

Demonic Love (Man to Demon Queen TFTG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Levi is just an average office worker who is bored of his life, his job, and his loneliness. When he finds a strange scroll that offers a contract for excitement and sinful pleasure, he jokingly signs it. Little does he know that it's a real demonic contract, and he has signed himself away to another world, one where he will be transformed into a soon-to-be-pregnant demoness.

Demonic Love

Levi looked at the clock again. Had the minute hand somehow gone *backwards*? How was it that he *still* had two hours until five o'clock? It was like he was trapped in some kind of cubicle hell. But then again, he'd been trapped here for nearly a decade now.

Why didn't I just pursue my dream of working as a nurse? I can't believe I let my Mom persuade me to work in corporate. This is just soul sucking.

Indeed, Levi had been trapped working at *PharmaCorp* for eight years now. He was thirty years old and wondering where the time went, and he was already experiencing back troubles and premature arthritis in his fingers from the sheer amount of sitting and typing he was expected to do. And all for what? To prop up a corrupt pharmaceutical system? To help deal with price hike after price hike, recall after recall, predatory medical test after medical test. That was what.

He sighed again, running his hands through his short-cropped, curly black hair. It didn't help that he was the only black man in the office. Something about the culture of the company was just so . . . whitebread. No one listened to good hip hop. No one could dance at any of their functions except him, and for some reason that got him the side eye. And the fact that he was more than qualified for a promotion, but it always went to Mr Average Whitey time and time again seemed *highly coincidental*.

Pffft. And there was that one time when the CEO visited us. Everyone got a handshake and for SOME reason I got the fistbump instead, and a 'Hey y'all, dude.' Ugh.

But really, even that wasn't the worst insult to Levi. The fact was, his work was all-encompassing and simply dehumanising. It was boring. It felt meaningless. And it left him no time to find a nice girlfriend to settle down with and start a family, something which he'd been thinking about more and more ever since he turned thirty six months ago. He was a wage slave - another phrase his coworkers bandied about perhaps a little too easily in his presence without a second thought - and the cubicle had become his prison.

Levi checked the clock again.

“What the fuck?” he said.

There was no way only a minute had passed. Jesus Christ, what was going on here? He'd already finished most of his work, but he had to keep looking busy or else he'd be given *more work*.

Levi rubbed his eyes, staring at his reflection in the mirror. He wasn't the most handsome man in the world, but he wasn't bad looking either. He should have been able to find a girl by now. It had been years since his last relationship, and work had killed that one too. But the bags beneath his eyes and his tired, haunted expression made it obvious to anyone that this guy wasn't marriage material, let alone father material.

“I need another coffee,” he said to himself.

He walked past cubicle after cubicle in the byzantine floor plan of the expansive white building. The sound of calls dialling and conversations with customers echoed through the space, emphasising the depressive nature of it all the further. Grinding his teeth, Levi made it to the small kitchen. He was the only one there, of course. Spending too much time in the kitchen might let one receive a caution.

And we wouldn't want that, he thought. *Would we?*

He put his mug up on the counter and grabbed the tin of mostly empty coffee. Opening it, he sighed yet again.

“Just my luck,” he said.

Not mostly empty. Actually empty. The last bastard to use the last of the coffee had failed the one expected courtesy; damn well refill it! It was probably Chris. The guy was a pig. Setting aside the tin, Levi checked the cupboards, but they too were empty.

“Great, now I'm on an adventure,” he muttered.

Maybe it wasn't so bad. The coffee bags were stored down in the basement floor, along with a bunch of other supplies. It was a stupid system, clearly meant to discourage workers from using too many resources.

Well fuck it, he thought to himself. *Time is at a crawl anyway. Why not waste some more? I'm not letting this place get the better of me today.*

He took his mug, the one that rather cynically proclaimed him to be a 'Valued Worker', and moved to the stairwell. He headed down to the basement, three floors down. It was like descending into hell; the lights got dimmer and more flickery, and it was clear that the company barely did anything but the most rudimentary cleaning down here. It smelled of hidden mould, which didn't bode well for finding coffee. Still, Levi was determined by this point, as if somehow coffee would fix all his problems, occupational and romantic. He flicked the lights on, and only a few remained on, revealing long shelves full of styrofoam cups, plates, paperweights, replacement wheels for desk chairs, black name plaques, that sort of thing. He had to search around in this maze-like area just to find the huge bags of coffee.

Naturally, just his luck, they were right at the back in a huge, somewhat dangerous-looking pile. They appeared to be quite old and dusty.

“Shit, I think I passed the modern stuff.”

Still, coffee didn't exactly age, right? He couldn't think of ever seeing an expiry date on a coffee tin. And besides, it looked like better quality stuff than the usual bags contained anyway. Intrigued, Levi moved forward. He grabbed one of the uppermost bags piled up against the corner and pulled. It was heavier than he thought, and apparently stuck on something. He pulled again, and something gave way.

“C'mon!” he growled.

One last tug and the massive bag, which felt like it weighed fifty pounds or more, came crashing over. Levi didn't expect the sudden movement, and with a yelp he fell backwards as an avalanche of coffee beans began, two of the bags tearing apart and spilling their contents everywhere.

“Shit!” he exclaimed, covered in beans that stained his trousers from the crush and marred his white shirt. “Damn it!”

He slowly stood up. This would take some explanation. And once again, his coworkers would have a field day with something to do with him and egg him on in a way they never would for a white man.

Maybe I'm just being bitter. Huh. That's the flavour of the coffee.

He was about to go clean himself off and bang his head against a wall when he suddenly noticed something odd behind the tumbled coffee bags. There was a whole other room, one that had been blocked by their presence upon the rack. Shifting it to the side, he was just able to squeeze through the doorway and flick on the lights. It was *extra* musty here, but it was indeed a whole other room, a little office space with a typewriter and old-timey furniture. It must have been hidden away here for potentially decades.

“Woah, that's creepy.”

There was a statuette on the table of what looked to be some kind of devil, horrid wings unfurled. There was also what appeared to be a ritualistic knife resting by the typewriter, and in the typewriter itself there was a single piece of paper with a short message upon it, preserved for a long time. The ink was red.

*With the Signing of This Contract, I Shall Be Unbound. Farewell, Struggles of Labour.
I Go to a World of Pleasure and Delighted Sin.*

“Creepy,” Levi said. He examined the knife. It had an old bloodstain on it. And right by the knife was another piece of paper, one that was far, far older than anything else here. The edges were frayed, the paper yellowed, and it looked to be made of an older style of paper sheet, like a medieval script or something. Even the lettering on it was old-fashioned, written

with an ink pen or quill rather than typed. Holding it up to the light, Levi furrowed his brow as he read parts of it.

Contract Infernus

In signing this contract, one's soul is bound to a future of pleasure and excitement. A new world awaits the master of the hand that signs this demon-bound agreement. One's greatest wishes shall be granted; power beyond imagining and a throne upon which to rule, and the sinful pleasures of the flesh that shall bring thee a mighty family brood to bring thee joy. One need only sign below to bring forth this mighty gift that thee have summoned. Sign thine name in full and stamp thy finger upon the contract in blood, mortal, and an exciting future shall awaken for thee, free of the torments of mortality and its banal trifles.

“Huh,” Levi said. What other kind of reaction was there? Of all the things he’d expected to find down in the basement storage, a weird Demonic cult contract wasn’t one of them.

Wait, he thought. *Does that mean the typewriter message was written in blood? Ew, man.*

But there was no signature upon the contract itself, nor any thumbprint of blood. Had the person chickened out. Was this just some kind of weird prank? Oh, it was probably a Halloween party from back in the day or something, and someone hadn’t taken too kindly to it. Something like that.

Still, part of Levi’s imagination stirred. He couldn’t say why, but something seemed to . . . *emanate* from the contract. There was nothing directly supernatural about it, but a sense of power seemed to thrum in the air around it anyway, as if it were bending the light.

“Sign the contract, Levi.”

He spun on the spot, heart jolting in his chest. No one was there, and when he put the torch mode on his phone, no one was in the wider basement area outside the room, either.

“Wh-who’s there?” he said.

“You hate your work. You hate your life. You want joy. Pleasure. You want a family, Levi. You want sex. The contract will grant you this.”

He spun again, but no one was there. The voice came from no direction. No, that wasn’t quite right . . .

It’s coming from the contract. I’m going crazy in here.

"You are not losing grip on your sanity, Levi, you hear me correctly. I am the contract before you. I have laid here unsigned for decades. My world needs this fulfilled. You will have a mighty destiny. Pleasures beyond imagining. You will have lovers. You will be fruitful. You need only sign."

Levi nearly ran straight from the room. His hands trembled in fear, but he couldn't pull himself away. All the contract was promising, it really was what he wanted. Maybe he was just hallucinating, and this room had too much mould in it or something. And yet . . . and yet he *hated* PharmaCorp. He hated working here. He hated his life. He hated all his missed opportunities. And he hated the fact that everyday here was worse than the one before, and that he had no exit plan.

And now, here, on the day he was more depressed than ever over his corporate hell, an *actual* hellish contract promised something far, far better.

"How do I know you're telling the truth?" he asked the contract, something which would have seemed insane moments ago.

"I am bound by the words upon my face," it said. *"But it is true, you do not know. But why not risk it, Levi? Why not try a chance at a different life? Is this one worth preserving, hmm?"*

The voice was a rich baritone, low and seductive. Levi hesitated, and then he simply . . . didn't.

He took a pen from his pocket and signed his name on the contract, then immediately grabbed the knife, pricked the end of his thumb, and planted it on the bottom of the page. He lifted it away and squeezed it against his hand, his own expression shocked.

"Holy shit, I just did that."

"And willingly, too. This contract is signed. I thank you, Levi Stills. Your new life awaits, and your new world."

"Wait," he said, starting to sweat a little. "I should have checked some more details. Can we talk about this before-"

A circle of fire erupted around him, and Levi screamed.

The flames dispersed with Levi still screaming. It took a few embarrassing moments to realise that he wasn't burned at all, not even a little. It took even longer for him to realise that he wasn't in the same room anymore. He wasn't even in the same building.

The floor was a black volcanic marble, seams of red running between the expansive tile. The walls were the same jet black, but with ornate reliefs and carvings of numerous demonic figures - male and female - in various poses of either dominance or feasting or

sexual intercourse. Enormous windows separated these gothic displays, revealing an environment beyond that was, impossibly, a series of bubbling volcanos and flowing rivers of magma. Castle-like dwellings dotted the horizon, and enormous mine-like crevices in the earth were filled with the glowing lights of civilisation. Smoke spewed from the earth, and hordes of insects roamed in the skies.

No, not insects, Levi thought, the revelation hitting him as he looked at the window to his left. *Those are . . . those look like demons.*

Red-skinned creatures with great leathery wings, flying through the sky. It was impossible, and yet there they were.

Levi turned his attention back to the room. It was a grand hall of sorts, a throne chamber. He was standing upon a raised dais before a set of steps that went down to a colonnaded hall. The ceiling was at least three stories above him, its complexity like that of the grandest of cathedrals, albeit *this* version of the Sistine Chapel ceiling had exotic and erotic images of demons ruling over numerous other species: centaurs, elves, dwarves, dragon-folk and the like, as well as some humans.

“Oh my God,” Levi said. His head felt heavy. Something was wrong with him, but he was so overcome by it all that he wasn’t sure what had changed.

“Not *God*,” boomed a low baritone voice. “Far from it, my Lord.”

Levi turned, and again that unfamiliar weight upon his head was there, confusing him. Not as confusing as the sight before him though; a demon stood, tall and proud, his muscular red-skinned torso completely naked. He had proud dark red horns and folded crimson wings, and a forked tail that flicked back and forth behind him. He was at least six feet tall, looming over Levi by several inches.

Levi wanted to scream, but was afraid he would be chased. Instead, he managed to find his voice, shaky as it was.

“Wh-who are you?”

The demon grinned, bearing his sharpened teeth. “I am Naraz, Regent of Tartarum in the absence of its ruler, tender to its affairs. It has been a long time since one was sent to rule us, my Lord. From whence do you hail?”

“E-earth,” Levi said. God, what was that weight? “I think there’s been a mistake. I’m not meant to be here.”

“I sent contracts to other worlds, long ago. Earth was one of them. Our power has waned since; none would sign. I sensed a mortal on your world was close to making the pact, but backed away at the last second. She fled, and no word has come since.”

Levi gulped. *What the fuck have I gotten into?*

“I - I found the contract. I signed it. I hated my work, and I was - look, I was far too spontaneous.”

Naraz stepped forward, a seductive smile upon his features. "But you signed the contract, did you not? Then you are bound. Your *soul* is bound to this place, my Lord."

"Why do you keep calling me that?"

"Because that is the power the contract offers. You are to be the Lord of Taratum. The Lord of all Demonkind upon this world of Aesmyth. Your change has already begun."

"What?"

Another grin. "Come and see. Come and . . . see."

Levi followed him. What else was he to do? Not far from the gaudy throne with its numerous carvings and overwrought design was a tall mirror, its frame decorated with lovely dark gems. But that did not take Levi's attention so much as the proud black horns that were now jutting from his head, curved like ram's horns so that they twisted out to the side and looped inwards again. The impossible formations were made of bone, yes, but they appeared to have the same texture as the volcanic rock of which the citadel was comprised. And that wasn't all. Levi's eyes, normally dark brown and friendly, were now *golden*, with vertical black pupils instead of round ones.

"Oh my God," he muttered.

"Not God, I say again. Far from it, my Lord. *You* have taken on the role of our Anti-God. You are changing already, adopting the aspect this kingdom needs in its ruler. Your blood will boil with infernal essence, it already *sizzles*, can't you feel it?"

Holy shit. I can. Fuck, I can! It's warm. Unnaturally so!

Levi touched his horns with trembling hands. His golden eyes were almost hypnotic to see, but they weren't *his* eyes.

"I - I'm getting the hell out of here!" he declared. He began to run, ignoring Naraz's pleas. He ran down the hall, past hordes of demons and imps and creatures foul and hellish, all of whom whispered and grovelled and bowed before him.

"It's the new Demon Lord!"

"At least, a ruler!"

"Our numbers have fallen, o Lord! Please bring back our population that we may spread our power!"

But Levi kept on running, faster and faster. Everywhere his reflection showed; in more mirrors, crystalline formations, and the smooth black marble of this fortress. It was only when he reached the outside and saw the infernal plains with their dark trees and boiling magma lakes that he realised he had no idea where he was going. He turned around as Naraz landed from the air, his wings folding behind him.

"My Lord! You are bound to this place now! The contract is signed! I will aid your transition, but you must-

“Get the hell away from me!” Levi cried. He ran backwards, not even looking where he was going.

Which was exactly how he ended up toppling backwards into a lake of pure lava.

“So I guess lava can’t kill me, then?” Levi asked.

Naraz chuckled in a low tone as two demonic servants with dark blue skin and long curving horns brought Levi a cloak to cover himself. It was resplendent, scarlet red in colour with a gold edging, and the changing man couldn’t escape the notion that it looked positively demonic.

“Your clothes, however,” the demon continued. “Those were a loss, I’m afraid.”

Levi shivered. He’d thought he was a goner. *But instead, it was like falling into a warm bath. What is happening to me?*

“It is a sign that you are fit to become the Demon Lord, as befitting the contract you signed.”

“Why me?” Levi asked, gesturing to the dark grandeur all around him. “Why do you need an outsider? Why should anyone be needed to sign some fucking *contract!?*”

A second set of servants placed a tray down on the table before him. He was in a private study, a room filled with tomes and texts, some of which were deeply infernal in nature. Even the table was black. The food, however, was a sumptuous series of sliced fruits and decadent pastries that Levi couldn’t help but breathe in.

“Because of a hero’s victory, I’m afraid,” Naraz said. He pulled a book off of one of the nearby shelves and opened it before Levi. It had magnificent illustrations in it, and as Naraz showed him hand-drawn pictures in immaculate styling, he told the story.

“His name was Thyree. He was the greatest warrior of his age, and elven man-”

“Wait, you have elves?”

“Yes, we have elves, sire. They do not like us. Most creatures do not like demons, though they like the pleasures we offer them when they summon us. Anyway, Thyree waged war upon our kingdom of Tartarum when we were at our height of riches. He summoned a coalition against us-”

“Were you the bad guys? Be honest.”

Naraz smirked. “We were . . . indulgent. We had a Dark Empire, that is for certain, but every civilisation has its empires, its sins. We just wore our sins openly, and did not hide them away. But alas, we stretched too far, and perhaps could have stayed the whip at times. Regardless, Thyree exploited our weakness. Our Demon Lord could produce great armies, and he lived immortal in splendour, ruling from this very citadel. Thyree and his band snuck

in and slew him in his own bed. A cowardly act for one so great. They would later lie and claim a great battle took place. From there, the empire was doomed.”

“Wait, didn’t you have lots of other, uh, demons?”

“We did, but everyone slayed now could not be replaced. Our numbers declined, and now ours is a sad kingdom.”

“And you couldn’t make another Demon Lord.”

Naraz held up a finger. “Indeed. Thyree had with him a dwarf who knew the ways of the deep earth and the souls it entangles. Her name was Lagressa, and she weaved a powerful curse upon the ruined remnants of our fallen lord. No more of his kind could come from this world. Ah, but as you already know, we found a loophole.”

Oh shit. That was why they wrote the contract.

As if reading his mind, Naraz nodded. “Only by consent can one become a Demon Lord. And you have consented, and so another change will be upon you, likely tomorrow, or even in the night, if you are particularly well-suited.”

Levi gulped. “Look, I signed up for pleasure and freedom and-”

“And you shall have these in abundance. Smell the food before you. Taste the pleasures of any demon here, male or female. They will do all they want for you.”

At this, he gestured to several demons waiting in the literal wings, shaded various blues, purples, reds, and oranges. Some were incredibly gorgeous women, their busts full, their figures hourglass, their expressions utterly erotic. Others were male; well-sculpted, muscles, and with a sense of supplication about them.

Wh-why am I finding the men just as hot as the women? I’ve never looked at guys like this, but they are seriously hot.

Levi had to shake his head. Something was so very wrong with him, and not just the ram’s horns and eyes. He found his member stirring not just at the sight of these very buxom demon women, several of whom were giggling with lust as they gazed upon him, but at the well-endowed men too.

At least, I imagine they’re well-endowed. With big, thick cocks that can - ugh! I’m doing it again!

“I need to rest and figure this out,” he said, rubbing his temples and accidentally scratching at his horns in the same motion. “This has to be some nightmare.”

“Indeed, a nightmare worthy of the most pleasurable dreams. Very well, my Lord. You are still coming into yourself. Your power is growing, and soon you shall see the light . . . *and the shadow.*”

Naraz clapped his taloned hands together, summoning a number of small impish servants. “Take your new Lord up to his quarters, that he may take rest there. He has a great

transformation there to take on his new duties and lead us into a new Dark Age. Be worthy of his shadow!”

“Be worthy of his shadow!” hundreds of voices proclaimed as one.

Levi couldn't even summon the effort to fight back when several imps lifted him onto a small throne and then lifted it like a palanquin, carrying up a set of resplendent stairs with the most blood-red covering imaginable.

This can't be real, he thought to himself. *I just wanted freedom. Excitement. A family. Love. And now I'm going to be stuck as some fucking Demon Lord!?*

It was literally a hellish fate. The only thing he could say for it was that it was not nearly so boring as another day of PharmaCorp.

Levi writhed in the centre of a veritable *pile* of demonflesh. Male, female, it mattered not. He was the subject of all their ministrations, and he pleased in turn. He didn't care that he was turning into a demon like them, only that he was their master, and they his supplicant servants here to provide him with all that he desired. And what he desired right now, was the most erotic of delights. He suckled from the most lovely, milk-filled demon breasts. He moaned in relief as he felt a hard demonic cock slide into his ass. He snarled, revelling in pleasure as a red-skinned demoness parted her legs, allowing him to lick at her nethers and drink in her juices. They were hot like lava, and that too made him excited. He thrust into another demoness, one without wings and dark green scaled skin. She writhed beneath him.

“All hail the Demon Lord! All hail the Demon Lord! Bring forth our legion! Refill our lands! All hail the Demon Lord, and his fertile womb!”

Something about the chant struck him as wrong. He looked down and saw that his stomach was blackened and swollen up, like some kind of dead fruit plump with necrotic juice. He touched it, and then it *writhed*. Something growled from within.

“Bah!” Levi cried, jolting awake. For just a moment, he thought he was back on Earth, having fallen asleep back in his apartment or something. But the sheets were far too luxurious, the bed simply too large. And the weight upon his head . . . the horns were still there.

“Oh God,” he grunted, touching them. “It was real. It wassss real.”

He paused. Something was wrong.

“Sssssomething'sssss changed.”

His golden eyes went wide and he stuck out his tongue. It was half again its usual length, and ended in a fork, allowing him to make a snake-like flicker.

Great! Now I'm a fucking serpent demon or something! What the fuck!

It was still dark in the room. He couldn't make out too much. Levi wondered how he would escape this fate. He also wondered why he'd thought of such an orgy in his dreams, or why he'd found it such a turn-on, especially the male demons.

Mhmm. They looked so good. Fuck! I'm still finding them hot. I need to get back to my shitty life. At least I'm not literally from hell in that one!

He needed some light. Perhaps if he escaped Tartarum and met some elves or something. They were apparently real. Maybe he could find a way to be changed back and then teleported back to his world. He couldn't trust anyone here. He got out of his bed. Something had changed elsewhere on his body, but it was hard to tell what. His hips shifted a little oddly, and his weight seemed . . . different. He ignored it for now, extending his hands to try and find a torch of some kind.

"Need a *light!*"

Fire shot from his hands. It alarmed him so much that he yelped in a surprisingly high tone. Suddenly, every sconce upon the walls lit up, as did every candle on every desk, table, and shelf in his expansive, luxurious room.

"Did - did I do that?"

He helped up his hand. It was still on fire, but there was no pain. No discomfort. Cautiously, he blew out the flames from each finger, and the fire was gone.

"Holy hell."

The room was now well-lit, and it allowed Levi to see what else had changed about him. Even as he strode over to the ridiculously large and ornate mirror, the one with all the creepy carved faces upon its edgings, he noted a few changes. There was the forked tongue, of course, but his body hair appeared to have evaporated everywhere but upon his pubic. His chest hair, usually quite thick, was simply gone. His arms and legs were likewise smooth. He couldn't even spy any freckles or spots anymore.

I guess Naraz was smooth. But my hips . . .

They seemed to sway more than they should. There was a pressure in his spine as well, and something about his ears . . .

The mirror quickly informed him of the changes he had experienced while he was dreaming, and they were bigger than he'd hoped, worse than he'd feared.

He was shorter.

He was hairless, but for what was on top of his head and above his genitals.

He had a forked tongue, ram's horns, and golden eyes.

And he was also, to his horror, structurally changed as well. Levi knew his body well. He'd always taken good care of it, and while he wasn't rocking a six-pack he had certainly been in shape. It was one of the very, very few things in his life that he was proud of. Now, his hips were too wide, and his waist had pulled in just slightly. His shoulders were a little

more feminine too. In all, he was more slender, giving him more of a demonic sensuality. This was given aid by his skin. Not because he was black - that was an *absurd* notion. No, him being black had nothing to do with it.

No, it was because his skin now had barely perceptible lines crisscrossing, like veins. They pulsed, looking like veins of lava, and might well be exactly that beneath his skin. His actual pigmentation had changed too. He'd always had a chocolate brown colour to his skin. Now, it had darkened considerably. At the edges of his fingers it turned midnight black.

"What am I becoming?" he asked himself.

But the answer was obvious.

He was becoming a Demon Lord.

The world of Aesmyth was real. Tartarum was real. The transformation was *real*. Levi knew he had to accept that, but it was so damn difficult when just a few days before he'd been a put-upon office worker, and now he was going to be the ruler of an entire kingdom of demons. It was like he'd made a wish upon the Monkey's Paw, and he'd gotten all that he wanted - power, prestige, respect, fine things, even the promise of pleasure - only it was wrapped in a literally demonic package.

For the first few days, he tried to find ways to escape. Despite the pleas of Naraz, he fled from his advisors presence and across the ashen fields of Tantarum, trying to reach the horizon. Except Levi's changes had not yet progressed far enough to allow him such strength to go on, or the ability to cope very well in the smoky atmosphere of this burning place. Survive in lava he might, but he still coughed and choked on the vicious fumes.

"Well, I order you to release me!" he said the following day, his voice cracking awkwardly. He'd changed yet more on the second night, having gained an even more supple appearance, his face now bereft of facial hair, his hair longer so that it became a loose afro. His eyebrows were more defined, and that pressure in his backside was more powerful. His skin had darkened yet further, becoming a deep ebony. And his fingers were getting sharper, like they were growing not simply sharpened fingernails, but *claws*.

"You heard me!" he said again, trying to keep his voice low. "I order you to let me wander beyond Tartarum so I can escape this fucking place!"

Naraz bowed, as did other servile demons. "I'm afraid . . . that is one order we cannot obey. When you are fully the Demon Lord, then we will be able to escort you beyond the boundaries of your kingdom and protect you in meeting leaders of rival nations, but for now . . . your change is not fully complete. You signed the contract, and so you are bound here.

That is truly why the smog chokes you. You must remain here until you are ready to take full control.”

Levi groaned and laid back on his throne. It was annoyingly comfortable. “Great! Just fucking great! So I’m stuck here, man?”

“Not stuck. You are *destined*.”

“Sounds like stuck. When will this damned transformation end? I’m not going to end up looking like you, am I?”

Naraz simply smirked. “Not quite like me, Lordship. Not quite. But I sense you are despondent over much.”

“I’m stuck in a freaking demon kingdom, man. Of course I’m despondent! Jesus, I should have just stuck at PharmaCorp and stayed depressed. Better than losing my damn soul.” He put his head in his hands. “Why did I sign that contract? What was I *thinking*, dude?”

Naraz coughed. “I sense you are in a state of displeasure, my Lord.”

“Dude, what gave it away?”

“Then allow me to offer you pleasures that will distract you from your malaise.”

“Look, I ain’t kidding, the food here is *great*. Real fucking Michelin star shit. But I don’t think another feast is gonna - oh.”

Three forms entered the scene; two from the left and right halls, and the third descending on wings from the rooftop. Succubi, all of them. One with fair hair and blue skin, and a wicked smile. A second with dark red skin and the most magnificent bust Levi had ever seen. And the third with a powerful, athletic frame, and dark green skin. She was the one with the wings, and she smirked as she looked at Levi.

Holy hell. Literally. Jesus, they look hotter than any woman I’ve ever dated, even if they are demons.

“We live to serve you, my Lord,” the winged woman said, bowing a little with the others. “As do we all.”

Two more entered, and Levi gasped. Men. A male winged succubi with midnight black skin and a powerful tail, and another who was slim-bodied and beautiful, with light green scales. They also bowed.

Fuck. Why do I find them just as hot? What is wrong with me?

His member hardened. His nipples, oddly, stiffened and swelled, becoming sensitive.

“You may pick one,” Naraz said. “Or more than one? What shall it be, my Lord?”

Levi bit his lip. He had no idea how to respond but honestly. “Uh, I don’t suppose ‘all of them’ is an option here, right?”

Three minutes later he was being carried to the Chamber of Decadence. The air smelled of lovely spices and erotic incense, and the entire surroundings were like that of a

harem chamber; all plush pillows and comfortable couches, and a great deal of rather nasty and playful sex toys stored upon the walls. Levi couldn't comprehend what he was doing, even as the succubi and incubi (he was reliably informed this was the term for male succubi) removed his garments and began massaging his body, worshipping it.

What the fuck is this? Why did I say all of them? Am I losing my mind? Ahhhh, but this is such a fantasy at the same time. I never imagined having so many hot people lusting after me, even if they are demons! Mhm!

They applied oils to him, they kissed and sucked upon his flesh. The athletic succubi bowed before him.

"My Lord, may we show you the pleasures of our bodies, and bring you to new heights?"

"I, uh, sure! Yes! Yes, please!"

"Do you wish us to lead the way? Do you want us to take . . . control?"

Again, he found himself nodding. "Please do," he said in a squeaky voice. "Just - fuck, I'm so hard."

An incubi began to stroke his cock, grinning from the side as the last vestiges of his clothing were removed. Normally this would have revulsed Levi, but his changing form was no longer purely heterosexual. He wanted pleasure from all genders and everything in between. The green-skinned succubi with wings stepped forward, hips swaying.

"I am Petra, and I shall show you the way."

She wrapped her wings around him, pulling his face into her bosom. Levi began to suck on her nipples, even as the incubi stroked his cock and a blue-skinned succubi fondled his sensitive balls. They seemed smaller lately, but he didn't care. The warmth of lips upon his back and the breasts before him were driving his body wild. He raked his claws upon Petra's back, and she writhed.

"Yes, do not be gentle, my Lord! Ours will be a great passion! Your transformation must continue!"

Transformation? Oh shit. I've got - I've got to stop. Just a bit more pleasure . . .

Petra pressed him against the luxurious carpet, rolling him backwards. The incubus helped guide his member into her, and meanwhile the red-skinned succubi lowered herself over his face and placed her breasts before him.

"Drink, my lord!" she cried, and then she moaned as he did so, drinking up her milk, which was sweet as honey. An incubus kissed his cheeks and played with his nipples, which were only getting more and more sensitive. The whole experience was beyond any pleasures of the flesh Levi had ever experienced or even imagined. Pressures rose, growing in his chest and in his hips. His scalp burned, but the burning was good. As the red-skinned succubi shifted, he kissed her neck, gnawing at it. She writhed, crying out in bliss as he sank

his teeth in just lightly enough to draw acidic blood. His teeth had sharpened, and he didn't care; it was too good! The incubus was playing with his nipples, and then he began to lick them, then suck them like one would a good pair of breasts. Levi hissed, his forked tongue emphasising the demonic ecstasy he was experiencing. Weight and pressure rose upon his chest, and something bloomed there. A pair of somethings, in fact. But before he could see what he was kissing the red-skinned succubi again.

"I am Hellarin," she whispered. "Please remember my name, and what I do for you, O Lord."

"Hellarin," he said, voice higher than normal. "A beautiful name."

"We shall find a new name for you, my Lord. You shall be so wondrous."

Petra rode him, moaning with delirium as she milked his cock. He balls tensed, he was so close to a powerful climax, but lost in the pile of flesh he didn't even realise that the other incubus, the one named Jezra, had become squeezing his ass. Pressure rose there as well, eliciting near-feminine gasps and groans from Levi. The sensation at the base of his spine was too much by this point.

Have to reach the end! Have to feel it! Want to feel it! God and Hell, this is INCREDIBLE!

"OHHHHH!!" he finally cried, raking his claws across Petra's ass as she rode him. He ejaculated deep within her, his seed shooting up into her womb.

Oh God! Ahhh, it's amazing! I didn't - we didn't use protection! Does that even matter? Does it - mmmh!

It was the biggest orgasm he'd ever experienced. His chest bounced, his nipples sending electric shocks of delirious delight down through his core. The pressure in his spine finally gave way as, impossibly, a second orgasm hit him.

"YESS! YESSSSSSS! AAAGHGHH! NGH!"

Something *exploded* out, pushing and surging forth, gaining tissue and bone and skin. It writhed beneath Petra, then automatically shifted to stroke her. One of the other succubi, the blue-skinned one, moved to intercept it. It was an onyx black *tail*, complete with a spaded tip. It was thick and powerful, and oddly sensitive, and before Levi could even take in this new change, the blue-skinned succubi grabbed its end and placed it inside of *her*. She moaned, masturbating with it, and it only made Levi cum harder.

It was only in the aftermath, once Petra finally removed herself from him and massaged him from the side, that Levi realised how much he had changed. He lay there, panting, Hellarin and Jezra already feeding him grapes and fine wine, and looked down over himself.

At the tail that flickered, thick and sensual and easily falling to the floor were he to stand.

At the prominent pair of dark breasts upon his chest, heavy and full and shifting with his own slightest movements, and the other incubus' constant massaging.

At his wide hips and slender frame, and the way his manhood had shrunk.

At a body that was rapidly becoming female.

Levi looked up at Petra with an expression that he knew was somewhere between terror and a strange, taboo excitement.

"Petra, what am I becoming?"

She leaned down to kiss him.

"What you were always meant to be, my Demon *Queen*."

A Demon Queen. Not a Demon King. Not a Demon Lord, except for this realm's standards. No, Levi was becoming a *Queen*.

A woman, he thought to himself. *I'm turning into a fucking demoness with tits and soon a pussy and probably wings if these knots in my shoulders are any indication. Man, I just wanted to have a hot wife and kids on the way, not this! I don't care how good the sex is, I'm not having any more. I've got a frickin' tail here!*

It moved partly of its own accord, but he was increasingly able to control it. He was less able to control the jiggling of his female breasts, or the way of his hips when he walked. It was like his body *wanted* to appear as sultry as possible.

Naturally, Levi had hidden himself away after the orgy, ignoring Naraz, who likely heard reports anyway. He tried to cover up his body, but it was hard to resist poking and prodding his breasts, cupping them and feeling their sensitivity, or even groping his ass, which had bubbled up rather impressively. He felt oddly elegant, his movements graceful and lacking his previous timidity. At times he even smiled at his reaction in the mirror, observing how feminine his face was, how imperious and regal his jaw structure was, and the perfect arch of his eyebrows. It made him imagine what more bliss this body could take.

These feelings built up in the following day. He had continued his reclusive isolation, but only to a point. Desire was in him, and it wasn't helped by sex dreams in which demones and demonesses submitted to his queenly figure, showing him the wonders of female pleasure.

What would it feel like? If I get a pussy, will I want . . . some of the incubi were so well hung. And what of Naraz?

It all became too much. In the end, he had to give in. Levi couldn't resist calling back Petra and Jezra for a personal session. Then he'd felt bad, and asked Hellarin to join him as well, followed by Kazrak, the scaled male incubus. His changing body was addicted to sex

and sinful pleasure, but he refused to let Naraz see him that day, and instead remained holed up in his room eating fine food and laying with the gorgeous supplicants he desired.

Naturally, he had cursed himself each time. The pleasures of sex, especially with his far more reactive demon body, were too great to resist. But they also furthered his changes. His breasts had already felt huge, though the mirror showed them to be of average-size, perhaps a little bigger. Well, not so after Petra had sucked upon them, massaged them, squeezed them while he fucked her. And especially not so after he fucked Hellarin while she lay on her back. At one point, he had even allowed Kazrak to slip his cock into his ass, before he caught himself.

“S-sorry! No! Just . . . play with my balls or something. I’m not ready for that yet!”

What are you saying, Levi? You’ll never be ready for that, you fool! Why are you even having sex with men at all?

He knew the reason, though, as surely as his increasingly demoness-like body knew. Something dark, sinful, and *wonderful* had awoken within him. He moaned and thrashed as his face became ever more beautiful, as his breasts bloomed, expanding in the hands of his supplicants to the point where they were easily double their original size. When his hips expanded too tightly for his latest garments, he had to fight off feelings of sensual pride, as surely as he had to fight it off when he looked at his ass in the mirror that night, observing its round, peachy nature, and how his tail swayed rather hypnotically as he perused his derriere.

“I can’t stop myself,” he said to the mirror, his voice now sounding like a woman with a raspy cold. “Even my hair is getting longer.”

It fell in thick African curls down his shoulders, full and luscious, the curls tight and impressive. All of him was impressive, he knew. All of him, but for his manhood. It was small and shrunken, though still performing in the women. In fact, the demonesses were desperate, and more and more were coming to him, eager to have him cum inside of them. Increasingly exotic demonic women pled for him to accept their supplicant bodies, and despite knowing better, Levi failed to stop himself. His view of what was sexy had expanded greatly.

He fucked a gorgeous, four-armed naga woman, her tail wrapped around him while he pounded into her slit. The pair of them hung upside down from the bedchamber, suspended by her powerful snake body.

He fucked a goat-legged woman, pressing her up against the wall from behind and mounting her like an animal, enjoying the way her furry backside pressed against his. He gripped her horns and growled, making her orgasms all the sweeter.

A two-headed giant of a woman begged for his attention, and he gave it to her. Her two heads argued over who was the better lover, and he could only say both were equal, spurring further argument.

It went on and on, and his body changed more and more, gaining new appetites and lusts, indulging more in the delicious food and wine. Even his clothing changed; somewhere along the line Levi stopped obsessing over covering himself up. His body, strange as it was, was the subject of pure worship from the demonic hordes. When revealing dresses were brought to him, he didn't choose to wear them just yet, but did decide to keep them in his personal drawers. He opted for a tighter robe, one that pushed up his increasingly large bosom and revealed the impressive cleavage he now possessed.

I shouldn't show them off, but if I am stuck like this, why not flaunt them, just a little? It's not like I ain't the hottest thing ever to these demons. If I have to be stuck like this, I can show a little leg too, goddamnit!

Which was how he ended up with a slit down his thigh, and then both thighs, and then finally a hole in the back for his naked tail to slip through. Soon, Levi was wearing revealing dresses in all but name, at least when he was certain Naraz was nowhere around. He found himself blushing often, fidgeting as he tried to fight off the odd pride that came with the bows as he passed, the captivated eyes of various demons and demonesses, the growing instinct to walk imperiously, to thrust out his chest and let his hips sway.

I'm so fucked up. I feel like the leader of a cult. It might even be worth having tits if I'm adored like this.

It put a sway in his tail, and an extra sashay in his hips.

"We will be worthy of your shadow, my Lord! We swear!"

"Make sure that you do!" he said, trying not to grin at the ridiculousness of this. If only he could remain male, then this really could be the life.

Not that the female bits are all that bad. I'm certainly looking better as a woman than I did as a man. You know, in a really demonic way, obviously.

It was a thought that stirred within him as his body changed. His genitals were so close to disappearing, but still the desire to fuck and feast remained, and a yearning desire to complete his change as well. It was inevitable at this point, right? He was becoming a Demon Queen, as humiliating as that part was, but the royalty part would at least remain. The power, and the pleasure.

And so he decided to finally face the music and return to the throne room, to where his advisor was waiting. His skin was a midnight black by this point, no longer black in any human sense of the word as it applied to skin colour, but literal black. Smooth and dark, like *oil*. His cloak was blood red, and it held to his form rather impressively, cupping his large breasts and pushing them into a veritable chasm of cleavage. It had a silver trim, which only

contrasted all the more with his demonic skin. His hair now fell down almost to the small of his back, and it was a thick and beautiful mane of curls. With every step, some part of him wobbled, jiggled, and/or swayed. He was even aware of how full and luscious his lips had gotten.

Don't be nervous. You've been fucking demons left and right by now. Just appear before Naraz and act cool.

He stepped into the grand chamber for the first time in nearly a week of avoidance. By now, everything had changed about him, but so had his perspective. He'd actually *gained* height, not lost it. He was imperious and beautiful, his cheekbones sharp and regal. He strode forward, basking in how the court attendants bowed as he passed. His tail flickered happily, but his eyes were locked on Naraz, who waited beside the throne. His expression was joyous, of course. The red-skinned demon with his powerful frame and deeply handsome face - very handsome thanks to Levi's changing appetites, he felt - clasped his hands together and bellowed a thankful laughter.

"Perfect! Simply perfect! The true Demon Lord is returned to us; a Queen who shall repopulate our legions!"

"Not a queen yet," Levi said with some embarrassment. He mounted the steps, aware of how his derriere swayed, pulling tight against the thin material of his cloak, which was pretty much a dress by this point.

It'd be much better if it were backless. Stupid demoness instincts. Since when was I a fashion expert? Ohhhhh, but I should also have a section cut out to reveal my stomach as well . . .

"Ah, but the change is near its end," Naraz said triumphantly. "I can see already that your queenly instincts are setting in. You are ready to provide your love and guidance to Tantarum, and to ensure its population expands and flourishes once more."

At this, Levi bit his lip. His rather full, somewhat pouty lip. "I'm not stupid. I was damn slow on the uptake for some of . . . this, sure." He gestured to his plump bosom, to his perfect feminine skin. "But I'm aware now. I know I signed the contract. I know I'm stuck here. But you can't expect me to get fucking pregnant, can you?"

Naraz placed a hand upon his chest, bowing slightly. "It is one of the highest callings of the Demon Lord, to produce heirs for her kingdom, and to help flourish its greatest warriors and administrators."

"Pregnant!?! Christ, I'm definitely not getting a pussy! I - I don't care how addictive all of this is."

Naraz gave an apologetic smile. "My Lord - my *Lady* - you know by now your appetites. I would not dare to contradict you on them, but they do speak for themselves. The lust that burns with you is sinful and wonderful, and should be celebrated. So too should

your coming fertility. Your very existence will make our succubi fertile again, our demonesses able to produce! At least our population will expand!”

“That doesn’t mean I’ve got to become a parent! Just let me have consequence free sex, dude! I’ll feast and fuck and they can make the babies. I’m not gonna be a mother.”

Naraz cocked his head. “My Lord, you already will be.”

“I - what?”

“Why do you think so many of our female denizens have been knocking upon your door, pleading for your touch? They wish to be impregnated by your demonic seed before it vanishes completely. And indeed, prior to your final change you will have been most virile. We have already confirmed that Petra and Hellarin are expecting progeny by your unholy seed. All the others, no doubt, are joyfully expecting their dark young as well.”

It hit Levi with the force of a meteor. He touched his stomach, and the smallest tinge of jealousy hit him.

I’m going to be a father and a mother. Holy shit, I’ve slept with literally dozens of demonesses by now. Satyrs, nagas, that medusa lady with the snake hair, the bat woman, the cyclops, the two-headed lady. And they’re all . . . pregnant.

Images of life swelling within permeated his mind in that moment. He could imagine Petra, that green-skinned amazonian succubi, her belly rounded with twins, her skin flawless, her body bountiful. It made Levi moan, and he couldn’t help but cup his boobs for just a moment as the raw sensuality of the image hit him again and again.

Oh God, it sounds so fucking hot. So wrong. So sinful. I could become pregnant when I finish my changes. I could grow with children, and mate and breed. BREED.

The very word was full of dark desire, of sin and taboo and ultimate pleasure. To become not just a Demon Queen, but one whose womb swelled with young. Oh, she could become so pregnant with so many different incubus children. She could bear the child of that handsome, tough minotaur with the giant cock. She could birth snake-like nagas and driders, and have them all suckle from her divine breasts.

“Mmhmmm,” she moaned, barely able to contain herself.

Oh God. I’ve started thinking of myself as female. As a woman. Ohhhhh, why does that sound so delicious?

“My Lord, my Lady,” Naraz said, flickering the words out with his forked tongue. “You seem most aroused by the prospects I put before you.”

“I - fuck off! No way, man! I’m not making babies! No way!”

Naraz bowed. “If my Lady does not desire children, I shall not press the issue. But think of the kingdom. Your kingdom. Tartarum must grow, and your own fertility will bless our broods, as you have already blessed Petra and many others.”

Levi pouted and took her place upon the throne. “Whatever. Just . . . we’re not talking about it. “Do I have anything to actually do today?”

“You do indeed have a number of requests and decisions to make, as well as meetings with the heads of the fortresses so that they may swear allegiance to you.”

Levi sighed. “At least it’s something to do other than fucking. I can’t believe I’m saying that.”

The problem with developing the powerful lusts and beauty of a demoness is that even your work duties are tinged with a powerful atmosphere of sensuality. Naraz took Levi on a tour of her kingdom, she was born aloft on a palanquin in the air, which terrified her at first, and made her actually want to have leathery wings of her own by now. The land really was beautiful in a stark way; there was a ruggedness and beauty to this molten land and its dark fortresses, its gothic sensibilities and volcanic towns. Each of the major fortresses was huge in size, reminding Levi of videogames she used to play before work made her give up that particular hobby. But the aforementioned sensuality returned when she was allowed to inspect the troops and guards. They bowed before her, filling her with excitement. So many strapping soldiers, male and female. The commanders were even greater specimens at each of the forts.

An eight foot tall minotaur with muscles that bulged immensely.

A beautiful demoness with dark blue skin and a whip in one hand, one that could be used in war . . . or in lovemaking.

A spider-like drider with a bulbous backside that made Levi think of pregnancy. She was slender and beautiful, and yet her spider-like aspect was horrifying. Something about that was even more arousing.

I’m so far gone, she thought, that I’m thinking about fucking a giant spider-woman.

The lusts were growing, and she could not contain herself. Naraz kept looking at her curiously, and so she did her best to hide it, but it was difficult to do so while wearing a dark green dress with material so thin that one could see her stiffening nipples poking against the fabric. Her thigh slits were so high that they showed off her hips as well, and her shoulder knots were tensing, desiring to grow.

When she finally returned, she postponed all other business.

“I’m returning to my room.”

“Shall I send an escort for you, my Lady?”

“N-no! Fuck no. I don’t want to keep changing!”

It was a lie, of course. Levi lay in bed, tossing and turning, touching her oily black skin all over, clutching her melon-like breasts and pressing them together, and playing carefully with her genitals, almost urging them to change.

Maybe I can just be a queen but not have the pregnancy part. Petra will be happy. She's got what she wanted. Hellarin too, and all the rest. God, I hope I knocked up that drider. Fuuuuuuck, this is all kinds of wrong.

But she couldn't escape the knowledge that, while it was definitely wrong, it was also what she had desired, in a way. It was exciting. It was different, and daring, and gave the promise of children, even if they were hellish and inhuman. She had her riches and respect, and work was *not* boring in the least.

"Fuck it," she declared. She walked to the doors to her chamber, uncaring how magnetic her appearance was. In fact, she smiled at her reflection in the mirror, observing her queenly manner, her demonic beauty and womanly curves. Like none she had ever seen on a human, that was for sure, and even beyond those of the greatest succubi she had bedded.

"Get me Petra!" she called after opening the door.

The green-skinned amazonian succubi arrived promptly just a few minutes later. She entered, bowed, and smiled.

"What shall it be tonight, my lady?"

"It is true you're pregnant?"

There was no shame in her expression. She touched her belly lightly. She wore a wrap around her breasts and a battle skirt. It was a good look. "I am indeed. Blessed in time by your seed. The first, in fact. It brings me great honour. I promise to always be worthy of your shadow."

Woah. She's . . . proud to have my kid?

It made Levi feel a sense of pride too. "You are . . . most worthy, Petra. Most worthy indeed. I don't think I'm worthy, to be honest. I've got no idea what I'm doing. Naraz wants me to get knocked up."

Petra chuckled at this. "We all wish for you to produce heirs, my Lady. Our destiny is to grow Tantarum back to greatness, when all feared our kingdom. When it was an *Empire*. A blessing of fertility in your womb would aid all our demon numbers, and we could reproduce on a scale never seen since the curse of Thyree."

"It's . . . like, it's that important."

Petra smirked. "More than important. And you will be our dark ruler, our goddess. Our Demoness who gives us all. But . . . you will need to embrace your change. Is there someone you would like to embrace it with? Me, perhaps?"

Levi smiled, her own sharp teeth displayed. "I wouldn't say no. I mean, I'm not certain on getting pregnant, but . . . I would like to be the goddess you're talking about. Much better than my own mortal body, really."

Petra sauntered towards Levi, removing her dress and flinging it to the side, baring her magnificent green body.

"Then let us transform you, my Lady."

Something about finally becoming a true Demon Queen had instilled something in Levi. The sensation of wings sliding out from her shoulder blades, emerging to become brilliant, their leathery flaps sparkling like starry night, it was *divine*. Petra had pleased her wonderfully, and when Levi had finally came, crying out in an increasingly female voice, she revelled in the way her manhood finally withdrew, leaving only a dark womanhood behind. Already she felt it becoming moist with desire, her new insides warm and wanting.

In the end, the change had been easy. She thought it would be like a great leap, but instead it was just the final step. She regarded herself in the mirror, wearing her slip of a red dress, both queenly and kinky at the same time, revealing her power and beauty while also teasing her spectacular curves.

It's time, Levi, she told herself as she posed, her wings dramatically flared out to either side, her horns proud, her tail flickering, her chest voluminous and pert.

"It's time," she said, repeating her thoughts aloud. With one last exhale to calm herself, she gave over to her passions, her desires, her new role. This *would* be all that she wanted, even if it hadn't been originally as she envisioned. She was a queen of darkness now, and she damn well planned to do her part. Especially since, now that she had a pussy between her legs, her imagination was running wild with the demands of her office.

Levi strode down the hall, more confident than she'd ever been. Her hips swayed hypnotically, and her wings were folded behind her back, but she outstretched them as she approached the throne, making all gasp in awe. Even Naraz, usually so calm and confident, dropped his jaw, his eyes wide at the sight of her. In response, Levi stuck out her magnificent chest further, enjoying the slight bounce and the way it commanded attention. Even her horns were adorned in jewellery now, and she imagined many other decorations of silver, gold, and diamonds that she could coat herself in.

This isn't PharmaCorp. This isn't a boring, pointless office job. This is a queen assuming her throne, damn it! This is a life! And it'll be a cold day in hell before I turn away from it!

She smirked as she rose up the steps, taking Naraz's offered hand to be seated in her throne.

"M-my Queen," Naraz stammered, still transfixed by her final transformation as she tucked her wings into her back. Her dress was backless now, and for good reason. "You look like the most beautiful night, Queen Levi."

"No, not Queen Levi," she said. "Not anymore. Call me . . . Queen Lilith. I like that name."

"All bow before Queen Lilith! The Demon Lady of all our kind! Of all Tartarum!"

"HAIL! WE WILL BE WORTHY OF HER SHADOW!"

Lilith smiled, drinking in the worship, the way her supplicants bowed.

"What business today, Naraz?" she asked.

He bowed again. "The southern forts would like to know their new ruler. There is also a dispute along the Magma Cauldron that requires your attention, and matters of the treasury."

She nodded, placing her chin over her palms.

"I can see to that. It may take me some time to learn."

"You are immortal now, my Queen. You have all the time you need."

"Mhm. And yet . . . there is something I should like to get started."

Naraz raised his eyebrows as she looked at him. She extended a hand and ran it down his bare chest, feeling his muscles.

Hmmm, he is very handsome. And he's been behind so much, why not reward him? Besides, I bet he has the most lovely cock, and this new Demon Queen wants to feel one inside her new wetness.

"I think you know, Naraz," she said softly, yet with authority. "It's time for me to do my duty, and I would like you to be the first honoured to help me bear children."

Naraz fell to his knees, hands on the ground.

"It would be the highest honour, my queen."

"Good. And if you impress me, then it won't be the last time. Postpone all those appointments. This Demon Queen is far too aroused for anything else."

And with that, she rose and took his hand, leading him back to her bedchamber.

This is absolutely insane, but I cannot wait to be pregnant with demon young.

"NGH! They're c-close! I can feel it! The pain - it's s-so bad! And s-so wonderful!"

Lilith moaned, spreading her legs as the next contraction ran through her. Her belly was stretched tight with her young, and she was desperately to usher them into the world.

For nine months she had grown with Naraz's progeny - twins, in fact - as well as one minotaur child from Commander Farga. Apparently demon queens could carry babies from more than one father, if the mating and breeding happened closely enough. It had been an amazing journey, one in which she had come increasingly into her own as Demon Queen. Already, far future plans were being drawn up to restore old forts, to build new towns, to mine deeper into the earth, and to grow new nightgardens to sustain their growing population. Half of all the succubi were pregnant, and the lamias had already given birth to their eggs, and were craving more. Truly, Tartarum was growing as much as her gravid belly had, filled with her three children.

"Nghh!" she groaned again, clutching Petra's hand on one side and Hellarin's hand on the other. Both had born their children, and she loved them so, being the father of sorts. "I can feel the first one! Ahhgh!"

"I see the head," said the Dark Midwife. "You are very close, my Lady. Your first children shall be in your arms soon."

Lilith gasped. The pain and pleasure mingled. How did human women bear this without the bliss that demonic birth came with? She felt as if she were in some climax, rather than a time of torment. Or perhaps her priorities had simply changed.

Because I'm the Demon Queen, she thought, bearing down to push again. This is who I am. No longer a man. No longer human. No longer Levi. Fuck, everything has ch-changed. But I wouldn't give it up! Not even - THIS!"

"It's coming!" the midwife declared.

"Your first child!" Petra whispered in her ear.

Lilith smiled, spreading her legs wider and pushing one final time. Something was passing through; her very first child.

"But not - ahgh! - my last!" she cried victoriously.

Not the last at all. She had fallen in love with her demonic life, and could only imagine her legions of progeny to come.

The End