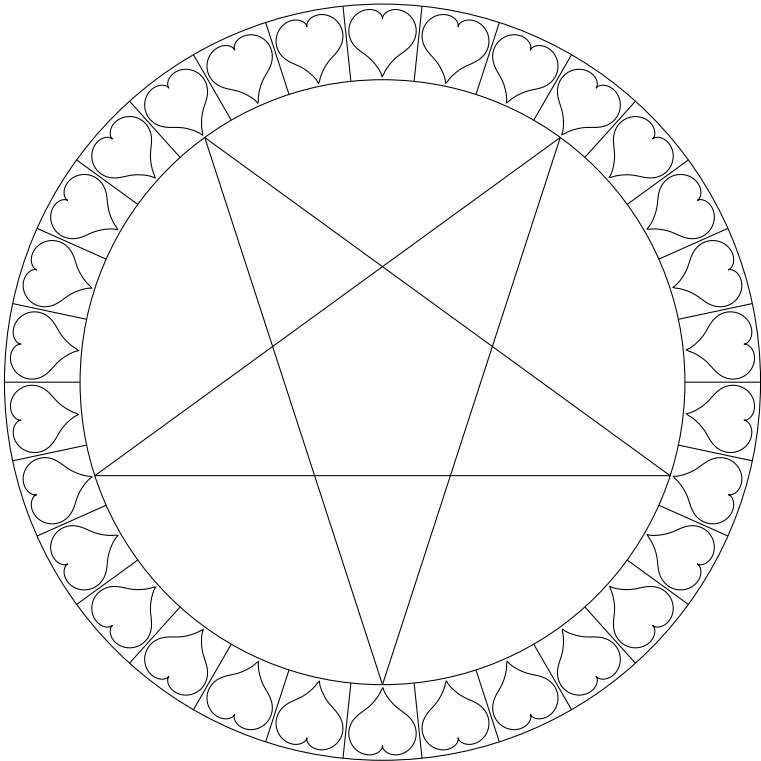


# Belrye and the Summoner

Book 1  
(Version 202411)



DaveTheFoxMage  
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# Acknowledgements

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

- [MisterTanuki](#) - Editor
- Celestia - For all her love and encouragement

# 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](http://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 town, 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, at the edge of town.

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 hours 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?”

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Brother (Male body)	5
Sister (Female body)	1510
Brother (Female body)	1883
Sister (Male body)	2224
Sibling (Male body)	3303
Sibling (Female body)	4108



“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—”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>?</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
“You look amazing.”	14
“We will work on that.”	444
“Hung, but I could do without stacked.”	804
“Stacked, but I could do without hung.”	1165

“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?”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Female pronouns	18
Male pronouns	160
Neutral pronouns	302

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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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	23
Pussy	84
Belrye's choice, either is good	122

“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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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	29
Explore her ass	56
Explore her dick	60
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	64
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	68
French kiss	72
Just hold her for a bit	76
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	80



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. Nobody had ever asked you before, and when each attempt to get a date ended in failure, it felt like adding requirements would just make things even more impossible. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about 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, silently reassuring you to take as long as you need.

A wave of futility washes over you, as the same old intrusive thoughts drift back. *What's the point? I'll never have that in my life, anyway. That kind of thing only happens for other people, not me.* You try to push those thoughts away, focusing on the task at hand. After all, this is the furthest you have ever gotten with someone, and she sounds genuinely interested in helping you.

"Sorry," she whispers, "I know it's probably hard for you. If you would like, maybe we could start from a different direction?"

You take a deep breath. 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 also can't imagine ever getting another opportunity 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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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.” Of course, she’s resting against your cheek, so she would definitely be able to feel it. She slides a hand slowly down your back, being careful not to graze you with her claws.

Belrye 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 I just go, “just magic,” like that was a normal thing?* It feels like your entire world has been very rapidly shifting. While it is quite disorienting, in a way, 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 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 think about her question. Any species? Even fantasy stuff like dragons?

But then, reality sinks in. How would you explain *that* to someone? Or if this whole thing with the cult falls through, how would you ever go back to normal? Could you even get a job like that? They would probably either lock you up or put you into some freakshow. Maybe Belrye has some ideas?

“So, I don’t know how long all of this stuff is going to last. Like the cult, me being here, any of it. What, uh, what happens afterward?”

“Well,” Belrye explains, “it depends on what you want, really. Like, I could turn you back with enough lust, no problem. Or maybe you would decide to come back to Hell with me. Nobody would bat an eye, back there. Either way, I don’t think you have anything to worry about, there.”

“And how do the, uh, innards work? Like I assume you would need to change a lot of how my whole body functions, wouldn’t you?”

“Well, for the most part it’s just your outsides that change. Like everything stays in the same place, for the most part. If you wanted to become something that flies...” She thinks a moment before continuing, “I probably couldn’t make you fly, but you could certainly glide. I know enough about how wings work to be able to copy their shape and design. The hardest part are the muscles. Making a creature your size fly would mean completely restructuring your chest. While something like that *can* be done, my understanding is that most don’t find the result very pleasing.”

Making up your mind, you reply. . .

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
“I think I’ll just stay human.”	37
Alligator	0
Bat	0
Bull/Cow	0
Cardinal	0
Crow	0
Dragon	0
Elephant	0
Ferret	0
Fox	0
Giraffe	0
Goat	0
Goblin	0
Gecko	0
Horse	0
Kobold	0
Mouse	0
Panda	0
Pig	0
Rabbit	0
Reindeer	0
Skunk	0
Snake	0
Tanuki	0
Tiger	0
Wolf	0



“I think I’ll just stay human,” you reply. After all, things are already weird enough without adding another layer on top of it. Besides, how would you explain that to, well, anyone at all?

“No problem, human it is!” Belrye says with a smile, “That takes quite a bit of lust to do anyway, so that will free it up for other stuff.” She lets out a moan as you give both of her firm nipples a squeeze. “Mmm, but how about me? I don’t have to stay a goat, you know. I could be aaanything at all. . . Though those kinds of things take a lot of lust to do. It’s a lot easier just making things bigger or smaller, you know.”

“But like, you can change yourself back, right?” You assume that if she can change you back, she could probably change herself too, but you figure it is better to ask than to assume.

“Of course, Summoner, but thanks for asking. No, I’m not stuck in whatever form I end up taking on. Actually, my body now is pretty much how I was born. With lust being in short supply, it’s really hard to make changes.”

“So are all of you like that, when summoned? Kind of the, uh, default setup?”

“Most of us. We lust demons are kinda the bottom of the barrel, y’know? We are also probably the most dependent on humans. We can’t eat demonic lust—it has to be a creature originally from your plane. Humans born on Hell still have some, but after two or three generations it fades away.” You expect to hear resentment in her voice, but somehow her tone of acceptance hits harder. It is the voice of someone who feels her situation can’t be changed.

“Wait, uh, humans can be born in Hell?” That thought had never occurred to you. After all, anything you had ever heard of Hell was that humans who didn’t follow the tenants of their religion wound up there, and that it was a place of punishment or suffering.

“Oh, yeah! I mean, if you’re there, find some woman and fuck, she can get pregnant just like she can here. There aren’t nearly as many humans there as demons, but there are plenty who live there. It would be kinda weird if you couldn’t, wouldn’t it?”

“Like, uh, is it an ‘eternal damnation’ kind of thing, or—”

You hear Belrye snort, responding with a chuckle, “No, no. Well, some are there because they were exiled from other places, yeah. But most are there either for business, because they want to live there, because they were born there, or whatever. I mean, there are some planes who dump off exiles there, but it’s not like our plane plays by different physical rules than yours does.”

After a long pause, you ask, “So, what’s it like there?”

“It’s got its good and bad sides, just like I’m sure you have here. It is a feudal system, with kings, queens, dukes, duchesses, and all of that.

Sometimes you'll get to see one of the nobles go by. But if you're not a noble, you are generally working as a farmer, servant, errand-runner, that kind of thing."

"How about you? What did you do?"

"Well, I lived in an old crate and did massages, polished hooves, those kinds of things." Though you can't see it, you can hear the shrug in her voice, "I know that's probably kinda disappointing, but I'm nobody special, really."

You wrap your arms around her, pulling her in for a hug. "Well, you're very special to *me!* I mean, nobody else would give me the time of day out there. But you... I mean, you're here. With me. In this bed. I think that's a bigger shock for me than you being a demon, even!"

She giggles, "Hey now, you're pretty awesome yourself, Summoner. I mean, you summoned me here all by yourself, right?"

"Well, I mean, someone else walked me through the whole thing..."

"You drew all of the symbols yourself, though. The summoning would have ended in disaster for you and anyone else who drew any of the symbols if they had done any. Whether you were helped or not, you managed to do it yourself. That's no small feat, you know!" She rubs back up against you, adding, "But yeah, is there any particular species you'd like me to be?"

You think for a moment. "So wait, let's say I said I wanted you to be a human. You'd still be a demon, right?"

"Yup! Only my appearance changes. The easiest way to tell is that my eyes will stay red, no matter what form I take. But I'll still be a demon underneath."

"Ah, okay. Well, then..."

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
“I think I like you best as a goat.”	41
Alligator	0
Bat	0
Bull/Cow	0
Cardinal	0
Crow	0
Dragon	0
Elephant	0
Ferret	0
Fox	0
Giraffe	0
Goblin	0
Gecko	0
Horse	0
Human	0
Kobold	0
Mouse	0
Panda	0
Pig	0
Rabbit	0
Reindeer	0
Skunk	0
Snake	0
Tanuki	0
Tiger	0
Wolf	0

“I think I like you best as a goat,” you say, after thinking for a bit.

“Cool, you’re really easy on the species thing then. That means we can get to *other* stuff!” She reaches down behind herself and gives your hard cock a rub, being careful to not scratch it with her claws. “So, what kinds of stuff are you into, Summoner?”

“O-oh, you mean like anything weird or fetishes or anything?”

“Yeah! It doesn’t have to be weird either, you know. Just kinda makes things easier if I know what really gets you going.”

Feeling suddenly put on the spot, you quickly ask, “Uh, what about yours?”

“I asked you first, but I *guess* I can give you time to come up with your answer,” she chuckles. “So mine, huh? Well, I guess you could say I’m kind of a hedonist. If it feels good, I like it. But the whole ‘lust demon’ thing means that I get quite a bit of sympathetic lust when I am with a human. So like, if you’re really into something, I’ll naturally start to get into it too, because I’m feeling a lot of the same pleasure you are.”

“Are, there any, um, things you *wouldn’t* do?”

“Nnnope!” she replies, playfully, “I mean, I’m a demoness who’s all about getting off. There’s no such thing as a long-term injury for me, and I don’t even feel pain in the same way that you do.”

“You don’t?”

“So, I feel pain in kinda the same way you would see a warning light come on for a machine. Like, you know it is damaging the machine, but there’s no instinctive attempt to stop it. And at times, you might even keep pushing it if you really need it to go just a few more seconds or minutes. That’s how demons feel pain. It’s more like, ‘Huh, I feel like blood shouldn’t be leaking from there. Eh, guess I should move that arm out of the way,’ rather than any sort of panic. There used to be a very common myth that demons don’t feel pain. I can see why they might think that, but it’s not actually true.”

“Huh, I never would have thought of that.”

“I mean, I’m from a whole new plane of existence, for you. There’s plenty of stuff you wouldn’t think to ask! But don’t worry, I’ll try my best to remember that and fill you in, okay?”

“Thanks,” you say, “I..I really mean that. Thank you.” *Why is the demon I summoned the only one willing to take the time to actually explain things to me?*

“Speaking of which, we also don’t have the same kinds of social boundaries that you do. I know a lot of things are considered ‘off limits’ for humans, sexually. For us, anything goes. I’m not going to pressure you, but I want you to know that even stuff you wouldn’t tell anyone else is fair game. And

actually, depending on what it is, there are ways I can make it a bit more, um, ‘socially okay’ for you. Not sure if there is a better word for that.”

“Sorry, it’s just that a whole lot of things I never thought would happen are kinda hitting all at once, and I’m struggling with all the new possibilities?”

“It’s okay, Summoner. Believe it or not, you’re not the first virgin to summon a demon. But yeah, I’ll do anything you can imagine. . .” She rubs her hands over yours, pressing yours against her breasts to give them another squeeze as she lets out a low moan. “So, forget about whether or not you think it’s possible. Forget about whether you think I would be into it. Forget what anyone might say if they knew. I suppose we should probably also figure out if you’d rather your dick was going in my ass or vice-versa, too,” she giggles. “So yeah, what makes you cum hardest, Summoner?”

“... You promise not to judge?”

“I promise. I think you humans have a saying—something about throwing rocks when you live in a glass house? Well, *my* house is made of porn and spattered in cum. I’m not sure what that has to do with rocks, but I won’t judge you anyway.” She pauses for a moment, before continuing in a soft voice, “I think you’ve had some very bad experiences, before summoning me. Just remember, I’m not like any of them. I’m probably about as different from them as can be. Think of this as a fresh start.”

“Y-yeah. Oh, and you too. This is a fresh start for you, okay? No more lust-starved-ness, for you! So, as for what I’m into. . .”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
No kinks, but topping only	45
No kinks, but bottoming only	0
No kinks, enjoy top or bottom	0
Top into Dilation/Stretching	0
Bottom into Dilation/Stretching	0
Versatile into Dilation/Stretching	0
Top into Pregnancy/Lactation	0
Bottom into Pregnancy/Lactation	0
Versatile into Pregnancy/Lactation	0
Top into groups	0
Bottom into groups	0
Versatile into Groups	0
Top into Filth	0
Bottom into Filth	0
Versatile into Filth	0
Top into Hypersexuality	0
Bottom into Hypersexuality	0
Versatile into Hypersexuality	0
Top into Mouthplay	0
Bottom into Mouthplay	0
Versatile into Mouthplay	0
Top, the kinkier, the better	0
Bottom, the kinkier, the better	0
Versatile, the kinkier, the better	0



“To be honest with you? I don’t really have any. I guess I’m kinda boring.”

“Not at all! Things don’t need to be kinky to be fun, you know!” You feel her hand behind your head, pulling you in for a kiss. As your lips meet, her body slides toward yours, and a moment later you are rolled onto your back as she climbs on top of you. She then slides down, and you feel her start to guide your dick toward her.

Breaking the kiss, she gently says, “Okay, so since this is the first time for *both* of us, just relax and let it happen. It doesn’t have to last for hours, we don’t have to break the bed, just...relax...”

You feel the tip of your cock press up against her ass. It’s hard to relax when you’re rock hard and trying not to blow it your first time, but you try. You feel her slide lower, the head popping inside as Belrye lets out a small gasp. “Mmm, waaay better than toys...” she moans.

Inside, she feels like an inferno. You aren’t sure what it is normally supposed to feel like—stories you’ve read often make a point of mentioning the warmth—but she feels genuinely hot. You suppose that makes sense, given the whole Hell thing, but you definitely weren’t prepared for it.

You can tell Belrye is trying to hold back from slamming herself down on you, to ease you into your first time. With a grin, you say, “You know, y—oh—you don’t have to hold back, either. Just let it go, okay?”

The next thing you know, Belrye’s furry butt is pressed firmly against you, your dick buried balls-deep in the demoness. She then lifts slowly up a few inches before slamming back down. You are a bit embarrassed that you are already close, since it feels like things just started.

As if reading your mind, Belrye reassures you, “Just cum when you’re ready, Summoner. We’ll have many, *many* more nights like this, so you don’t need to try to last. Besides, I’m absolutely *starving*, and I can’t wait to taste your lust.”

Between the need in her voice, the force of her hips, the heat of her body, and the indescribable sensations your dick is experiencing, that is enough to send you over the edge. Your body stiffens, and you hold Belrye’s hips as you empty your balls into her.

You feel her shudder, herself, though not in the same way. Hers feels less like an orgasm, and more like someone taking the first bite of a delicious meal. Nonetheless, you still feel a hot, wet warmth splash across your body. It takes you a moment to realize that was her own cum.

As your orgasm passes, your body starts to go limp on the bed, and Belrye rolls off of you. “S-sorry, you said you wanted to taste it, but—”

“Oh, no it wasn’t your cum I wanted to taste. Though, uh, I would like to taste that sometime too. It was your lust. Every last drop of it was absolutely

delicious, Summoner.”

“I-it was?”

“Yup!”

“So wait, how did *you* cum that quick?”

“Well, I talked before about sympathetic pleasure, right? Well, when you cum, that pretty much means I do.”

“Huh,” you reply, too overwhelmed by everything that just happened to even question it. As you feel Belrye’s cum starting to cool on your chest, you ask, “So, uh, should we get the light so we can clean up?”

“Sure! It looks like it should be this panel right here. . .” A moment later, the room slowly lights up. “Oh good, it doesn’t just turn on all at once.”

You look over at Belrye, seeing the demoness still half-hard, with a dribble of cum down the side of her shaft. Looking down at your chest, you can see the mess she made—it looks like just normal cum, to you.

Looking around, you realize there’s no shower in here. Your eyes glance over the sink, but that doesn’t seem especially effective. Still, it’s what you have available. There is a washcloth draped over the side of it, so you figure you can make it work.

Looking behind you, you see Belrye crouched over the floor drain, with your cum running out of her. “Not bad for a first load,” she says, looking up at you with a wink. Since she seems preoccupied, you start by washing her cum off of your chest, before working your way down to your dick. It is much cleaner than you would expect, given that you were just assfucking a demoness with it. You think back to what was said earlier about demons not needing to eat, though, and you suppose it makes sense.

Belrye walks over, and you start to clean her up. “Mmm, thank you Summoner.”

“Oh? For what?”

“For cleaning me. You could have just as easily tossed the washcloth at me and had me do it myself.”

“Nah, gotta take care of my demon, you know?”

She wraps her arms around your shoulders, as you continue to clean her. “And that’s why I’m thanking you. You’re so kind!”

“Now, why don’t you turn around so I can take care of your ass?”

Belrye eagerly turns around, spreading her asscheeks and shaking her tail happily. You start to wipe her clean, eliciting a few moans from her in the process before you are satisfied she is spotless. “There we are, good as new!”

As the two of you make your way back to the bed to relax a bit, Belrye smiles, “Looks like we managed to miss the bed, Summoner.”

“Yeah, that makes things easier,” you laugh.

As the two of you lie back down on the bed, you ask, “Wait, how did you see to turn the lights back on?”

“Oh, so the panel glows with a tiny bit of magic when it’s off. Demons can see that, but I guess humans can’t? Or maybe you just need some training and practice.”

“Ah, okay.”

After lying together in silence for a few minutes, enjoying eachother’s company as you recover, Belrye gives you a playful look. “Sooo Summoner. Now that I’ve had a nice meal of your lust, let’s put it to good use. I can change either my own body or yours. Anything in particular you’d like, hmm?”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"
Biggest Male Cum	5 mL	6 mL
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Taller	50
Belrye Taller	0
Shorter	0
Belrye Shorter	0
Larger Breasts	0
Belrye Larger Breasts	0
Belrye Smaller Breasts	0
Bigger Nipples	0
Belrye Bigger Nipples	0
Smaller Nipples	0
Belrye Smaller Nipples	0
Larger Penis	0
Belrye Larger Penis	0
Smaller Penis	0
Belrye Smaller Penis	0
Add Flare	0
Belrye Bigger Flare	0
Belrye Remove Flare	0
Add Knot	0
Belrye Add Knot	0
Larger Balls	0
Belrye Larger Balls	0
Smaller Balls	0
Belrye Smaller Balls	0
Trait: Cum Factory	0
Belrye Trait: Cum Factory	0

“You know, I think I’d like to be taller, if I could.”

“Taller? No problem!” Belrye sits up on the bed next to you. “Okay, this is probably gonna be easiest if you sit on the edge of the bed.”

You do as she suggests, and she rubs her hands against your shoulders and down your back. “Just getting a better feel for you,” she says, massaging and feeling your muscles and down your spine.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, I’m gonna be reshaping your body, right? I kinda need to make sure everything still works. Same number of vertebrae, two ears, one heart, four lungs. . .” She chuckles, though she sees that you are a bit nervous. You hadn’t really thought about that, and your mind starts to wander to any number of horrific things that could happen if she makes a mistake.

“It’s okay, really! Look, nobody taught you how to breathe, did they? And yet, from the day you were born, you can even do it in your sleep! It’s the same way for me, with this. It’s nice and easy. A bit of pulling here, a bit of stretching there. I’m told it doesn’t even hurt. . .”

You take a deep breath, slowly letting it out as you straighten your back and try to relax. You focus on your breathing, feeling as Belrye continues to rub and massage your arms and legs. Your eyes close, as you let out a contented groan. “Okay, I think I’m ready.”

“That’s good, because I’m almost done!” Belrye giggles, “You just relax a moment longer—just a bit left to go. . .” She slides off the bed, finishing working her way down your legs and even your feet. “Aaand done!”

You start to rise to your feet, with Belrye holding a hand against you to help steady you. “There we go, niiice and slow.” Eventually, you rise to your feet. While it is hard to tell for sure, you would guess you are maybe half a foot taller. Belrye certainly doesn’t come up as far as she had on you a few minutes ago.

She begins to walk you through a few things, to help you start to get used to your new height. “Okay, now could you walk across the room for me? Good, now backstep. Step sideways. Touch your nose.” As you follow each instruction, she explains, “Everything should all be the same, proportionally—it’s just that everything’s a bit bigger now.”

After a few more minutes, she gives you a wide grin and says, “Okay, Summoner, looks like I didn’t accidentally kill you! Not that I thought I would, of course, but I’ve never done this before, so I was maaaybe a little nervous.” She looks quite pleased with herself, then says, “Oh, right, you were going to ask about that book. With all the wards and stuff, I’m guessing I need to stay here?”

“Yeah, I think so,” you reply. You aren’t sure what the requirements are

before letting a demon out, which is something you will need to check with Terra on.

You put the robes on, noticing that they don't reach nearly down to the floor like they used to. You might need to get some new clothes to fit you better, now. Picking up the book, you give Belrye one last hug before stepping out the door. You will need to remember to get her some games or something to read while she is here, since it seems she can read English well.

You walk down the corridor, thankful that the path is fairly straightforward. You pretty much just need to get to the elevator, which will drop you off pretty close to Terra's office. Since she appears to be the one in charge, she is probably the best person to start with, as far as questions.

As the elevator doors close behind you, you hesitate a moment. "Uh. . . ground floor?" There is a pleasant *ding*, and you feel the elevator start to rise. While you wait, your thoughts drift to what their end-goal is for Belrye. If humanity was looking for some sort of alliance, shouldn't that be handled by some kind of diplomat? You doubt you are humanity putting its best foot forward.

But then, what about Belrye? Nowhere during the summoning process did you ask for her sp—

The elevator comes to a stop, and the doors slide open. Everything seems quiet, leading you to wonder what time it is. You will need to either find a way to charge your phone or find some replacement for timekeeping. As you walk down the corridor, you smirk a little. On this floor, everything looks very much like a typical church. The left wall is covered by a row of stained glass windows, though their original imagery has been replaced by geometric patterns. In between, you see signs that hadn't caught your eye before. One is the hand of a demon shaking the hand of a human, while others welcome both human and demonic newcomers.

Realizing you had walked past Terra's office, you come back and knock on the door.

"Come in."

Opening the door, you step inside to find Terra reading a thick, heavy book behind her desk, though you are surprised to see her holding a pen in her other hand. As she looks up and sees you, she gives you a small smile. "Ah, I knew you would stop by sooner or later. I'm not great at onboarding, but the normal person was busy." With her pen, she writes a line in the book before closing it and setting it down on the table. She then asks, "Now, I'm sure you're here with questions. Why don't we start with those?"

"So, what's the long-term goal with Belrye? Oh, uh, that's the demon. Like. . . what am I supposed to working toward with her?"

"The biggest thing you need to do is get them used to social norms here.

For example, a lust demon doesn't understand concepts like someone being 'too young' or indecent exposure. You will need to explain that to them. They don't need to be a model of Victorian etiquette, but they should be able to stay off the sex-offender list. Make sense?"

"Yeah," you say with a chuckle, "Oh, another thing..." You pull the book out from your robe, opening it to the missing section from previously, "There seems to be a problem. Take a look at this."

She looks at your book, replying, "Yeah, we have had to make some very hasty edits to these. We are learning more every day, so pretty much as soon as one of these is printed, it's already out of date. It's definitely keeping the people in the printing room busy, though." Something about that explanation strikes you as off, but you will need to think more about it later.

"Alright," you reply aloud, "So, I've been wondering. All the remodeling, excavating, feeding everyone, furniture, and everything obviously costs money. Where does that come from? Like, nobody's handed me an offering plate or anything."

"I'm impressed, most people don't think to ask that one so soon. Our funding comes from three wealthy individuals who originally founded the cult. They were convinced that extra-planar stuff, portals, and things like that were real. But they felt the big thing holding humanity back was a lack of funding and organization. There are small groups of friends, or individuals in their basements, but what if some real money and planning was thrown behind it? About a month or so ago, we had our first successful summoning. That is why we were suddenly looking for more summoners to perfect and better understand the techniques."

"So, why are we specifically summoning lust and wrath de—"

"Oh!" Terra interjects, "Sorry, I just realized there's an important part I haven't explained yet. So, books..." She opens the large book on her desk that she was looking at before, turning it so that you can read. It almost looks like you are reading the output from a chat program, in several different colors of ink. "Books work a lot like a chat program or a database. Using specific symbols, you can link two of them together. Like this one? I use it to talk with the other department heads, sort of like a group-chat."

She closes it again, continuing by pulling out another, much smaller book. You see her flip to the title page of your book, draw a symbol on the inside cover of the new one, and then hand your book back to you. "Now, the last half of the book should be blank pages. Turn to the first one of those." You do, and a moment later she begins to write in the one she is holding. Inside yours, words start to appear. "So as you can see, the words appear here." While you are still trying to make sense of what you have seen, she hands you



a pen and tells you to write something back.

You don't have anything specific to say, so you just write, "Hello," which you then see appear inside her book. She then closes hers, setting it and the pen on the desk in front of her. "Now, since that book is linked with yours, why don't you give that to your demon? It will give you a way to communicate when you are apart."

There was something you had been in the middle of asking, but it seems to have slipped your mind after seeing a demonstration of book-based text chat. Still, it had almost felt like you were being deliberately cut off. Maybe that is just your imagination, though. You thank her for the book and pen, tucking both into your pocket. Out of the corner of your eye, you notice a faint, rectangular outline in the pocket of Terra's robe. It seems about the size of a cellphone, significantly smaller than your own book. You make a point of not staring, but given that electricity doesn't seem to be in abundant supply here, it would be strange for her to carry a phone.

"So, where there any other questions that you have?"

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	6'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"
Biggest Male Cum	5 mL	6 mL
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
“Nothing else I can think of.”	0
“Could I get a robe for Belrye?”	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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.

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

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

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

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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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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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

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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"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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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Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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—"

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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.

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Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
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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, 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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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

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

“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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	128
Explore her ass	132
Explore her dick	136
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	140
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	144
French kiss	148
Just hold her for a bit	152
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	156

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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
Gender	Male	Female
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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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Aspect	N/A	Lust
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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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.

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

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various 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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Vanilla and romantic	0
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Dominant Belrye	0
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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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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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

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?"

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	165
Pussy	226
Belrye's choice, either is good	264



“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.”

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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"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	171
	Explore his ass	198
	Explore his dick	202
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		206
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	210
	French kiss	214
	Just hold him for a bit	218
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	222

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. Nobody had ever asked you before, and when each attempt to get a date ended in failure, it felt like adding requirements would make things even more impossible. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about 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, silently reassuring you to take as long as you need.

A wave of futility washes over you, as the same old intrusive thoughts drift back. *What's the point? I'll never have that in my life, anyway. That kind of thing only happens for other people, not me.* You try to push those thoughts away, focusing on the task at hand. After all, this is the furthest you have ever gotten with someone, and he sounds genuinely interested in helping you.

"Sorry," he whispers, "I know it's probably hard for you. If you would like, maybe we could start from a different direction?"

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity 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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	175
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 his hands sandwiching yours against his soft, furry breasts. You can feel his nipples, firm against your palms. “Mmm, I think we can do that, Summoner.” A moment later, you feel him shift and roll over beside you, followed by the sensation of the side of his 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 his 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 his lips press against yours after the long silence would have definitely sealed the deal. Rather than starting to make out with you, though, he pulls away and goes back to resting his head on you. “So, ready for another question, Summoner?” You nod, before realizing he can’t see you. Just as you are about to speak, though, Belrye softly says, “That feels like a nod.” Of course, he’s resting against your cheek, so he would definitely be able to feel it. He slides a hand slowly down your back, being careful not to graze you with his claws.

Belrye 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 I just go, “just magic,” like that was a normal thing?* It feels like your entire world has been very rapidly shifting. While it is quite disorienting, in a way, 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 his voice. Belrye seems to greatly enjoy teaching you about demons, Hell, and all of those kinds of things. Who knows, maybe he 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 think about his question. Any species? Even fantasy stuff like dragons?

But then, reality sinks in. How would you explain *that* to someone? Or if this whole thing with the cult falls through, how would you ever go back to normal? Could you even get a job like that? They would probably either lock you up or put you into some freakshow. Maybe Belrye has some ideas?

“So, I don’t know how long all of this stuff is going to last. Like the cult, me being here, any of it. What, uh, what happens afterward?”

“Well,” Belrye explains, “it depends on what you want, really. Like, I could turn you back with enough lust, no problem. Or maybe you would decide to come back to Hell with me. Nobody would bat an eye, back there. Either way, I don’t think you have anything to worry about, there.”

“And how do the, uh, innards work? Like I assume you would need to change a lot of how my whole body functions, wouldn’t you?”

“Well, for the most part it’s just your outsides that change. Like everything stays in the same place, for the most part. If you wanted to become something that flies...” He thinks a moment before continuing, “I probably couldn’t make you fly, but you could certainly glide. I know enough about how wings work to be able to copy their shape and design. The hardest part are the muscles. Making a creature your size fly would mean completely restructuring your chest. While something like that *can* be done, my understanding is that most don’t find the result very pleasing.”

Making up your mind, you reply. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
“I think I’ll just stay human.”	179
Alligator	0
Bat	0
Bull/Cow	0
Cardinal	0
Crow	0
Dragon	0
Elephant	0
Ferret	0
Fox	0
Giraffe	0
Goat	0
Goblin	0
Gecko	0
Horse	0
Kobold	0
Mouse	0
Panda	0
Pig	0
Rabbit	0
Reindeer	0
Skunk	0
Snake	0
Tanuki	0
Tiger	0
Wolf	0

“I think I’ll just stay human,” you reply. After all, things are already weird enough without adding another layer on top of it. Besides, how would you explain that to, well, anyone at all?

“No problem, human it is!” Belrye says with a smile, “That takes quite a bit of lust to do anyway, so that will free it up for other stuff.” He lets out a moan as you give both of his firm nipples a squeeze. “Mmm, but how about me? I don’t have to stay a goat, you know. I could be aaanything at all. . . Though those kinds of things take a lot of lust to do. It’s a lot easier just making things bigger or smaller, you know.”

“But like, you can change yourself back, right?” You assume that if he can change you back, he could probably change himself too, but you figure it is better to ask than to assume.

“Of course, Summoner, but thanks for asking. No, I’m not stuck in whatever form I end up taking on. Actually, my body now is pretty much how I was born. With lust being in short supply, it’s really hard to make changes.”

“So are all of you like that, when summoned? Kind of the, uh, default setup?”

“Most of us. We lust demons are kinda the bottom of the barrel, y’know? We are also probably the most dependent on humans. We can’t eat demonic lust—it has to be a creature originally from your plane. Humans born on Hell still have some, but after two or three generations it fades away.” You expect to hear resentment in his voice, but somehow his tone of acceptance hits harder. It is the voice of someone who feels his situation can’t be changed.

“Wait, uh, humans can be born in Hell?” That thought had never occurred to you. After all, anything you had ever heard of Hell was that humans who didn’t follow the tenants of their religion wound up there, and that it was a place of punishment or suffering.

“Oh, yeah! I mean, if you’re there, find some woman and fuck, she can get pregnant just like she can here. There aren’t nearly as many humans there as demons, but there are plenty who live there. It would be kinda weird if you couldn’t, wouldn’t it?”

“Like, uh, is it an ‘eternal damnation’ kind of thing, or—”

You hear Belrye snort, responding with a chuckle, “No, no. Well, some are there because they were exiled from other places, yeah. But most are there either for business, because they want to live there, because they were born there, or whatever. I mean, there are some planes who dump off exiles there, but it’s not like our plane plays by different physical rules than yours does.”

After a long pause, you ask, “So, what’s it like there?”

“It’s got its good and bad sides, just like I’m sure you have here. It is a feudal system, with kings, queens, dukes, duchesses, and all of that.

Sometimes you'll get to see one of the nobles go by. But if you're not a noble, you are generally working as a farmer, servant, errand-runner, that kind of thing."

"How about you? What did you do?"

"Well, I lived in an old crate and did massages, polished hooves, those kinds of things." Though you can't see it, you can hear the shrug in his voice, "I know that's probably kinda disappointing, but I'm nobody special, really."

You wrap your arms around him, pulling him in for a hug. "Well, you're very special to *me!* I mean, nobody else would give me the time of day out there. But you... I mean, you're here. With me. In this bed. I think that's a bigger shock for me than you being a demon, even!"

He giggles, "Hey now, you're pretty awesome yourself, Summoner. I mean, you summoned me here all by yourself, right?"

"Well, I mean, someone else walked me through the whole thing..."

"You drew all of the symbols yourself, though. The summoning would have ended in disaster for you and anyone else who drew any of the symbols if they had done any. Whether you were helped or not, you managed to do it yourself. That's no small feat, you know!" He rubs back up against you, adding, "But yeah, is there any particular species you'd like me to be?"

You think for a moment. "So wait, let's say I said I wanted you to be a human. You'd still be a demon, right?"

"Yup! Only my appearance changes. The easiest way to tell is that my eyes will stay red, no matter what form I take. But I'll still be a demon underneath."

"Ah, okay. Well, then..."



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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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"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
"I think I like you best as a goat."	183
Alligator	0
Bat	0
Bull/Cow	0
Cardinal	0
Crow	0
Dragon	0
Elephant	0
Ferret	0
Fox	0
Giraffe	0
Goblin	0
Gecko	0
Horse	0
Human	0
Kobold	0
Mouse	0
Panda	0
Pig	0
Rabbit	0
Reindeer	0
Skunk	0
Snake	0
Tanuki	0
Tiger	0
Wolf	0

“I think I like you best as a goat,” you say, after thinking for a bit.

“Cool, you’re really easy on the species thing then. That means we can get to *other* stuff!” He reaches down behind himself and gives your hard cock a rub, being careful to not scratch it with his claws. “So, what kinds of stuff are you into, Summoner?”

“O-oh, you mean like anything weird or fetishes or anything?”

“Yeah! It doesn’t have to be weird either, you know. Just kinda makes things easier if I know what really gets you going.”

Feeling suddenly put on the spot, you quickly ask, “Uh, what about yours?”

“I asked you first, but I *guess* I can give you time to come up with your answer,” he chuckles. “So mine, huh? Well, I guess you could say I’m kind of a hedonist. If it feels good, I like it. But the whole ‘lust demon’ thing means that I get quite a bit of sympathetic lust when I am with a human. So like, if you’re really into something, I’ll naturally start to get into it too, because I’m feeling a lot of the same pleasure you are.”

“Are, there any, um, things you *wouldn’t* do?”

“Nnnope!” he replies, playfully, “I mean, I’m a demon who’s all about getting off. There’s no such thing as a long-term injury for me, and I don’t even feel pain in the same way that you do.”

“You don’t?”

“So, I feel pain in kinda the same way you would see a warning light come on for a machine. Like, you know it is damaging the machine, but there’s no instinctive attempt to stop it. And at times, you might even keep pushing it if you really need it to go just a few more seconds or minutes. That’s how demons feel pain. It’s more like, ‘Huh, I feel like blood shouldn’t be leaking from there. Eh, guess I should move that arm out of the way,’ rather than any sort of panic. There used to be a very common myth that demons don’t feel pain. I can see why they might think that, but it’s not actually true.”

“Huh, I never would have thought of that.”

“I mean, I’m from a whole new plane of existence, for you. There’s plenty of stuff you wouldn’t think to ask! But don’t worry, I’ll try my best to remember that and fill you in, okay?”

“Thanks,” you say, “I..I really mean that. Thank you.” *Why is the demon I summoned the only one willing to take the time to actually explain things to me?*

“Speaking of which, we also don’t have the same kinds of social boundaries that you do. I know a lot of things are considered ‘off limits’ for humans, sexually. For us, anything goes. I’m not going to pressure you, but I want you to know that even stuff you wouldn’t tell anyone else is fair game. And

actually, depending on what it is, there are ways I can make it a bit more, um, ‘socially okay’ for you. Not sure if there is a better word for that.”

“Sorry, it’s just that a whole lot of things I never thought would happen are kinda hitting all at once, and I’m struggling with all the new possibilities?”

“It’s okay, Summoner. Believe it or not, you’re not the first virgin to summon a demon. But yeah, I’ll do anything you can imagine. . .” He rubs his hands over yours, pressing yours against his breasts to give them another squeeze as he lets out a low moan. “So, forget about whether or not you think it’s possible. Forget about whether you think I would be into it. Forget what anyone might say if they knew. I suppose we should probably also figure out if you’d rather your dick was going in my ass or vice-versa, too,” he giggles. “So yeah, what makes you cum hardest, Summoner?”

“. . . You promise not to judge?”

“I promise. I think you humans have a saying—something about throwing rocks when you live in a glass house? Well, *my* house is made of porn and spattered in cum. I’m not sure what that has to do with rocks, but I won’t judge you anyway.” He pauses for a moment, before continuing in a soft voice, “I think you’ve had some very bad experiences, before summoning me. Just remember, I’m not like any of them. I’m probably about as different from them as can be. Think of this as a fresh start.”

“Y-yeah. Oh, and you too. This is a fresh start for you, okay? No more lust-starved-ness, for you! So, as for what I’m into. . .”

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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
No kinks, but topping only	187
No kinks, but bottoming only	0
No kinks, enjoy top or bottom	0
Top into Dilation/Stretching	0
Bottom into Dilation/Stretching	0
Versatile into Dilation/Stretching	0
Top into Pregnancy/Lactation	0
Bottom into Pregnancy/Lactation	0
Versatile into Pregnancy/Lactation	0
Top into groups	0
Bottom into groups	0
Versatile into Groups	0
Top into Filth	0
Bottom into Filth	0
Versatile into Filth	0
Top into Hypersexuality	0
Bottom into Hypersexuality	0
Versatile into Hypersexuality	0
Top into Mouthplay	0
Bottom into Mouthplay	0
Versatile into Mouthplay	0
Top, the kinkier, the better	0
Bottom, the kinkier, the better	0
Versatile, the kinkier, the better	0

“To be honest with you? I don’t really have any. I guess I’m kinda boring.”

“Not at all! Things don’t need to be kinky to be fun, you know!” You feel his hand behind your head, pulling you in for a kiss. As your lips meet, his body slides toward yours, and a moment later you are rolled onto your back as he climbs on top of you. He then slides down, and you feel him start to guide your dick toward him.

Breaking the kiss, he gently says, “Okay, so since this is the first time for *both* of us, just relax and let it happen. It doesn’t have to last for hours, we don’t have to break the bed, just...relax...”

You feel the tip of your cock press up against his ass. It’s hard to relax when you’re rock hard and trying not to blow it your first time, but you try. You feel him slide lower, the head popping inside as Belrye lets out a small gasp. “Mmm, waaay better than toys...” he moans.

Inside, he feels like an inferno. You aren’t sure what it is normally supposed to feel like—stories you’ve read often make a point of mentioning the warmth—but he feels genuinely hot. You suppose that makes sense, given the whole Hell thing, but you definitely weren’t prepared for it.

You can tell Belrye is trying to hold back from slamming himself down on you, to ease you into your first time. With a grin, you say, “You know, y—oh—you don’t have to hold back, either. Just let it go, okay?”

The next thing you know, Belrye’s furry butt is pressed firmly against you, your dick buried balls-deep in the demon. He then lifts slowly up a few inches before slamming back down. You are a bit embarrassed that you are already close, since it feels like things just started.

As if reading your mind, Belrye reassures you, “Just cum when you’re ready, Summoner. We’ll have many, *many* more nights like this, so you don’t need to try to last. Besides, I’m absolutely *starving*, and I can’t wait to taste your lust.”

Between the need in his voice, the force of his hips, the heat of his body, and the indescribable sensations your dick is experiencing, that is enough to send you over the edge. Your body stiffens, and you hold Belrye’s hips as you empty your balls into him.

You feel him shudder, himself, though not in the same way. His feels less like an orgasm, and more like someone taking the first bite of a delicious meal. Nonetheless, you still feel a hot, wet warmth splash across your body. It takes you a moment to realize that was his own cum.

As your orgasm passes, your body starts to go limp on the bed, and Belrye rolls off of you. “S-sorry, you said you wanted to taste it, but—”

“Oh, no it wasn’t your cum I wanted to taste. Though, uh, I would like to taste that sometime too. It was your lust. Every last drop of it was absolutely

delicious, Summoner.”

“I-it was?”

“Yup!”

“So wait, how did *you* cum that quick?”

“Well, I talked before about sympathetic pleasure, right? Well, when you cum, that pretty much means I do.”

“Huh,” you reply, too overwhelmed by everything that just happened to even question it. As you feel Belrye’s cum starting to cool on your chest, you ask, “So, uh, should we get the light so we can clean up?”

“Sure! It looks like it should be this panel right here. . .” A moment later, the room slowly lights up. “Oh good, it doesn’t just turn on all at once.”

You look over at Belrye, seeing the demon still half-hard, with a dribble of cum down the side of his shaft. Looking down at your chest, you can see the mess he made—it looks like just normal cum, to you.

Looking around, you realize there’s no shower in here. Your eyes glance over the sink, but that doesn’t seem especially effective. Still, it’s what you have available. There is a washcloth draped over the side of it, so you figure you can make it work.

Looking behind you, you see Belrye crouched over the floor drain, with your cum running out of him. “Not bad for a first load,” he says, looking up at you with a wink. Since he seems preoccupied, you start by washing his cum off of your chest, before working your way down to your dick. It is much cleaner than you would expect, given that you were just assfucking a demon with it. You think back to what was said earlier about demons not needing to eat, though, and you suppose it makes sense.

Belrye walks over, and you start to clean him up. “Mmm, thank you Summoner.”

“Oh? For what?”

“For cleaning me. You could have just as easily tossed the washcloth at me and had me do it myself.”

“Nah, gotta take care of my demon, you know?”

He wraps his arms around your shoulders, as you continue to clean him. “And that’s why I’m thanking you. You’re so kind!”

“Now, why don’t you turn around so I can take care of your ass?”

Belrye eagerly turns around, spreading his asscheeks and shaking his tail happily. You start to wipe him clean, eliciting a few moans from him in the process before you are satisfied he is spotless. “There we are, good as new!”

As the two of you make your way back to the bed to relax a bit, Belrye smiles, “Looks like we managed to miss the bed, Summoner.”

“Yeah, that makes things easier,” you laugh.



As the two of you lie back down on the bed, you ask, “Wait, how did you see to turn the lights back on?”

“Oh, so the panel glows with a tiny bit of magic when it’s off. Demons can see that, but I guess humans can’t? Or maybe you just need some training and practice.”

“Ah, okay.”

After lying together in silence for a few minutes, enjoying eachother’s company as you recover, Belrye gives you a playful look. “Sooo Summoner. Now that I’ve had a nice meal of your lust, let’s put it to good use. I can change either my own body or yours. Anything in particular you’d like, hmm?”

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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"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Taller	192
Belrye Taller	0
Shorter	0
Belrye Shorter	0
Larger Breasts	0
Belrye Larger Breasts	0
Belrye Smaller Breasts	0
Bigger Nipples	0
Belrye Bigger Nipples	0
Smaller Nipples	0
Belrye Smaller Nipples	0
Larger Penis	0
Belrye Larger Penis	0
Smaller Penis	0
Belrye Smaller Penis	0
Add Flare	0
Belrye Bigger Flare	0
Belrye Remove Flare	0
Add Knot	0
Belrye Add Knot	0
Larger Balls	0
Belrye Larger Balls	0
Smaller Balls	0
Belrye Smaller Balls	0
Trait: Cum Factory	0
Belrye Trait: Cum Factory	0

“You know, I think I’d like to be taller, if I could.”

“Taller? No problem!” Belrye sits up on the bed next to you. “Okay, this is probably gonna be easiest if you sit on the edge of the bed.”

You do as he suggests, and he rubs his hands against your shoulders and down your back. “Just getting a better feel for you,” he says, massaging and feeling your muscles and down your spine.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, I’m gonna be reshaping your body, right? I kinda need to make sure everything still works. Same number of vertebrae, two ears, one heart, four lungs. . .” He chuckles, though he sees that you are a bit nervous. You hadn’t really thought about that, and your mind starts to wander to any number of horrific things that could happen if he makes a mistake.

“It’s okay, really! Look, nobody taught you how to breathe, did they? And yet, from the day you were born, you can even do it in your sleep! It’s the same way for me, with this. It’s nice and easy. A bit of pulling here, a bit of stretching there. I’m told it doesn’t even hurt. . .”

You take a deep breath, slowly letting it out as you straighten your back and try to relax. You focus on your breathing, feeling as Belrye continues to rub and massage your arms and legs. Your eyes close, as you let out a contented groan. “Okay, I think I’m ready.”

“That’s good, because I’m almost done!” Belrye giggles, “You just relax a moment longer—just a bit left to go. . .” He slides off the bed, finishing working his way down your legs and even your feet. “Aaand done!”

You start to rise to your feet, with Belrye holding a hand against you to help steady you. “There we go, niice and slow.” Eventually, you rise to your feet. While it is hard to tell for sure, you would guess you are maybe half a foot taller. Belrye certainly doesn’t come up as far as he had on you a few minutes ago.

He begins to walk you through a few things, to help you start to get used to your new height. “Okay, now could you walk across the room for me? Good, now backstep. Step sideways. Touch your nose.” As you follow each instruction, he explains, “Everything should all be the same, proportionally—it’s just that everything’s a bit bigger now.”

After a few more minutes, he gives you a wide grin and says, “Okay, Summoner, looks like I didn’t accidentally kill you! Not that I thought I would, of course, but I’ve never done this before, so I was maaaybe a little nervous.” He looks quite pleased with himself, then says, “Oh, right, you were going to ask about that book. With all the wards and stuff, I’m guessing I need to stay here?”

“Yeah, I think so,” you reply. You aren’t sure what the requirements are

before letting a demon out, which is something you will need to check with Terra on.

You put the robes on, noticing that they don't reach nearly down to the floor like they used to. You might need to get some new clothes to fit you better, now. Picking up the book, you give Belrye one last hug before stepping out the door. You will need to remember to get him some games or something to read while he is here, since it seems he can read English well.

You walk down the corridor, thankful that the path is fairly straightforward. You pretty much just need to get to the elevator, which will drop you off pretty close to Terra's office. Since she appears to be the one in charge, she is probably the best person to start with, as far as questions.

As the elevator doors close behind you, you hesitate a moment. "Uh. . . ground floor?" There is a pleasant *ding*, and you feel the elevator start to rise. While you wait, your thoughts drift to what their end-goal is for Belrye. If humanity was looking for some sort of alliance, shouldn't that be handled by some kind of diplomat? You doubt you are humanity putting its best foot forward.

But then, what about Belrye? Nowhere during the summoning process did you ask for his sp—

The elevator comes to a stop, and the doors slide open. Everything seems quiet, leading you to wonder what time it is. You will need to either find a way to charge your phone or find some replacement for timekeeping. As you walk down the corridor, you smirk a little. On this floor, everything looks very much like a typical church. The left wall is covered by a row of stained glass windows, though their original imagery has been replaced by geometric patterns. In between, you see signs that hadn't caught your eye before. One is the hand of a demon shaking the hand of a human, while others welcome both human and demonic newcomers.

Realizing you had walked past Terra's office, you come back and knock on the door.

"Come in."

Opening the door, you step inside to find Terra reading a thick, heavy book behind her desk, though you are surprised to see her holding a pen in her other hand. As she looks up and sees you, she gives you a small smile. "Ah, I knew you would stop by sooner or later. I'm not great at onboarding, but the normal person was busy." With her pen, she writes a line in the book before closing it and setting it down on the table. She then asks, "Now, I'm sure you're here with questions. Why don't we start with those?"

"So, what's the long-term goal with Belrye? Oh, uh, that's the demon. Like. . . what am I supposed to working toward with him?"

"The biggest thing you need to do is get them used to social norms here.

For example, a lust demon doesn't understand concepts like someone being 'too young' or indecent exposure. You will need to explain that to them. They don't need to be a model of Victorian etiquette, but they should be able to stay off the sex-offender list. Make sense?"

"Yeah," you say with a chuckle, "Oh, another thing..." You pull the book out from your robe, opening it to the missing section from previously, "There seems to be a problem. Take a look at this."

She looks at your book, replying, "Yeah, we have had to make some very hasty edits to these. We are learning more every day, so pretty much as soon as one of these is printed, it's already out of date. It's definitely keeping the people in the printing room busy, though." Something about that explanation strikes you as off, but you will need to think more about it later.

"Alright," you reply aloud, "So, I've been wondering. All the remodeling, excavating, feeding everyone, furniture, and everything obviously costs money. Where does that come from? Like, nobody's handed me an offering plate or anything."

"I'm impressed, most people don't think to ask that one so soon. Our funding comes from three wealthy individuals who originally founded the cult. They were convinced that extra-planar stuff, portals, and things like that were real. But they felt the big thing holding humanity back was a lack of funding and organization. There are small groups of friends, or individuals in their basements, but what if some real money and planning was thrown behind it? About a month or so ago, we had our first successful summoning. That is why we were suddenly looking for more summoners to perfect and better understand the techniques."

"So, why are we specifically summoning lust and wrath de—"

"Oh!" Terra interjects, "Sorry, I just realized there's an important part I haven't explained yet. So, books..." She opens the large book on her desk that she was looking at before, turning it so that you can read. It almost looks like you are reading the output from a chat program, in several different colors of ink. "Books work a lot like a chat program or a database. Using specific symbols, you can link two of them together. Like this one? I use it to talk with the other department heads, sort of like a group-chat."

She closes it again, continuing by pulling out another, much smaller book. You see her flip to the title page of your book, draw a symbol on the inside cover of the new one, and then hand your book back to you. "Now, the last half of the book should be blank pages. Turn to the first one of those." You do, and a moment later she begins to write in the one she is holding. Inside yours, words start to appear. "So as you can see, the words appear here." While you are still trying to make sense of what you have seen, she hands you

a pen and tells you to write something back.

You don't have anything specific to say, so you just write, "Hello," which you then see appear inside her book. She then closes hers, setting it and the pen on the desk in front of her. "Now, since that book is linked with yours, why don't you give that to your demon? It will give you a way to communicate when you are apart."

There was something you had been in the middle of asking, but it seems to have slipped your mind after seeing a demonstration of book-based text chat. Still, it had almost felt like you were being deliberately cut off. Maybe that is just your imagination, though. You thank her for the book and pen, tucking both into your pocket. Out of the corner of your eye, you notice a faint, rectangular outline in the pocket of Terra's robe. It seems about the size of a cellphone, significantly smaller than your own book. You make a point of not staring, but given that electricity doesn't seem to be in abundant supply here, it would be strange for her to carry a phone.

"So, where there any other questions that you have?"

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
“Nothing else I can think of.”	0
“Could I get a robe for Belrye?”	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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—"

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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Species	Human	Goat
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"



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

“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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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"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	232
	Explore his ass	236
	Explore his dick	240
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		244
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	248
	French kiss	252
	Just hold him for a bit	256
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	260

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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Gender	Male	Male
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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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?"

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Vanilla and romantic	0
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Dominant Belrye	0
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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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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—"



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

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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!” 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	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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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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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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

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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
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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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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—"

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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!” 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	Male
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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"



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

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?"

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	307
Pussy	368
Belrye's choice, either is good	406

“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 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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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
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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"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	313
	Explore their ass	340
	Explore their dick	344
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		348
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	352
	French kiss	356
	Just hold them for a bit	360
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	364

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. Nobody had ever asked you before, and when each attempt to get a date ended in failure, it felt like adding requirements would just make things even more impossible. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about 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, silently reassuring you to take as long as you need.

A wave of futility washes over you, as the same old intrusive thoughts drift back. *What’s the point? I’ll never have that in my life, anyway. That kind of thing only happens for other people, not me.* You try to push those thoughts away, focusing on the task at hand. After all, this is the furthest you have ever gotten with someone, and they sound genuinely interested in helping you.

“Sorry,” she whispers, “I know it’s probably hard for you. If you would like, maybe we could start from a different direction?”

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	317
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 their hands sandwiching yours against their soft, furry breasts. You can feel their nipples, firm against your palms. “Mmm, I think we can do that, Summoner.” A moment later, you feel them shift and roll over beside you, followed by the sensation of the side of their 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 their 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 their lips press against yours after the long silence would have definitely sealed the deal. Rather than starting to make out with you, though, they pull away and go back to resting their head on you. “So, ready for another question, Summoner?” You nod, before realizing they can’t see you. Just as you are about to speak, though, Belrye softly says, “That feels like a nod.” Of course, they’re resting against your cheek, so they would definitely be able to feel it. They slide a hand slowly down your back, being careful not to graze you with their claws.

Belrye 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 I just go, “just magic,” like that was a normal thing?* It feels like your entire world has been very rapidly shifting. While it is quite disorienting, in a way, 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 their voice. Belrye seems to greatly enjoy teaching you about demons, Hell, and all of those kinds of things. Who knows, maybe they 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 think about their question. Any species? Even fantasy stuff like dragons?

But then, reality sinks in. How would you explain *that* to someone? Or if this whole thing with the cult falls through, how would you ever go back to normal? Could you even get a job like that? They would probably either lock you up or put you into some freakshow. Maybe Belrye has some ideas?

“So, I don’t know how long all of this stuff is going to last. Like the cult, me being here, any of it. What, uh, what happens afterward?”

“Well,” Belrye explains, “it depends on what you want, really. Like, I could turn you back with enough lust, no problem. Or maybe you would decide to come back to Hell with me. Nobody would bat an eye, back there. Either way, I don’t think you have anything to worry about, there.”

“And how do the, uh, innards work? Like I assume you would need to change a lot of how my whole body functions, wouldn’t you?”

“Well, for the most part it’s just your outsides that change. Like everything stays in the same place, for the most part. If you wanted to become something that flies...” They think a moment before continuing, “I probably couldn’t make you fly, but you could certainly glide. I know enough about how wings work to be able to copy their shape and design. The hardest part are the muscles. Making a creature your size fly would mean completely restructuring your chest. While something like that *can* be done, my understanding is that most don’t find the result very pleasing.”

Making up your mind, you reply. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
“I think I’ll just stay human.”	37
Alligator	0
Bat	0
Bull/Cow	0
Cardinal	0
Crow	0
Dragon	0
Elephant	0
Ferret	0
Fox	0
Giraffe	0
Goat	0
Goblin	0
Gecko	0
Horse	0
Kobold	0
Mouse	0
Panda	0
Pig	0
Rabbit	0
Reindeer	0
Skunk	0
Snake	0
Tanuki	0
Tiger	0
Wolf	0

“I think I’ll just stay human,” you reply. After all, things are already weird enough without adding another layer on top of it. Besides, how would you explain that to, well, anyone at all?

“No problem, human it is!” Belrye says with a smile, “That takes quite a bit of lust to do anyway, so that will free it up for other stuff.” They let out a moan as you give both of their firm nipples a squeeze. “Mmm, but how about me? I don’t have to stay a goat, you know. I could be aaanything at all. . . Though those kinds of things take a lot of lust to do. It’s a lot easier just making things bigger or smaller, you know.”

“But like, you can change yourself back, right?” You assume that if they can change you back, they could probably change themselves too, but you figure it is better to ask than to assume.

“Of course, Summoner, but thanks for asking. No, I’m not stuck in whatever form I end up taking on. Actually, my body now is pretty much how I was born. With lust being in short supply, it’s really hard to make changes.”

“So are all of you like that, when summoned? Kind of the, uh, default setup?”

“Most of us. We lust demons are kinda the bottom of the barrel, y’know? We are also probably the most dependent on humans. We can’t eat demonic lust—it has to be a creature originally from your plane. Humans born on Hell still have some, but after two or three generations it fades away.” You expect to hear resentment in their voice, but somehow their tone of acceptance hits harder. It is the voice of someone who feels their situation can’t be changed.

“Wait, uh, humans can be born in Hell?” That thought had never occurred to you. After all, anything you had ever heard of Hell was that humans who didn’t follow the tenants of their religion wound up there, and that it was a place of punishment or suffering.

“Oh, yeah! I mean, if you’re there, find some woman and fuck, she can get pregnant just like she can here. There aren’t nearly as many humans there as demons, but there are plenty who live there. It would be kinda weird if you couldn’t, wouldn’t it?”

“Like, uh, is it an ‘eternal damnation’ kind of thing, or—”

You hear Belrye snort, responding with a chuckle, “No, no. Well, some are there because they were exiled from other places, yeah. But most are there either for business, because they want to live there, because they were born there, or whatever. I mean, there are some planes who dump off exiles there, but it’s not like our plane plays by different physical rules than yours does.”

After a long pause, you ask, “So, what’s it like there?”

“It’s got its good and bad sides, just like I’m sure you have here. It is a feudal system, with kings, queens, dukes, duchesses, and all of that.

Sometimes you'll get to see one of the nobles go by. But if you're not a noble, you are generally working as a farmer, servant, errand-runner, that kind of thing."

"How about you? What did you do?"

"Well, I lived in an old crate and did massages, polished hooves, those kinds of things." Though you can't see it, you can hear the shrug in their voice, "I know that's probably kinda disappointing, but I'm nobody special, really."

You wrap your arms around them, pulling them in for a hug. "Well, you're very special to *me!* I mean, nobody else would give me the time of day out there. But you... I mean, you're here. With me. In this bed. I think that's a bigger shock for me than you being a demon, even!"

They giggle, "Hey now, you're pretty awesome yourself, Summoner. I mean, you summoned me here all by yourself, right?"

"Well, I mean, someone else walked me through the whole thing..."

"You drew all of the symbols yourself, though. The summoning would have ended in disaster for you and anyone else who drew any of the symbols if they had done any. Whether you were helped or not, you managed to do it yourself. That's no small feat, you know!" They rub back up against you, adding, "But yeah, is there any particular species you'd like me to be?"

You think for a moment. "So wait, let's say I said I wanted you to be a human. You'd still be a demon, right?"

"Yup! Only my appearance changes. The easiest way to tell is that my eyes will stay red, no matter what form I take. But I'll still be a demon underneath."

"Ah, okay. Well, then..."

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
"I think I like you best as a goat."	325
Alligator	0
Bat	0
Bull/Cow	0
Cardinal	0
Crow	0
Dragon	0
Elephant	0
Ferret	0
Fox	0
Giraffe	0
Goblin	0
Gecko	0
Horse	0
Human	0
Kobold	0
Mouse	0
Panda	0
Pig	0
Rabbit	0
Reindeer	0
Skunk	0
Snake	0
Tanuki	0
Tiger	0
Wolf	0



“I think I like you best as a goat,” you say, after thinking for a bit.

“Cool, you’re really easy on the species thing then. That means we can get to *other* stuff!” They reach down behind themselves and give your hard cock a rub, being careful to not scratch it with their claws. “So, what kinds of stuff are you into, Summoner?”

“O-oh, you mean like anything weird or fetishes or anything?”

“Yeah! It doesn’t have to be weird either, you know. Just kinda makes things easier if I know what really gets you going.”

Feeling suddenly put on the spot, you quickly ask, “Uh, what about yours?”

“I asked you first, but I *guess* I can give you time to come up with your answer,” they chuckle. “So mine, huh? Well, I guess you could say I’m kind of a hedonist. If it feels good, I like it. But the whole ‘lust demon’ thing means that I get quite a bit of sympathetic lust when I am with a human. So like, if you’re really into something, I’ll naturally start to get into it too, because I’m feeling a lot of the same pleasure you are.”

“Are, there any, um, things you *wouldn’t* do?”

“Nnnope!” they reply, playfully, “I mean, I’m a demon who’s all about getting off. There’s no such thing as a long-term injury for me, and I don’t even feel pain in the same way that you do.”

“You don’t?”

“So, I feel pain in kinda the same way you would see a warning light come on for a machine. Like, you know it is damaging the machine, but there’s no instinctive attempt to stop it. And at times, you might even keep pushing it if you really need it to go just a few more seconds or minutes. That’s how demons feel pain. It’s more like, ‘Huh, I feel like blood shouldn’t be leaking from there. Eh, guess I should move that arm out of the way,’ rather than any sort of panic. There used to be a very common myth that demons don’t feel pain. I can see why they might think that, but it’s not actually true.”

“Huh, I never would have thought of that.”

“I mean, I’m from a whole new plane of existence, for you. There’s plenty of stuff you wouldn’t think to ask! But don’t worry, I’ll try my best to remember that and fill you in, okay?”

“Thanks,” you say, “I . . . I really mean that. Thank you.” *Why is the demon I summoned the only one willing to take the time to actually explain things to me?*

“Speaking of which, we also don’t have the same kinds of social boundaries that you do. I know a lot of things are considered ‘off limits’ for humans, sexually. For us, anything goes. I’m not going to pressure you, but I want you to know that even stuff you wouldn’t tell anyone else is fair game. And

actually, depending on what it is, there are ways I can make it a bit more, um, ‘socially okay’ for you. Not sure if there is a better word for that.”

“Sorry, it’s just that a whole lot of things I never thought would happen are kinda hitting all at once, and I’m struggling with all the new possibilities?”

“It’s okay, Summoner. Believe it or not, you’re not the first virgin to summon a demon. But yeah, I’ll do anything you can imagine...” They rub their hands over yours, pressing yours against their breasts to give them another squeeze as they let out a low moan. “So, forget about whether or not you think it’s possible. Forget about whether you think I would be into it. Forget what anyone might say if they knew. I suppose we should probably also figure out if you’d rather your dick was going in my ass or vice-versa, too,” they giggle. “So yeah, what makes you cum hardest, Summoner?”

“... You promise not to judge?”

“I promise. I think you humans have a saying—something about throwing rocks when you live in a glass house? Well, *my* house is made of porn and spattered in cum. I’m not sure what that has to do with rocks, but I won’t judge you anyway.” They pause for a moment, before continuing in a soft voice, “I think you’ve had some very bad experiences, before summoning me. Just remember, I’m not like any of them. I’m probably about as different from them as can be. Think of this as a fresh start.”

“Y-yeah. Oh, and you too. This is a fresh start for you, okay? No more lust-starved-ness, for you! So, as for what I’m into...”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
No kinks, but topping only	329
No kinks, but bottoming only	0
No kinks, enjoy top or bottom	0
Top into Dilation/Stretching	0
Bottom into Dilation/Stretching	0
Versatile into Dilation/Stretching	0
Top into Pregnancy/Lactation	0
Bottom into Pregnancy/Lactation	0
Versatile into Pregnancy/Lactation	0
Top into groups	0
Bottom into groups	0
Versatile into Groups	0
Top into Filth	0
Bottom into Filth	0
Versatile into Filth	0
Top into Hypersexuality	0
Bottom into Hypersexuality	0
Versatile into Hypersexuality	0
Top into Mouthplay	0
Bottom into Mouthplay	0
Versatile into Mouthplay	0
Top, the kinkier, the better	0
Bottom, the kinkier, the better	0
Versatile, the kinkier, the better	0

“To be honest with you? I don’t really have any. I guess I’m kinda boring.”

“Not at all! Things don’t need to be kinky to be fun, you know!” You feel their hand behind your head, pulling you in for a kiss. As your lips meet, their body slides toward yours, and a moment later you are rolled onto your back as they climb on top of you. They then slide down, and you feel them start to guide your dick toward them.

Breaking the kiss, they gently say, “Okay, so since this is the first time for *both* of us, just relax and let it happen. It doesn’t have to last for hours, we don’t have to break the bed, just...relax...”

You feel the tip of your cock press up against their ass. It’s hard to relax when you’re rock hard and trying not to blow it your first time, but you try. You feel them slide lower, the head popping inside as Belrye lets out a small gasp. “Mmm, waaay better than toys...” they moan.

Inside, they feel like an inferno. You aren’t sure what it is normally supposed to feel like—stories you’ve read often make a point of mentioning the warmth—but they feel genuinely hot. You suppose that makes sense, given the whole Hell thing, but you definitely weren’t prepared for it.

You can tell Belrye is trying to hold back from slamming themselves down on you, to ease you into your first time. With a grin, you say, “You know, y—oh—you don’t have to hold back, either. Just let it go, okay?”

The next thing you know, Belrye’s furry butt is pressed firmly against you, your dick buried balls-deep in the demon. They then lift slowly up a few inches before slamming back down. You are a bit embarrassed that you are already close, since it feels like things just started.

As if reading your mind, Belrye reassures you, “Just cum when you’re ready, Summoner. We’ll have many, *many* more nights like this, so you don’t need to try to last. Besides, I’m absolutely *starving*, and I can’t wait to taste your lust.”

Between the need in their voice, the force of their hips, the heat of their body, and the indescribable sensations your dick is experiencing, that is enough to send you over the edge. Your body stiffens, and you hold Belrye’s hips as you empty your balls into them.

You feel them shudder, themselves, though not in the same way. Theirs feels less like an orgasm, and more like someone taking the first bite of a delicious meal. Nonetheless, you still feel a hot, wet warmth splash across your body. It takes you a moment to realize that was their own cum.

As your orgasm passes, your body starts to go limp on the bed, and Belrye rolls off of you. “S-sorry, you said you wanted to taste it, but—”

“Oh, no it wasn’t your cum I wanted to taste. Though, uh, I would like to taste that sometime too. It was your lust. Every last drop of it was absolutely

delicious, Summoner.”

“I-it was?”

“Yup!”

“So wait, how did *you* cum that quick?”

“Well, I talked before about sympathetic pleasure, right? Well, when you cum, that pretty much means I do.”

“Huh,” you reply, too overwhelmed by everything that just happened to even question it. As you feel Belrye’s cum starting to cool on your chest, you ask, “So, uh, should we get the light so we can clean up?”

“Sure! It looks like it should be this panel right here. . . .” A moment later, the room slowly lights up. “Oh good, it doesn’t just turn on all at once.”

You look over at Belrye, seeing the demon still half-hard, with a dribble of cum down the side of their shaft. Looking down at your chest, you can see the mess they made—it looks like just normal cum, to you.

Looking around, you realize there’s no shower in here. Your eyes glance over the sink, but that doesn’t seem especially effective. Still, it’s what you have available. There is a washcloth draped over the side of it, so you figure you can make it work.

Looking behind you, you see Belrye crouched over the floor drain, with your cum running out of them. “Not bad for a first load,” they say, looking up at you with a wink. Since they seem preoccupied, you start by washing their cum off of your chest, before working your way down to your dick. It is much cleaner than you would expect, given that you were just assfucking a demon with it. You think back to what was said earlier about demons not needing to eat, though, and you suppose it makes sense.

Belrye walks over, and you start to clean them up. “Mmm, thank you Summoner.”

“Oh? For what?”

“For cleaning me. You could have just as easily tossed the washcloth at me and had me do it myself.”

“Nah, gotta take care of my demon, you know?”

They wrap their arms around your shoulders, as you continue to clean them. “And that’s why I’m thanking you. You’re so kind!”

“Now, why don’t you turn around so I can take care of your ass?”

Belrye eagerly turns around, spreading their asscheeks and shaking their tail happily. You start to wipe them clean, eliciting a few moans from them in the process before you are satisfied they are spotless. “There we are, good as new!”

As the two of you make your way back to the bed to relax a bit, Belrye smiles, “Looks like we managed to miss the bed, Summoner.”

“Yeah, that makes things easier,” you laugh.

As the two of you lie back down on the bed, you ask, “Wait, how did you see to turn the lights back on?”

“Oh, so the panel glows with a tiny bit of magic when it’s off. Demons can see that, but I guess humans can’t? Or maybe you just need some training and practice.”

“Ah, okay.”

After lying together in silence for a few minutes, enjoying eachother’s company as you recover, Belrye gives you a playful look. “Sooo Summoner. Now that I’ve had a nice meal of your lust, let’s put it to good use. I can change either my own body or yours. Anything in particular you’d like, hmm?”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Taller	334
Belrye Taller	0
Shorter	0
Belrye Shorter	0
Larger Breasts	0
Belrye Larger Breasts	0
Belrye Smaller Breasts	0
Bigger Nipples	0
Belrye Bigger Nipples	0
Smaller Nipples	0
Belrye Smaller Nipples	0
Larger Penis	0
Belrye Larger Penis	0
Smaller Penis	0
Belrye Smaller Penis	0
Add Flare	0
Belrye Bigger Flare	0
Belrye Remove Flare	0
Add Knot	0
Belrye Add Knot	0
Larger Balls	0
Belrye Larger Balls	0
Smaller Balls	0
Belrye Smaller Balls	0
Trait: Cum Factory	0
Belrye Trait: Cum Factory	0

“You know, I think I’d like to be taller, if I could.”

“Taller? No problem!” Belrye sits up on the bed next to you. “Okay, this is probably gonna be easiest if you sit on the edge of the bed.”

You do as they suggest, and they rub their hands against your shoulders and down your back. “Just getting a better feel for you,” they say, massaging and feeling your muscles and down your spine.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, I’m gonna be reshaping your body, right? I kinda need to make sure everything still works. Same number of vertebrae, two ears, one heart, four lungs...” They chuckle, though they see that you are a bit nervous. You hadn’t really thought about that, and your mind starts to wander to any number of horrific things that could happen if they make a mistake.

“It’s okay, really! Look, nobody taught you how to breathe, did they? And yet, from the day you were born, you can even do it in your sleep! It’s the same way for me, with this. It’s nice and easy. A bit of pulling here, a bit of stretching there. I’m told it doesn’t even hurt...”

You take a deep breath, slowly letting it out as you straighten your back and try to relax. You focus on your breathing, feeling as Belrye continues to rub and massage your arms and legs. Your eyes close, as you let out a contented groan. “Okay, I think I’m ready.”

“That’s good, because I’m almost done!” Belrye giggles, “You just relax a moment longer—just a bit left to go...” They slide off the bed, finishing working their way down your legs and even your feet. “Aaand done!”

You start to rise to your feet, with Belrye holding a hand against you to help steady you. “There we go, niiice and slow.” Eventually, you rise to your feet. While it is hard to tell for sure, you would guess you are maybe half a foot taller. Belrye certainly doesn’t come up as far as they had on you a few minutes ago.

They begin to walk you through a few things, to help you start to get used to your new height. “Okay, now could you walk across the room for me? Good, now backstep. Step sideways. Touch your nose.” As you follow each instruction, they explain, “Everything should all be the same, proportionally—it’s just that everything’s a bit bigger now.”

After a few more minutes, they give you a wide grin and says, “Okay, Summoner, looks like I didn’t accidentally kill you! Not that I thought I would, of course, but I’ve never done this before, so I was maaaybe a little nervous.” They look quite pleased with themself, then say, “Oh, right, you were going to ask about that book. With all the wards and stuff, I’m guessing I need to stay here?”

“Yeah, I think so,” you reply. You aren’t sure what the requirements are

before letting a demon out, which is something you will need to check with Terra on.

You put the robes on, noticing that they don't reach nearly down to the floor like they used to. You might need to get some new clothes to fit you better, now. Picking up the book, you give Belrye one last hug before stepping out the door. You will need to remember to get them some games or something to read while they are here, since it seems they can read English well.

You walk down the corridor, thankful that the path is fairly straightforward. You pretty much just need to get to the elevator, which will drop you off pretty close to Terra's office. Since she appears to be the one in charge, she is probably the best person to start with, as far as questions.

As the elevator doors close behind you, you hesitate a moment. "Uh. . . ground floor?" There is a pleasant *ding*, and you feel the elevator start to rise. While you wait, your thoughts drift to what their end-goal is for Belrye. If humanity was looking for some sort of alliance, shouldn't that be handled by some kind of diplomat? You doubt you are humanity putting its best foot forward.

But then, what about Belrye? Nowhere during the summoning process did you ask for their sp—

The elevator comes to a stop, and the doors slide open. Everything seems quiet, leading you to wonder what time it is. You will need to either find a way to charge your phone or find some replacement for timekeeping. As you walk down the corridor, you smirk a little. On this floor, everything looks very much like a typical church. The left wall is covered by a row of stained glass windows, though their original imagery has been replaced by geometric patterns. In between, you see signs that hadn't caught your eye before. One is the hand of a demon shaking the hand of a human, while others welcome both human and demonic newcomers.

Realizing you had walked past Terra's office, you come back and knock on the door.

"Come in."

Opening the door, you step inside to find Terra reading a thick, heavy book behind her desk, though you are surprised to see her holding a pen in her other hand. As she looks up and sees you, she gives you a small smile. "Ah, I knew you would stop by sooner or later. I'm not great at onboarding, but the normal person was busy." With her pen, she writes a line in the book before closing it and setting it down on the table. She then asks, "Now, I'm sure you're here with questions. Why don't we start with those?"

"So, what's the long-term goal with Belrye? Oh, uh, that's the demon. Like. . . what am I supposed to working toward with them?"

"The biggest thing you need to do is get them used to social norms here.

For example, a lust demon doesn't understand concepts like someone being 'too young' or indecent exposure. You will need to explain that to them. They don't need to be a model of Victorian etiquette, but they should be able to stay off the sex-offender list. Make sense?"

"Yeah," you say with a chuckle, "Oh, another thing..." You pull the book out from your robe, opening it to the missing section from previously, "There seems to be a problem. Take a look at this."

She looks at your book, replying, "Yeah, we have had to make some very hasty edits to these. We are learning more every day, so pretty much as soon as one of these is printed, it's already out of date. It's definitely keeping the people in the printing room busy, though." Something about that explanation strikes you as off, but you will need to think more about it later.

"Alright," you reply aloud, "So, I've been wondering. All the remodeling, excavating, feeding everyone, furniture, and everything obviously costs money. Where does that come from? Like, nobody's handed me an offering plate or anything."

"I'm impressed, most people don't think to ask that one so soon. Our funding comes from three wealthy individuals who originally founded the cult. They were convinced that extra-planar stuff, portals, and things like that were real. But they felt the big thing holding humanity back was a lack of funding and organization. There are small groups of friends, or individuals in their basements, but what if some real money and planning was thrown behind it? About a month or so ago, we had our first successful summoning. That is why we were suddenly looking for more summoners to perfect and better understand the techniques."

"So, why are we specifically summoning lust and wrath de—"

"Oh!" Terra interjects, "Sorry, I just realized there's an important part I haven't explained yet. So, books..." She opens the large book on her desk that she was looking at before, turning it so that you can read. It almost looks like you are reading the output from a chat program, in several different colors of ink. "Books work a lot like a chat program or a database. Using specific symbols, you can link two of them together. Like this one? I use it to talk with the other department heads, sort of like a group-chat."

She closes it again, continuing by pulling out another, much smaller book. You see her flip to the title page of your book, draw a symbol on the inside cover of the new one, and then hand your book back to you. "Now, the last half of the book should be blank pages. Turn to the first one of those." You do, and a moment later she begins to write in the one she is holding. Inside yours, words start to appear. "So as you can see, the words appear here." While you are still trying to make sense of what you have seen, she hands you

a pen and tells you to write something back.

You don't have anything specific to say, so you just write, "Hello," which you then see appear inside her book. She then closes hers, setting it and the pen on the desk in front of her. "Now, since that book is linked with yours, why don't you give that to your demon? It will give you a way to communicate when you are apart."

There was something you had been in the middle of asking, but it seems to have slipped your mind after seeing a demonstration of book-based text chat. Still, it had almost felt like you were being deliberately cut off. Maybe that is just your imagination, though. You thank her for the book and pen, tucking both into your pocket. Out of the corner of your eye, you notice a faint, rectangular outline in the pocket of Terra's robe. It seems about the size of a cellphone, significantly smaller than your own book. You make a point of not staring, but given that electricity doesn't seem to be in abundant supply here, it would be strange for her to carry a phone.

"So, where there any other questions that you have?"

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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
“Nothing else I can think of.”	0
“Could I get a robe for Belrye?”	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

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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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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"
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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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	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"



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	Explore their ass	378
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Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		386
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	390
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	Just hold them for a bit	398
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	402

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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.

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	412
	Explore their ass	416
	Explore their dick	420
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		424
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	428
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	Just hold them for a bit	436
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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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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"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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?”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Female pronouns	448
Male pronouns	566
Neutral pronouns	685

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?"

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	453
Pussy	490
Belrye's choice, either is good	528



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?"

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	458
Pussy	462
Belrye's choice, either is good	466

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. Nobody had ever asked you before, and when each attempt to get a date ended in failure, it felt like adding requirements would just make things even more impossible. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about 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.

A wave of futility washes over you, as the same old intrusive thoughts drift back. *What's the point? I'll never have that in my life, anyway. That kind of thing only happens for other people, not me.* You try to push those thoughts away, focusing on the task at hand. After all, this is the furthest you have ever gotten with someone, and she sounds genuinely interested in helping you.

"Sorry," she whispers, "I know it's probably hard for you. If you would like, maybe we could start from a different direction?"

You take a deep breath. 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
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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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?"

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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.

You take a deep breath. 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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.

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

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various 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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Vanilla and romantic	0
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Dominant Belrye	0
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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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Dominant Belrye	0
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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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	496
Explore her ass	500
Explore her dick	504
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	508
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	512
French kiss	516
Just hold her for a bit	520
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	524

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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Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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.

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

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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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 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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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
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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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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 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 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"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	534
Explore her ass	538
Explore her dick	542
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	546
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	550
French kiss	554
Just hold her for a bit	558
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	562

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various 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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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.

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

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various 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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



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

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?"

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	571
Pussy	609
Belrye's choice, either is good	647

“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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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"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	577
	Explore his ass	581
	Explore his dick	585
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		589
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	593
	French kiss	597
	Just hold him for a bit	601
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	605

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0



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." 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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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	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"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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.

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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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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"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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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You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various 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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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.

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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!” 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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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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Build	Average	Average
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Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	615
	Explore his ass	619
	Explore his dick	623
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		627
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	631
	French kiss	635
	Just hold him for a bit	639
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	643

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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—"

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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!” 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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	653
	Explore his ass	657
	Explore his dick	661
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		665
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	669
	French kiss	673
	Just hold him for a bit	677
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	681



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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0



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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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—"

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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0



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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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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!” 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
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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0



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?”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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
Cock	690
Pussy	728
Belrye's choice, either is good	766

“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.”

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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
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	696
	Explore their ass	700
	Explore their dick	704
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		708
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	712
	French kiss	716
	Just hold them for a bit	720
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	724

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

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Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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?”

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
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Submissive Belrye	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—"

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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 them tighten their arms around you in return.

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

“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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	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	734
	Explore their ass	738
	Explore their dick	742
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		746
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	750
	French kiss	754
	Just hold them for a bit	758
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	762

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"



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

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	772
	Explore their ass	776
	Explore their dick	780
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		784
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	788
	French kiss	792
	Just hold them for a bit	796
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	800

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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.

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

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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?”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Female pronouns	808
Male pronouns	927
Neutral pronouns	1046

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?"

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

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	813
Pussy	851
Belrye's choice, either is good	889



“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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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	819
Explore her ass	823
Explore her dick	827
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	831
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	835
French kiss	839
Just hold her for a bit	843
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	847

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

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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Vanilla and romantic	0
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Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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.

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

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various 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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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.

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



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	857
Explore her ass	861
Explore her dick	865
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	869
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	873
French kiss	877
Just hold her for a bit	881
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	885

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0



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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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.

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

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	895
Explore her ass	899
Explore her dick	903
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	907
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	911
French kiss	915
Just hold her for a bit	919
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	923

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

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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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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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.

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

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various 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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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 Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

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."

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	932
Pussy	970
Belrye's choice, either is good	1008

“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 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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	938
	Explore his ass	942
	Explore his dick	946
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		950
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	954
	French kiss	958
	Just hold him for a bit	962
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	966

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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Aspect	N/A	Lust
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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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.

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
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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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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—"

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
Species	Human	Goat
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Gender	Male	Male
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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 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 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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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"



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

“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 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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	976
	Explore his ass	980
	Explore his dick	984
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		988
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	992
	French kiss	996
	Just hold him for a bit	1000
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1004

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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—"



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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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!” 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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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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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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	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	1014
	Explore his ass	1018
	Explore his dick	1022
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		1026
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	1030
	French kiss	1034
	Just hold him for a bit	1038
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1042

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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Species	Human	Goat
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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—"

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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!” 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...

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	1051
Pussy	1089
Belrye's choice, either is good	1127

“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	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"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	1057
	Explore their ass	1061
	Explore their dick	1065
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		1069
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	1073
	French kiss	1077
	Just hold them for a bit	1081
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1085

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0



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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0



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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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.”



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	1095
	Explore their ass	1099
	Explore their dick	1103
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		1107
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	1111
	French kiss	1115
	Just hold them for a bit	1119
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1123

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. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

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Aspect	N/A	Lust
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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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.

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	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 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 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 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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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Dominant Belrye	0
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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 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. . .



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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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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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Breast Size	Flat	C
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	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	1133
	Explore their ass	1137
	Explore their dick	1141
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		1145
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	1149
	French kiss	1153
	Just hold them for a bit	1157
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1161



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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0



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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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.

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

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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!” 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0



“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?”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Female pronouns	1169
Male pronouns	1288
Neutral pronouns	1407

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?"

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	1174
Pussy	1212
Belrye's choice, either is good	1250

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	1180
Explore her ass	1184
Explore her dick	1188
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	1192
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	1196
French kiss	1200
Just hold her for a bit	1204
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1208

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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Build	Average	Average
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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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.

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

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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.

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

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various 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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Vanilla and romantic	0
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Dominant Belrye	0
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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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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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Gender	Male	Female
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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	1218
Explore her ass	1222
Explore her dick	1226
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	1230
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	1234
French kiss	1238
Just hold her for a bit	1242
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1246

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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Vanilla and romantic	0
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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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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.

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

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various 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"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

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

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	1256
Explore her ass	1260
Explore her dick	1264
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	1268
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	1272
French kiss	1276
Just hold her for a bit	1280
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1284

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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.

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

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 ride your face night after night. 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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Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

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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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	1293
Pussy	1331
Belrye's choice, either is good	1369



“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 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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	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	1299
	Explore his ass	1303
	Explore his dick	1307
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		1311
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	1315
	French kiss	1319
	Just hold him for a bit	1323
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1327

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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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.

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



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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—"

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
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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!” 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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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 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"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	1337
	Explore his ass	1341
	Explore his dick	1345
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		1349
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	1353
	French kiss	1357
	Just hold him for a bit	1361
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1365

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0



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.

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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—"

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Male
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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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!” 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	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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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 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.”



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	1375
	Explore his ass	1379
	Explore his dick	1383
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		1387
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	1391
	French kiss	1395
	Just hold him for a bit	1399
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1403

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .



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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"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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—"

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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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!” 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...



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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

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

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?"

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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
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	1412
Pussy	1450
Belrye's choice, either is good	1488

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	1418
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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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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.

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

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"
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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. 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. . .

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

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

“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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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"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	1456
	Explore their ass	1460
	Explore their dick	1464
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		1468
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	1472
	French kiss	1476
	Just hold them for a bit	1480
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1484

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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



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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.

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	1494
Explore their ass	1498
Explore their dick	0
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon	1502
Explore their uniquely demonic parts	0
French kiss	0
Just hold them for a bit	1506
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0

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. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Nonbinary
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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

“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—”



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>?</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
“You look amazing.”	1519
“We will work on that.”	1616
“Hung, but I could do without stacked.”	1713
“Stacked, but I could do without hung.”	1810

“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?”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Female pronouns	1523
Male pronouns	1554
Neutral pronouns	1585

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?"

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	1528
Pussy	1538
Belrye's choice, either is good	1544

“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.

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1534

“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 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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
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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.

“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?"

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

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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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"
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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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	1559
Pussy	1569
Belrye's choice, either is good	1575

“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.”

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	0
Explore his ass	0
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	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1565



“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.

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“I think I’d rather you had a pussy, if that’s okay with you.”

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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

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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 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 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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Just hold him for a bit	0
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“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.

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French kiss	0
Just hold him for a bit	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1581



“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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
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Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
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Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
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Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
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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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	1590
Pussy	1600
Belrye's choice, either is good	1606

“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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“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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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?”	1596

“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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
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Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
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Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
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Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
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Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
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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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“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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?”	1612

“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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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?”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Female pronouns	1620
Male pronouns	1651
Neutral pronouns	1682

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?”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	1625
Pussy	1635
Belrye's choice, either is good	1641

“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.

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	0
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Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	0
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	0
French kiss	0
Just hold her for a bit	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1631

“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.”

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“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.”

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“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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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.

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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?”	1647

“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.”

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“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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"
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Option	Page
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
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Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
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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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	1656
Pussy	1666
Belrye's choice, either is good	1672

“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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	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	0
	Explore his ass	0
	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	0
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1662

“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.

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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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"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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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	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0

“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.

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Explore his uniquely demonic parts	0
French kiss	0
Just hold him for a bit	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1678

“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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
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Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
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Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
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Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
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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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	1687
Pussy	1697
Belrye's choice, either is good	1703

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	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	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
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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 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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	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”		0
Light domination, during play only, no fetish		0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish		0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish		0
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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.

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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.”

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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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?”	1709



“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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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?”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Female pronouns	1717
Male pronouns	1748
Neutral pronouns	1779



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?"

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	1722
Pussy	1732
Belrye's choice, either is good	1738

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	0
Explore her ass	0
Explore her dick	0
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	0
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	0
French kiss	0
Just hold her for a bit	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1728

“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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"
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Penis Thickness	N/A	1.8"
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Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

Option	Page
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Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
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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.

“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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“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.

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French kiss	0
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“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1744

“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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Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	1753
Pussy	1763
Belrye's choice, either is good	1769

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

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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."

"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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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"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	0
	Explore his ass	0
	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	0
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1759

“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
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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, 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.”

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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 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
Just hold him for a bit	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0

“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.

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Boob groping	0
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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	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1775

“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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
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Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
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Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
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Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
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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. 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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	1784
Pussy	1794
Belrye's choice, either is good	1800

“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.

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	0
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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
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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
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Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
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Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
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Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
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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.

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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.”

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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?”	1806

“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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

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



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Female pronouns	1814
Male pronouns	1837
Neutral pronouns	1860

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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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	1819
Pussy	1825
Belrye's choice, either is good	1831

“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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	0
Explore her ass	0
Explore her dick	0
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	0
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	0
French kiss	0
Just hold her for a bit	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0

“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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“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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Belrye's choice, either is good	1854

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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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“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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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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“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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	1865
Pussy	1871
Belrye's choice, either is good	1877

“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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"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?"

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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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“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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“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—”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>?</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
“You look amazing.”	1892
“We will work on that.”	1989
“Hung, but I could do without stacked.”	2078
“Stacked, but I could do without hung.”	2151

“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?”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Female pronouns	1896
Male pronouns	1927
Neutral pronouns	1958

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?"

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	1901
Pussy	1911
Belrye's choice, either is good	1917



“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."

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	0
Explore her ass	0
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Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	0
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	0
French kiss	0
Just hold her for a bit	0
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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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	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”		0
Light domination, during play only, no fetish		0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish		0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish		0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish		0
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Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish		0
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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.

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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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	0
Explore her ass	0
Explore her dick	0
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	0
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	0
French kiss	0
Just hold her for a bit	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1923

“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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

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

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

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	1932
Pussy	1942
Belrye's choice, either is good	1948

"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 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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Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	0
Explore his ass	0
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	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1938

“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.

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Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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.

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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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“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

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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.”

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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?”

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."

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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 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."

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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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Just hold him for a bit	0
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“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.

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Boob groping	0
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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	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	1954

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“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
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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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	1963
Pussy	1973
Belrye's choice, either is good	1979

“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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"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?"

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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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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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"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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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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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?”	1969

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“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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
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Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
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Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
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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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“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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?”	1985

“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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

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



“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?”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Female pronouns	1993
Male pronouns	2024
Neutral pronouns	2055

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?"

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	1998
Pussy	2008
Belrye's choice, either is good	2014

“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."

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

“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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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."

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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?"

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?"

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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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"
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Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

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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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	2029
Pussy	2039
Belrye's choice, either is good	2045



“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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	0
Explore his ass	0
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	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2035

“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.”

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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.

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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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“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."

"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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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	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0



“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.

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Explore his uniquely demonic parts	0
French kiss	0
Just hold him for a bit	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2051

“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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
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Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
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Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
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Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
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Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
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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 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?"

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	2060
Pussy	2066
Belrye's choice, either is good	2072

“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.

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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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“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?”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Female pronouns	2082
Male pronouns	2105
Neutral pronouns	2128

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	2087
Pussy	2093
Belrye's choice, either is good	2099

“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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	0
Explore her ass	0
Explore her dick	0
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	0
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	0
French kiss	0
Just hold her for a bit	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0



“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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Just hold her for a bit	0
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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.

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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 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.”

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

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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.”

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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
Species	Human	Goat
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Breast Size	B	C
Nipple Length	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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	0
Explore her ass	0
Explore her dick	0
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	0
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	0
French kiss	0
Just hold her for a bit	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	2110
Pussy	2116
Belrye's choice, either is good	2122

“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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“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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“I think I’d like it to be your choice. I am perfectly happy, 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...” 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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	0
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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?”	0

“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.

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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.”

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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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“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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“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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Female pronouns	2155
Male pronouns	2178
Neutral pronouns	2201

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

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	2160
Pussy	2166
Belrye's choice, either is good	2172

“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.

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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?"

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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"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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"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."

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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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French kiss	0
Just hold her for a bit	0
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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 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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Explore her uniquely demonic parts	0
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Just hold her for a bit	0
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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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	2183
Pussy	2189
Belrye's choice, either is good	2195

“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.

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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."

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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?"

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."

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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!"

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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?”

“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.”

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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.”

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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	0
Explore his ass	0
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	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	2206
Pussy	2212
Belrye's choice, either is good	2218

“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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"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	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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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?”	0

“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.”

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“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—”

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Gender	Female	?
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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
“You look amazing.”	2233
“We will work on that.”	2594
“Hung, but I could do without stacked.”	2955
“Stacked, but I could do without hung.”	3214

“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?”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Female pronouns	2237
Male pronouns	2356
Neutral pronouns	2475



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?"

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"
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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	2242
Pussy	2280
Belrye's choice, either is good	2318

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	2248
Explore her ass	2252
Explore her dick	2256
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	2260
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	2264
French kiss	2268
Just hold her for a bit	2272
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2276

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. Nobody had ever asked you before, and when each attempt to get a date ended in failure, it felt like adding requirements would just make things even more impossible. "Um. . . I guess I never really thought about 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, silently reassuring you to take as long as you need.

A wave of futility washes over you, as the same old intrusive thoughts drift back. *What's the point? I'll never have that in my life, anyway. That kind of thing only happens for other people, not me.* You try to push those thoughts away, focusing on the task at hand. After all, this is the furthest you have ever gotten with someone, and she sounds genuinely interested in helping you.

"Sorry," she whispers, "I know it's probably hard for you. If you would like, maybe we could start from a different direction?"

You take a deep breath. 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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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?"

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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.

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



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

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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Aspect	N/A	Lust
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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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.

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

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	2286
Explore her ass	2290
Explore her dick	2294
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	2298
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	2302
French kiss	2306
Just hold her for a bit	2310
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2314

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of 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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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.

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Vanilla and romantic	0
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Dominant Belrye	0
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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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	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0
	Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
	Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
	Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
	Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
	Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
	Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
	Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
	Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
	Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
	Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
	Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
	Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
	Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
	Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
	Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
	Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
	Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
	Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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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Build	Average	Average
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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	2324
Explore her ass	2328
Explore her dick	2332
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	2336
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	2340
French kiss	2344
Just hold her for a bit	2348
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2352

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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Aspect	N/A	Lust
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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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.

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

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various 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"

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

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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Species	Human	Goat
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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	2361
Pussy	2399
Belrye's choice, either is good	2437

“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.”



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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"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	2367
	Explore his ass	2371
	Explore his dick	2375
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		2379
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	2383
	French kiss	2387
	Just hold him for a bit	2391
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2395

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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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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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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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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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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—"

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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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	Female	Male
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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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!” 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
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	2405
	Explore his ass	2409
	Explore his dick	2413
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		2417
Explore his uniquely demonic parts		2421
	French kiss	2425
	Just hold him for a bit	2429
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2433



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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Species	Human	Goat
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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0



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
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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—"

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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Vanilla and romantic	0
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Dominant Belrye	0
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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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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!” 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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0



“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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	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	2443
	Explore his ass	2447
	Explore his dick	2451
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		2455
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	2459
	French kiss	2463
	Just hold him for a bit	2467
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2471

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
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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—"

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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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!” 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...

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

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

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?"

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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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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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	2480
Pussy	2518
Belrye's choice, either is good	2556

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	2486
	Explore their ass	2490
	Explore their dick	2494
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		2498
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	2502
	French kiss	2506
	Just hold them for a bit	2510
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2514

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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?"

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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 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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in your head. What kinds of 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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	2524
	Explore their ass	2528
	Explore their dick	2532
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		2536
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	2540
	French kiss	2544
	Just hold them for a bit	2548
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2552

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	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.

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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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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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"
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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	2562
Explore their ass	2566
Explore their dick	2570
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon	2574
Explore their uniquely demonic parts	2578
French kiss	2582
Just hold them for a bit	2586
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2590

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Nonbinary
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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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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?”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Female pronouns	2598
Male pronouns	2717
Neutral pronouns	2836

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?"

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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	2603
Pussy	2641
Belrye's choice, either is good	2679

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	2609
Explore her ass	2613
Explore her dick	2617
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	2621
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	2625
French kiss	2629
Just hold her for a bit	2633
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2637

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0



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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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.

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

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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!” 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...

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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.”



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	2647
Explore her ass	2651
Explore her dick	2655
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	2659
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	2663
French kiss	2667
Just hold her for a bit	2671
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2675

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	Female	Female
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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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
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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .



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Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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?”

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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—"

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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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Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
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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"

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

“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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	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	2685
	Explore her ass	2689
	Explore her dick	2693
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon		2697
	Explore her uniquely demonic parts	2701
	French kiss	2705
	Just hold her for a bit	2709
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2713



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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0



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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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.

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

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0



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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

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



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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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	2722
Pussy	2760
Belrye's choice, either is good	2798

“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 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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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"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	2728
	Explore his ass	2732
	Explore his dick	2736
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		2740
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	2744
	French kiss	2748
	Just hold him for a bit	2752
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2756

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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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—"



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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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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Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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!” 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...

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	2766
	Explore his ass	2770
	Explore his dick	2774
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		2778
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	2782
	French kiss	2786
	Just hold him for a bit	2790
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2794

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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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Male
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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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"
Anal ↓ Taken	N/A	5.1"
Anal ↔ Taken	N/A	1.5"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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—"

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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!” 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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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.”

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Build	Average	Average
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	2804
	Explore his ass	2808
	Explore his dick	2812
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		2816
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	2820
	French kiss	2824
	Just hold him for a bit	2828
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2832

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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—"

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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!” 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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

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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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis 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	2841
Pussy	2879
Belrye's choice, either is good	2917

“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.”



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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"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	2847
	Explore their ass	2851
	Explore their dick	2855
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		2859
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	2863
	French kiss	2867
	Just hold them for a bit	2871
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2875

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	2885
	Explore their ass	2889
	Explore their dick	2893
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		2897
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	2901
	French kiss	2905
	Just hold them for a bit	2909
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2913



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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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0



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. . .

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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?”

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
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Dominant Belrye	0
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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—"

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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 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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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	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"
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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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0



“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.”

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	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	2923
	Explore their ass	2927
	Explore their dick	2931
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		2935
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	2939
	French kiss	2943
	Just hold them for a bit	2947
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2951

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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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?”



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Female pronouns	2959
Male pronouns	3080
Neutral pronouns	3179

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?"

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	2964
Pussy	3002
Belrye's choice, either is good	3042

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	2970
Explore her ass	2974
Explore her dick	2978
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	2982
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	2986
French kiss	2990
Just hold her for a bit	2994
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	2998

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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.

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

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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.

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

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

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

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	3008
Explore her ass	3012
Explore her dick	3016
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	3020
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	3024
French kiss	3028
Just hold her for a bit	3032
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	3036

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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Species	Human	Goat
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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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.

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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 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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
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Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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.

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

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various 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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	0
Explore her ass	0
Explore her dick	0
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	0
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	0
French kiss	0
Just hold her for a bit	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	3048
Explore her ass	3052
Explore her dick	3056
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	3060
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	3064
French kiss	3068
Just hold her for a bit	3072
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	3076

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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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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.

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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	Female
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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?”

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

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—"

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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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Vanilla and romantic	0
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Dominant Belrye	0
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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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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"

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

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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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	3085
Pussy	3123
Belrye's choice, either is good	3161



“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	3091
	Explore his ass	3095
	Explore his dick	3099
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		3103
Explore his uniquely demonic parts		3107
	French kiss	3111
	Just hold him for a bit	3115
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	3119

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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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 Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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—"

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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 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 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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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!” 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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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 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"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	3129
	Explore his ass	3133
	Explore his dick	3137
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		3141
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	3145
	French kiss	3149
	Just hold him for a bit	3153
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	3157

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. . .

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



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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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—"

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Female	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"

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

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
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!” 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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"
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"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	3167
	Explore his ass	3171
	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	3175
	“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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can't really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can't imagine ever getting another opportunity 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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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

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

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	3184
Pussy	3194
Belrye's choice, either is good	3204

“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.”

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Species	Human	Goat
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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	3190
“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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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	3210
“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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

“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?”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Female pronouns	3218
Male pronouns	3241
Neutral pronouns	3268

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?"



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	3223
Pussy	3229
Belrye's choice, either is good	3235

“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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“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.”

“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’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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	3246
Pussy	3252
Belrye's choice, either is good	3258

“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.

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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

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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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"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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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

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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."

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!"

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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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"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.”

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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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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	0
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0

“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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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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	0
	Explore his ass	0
	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	3264
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0

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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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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?"

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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"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis 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	3273
Pussy	3283
Belrye's choice, either is good	3293

“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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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	3279
“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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

“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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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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	3289
“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. . .

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

“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—”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>?</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
“You look amazing.”	3312
“We will work on that.”	3673
“Hung, but I could do without stacked.”	3962
“Stacked, but I could do without hung.”	4035

“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?”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Female pronouns	3316
Male pronouns	3435
Neutral pronouns	3554

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?"

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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	3321
Pussy	3359
Belrye's choice, either is good	3397

“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 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.”



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	3327
Explore her ass	3331
Explore her dick	3335
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	3339
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	3343
French kiss	3347
Just hold her for a bit	3351
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	3355

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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.

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

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various 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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .



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

“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"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	3365
Explore her ass	3369
Explore her dick	3373
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	3377
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	3381
French kiss	3385
Just hold her for a bit	3389
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	3393



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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Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0



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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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.

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

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0



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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

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



“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	3403
	Explore her ass	3407
	Explore her dick	3411
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon		3415
	Explore her uniquely demonic parts	3419
	French kiss	3423
	Just hold her for a bit	3427
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	3431

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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

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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"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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?”

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

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Gender	Nonbinary	Female
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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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

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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Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	3440
Pussy	3478
Belrye's choice, either is good	3516

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	3446
	Explore his ass	3450
	Explore his dick	3454
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		3458
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	3462
	French kiss	3466
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	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	3474

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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—"

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
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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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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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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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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	3484
	Explore his ass	3488
	Explore his dick	3492
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		3496
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	3500
	French kiss	3504
	Just hold him for a bit	3508
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	3512

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

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.

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

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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—"

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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!” 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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
“On second thought? Lets’s, uh, stick with vanilla.”	0
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	3522
	Explore his ass	3526
	Explore his dick	3530
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		3534
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	3538
	French kiss	3542
	Just hold him for a bit	3546
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	3550

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
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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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—"

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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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!” 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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

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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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	3559
Pussy	3597
Belrye's choice, either is good	3635

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	3565
	Explore their ass	3569
	Explore their dick	3573
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		3577
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	3581
	French kiss	3585
	Just hold them for a bit	3589
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	3593



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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0



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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	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.

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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"

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



“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"
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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	3603
	Explore their ass	3607
	Explore their dick	3611
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		3615
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	3619
	French kiss	3623
	Just hold them for a bit	3627
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	3631

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

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.

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"Y-yeah," you reply.

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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.

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

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	3641
	Explore their ass	3645
	Explore their dick	3649
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		3653
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	3657
	French kiss	3661
	Just hold them for a bit	3665
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	3669

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
Species	Human	Goat
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0



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. . .

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Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0



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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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
Light domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Light domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Light domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Medium domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Medium domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, during play only, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses own changes, with a fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, no fetish	0
Heavy domination, Belrye chooses all changes, with a fetish	0

“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?”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Female pronouns	3677
Male pronouns	3772
Neutral pronouns	3867



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?"

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	3682
Pussy	3712
Belrye's choice, either is good	3742

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	3688
Explore her ass	3692
Explore her dick	3696
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	3700
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	3704
French kiss	3708
Just hold her for a bit	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0

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
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

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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"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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.

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

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various 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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	3718
Explore her ass	3722
Explore her dick	3726
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	3730
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	3734
French kiss	3738
Just hold her for a bit	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0

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	Nonbinary	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
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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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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?"

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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 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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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Dominant Belrye	0
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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—"

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
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Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	3748
Explore her ass	3752
Explore her dick	3756
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	3760
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	3764
French kiss	3768
Just hold her for a bit	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0

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.

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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?"

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

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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.

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

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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?"

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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	3777
Pussy	3807
Belrye's choice, either is good	3837

“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.”



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	3783
	Explore his ass	3787
	Explore his dick	3791
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		3795
	Explore his uniquely demonic parts	3799
	French kiss	3803
	Just hold him for a bit	0
	“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."

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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—"

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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	3813
	Explore his ass	3817
	Explore his dick	3821
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		3825
Explore his uniquely demonic parts		3829
	French kiss	3833
	Just hold him for a bit	0
	“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."

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	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 Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0



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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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—"

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
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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.”

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

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	3843
	Explore his ass	3847
	Explore his dick	3851
Turn him around and enjoy him being the little spoon		3855
Explore his uniquely demonic parts		3859
	French kiss	3863
	Just hold him for a bit	0
	“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."

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.

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

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.

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Vanilla and romantic	0
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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.

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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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. . .



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Male
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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—"

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.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demon, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"
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Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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?”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	3872
Pussy	3902
Belrye's choice, either is good	3932

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	3878
Explore their ass	3882
Explore their dick	3886
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon	3890
Explore their uniquely demonic parts	3894
French kiss	3898
Just hold them for a bit	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	3908
Explore their ass	3912
Explore their dick	3916
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon	3920
Explore their uniquely demonic parts	3924
French kiss	3928
Just hold them for a bit	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
Height	5'9"	5'6"
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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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?”

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

"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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

	<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
	Boob groping	3938
	Explore their ass	3942
	Explore their dick	3946
Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon		3950
	Explore their uniquely demonic parts	3954
	French kiss	3958
	Just hold them for a bit	0
	“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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—"

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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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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 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. . .

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Vanilla and romantic	0
Friends with benefits	0
Dominant Belrye	0
Submissive Belrye	0

“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?”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"



<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Female pronouns	3966
Male pronouns	3989
Neutral pronouns	4012

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?"

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	3971
Pussy	3977
Belrye's choice, either is good	3983

“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?”

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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.

“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’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	3994
Pussy	4000
Belrye's choice, either is good	4006

“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.

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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.”

“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."

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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 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

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"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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"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.”

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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
Just hold him for a bit	0
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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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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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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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	0
Explore his ass	0
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	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	4017
Pussy	4023
Belrye's choice, either is good	4029

“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."

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"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."

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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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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?”	0



“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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"
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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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French kiss	0
Just hold them for a bit	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0

“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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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	?
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
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Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Female pronouns	4039
Male pronouns	4062
Neutral pronouns	4085

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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Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
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Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	4044
Pussy	4050
Belrye's choice, either is good	4056

“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?"

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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 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."

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French kiss	0
Just hold her for a bit	0
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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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“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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"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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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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Belrye's choice, either is good	4079

“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 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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	4090
Pussy	4096
Belrye's choice, either is good	4102

“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."

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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."

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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."

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"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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Explore their uniquely demonic parts	0
French kiss	0
Just hold them for a bit	0
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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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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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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?”	0

“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—”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>?</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
“You look amazing.”	4117
“We will work on that.”	4190
“Hung, but I could do without stacked.”	4263
“Stacked, but I could do without hung.”	4336



“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?”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Female pronouns	4121
Male pronouns	4144
Neutral pronouns	4167

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?"

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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	4126
Pussy	4132
Belrye's choice, either is good	4138

“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.

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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 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?"

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Nonbinary	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
Cock	4149
Pussy	4155
Belrye's choice, either is good	4161



“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.

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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.

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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?"

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.

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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. . .”

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Just hold him for a bit	0
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Boob groping	0
Explore his ass	0
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	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	4172
Pussy	4178
Belrye's choice, either is good	4184

“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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"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 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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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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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Turn them around and enjoy them being the little spoon	0
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French kiss	0
Just hold them for a bit	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0

“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. . .”

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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?”	0

“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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Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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Height	5'4"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	B	C
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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Female pronouns	4194
Male pronouns	4217
Neutral pronouns	4240

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	4199
Pussy	4205
Belrye's choice, either is good	4211

“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.

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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?”

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“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.”

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

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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."

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."

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

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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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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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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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Belrye's choice, either is good	4234

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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. 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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Option	Page
Cock	4245
Pussy	4251
Belrye's choice, either is good	4257



“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.

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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."

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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

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"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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French kiss	0
Just hold them for a bit	0
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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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“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.”



<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
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?”	0

“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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Female pronouns	4267
Male pronouns	4290
Neutral pronouns	4313

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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Gender	Nonbinary	Female
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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	4272
Pussy	4278
Belrye's choice, either is good	4284

“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!"

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"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.

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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	0
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Explore her dick	0
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	0
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	0
French kiss	0
Just hold her for a bit	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0

“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.”

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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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Belrye's choice, either is good	4307

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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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“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.”

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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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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. 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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“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.

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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.

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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?”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
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Ball Size	N/A	1.5"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Female pronouns	4340
Male pronouns	4363
Neutral pronouns	4386

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	4345
Pussy	4351
Belrye's choice, either is good	4357

“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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Boob groping	0
Explore her ass	0
Explore her dick	0
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	0
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	0
French kiss	0
Just hold her for a bit	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0

“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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“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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“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.

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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.”

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.”

<b>Stat</b>	<b>You</b>	<b>Belrye</b>
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
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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"

<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Boob groping	0
Explore her ass	0
Explore her dick	0
Turn her around and enjoy her being the little spoon	0
Explore her uniquely demonic parts	0
French kiss	0
Just hold her for a bit	0
“Actually, why don’t you take charge?”	0

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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<b>Option</b>	<b>Page</b>
Cock	4368
Pussy	4374
Belrye's choice, either is good	4380

“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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“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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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	Nonbinary	Nonbinary
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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"

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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?”	0



“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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“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."

"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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“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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