “So...have you ever been on Earth before?”

“Nope, I never have. It’s really hard, actually. See, we need lust to live, sorta like how humans need water. There aren’t too many humans on Hell, so it is kinda hard to get what we need. I mean, if I could get more, I would probably be a bit more well-endowed. But I’m actually feeling a little bit of lust from you just the way I am. Oh, sorry I’m rambling! What about you? Have you ever summoned someone before?”

You shake your head, “I didn’t even know you all existed until yesterday. This whole thing has been a lot to take in, and I haven’t really had time to just sit and let it all sink in.”

They give you a smile. “So a first-time summoner, summoning a first-time demon? Maybe we can help each other! I can help you with whatever you summoned me for, and you can feed me?”

“Funny thing about that. I was never actually told what I was summoning you for. Actually, everything beyond the actual summoning kinda got left out of my crash-course,” you let out a laugh at the absurdity of the situation. “The closest thing I have to instructions is this book.” You bend down and pick your book up off the floor, where you had dropped it when the portal opened. “Here, I guess it’s probably okay for you to see this.”

They take the book and start slowly flipping through it. “Okay, so I’m better at speaking English than reading it, but let’s see...” They get to the part with the summoning circle and cock their head a bit to the side. “I mean, I guess that’s one way to draw that? It’s weird they would have you use a kth’tan instead of a jh’dornir, but it depends what you’re trying to summon I suppose... Wait a minute, something’s missing here.” They show the book to you, “Look at these two pages. We’re halfway through a sentence here, and then the next page starts a new section. It doesn’t look like pages were ripped out or anything, but something is definitely missing here.”

“Maybe a misprint?” you ask, “That would certainly explain a lot.”

“I actually don’t think so. Wait a second, there are page numbers. It jumps from page twenty-seven to—wait, right, you count differently. Uh, could you read these two page numbers?”

You take a look. “Looks like it skips about thirty pages or so.”

“Right. So if it skips thirty pages by accident, the binding should feel loose or the cover should be too big. This doesn’t feel or look like that. I think this was deliberately printed without those. I wonder if there is more that’s missing...” They continue to read, and you find several more sections missing. In total, it looks like about half of the book isn’t there.

“I don’t get it, though. Why would they give me a book with parts missing?”

“That is a very good question. I suppose you could go ask, but maybe we could get to know each other a little first?”

You think for a moment. With how much of a rush everything has been, it would be good to relax for a bit. Besides, they are your guest, so it feels a bit rude to immediately walk out and leave them by himself. “Sure, I would like that.”

Their tail wiggles happily. “So let’s say you had the chance to get your very own, personalized lust demon. Y’know, hypothetically. What do you think you would want them to look like? I mean, I know you said you’d like me hung, but aren’t into me being stacked. Into big-boobed? I can absolutely do that.”

You stop to think a bit. “I mean, isn’t it a bit wrong or cruel to make you change your body to fit what I am into?”

They give you a sweet smile. “I really like that you’re concerned about me. But it is actually completely okay. We lust demons aren’t generally picky about how we look. Like my identity comes from my soul, not what I see when I look in the mirror. No matter what my body looks like, I’m still Belrye. It just means I get to cum in different ways, depending on what parts I have.”

Seeing you lost in thought, they sniff the air and say, “While you’re thinking, I’m curious. Are you a virgin? Your lust has that really sweet smell.”

“Wait, you can smell lust? Like is it a pheromone thing, or . . . ?”

“Hmm? Oh, not at all. Actually, ‘smell’ probably isn’t the right word for it. It’s a sense humans don’t have. But we demons can feel the emotions of those around us. And we lust demons can tell when someone is horny. Don’t be shy about it, though! Another part of being a lust demon is that you are pretty much always at least a little aroused. That’s also why I led with asking what you want me to look like, rather than starting with your hobbies and stuff.” They give you a wink, “But I think you’re dodging the second question. Have you ever been laid before?”

“I . . . well . . . I haven’t been, no. Nobody’s ever been into me. And after getting shot down, stood up, ghosted, and all that over and over, I guess I just kinda gave up on it ever happ—gah!” You are suddenly half-tackled by Belrye, as they wrap their arms around you in a tight embrace.

“Oh no! Well, we’re gonna change that, starting today! You’re okay with your first time being with a demon, right?”

Somehow, in all of the craziness of the past couple days, you hadn’t really thought about that part. But any doubts you might have were melting away in their soft, furry arms. “I mean, it’s not how I pictured my first time going,

but after meeting you? I think it would be perfect. Though I think we're going to need a bed or something in here."

You look down at the floor, thinking about how to get furniture into the room. "So I know if the ward gets smudged or something, it means the protections go away. But what happens if the summoning circle gets smudged? It doesn't send you away, does it?"

"So the summoning circle is what keeps me here. Like right now, if I wanted to go home, I couldn't. You could kinda think of the summoning circle like a chain keeping me on this plane of existence. If the circle is damaged or erased, it breaks that chain. It doesn't send me away, but it means I can go back to Hell if I want. But once I go back, I would need to be re-summoned. If you actually wanted to force me back to Hell, that would require banishing. Does that all make sense?"

"Yeah, I think so. So, uh, how about you? The whole virgin-question, I mean. I'm sure you've probably done it a lot, being a lust demon and all?"

"Actually, you are the first human I've ever touched. So remember how I said there weren't many humans on Hell? Well, there are a lot of demons, and not many humans. Basically I've lived my whole life on artificial lust. It tastes genuinely awful, but when you can't afford the real thing, it's something to keep you fed."

"You know," you think out loud, "we're really not so different from each other."

"We're really not," they say, with a sweet smile. Suddenly, they close their eyes and you feel a pair of wet lips pressed against your own. The muzzle feels a bit strange, and the fur against your chin may take some getting used to, but it just feels so genuine. You wrap your arms around them. The fur feels so soft and warm, and at your touch they almost seem to melt into your gentle hug.

You're not sure how long you stay like that, but as your lips pull apart, you know it wasn't nearly long enough. Belrye is practically beaming up at you. Then they look down at your pussy, which has started to get a little wet. "So, let's start with the basics, summoner. If you're into me being hung, I assume that means you'd rather I have a dick than a pussy?"

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Option	Page
Cock	4326
Pussy	4332
Belrye's choice, either is good	4338

“I like you having a dick, if that’s okay with you.”

“Absolutely! Of course, if there’s something you *do* want to change, I’m gonna need some lust to make that happen. Luckily, I think I know just where to get it,” they reply, winking at you.

“I suppose that does bring us back to needing a bed or something,” you say, wishing you didn’t have to break the mood. From the sound of things, you should be able to go to the supply section. You had seen it on your whirlwind tour of the temple and are pretty sure you remember how to get there. After grudgingly getting dressed, you politely excuse yourself and let yourself out.

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“Hey, what can I get for ya?” Behind the counter stands a man who definitely looks like he moves heavy things for a living. Even under the robes, you can see that he is quite muscular. His thick handlebar mustache reminds you of a circus strongman, and you wonder what he might have been before joining the order.

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"Yes please. What does all of this cost, anyway?"

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Suddenly, a question pops into your mind. "Where does the money for the budget come from, though? I haven't seen an offering plate or anything."

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When they see you, their eyes light up and they rise to their hooves. "Hello there, summoner! Are we getting a bed?"

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"Oh, um, I didn't know if it was okay to use it. I was always taught that if you are summoned, you shouldn't assume you can do things like sit on the furniture or eat the food."

"Well, you can definitely use whatever furniture you like in your room here. Sorry, I would have told you sooner, but I didn't realize you didn't know it was okay."

They stand up and walk over to the chair. "I'm really glad you're the one who summoned me. You seem so kind."

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"You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I'm sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort."

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"You must have put a lot of those together," you laugh.

"Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it," he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, "By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all."

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You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

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“Well, if I’m being honest, I’ve always been a bit more into pussy. So I think I would like that best, if you don’t mind.”

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“You know, I probably should also look at getting some clothes for you. Like you can be naked around me all the time, but I’m sure others might want you to wear clothing of some sort.”

They open their mouth to reply, but are interrupted by a chime sound. “Oh, that must be the furniture.” You walk over and open the door, seeing Steve with a large cart.

“Hey there, I’m here with your furniture,” he says, wheeling the cart through the door. “And where is—oh! Sorry, I, uh, didn’t expect you to be naked. Guess I probably should have.” He stares at Belrye, before catching himself. “Oh, right. Anyway, here is your extra chair. . .” he says, taking it off the cart and setting it next to the table. It looks identical to the one that was already there, making a matched set. “And here is the bed. Let me get that put together—oh shit!”

Startled, you turn to see him standing on the ward, the carefully-drawn symbols smudged underneath. Steve is looking up in horror, the color gone from his face.

Belrye holds up their hands slowly, careful not to make any sudden movements. “It’s okay. I’m friendly, and I’m not going to hurt you. Here, let me slowly step back.” They take one careful step back, their hooves clicking on the stone.

As the shock starts to pass, Steve asks, “Are *you* okay? I know you’re not gonna hurt me, but I was worried I accidentally hurt you.”

“Oh, okay,” Belrye replies, their voice calm and still not making sudden movements, “That doesn’t hurt me one bit. That was the ward, so really all you did was make it so now I can do a bunch of stuff I don’t want to anyway.”

“That’s a huge relief,” Steve says, shoulders slumping a bit. “Now, let me unload this bed for you.” With remarkable speed, you watch as the bed is quickly assembled, ending with the white satin curtains being hung from the canopy frame.

“You must have put a lot of those together,” you laugh.

“Eh, after the first fifty or sixty you get really fast at it,” he laughs back. He turns to Belrye, and each introduces themselves to the other. He then starts

wheeling his cart to the door. As you let him out, he jokes, “By the way, let me know if you need anything else! Your room has a lovely view, after all.”

You close the door behind him, then turn to find Belrye already parting the curtains to peek inside. With them bent over to climb into the bed on hands and knees, you get a great look at their tail and butt. Steve certainly wasn’t kidding about the view.

You decide to strip your clothing off and climb into bed, yourself. It takes you a minute to find the piece of wall that serves as a light switch, but after hitting it the two of you are plunged into pitch blackness.

“Oh wow, it’s, uh, kinda darker than I expected.”

Out of the blackness, you hear Belrye’s voice. “Well, if we can’t see each other, we’re just gonna have to go by feel. I don’t think either of us would mind...”

You reach out, and your hands gently touch one of their breasts. They let out a soft moan, and you feel a hand brushing slowly down your side. They slide closer and whisper in your ear, “Explore as much as you like. Anywhere you want to touch, anything you want to do, I’m all yours.”

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	B	C
Nipple Length	0.5"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.5"	0.5"
Penis Length	N/A	6"
Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
Boob groping	0 Dead End
Explore their ass	0 Dead End
Explore their dick	0 Dead End
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon	0 Dead End
Explore their uniquely demonic parts	0 Dead End
French kiss	0 Dead End
Just hold them for a bit	0 Dead End
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0 Dead End