

CAVEAT EMPTOR:
INITIATION

STORY BY ABE E SEEDY | ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANGRBODA



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“The records on your case are quite compelling, Francesca”.

Everything was dark. Aside from the female voice talking the only noise to be heard was the sound of hooves hitting stone, as whoever was talking approached. Shuddering, Francesca was fairly sure she knew at least *what* she was, even if not exactly who.

“You don’t mind if I just call you Francesca, do you? We’re quite informal here, as I’m sure you can imagine, and I never could get my head around all those titles you all seem to be so concerned with.”

There was a sudden flash, and a sharp yellow flame lit up the darkness. There was a woman standing there, or as much of a woman as Francesca ever saw nowadays - her bright red skin, cloven hoof feet and sinuous pointed tail betraying her true nature. She was holding the flame in her hand somehow, perched delicately between thumb and forefinger, as she brought it up to some small, tightly-rolled taper she had in her mouth. Touching the fire to the tip it seemed to catch, but remained smouldering rather than burning through. The devil woman took a deep breath, exhaling it in a cloud of grey smoke as she extinguished the flame in her hand by merely closing her fist.

The dull red glow of the taper seemed as though it was providing enough light to see by at first, until eventually Francesca realised that their surroundings were lighting up slowly as well, illuminating with the natural glow that seemed to suffuse everything here, and had made her earlier moments of utter darkness so shocking. Clearly, the earlier darkness had now served its purpose.

“There’s one thought - almost more of a feeling, really, than a coherent thought - that we get from you again and again”, the devil woman continued, holding the taper in one hand as she spoke and looking down at where Francesca was lying. “I wonder, would you be able to tell me what you think that is?”

“This isn’t fair”, Francesca answered quietly.

“Exactly! That’s it exactly! That faint little flame of defiance, that little spark of anger, that pure core of righteous indignation! We get so many souls through these doors, all trembling and afraid, or sorrowful and repenting - as if it will do them any good *now*. But the ones that get *mad*? The ones that take issue with their sentence, who rail against the injustice of it all - oh, we can *work* with that. And we get so precious few of them here in Lust, especially. But it’s so perfect here! Here, in the least of all the big sins, where it’s so much easier for us to get dispensation to do something special.”

Francesca stopped. While the devil had been talking she’d been running through it all again in her head, how unfair it was that she was even here in the first place, how she’d been tricked into marrying an uncouth and crippled man rather than his elegant and dashing brother who’d been sent to win her over. How she’d tried to be a good wife for this political marriage, and yet still found herself growing close to the man she’d fallen for first. How she’d come to realise that a loveless marriage didn’t mean she couldn’t find a quiet love outside it. And how when they’d been discovered together she tried to stop the man she was sworn to from killing the man she loved, only to wind up killed herself accidentally. All of it, the long string of obligations, trickery and spiteful accidents - somehow for suffering through it all she was the one being punished with an eternity of Hell. And yet. The tearing winds had stopped, the hateful, ever-present rain had stilled, and she’d been brought here, naked and pitiable, to a woman who was clearly building to something. Hope was the cruelest weapon in Hell’s arsenal, but Francesca couldn’t help but suffer it one more time.



Even so, she'd learned enough through her life and death to be wary. "Do you wish to offer me a deal?" Francesca said. "Some infernal contract for me to pledge myself to?"

The devil creature laughed, barely managing to remove the taper from her mouth before she was overcome by seemingly genuine mirth. "Oh no", she said eventually, "don't you see? You're in *Hell*. We *already* have you. I'm not offering you anything."

She pressed the smouldering taper against her palm, completely unconcerned by the faint sizzle it made against her blood red skin. When she met Francesca's eyes again there was a flash of fierce dominance there, even though the tone of her voice was dismissively casual. "I wasn't making you an *offer*, dear. I was simply informing you as to what was going to happen. One slut to another."

Francesca was stunned. Part of her wanted to cower back and beg once more for mercy, but a surprisingly large part of her wanted to stand and try to strike this impudent woman down, whatever she was. Somehow it was as though the devil woman sensed that urge, closing her eyes briefly and licking her lips like she was savouring a rare flavor.

"Mhmm, very nice", she said with a thin smile. Her gloating satisfaction enraged Francesca further; finally making her push herself to her feet and hit back. As Francesca rose unsteadily, the red woman merely opened one eye, saying with a wave of her hand, "Oh no, don't get up."

Instantly, Francesca found herself pulled sharply downwards. A smooth stone slab appeared in front of her where previously there had only been empty space, while heavy iron shackles twisted themselves out of nothing to secure her wrists and ankles. There wasn't even time for her to scream - in the space of a second she was once again helpless, this time bent over forwards with her legs spread open behind her, having to lift her head to still see the creature before her.

The devil woman finished whatever private enjoyment she was having in her own time, completely unfazed by Francesca's struggles. Eventually she clapped once sharply, and the sound of movement behind Francesca made her realise she'd summoned someone else.

"The beauty of Hell of course", the woman said as she leaned down to toy idly with Francesca's hair, "is that we have such a variety of tools to work with."

Something stepped in from out of view to join her. Someone, Francesca soon realised, but only with the greatest charity could they be recognised as a person. Like the devil woman their skin was bright red, their feet ended in hooves and a spade-tipped tail curled behind them. But unlike her they seemed far closer to animal than man; their features thick-set and bestial, their horns large and fierce, their stance clearly ill-suited to walking on two legs. They wore nothing but a heavy iron collar, stamping obediently to the woman's side as their shockingly large cock hung dripping between their legs.

The woman raised her hand slightly, and the beast creature ducked its head beneath it eagerly, rubbing itself against her like a loyal pet. "This here is a special guest, all the way from *Pride*", the devil woman said casually. "He schemed and he plotted his way up the ladder, always desperate to be at the top, always pushing to be in charge." She scratched at his chin, and his lolling tongue fell from his mouth happily. "And now he's nothing but a big dumb, obedient pet, aren't you boy?"

The woman motioned upwards, and he quickly followed her direction, moving back out of sight behind Francesca. Suddenly her eyes widened as she felt his thick hands grasping at the flesh of her hips.

In front of her, the devil bent down low, putting them both on eye level. "Hell has no shortage of proud men", she hissed. "And you are going to get to know all of them in the course of your training."

With no more warning than that, the creature behind Francesca pushed itself forwards. She gasped desperately, shocked by his strength and power as he entered her. In all the times she'd laid with a man before; either dutifully with her husband or affectionately with her lover, it had never been like this. This was raw, powerful, overwhelming - there was nothing she could do but accept it as she was pushed heavily into the stone beneath her, the creature's thick cock filling her utterly. Words failed her, all she could do was make brief, urgent noises as he drove her forwards again and again.

In front of her, the red woman leaned back, showing her delicately pointed fangs as she smiled. "You got a bad deal", she said. "So utterly condemned, for so minor a transgression? What we're bringing you here, is a chance for you to *own* it. For you to become what they've already made you out to be. To *embrace* it. I can tell you, it's a lot more fun if you get the pleasure instead of just the punishment."

Francesca's mind whirled, struggling to make sense of anything that was happening. Was that devil proposing she enjoy this... violation? Even if wanted to it was far too intense, too extreme for her to even comprehend fully.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, he was done. The creature behind her stiffened in climax, and then Francesca felt the thick pulse of his seed inside her. She trembled unthinkingly in response, the warmth of it pooling inside her in a way that felt, for a moment, like blessed relief.

"He's fixed, of course", the devil woman said, interrupting her brief respite. "We can't let him have the pride of... functionality, and besides - it wouldn't do to have him be able to interfere with one of our new assets so soon in her training, would it?"

As she felt the slickness of his cum dripping slowly down the inside of her thighs, something stirred inside Francesca. Lifting her head enough to make eye contact, she spat fiercely "devil take you, whore!"

In response, the woman merely tilted her head slightly, raising an eyebrow as though quietly bemused. "Dear, I'm sure that was a powerful insult when you were alive, but here - that's *our* job description."

Before Francesca could add anything further the woman stood up, her hooves clicking sharply along the ground as she walked out of sight. She waved the other creature away, causing Francesca to sag involuntarily as it withdrew, taking up position herself in its place.

"But - you're right to be angry", she said casually, kneeling down again and leaning in close. "I haven't prepared you properly for your new role. So let's give you a little something, just to start you off..."

Francesca felt her breath first, the fierce heat betraying her nearness. Almost immediately that was followed by something else - a burning slickness as the woman's tongue reached out, sliding lovingly all along the length of Francesca's sex. She gave it just that one, slow pass, but somehow it felt as though she left something in her wake; some lingering heat that boiled up and seeped in through Francesca's flesh, leaving her gasping desperately for air

once again. She felt like she was on fire, but at the same time she could feel that she was dripping - and instantly she knew that it wasn't water she needed, but contact, something else to press against her there and relieve the unyielding need that her body couldn't help making herself wet and ready for.

"There we go", the woman whispered as she leaned back. "Much better.."

There was a passage of time. The red woman left Francesca alone, still bent forwards over the stone with her wrists and ankles shackled down. She felt no hunger or thirst, no pain in her muscles from holding that position, but even so there was a constant slow ache that was setting her on edge. Her sex was... dripping. The seed of the beast that had been there earlier had long since emptied away, but still there came the constant slow, torturous drops sliding from her. She shifted herself about as best she could within her restraints, but there was no position that provided relief, only a disquieting momentary pleasure when she slid her slick thighs against each other. She resolved to endure this new test as long as she could, but as time passed she began to relent more and more - promising herself that each concession would be her last as she provided what passing comfort she could. The solution to her condition was out of reach, but increasingly her mind turned to thinking about it, letting herself relax ever so slightly as she thought of the relief she would feel if someone or something would simply come and fill her. Not from desire, of course, but merely as a way to cease the incessant dripping, and a way to make the feeling of yearning emptiness stop.

The light had stayed with her this whole time, rather than plunging her back into the pitch blackness she'd found when first brought here, but even so she didn't notice the devil woman returning until she kneeled down in front of her.

"How are you doing there?", she said softly, her tone somewhere between mocking and comforting. "You know, if you wanted relief, all you have to do is ask for it."

Francesca gasped. It was all she could do to strangle the words that were already halfway out of her throat before her mind registered they were there. That sudden dramatic breathing must have shifted her around in some specific way, because then all she could do was pant heavily and try to focus on... anything else.

"Oh, there there", the devil whispered. "Don't worry, we'll get you seen to.."

Instinctively, Francesca spread her legs slightly. There wasn't conscious thought behind it, it was just the fact that she knew what was going to happen, and was preparing herself for it. But despite that subconscious anticipation, she still started slightly when she felt large, firm hands awkwardly grasping her waist.

"This is... well. I'm sure he had a name at some point. It's not really that important now, is it boy?"

The hands shifted, climbing up her body until they pressed down against her shoulders. They felt wrong - the fingers were stiff and thick where they dug into her skin, and it felt like he had to fight to keep his balance with them. Still, it was enough; she felt him lean down over her, the slight tickle of a short, pointed beard showing how close his head was to hers.

As he positioned himself, the devil woman continued. "He must have been a very proud man, to have been brought as low as he has been. I don't think he can even speak if he wants to, and his body now is barely able to stand on two legs at the best of times." She paused, and then Francesca felt him finally get into place behind her,

his cock lining up against her slit. It was, she could instantly tell, very large.

“Still”, the woman said, “he has been given *some* useful attributes for his new role...”

He pressed into her. This time, there was no discomfort, if anything it felt like the complete opposite, finally providing the relief she'd been so desperately needing. This time she was already perfectly slick, and he slid inside her with nothing but an urgent, blissful pleasure. She could barely stand it - this was what she'd been holding out against? It was what he was *made* for, and what she'd already been sentenced to be punished for. What did she gain from fighting against that? Slowly, she began to move her hips, pressing rhythmically against the creature behind her.

The red woman seemed to approve, trailing her sharp fingers lightly along Francesca's back. “*That's* it”, she whispered. “Good girl...”

Something about that, her tone or the possessive stroke she'd given her, made Francesca react. “I'm not - this isn't me giving in, becoming a whore like you”, she hissed. “I am simply... making the best of my circumstances.”

Even though Francesca couldn't see her, the feeling of the devil woman's sharp fingernails tightening on her back was enough to express her disapproval. When she spoke again though, her words were carefully measured and controlled.

“Is that so? You're being fucked anyway, so you might as well get something out of it, is that it? Well then...”

She moved, and Francesca could feel the creature above her jerk upwards as she pulled on his collar. Silently he obeyed, pulling himself out to Francesca's shuddering disappointment and landing heavily to all fours beside her.

“Come along then pet”, she added casually. “It would seem like she doesn't want us here.”

Francesca could barely process what was going on. First she was being fucked, and now both of them were leaving, because of what she had said. She had, somehow, commanded her tormentors to leave her alone. As the devil woman left, she made sure to walk in front of Francesca, bringing both herself and her pet into her field of view. This new pet was even more beast-like than the last one, his frame bulging with powerful muscles, and his massive cock swaying freely between his rear legs.

Involuntarily, Francesca whimpered.

“Hmm?”, the woman responded, stopping and looking back at her. “Do you have something else to say?”

Francesca did, she knew she did, but she had no idea what exactly it was. In an unconscious effort to clear her head, she slid her slick pussy slowly along the rock beneath her. “N- no”, she answered eventually.

The devil nodded. “Very well”, she said simply, stepping out of view and taking the pet with her, the footsteps of both of them fading off into the distance. And then, once again, Francesca was alone.

Time passed. This time the ache was stronger, and Francesca couldn't fight the thought that it was because she hadn't been allowed to finish before. The steady drip, drip, drip from her pussy was maddening, invoking a

rhythm that she couldn't help but dreamily thrust her hips in time with. She waited, she resisted, but time simply stretched on around her.

Finally, she spoke. "Hello..?"

There was no response. But hadn't she said she only needed to ask? Surely that meant they were listening.

"I... " She bit her lip, but she couldn't stop the words from coming. "I need, help, I need-"

Suddenly, in an instant, there was a familiar heavy pressure on her back. She felt those same awkward half-hands walking their way up her waist, that same thickset creature positioning itself behind her. At the same time, she felt the warm breath of the devil woman against her cheek.

"You need something, do you dear?"

Francesca trembled, but she couldn't bring herself to say no. Instead she simply shifted her stance slightly, opening herself up as best she could. Before the creature could do its work however, she felt the woman grab its collar and stop it.

"Oh no", she whispered. "After a stunt like last time, you have to *ask* for it."

"Please!", Francesca responded, before she could think enough to stop herself. "Please, I need it!"

"Need what, exactly?"

Gritting her teeth, Francesca hissed. "To be fucked, damn you! Now do it!"

The woman let go, and as she leaned back Francesca could see her smile. "There. Was that so hard?"

Francesca barely heard her. As soon as he'd been released the creature had buried himself inside her, and the relief of it felt so good that she couldn't help but moan. He was so big and powerful, and he fit her so perfectly, filling her up with every forceful thrust. She moved against him in turn, urging him onwards, heightening his pleasure - but far more importantly, her own. With blessed quickness she felt him tense up, and as he clutched at her desperately she finally felt release too, both of them trembling fitfully against each other.

She felt a rush like she had never known, a surge of pure energy washing forwards from her rear to her face. She trembled again, but this time there was something else behind it, some spark that set unknown parts of her body alight. She grimaced, four pin-pricks forming against her lips as her teeth suddenly seemed too big for her mouth. More noticeably though was the sweeping color she could see making its way down the veins in her arms, even as her hands curled unthinkingly against the hard stone beneath them. She watched as the wave of color reached its destination, her hands flaring outwards in response - her ragged fingernails becoming smooth, sharp and black, while a dull red color overtook the rest of her skin all the way up to her wrist.

Distantly, Francesca heard the devil woman kneel down, saying in a mocking tone of fake concern. "Oh no, you weren't *enjoying* yourself, were you? Why, that's the sort of thing that could turn a nice, innocent girl into a *whore*, isn't it?"

She tried to block her out. She was panicking enough over her hands, her breath coming in fast and ragged despite her recent release, she couldn't handle dealing with whatever barbed comments the devil was throwing at her. And yet, she couldn't deny the truth of what she was saying. It had felt good, and now this had happened - she had become like her tormentor, even if in a small way.

Suddenly, she felt the beast behind her withdraw, and for a few seconds all other thoughts were swept blissfully from her mind at the shuddering pleasure of his movement. Soon though, Francesca was once again panting and trembling, with the distinct sensation of their combined fluid sliding slickly down her thighs. Before she could recover herself fully, the woman leaned forwards, hooking one of her own red fingers under Francesca's chin and lifting her head until their eyes met.

"It does feel good, doesn't it?", she said softly. "And if you want to, you can feel just like that again, and again, and again..." She trailed off for a moment, before taking Francesca's hand in hers. "And all it will cost you is exactly what you'll need to lose in order to be so *very* good at it."

Francesca's hand slipped, falling back down to the cold stone below her. The shock of that impact was enough to snap her out of whatever spell she was in danger of falling under, letting her look away from the devil's shining yellow eyes. But even so, she couldn't quite manage to summon words anymore, couldn't bring herself to articulate exactly the denial she knew she should be saying. It did feel good, but she shouldn't. She wouldn't. She couldn't trade any more of herself to this. Instead she looked away, turning her head to the side in as clear a rejection of the offer as she could manage.

"As you wish", the woman responded coldly, standing up and summoning the man creature to her side with a sharp click of her fingers. They started to walk away, but stopped after taking only a few short steps. "I'll make you a deal - if you go long enough without summoning us back, then your changes will start to reverse."

She clapped her hands, and a large black candle appeared on the ground in front of Francesca, startling her into looking back up as its tip instantly lit with a solid red flame.

"When that burns all the way down", the woman continued, "you'll have passed. Good luck! And do try not to think about anything too... exciting..." With that she left, making sure to give Francesca a lingering view of the creature's still-dripping cock behind her as she went.

Time passed. Still Francesca found herself free of hunger or thirst, and still her muscles and joints felt untroubled by her position. But now there was an added element to her trials, on top of the growing ache that she felt from her sex. She was, for the first time she could remember since she arrived here, beginning to become bored.

She settled slowly back into the rhythm she'd developed earlier, sliding her slick crotch back and forth along the stone. It scratched her itch at least a little, but it did little to help keep her interest. If the candle had burned down at all, it wasn't enough for her to notice the difference. She would have scoffed - being bored in hell would have seemed like such a luxury not so long ago - but she soon realised that she had no idea just how long she was supposed to be waiting. An hour? A day? A year? Would the candle ever burn out, or would this be some new eternal torture - forever fighting her desperate urge to give in and be fucked? But of course, she couldn't give in, could she? Looking down at her hands, she forced herself to think about how much she'd already lost, and how she needed to be strong if she was to have any hope of redemption. No, she'd wait out the candle, so she could regain her humanity and see these bright red devil-hands cleansed. No matter how impossibly long the wait felt,

she decided, she'd see that candle burn to the ground before she called that devil woman back to gloat.

Francesca blinked as a thought struck her suddenly. Looking down at her hands, thinking about that red woman, and how her hands looked just like hers did now... that couldn't possibly mean? Lifting her head, she focussed on the flame at the tip of the candle. Then, very deliberately, she raised one hand, and clicked her fingers.

Instantly, the candle's wick erupted, a dramatic gout of flame shooting upwards. Francesca could feel the heat from where she was, but even though she could tell it was hot somehow it didn't seem to bother her. The only thing she felt was a rush of power as the previously imposing candle melted in the space of seconds, the flame guttering out as the last of the black wax disappeared.

"Ha!", Francesca shouted triumphantly. "I win!" She looked around frantically, doing her best to spot the devil coming and deny her the satisfaction of sneaking up on her again.

She felt a light touch land on her back as once again the woman somehow managed to arrive unexpectedly. "Indeed", the woman said softly, with what seemed to be an air of genuine respect. "Technically, you succeeded. Well done."

Francesca, however, was in no mood for pleasantries. Instead she raised her rear slightly and hissed "now, change me back and give me my reward!"

The woman knelt down in front of her, bringing her thin smile once again into view. "Why, of course", she answered, snapping her fingers. Immediately there was the familiar heavy pressure as a pair of thick paws landed on Francesca's back, their panting owner repositioning them slowly to give himself the best possible leverage.

"Although, can I let you in on a little secret?", the devil whispered. "Technically, I only said you would start to turn back once the candle had burned down. Would you like to guess what could reverse that?"

Francesca's eyes went wide, and at the exact same time the beast behind her pushed into her up to its hilt, filling her absolutely. She gasped, half at the sensation but also in shock and outrage. "That's... that's not fair!", she sputtered.

"Oh, I *know*", came the condescending response.

"I beat you!", Francesca continued, baring her teeth in anger as her own sharply pointed fangs grew in.

The other woman nodded gently, but made no move to either stop the beast fucking Francesca or the redness that was slowly spreading further down her arms. "Yes, you did. And yet, here you are. So - what are you going to do about it?"

Francesca felt like she was on fire. The gall of it all! She was being made fun of, after she had *won* at her little game, she was still being humiliated and changed and fucked and yet still somehow not being fucked hard *enough*! The creature was pistoning into her wildly, but its brute strength could only take it so far - clearly a guiding hand was needed to tell it what to actually *do*. If the red woman was going to keep mocking her then that would have to wait, but this was an unfairness that needed to be dealt with *now*, and was within her control. She raised her rear slightly, changing the angle of his approach to push against her more forcefully, and as she did so it was as though

some part of her responded to her unconscious demand. She felt something unfold from within her; a thin, whip-like cord pull itself upwards from her flesh, thickening in moments until soon she had a spade-tipped tail of her own. That should have been shocking, but Francesca didn't have *time* to be shocked - it was more important that it be put to use than for her to sit around worrying about it.

With a strength that surprised even her, Francesca curled her tail around the body of the beast behind her. His powerful muscles were far too much for her to overcome outright of course, but she quickly discovered that she didn't need to overpower anything, the mere suggestion of control was more than enough to make him unthinkingly follow her commands. She pulled in tight, and obediently he pressed himself forwards, and when she pushed him away he slid back with equal ease.

Suddenly, the woman right in front of her again, staring at her intently with burning yellow eyes. "Who are you?" she asked.

Gritting her teeth, her eyes screwed shut, Francesca felt her lips thicken and redden, tightly curled horns spiralling up through her hair as she responded. "Francesca!"

"And *what* are you?"

Her eyes snapped open, glowing with a yellow fire of their own. "I am nobody's whore!"; she spat, "except *MINE!*"

The other woman grinned. "Good answer."

If Francesca heard her, she didn't acknowledge it. Instead she rolled her head backwards, grinding her hips forcefully against her partner behind her. "Yes!"; she panted. "Give it to me! Come on, give it to me *PET!*"

There was a grunt, and whether because of her command or because of her movement, the beast tensed up. Francesca had just the space of a second to pull him in as tightly as possible with her tail before his cock twitched, a thick stream of cum pouring out to fill her pussy. It was exhilarating, more than just a relief from the desperate need that had been plaguing her for so long, it was *powerful*. She came; the fact that she had commanded this was finally enough to let her reach her powerful climax. She wanted this release, so she was taking it shamelessly, and the proof of it was sliding down the inside of her thighs. This was something she could do, something she had always wanted to do, and now there was no power on heaven or earth that could make her stop.



“Yesssss”, she hissed to herself. Suddenly she realised that she was still chained up, and it was almost an afterthought for her to click her fingers, the shackles instantly evaporating. With a deliberate slowness she pulled herself forwards, shuddering happily as the beast’s cock slipped out of her. The same bright red coloration swept easily over the rest of her body as she stood, her form shifting easily to highlight her sleek but powerful curves. She shook her head absently as her ears pointed upwards, while at the same time two tiny wings unfurled above them to join her new horns in crowning her head. Finally, she looked down to inspect the offering that her partner had left her, her feet drifting upwards as they changed into the reverse-jointed hooves more suited to her new profession.

Trailing two black nail-tipped fingers along the inside of her thighs, Francesca frowned as they came away with only a light coating of cum. “Oh no, that won’t do at *all* - you’ll need to make a better offering than *that*.”

In one swift movement she knelt down beside the stone she’d been shackled to, and with a commanding push from one hand against the bottom of his chin she forced the pet beast to rear up in front of her. Then she reached out swiftly with her other hand, a ball of yellow fire flaring in her palm as she gestured firmly. The beast gave a startled grunt in response, veins straining in his thick neck as he suddenly found his balls churning dramatically, his hips thrusting forward weakly into the air as his cock fired off again and again.

Francesca released her hold on his chin, leaving him to paw furtively at nothing with his flailing front limbs while she busied herself beneath him. She cupped her hands in front of her tits, catching as much of his cum as possible, delighting in the feeling of it coating her red skin and the way it tasted when her tongue drew it between her pointed fangs. He was hers, and he would serve exactly as much and often as she desired. And, she finally felt like she could acknowledge, she wanted quite a lot.

After a respectful interval to allow her to enjoy the climax, Francesca felt a light touch on her shoulder. “See”, the other devil woman said warmly. “I told you that it feels good.”

Francesca simply nodded, rising shakily to her feet once again as she licked her hands clean.

Seeing this, the woman smiled. “I think you’ll fit right in.”

“Yes”, Francesca answered. With only a quick backward glance to acknowledge the comment she walked around behind the pet, forming a leash in her hands with an effortless gesture, attaching it to the collar around his neck and leading him off with her into the welcoming darkness. “I think I will...”





THANKS FOR READING

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