

Room Mates



It was a simple fact that living in the big city was expensive. And you were going to have to have roommates.

But when Oliver took that room at 185 Pandem Drive, he wondered if he'd made a mistake...

"Oliver? Could you pop into the living room real quick?"

He lifted his head from his computer screen, feeling a sudden uncertainty. Shit. Was the rent due already? He'd managed to pay last month's, but only by pawning his phone and eating cup ramen for the last week. "Yeah, sure," he called back as he stood. Attempting to straighten his back and radiate a sense of confidence, he opened the door and made his way to the living room.

Uh oh.

This... might not be good.

He took in the room quickly. More specifically, the five women in it. Layla, Lily, Lamma, Lorra, and Lolla were spread around it, looking at him expectantly. All five were similar, and not just with the first letter of their names. They were also demons.

Now, Oliver didn't have anything against demons. He was a modern man, and never believed in all that nonsense about them being tempters and sadistic manipulators of mortals and men. In fact, he'd partially moved in just to disprove that. He'd also moved in because the rent was cheap, and because all five were stunningly gorgeous.

Layla sat in the main chair, smiling at him. The de facto leader of the group, she was also the bustiest. Her tight top and short shorts did much to advertise her figure, her blonde hair tumbling around a heart shaped face. Two ram's horns rose from her hair as she smiled benignly at him.

Lamma wasn't far. Dark haired, lovely, and wearing a loose sports bra, her lower half was that of a snake and she lounged sleepily on a love seat, her coils taking up almost the entire thing.

Still further, occupying the second love seat, were the twins Lorra and Lolla. Their hair was bubblegum pink in a pixie cut, and both were a bit slimmer than their sister demons. They also wore cut off jeans and crop tops, their skin decorated with what looked like tattoos that seemed to shift whenever you looked at them.

And finally there was Lily, who draped herself on the final chair, hands propped behind her head. Her hair was a lush green with horns like twin thorns. A flower sprouted from atop her head like a crown made of a rose. She smirked at him, wiggling her eyebrows.

Oliver swallowed. Though he'd been happy to move in at first, the simple fact was he was intimidated by the five women. He spent most of his time in his room sending out resumes as a graphic designer, to little effect. He hated to say he was intimidated by the demonesses, but it was true. There was something about the way they looked at him that always made him a bit wary...

"Uh, hey," he said. "What's up?"

"Please," Layla said, gesturing at an empty chair. "Sit."

Oliver did so, shifting uneasily. Shit. Was he going to get kicked out?

"You're not in trouble," Layla assured him, as if reading his mind. "It's just that my sisters and I have noticed you've been having a bit of a hard time."

Heat crept up Oliver's neck. "I... I did manage to cover rent last month," he said quickly. "And I'm sure something will come up. I have a bunch of resumes out and-"

"Of course, Oliver," Layla said soothingly. "We understand."

"Toootally understand," Lolla and Lorra cooed from their seat.

"And after we talked about it, we might have found a way to help you," Layla continued.

He perked up a little. "Oh?" he asked.

The demoness nodded. "You see, Oliver," Layla began, her sonorous voice like honey in his ears. "There's something in demon culture called a 'Sanyaan.' It's a kind of domestic helper for demons out on their own in the mortal realm. Honestly, it's a pretty big job, and not just anyone can do it. But after having you around here for a bit, we all figured that you'd make a good fit."

"Uh... huh," Oliver said, scanning the girls. "And-"

"Naturally," Layla continued with an errant wave, her bust bouncing distractingly from the motion, "the position does have certain cultural elements that aren't easily translated. But the gist of it is that the Sanyaan is both responsible for attending to the needs of the residents of a household, but is also the responsibility of the household. Which in this case, would mean you wouldn't pay rent."

"Yeah!" Lily said, grinning and bouncing in her seat, causing pollen to sprinkle from her flower like golden motes. "We wouldn't dream of charging our precious Sanyaan money to stay here. That'd be wrooong."

Oliver wasn't sure he liked Lily's grin. The floral demon had always been the most condescending to him and, frankly, kind of intimidating. But no rent? It was tempting. He'd already almost burned through all his savings, and not having to shell out almost a thousand a month meant a big opportunity to stay in the city. And given how his job search had been going, not having to scrimp every penny would be much appreciated. He hadn't eaten meat in weeks.

"So... I'd just be helping out around the house? Cleaning and such?" he asked.

"More or less," Layla said, her nod causing her almost ludicrous bust to wobble. "The Sanyaan is meant to make his demons feel... comfortable. Whatever that might be. We think it would just be... helpful for everyone if you were the one for us. After all, you are around all the time, and all of us quite like you. We just want to help you," Layla said, her voice so smooth and soothing. "Don't you want us to help you?"

"I... I guess so," Oliver said, flushing a little with embarrassment. He still felt unsure, though he couldn't pick out the exact reason why. Layla had that effect on him. She always just sounded so... reasonable. Always made so much sense. He also couldn't see how he could deny her here. It seemed like the perfect arrangement. He wasn't working right now. He was always around. He only really left when the odd job interview popped up. Why not do a few chores around the place? "I suppose... I could give it a shot..."

"That's great, Oliver," Layla said sweetly as she rose suddenly with a bounce of her chest. "We really appreciate it. You heard him girls. Now, we'd better get going. Lots of work to do!"

"Ta!" Lily chirped as she rose.

"See you," Lorra and Lolla giggled as they bounced from their chair and out of the room.

Lamma winked at him and slithered away.

Oliver sat there, mouth agape as the room emptied in seconds. He looked around himself blankly, then sighed.

Well, whatever.

What was the worst that could happen?

#

At first, Oliver's job as a Sanyaan was fairly simple. He'd already been doing odd jobs around the house, by virtue of seemingly being the only person who actually knew how to pick up after themselves. Now it was just a more formalized arrangement. Laundry. Dishes. Some occasional cleaning. It was, frankly, pretty easy. Especially since he was mostly just waiting all day for a call or email of a job offer. And if it paid the rent, hell, it was a pretty good deal in his book.

But the first taste of his other duties as a Sanyaan came along on the second day.

He was making his way to the kitchen to grab a snack when he heard Lamma's sleepy voice call from the couch.

"Sanyaan? Can you... come here... please..."

He paused, then warily approached the couch. Lamma was draped over it in all her serpentine glory, and there was a lot of it. He honestly wasn't too sure what to make of Lamma. The lamian demoness wasn't very talkative, and seemed mostly to lounge around the place. But he often felt her lidded eyes on him when he passed her, giving him a feeling like a mouse being stalked by an adder. But what all that implied he wasn't too sure.

“Yes?” he asked.

The demoness stretched lazily, her tail flicking as it stirred. “Mmm... I’m tired,” she mumbled. “Need some... help getting a nap.”

“Uh... Alright. You want I should get you some more pillows? Warm up some milk or...”

She shook her head, mussy dark hair swaying as she lazily arched, lifting her humanoid half up and beckoning him nearer.

Oliver felt a tingle of unease about the situation, but nonetheless moved in closer.

Faster than his eye could follow Lamma’s coils suddenly whipped around and his legs and started wrapping around him. He yelped, instinctively pulling away, only to find her black body shockingly strong, and instead he was dragged onto the couch and up against the lovely demon-girl.

“Mmm. Can’t sleep well... if I’m not squeezing something,” Lamma murmured, her dark scales pulling him in closer as he arms wrapped around him.

He sucked in a breath as her coils slithered around his chest. “L-Lamma, I... I uh...”

“Relax,” she said drowsily as he found himself pulled tight against her, squeezing him against her plump breasts. “Just... mmm... relax...”

Hard to do while trapped among coils strong as steel cables. Oliver squirmed, but there was no escape. His arms were locked against his sides, and his legs were trapped tight. “Uh, Lamma?” he said.

She didn’t answer, her eyes closed, her breathing coming in slow and steady. Which Oliver was very much aware of, as every inhale mashed his head against her bust.

His face burned, but he saw no way to escape, and found the idea of shouting for help a bit humiliating. Besides, he... supposed this was part of the deal. To comfort his hosts. And it wasn’t the worst position to be in. Honestly, it actually felt a bit... nice to be wrapped up by her. Something strangely alluring about his arms being trapped against his sides. His legs locked together. Her powerful, black coils lazily flexing around him. Squeezing him.

In fact, it felt a little... too good.

Oliver coughed uneasily as he felt his manhood press against the inside of his pants. Hoo boy, that wasn’t... wasn’t great. And the way that Lamma’s coils tightened and flexed in her sleep rubbed his cock in some alarmingly exciting ways. Oliver bit his lip, gnawing at it as his shaft throbbed in its prison.

Fuck.

Fuck, was he... was he getting off on this? Which, well, wouldn't be much of a surprise. Lamma was beautiful. And her breasts were practically crushed into his face. Not to mention she was quite warm and, well, what man wouldn't be a... a bit turned on by being held so closely to a woman like her?

With considerable effort he was able to suppress a whimper, but though he'd grown somewhat comfortable with the coils around him, the problem of his erection wasn't going away. In fact, it was getting worse.

Not that he was getting harder. Though, that was almost the problem. He was hard as he was going to get, but relief felt increasingly far off. Lamma was almost unnervingly good at teasing him in his sleep. Her coils squeezing and massaging his cock with slow, tender undulations. Pumping his dick in his pants regardless of his best effort.

Oliver felt his flush growing hot. He tried to squirm, though he wasn't sure if he was trying to escape or rub himself more thoroughly against the body trapping him. It was moot either way. Lamma's coils were like shackles. He was trapped.

And frustrated.

"Fuck," Oliver breathed, his cock throbbing as her coils gave another lazy ripple. "Fuck..."

Arousal pounded behind his eyes. His balls began to ache. Fuck. Fuck...

Oliver wriggled, trying to get free. To get some relief. But somehow his squirming only turned him on more. He was so close too. So near. His orgasm trembled just at the edge of possibility. Like he was swaying on a peak and just couldn't quite step over.

Fuck.

Oh fuck.

He was sweating. Starting to pant. His head swimming.

And then Lamma gave a yawn, stretched.

And squeezed his needy cock.

"Mnnnn!" Oliver groaned, quivering as he came, his cock throbbing as it pulsed, spurting in his pants in a sudden rush of orgasmic pleasure. A high that rushed through him with mind-melting ecstasy. Every muscle relaxed, and Oliver just sagged there, helpless, spent.

And feeling absolutely amazing.

“Mmm. That felt... goooood,” Lamma murmured, stroking his face as her eyes half-opened.

Oliver flinched, recovering, embarrassment rushing through him in a flash at what he’d just done. “I um...”

“So comfy,” Lamma cooed, giving him another squeeze as she pet his head, prompting Oliver to whimper aloud this time. “Mmm,” the demoness said, smirking. “Thank you... Oliver. You make such a... goood Sanyaan.”

“Th-thanks,” he gasped. “Can I... um, maybe get up now?”

“Mmm? Suuuuure,” Lamma hummed, her coils loosening around him.

Freed, Oliver got to his feet, though some part of him yearned to fall back into the sweet embrace of the serpentine demoness. But he fought it, in no small part due to the dampness in his pants. “I’ll just... uh... I’ll go do my um, chores. Bye.”

“Bye,” Lamma said, lazily waving her fingers at him as he shuffled back towards his room. “See you neeeext time.”

Oliver paused, a thrill racing up his spine and his face flaming anew before he hurried off to change. To shower.

And to try not to think about how much he hoped next time would be very very soon...

#

The laundry had to be done at least twice a week, and it was mostly fine. The girls tended to fill up the hamper in the laundry room, but there were always some articles that were left behind.

Some more than others.

He knocked on Lily’s door. “Lily?” he called.

“Eh?” called the demoness on the other side.

“It’s laundry day.”

“Oh, right. C’mon in.”

Oliver opened the door and stepped inside. He’d only seen Lily’s room through the open door, and sadly, the inside was as bad as he expected.

Clothes were everywhere, absolutely littering what seemed like every inch of flat surface. Not helping things was that the plant demon's scent absolutely saturated the place. Pungent and yet sweet, Oliver's nose twitched at the strength of it.

He'd always been subtly aware of her perfume, but he tended to avoid the parts of the house that her scent lay heavy. Not really an option now, though, and Lily herself was parked in a chair in front of her computer, the large flower blooming on her head unfurled, the girl herself dressed in nothing but panties and a t-shirt.

"Hey," she called, glancing over her shoulder at him with a smirk. "About time. You can start picking them up now."

"I'm not your slave," Oliver said, scowling at her.

His tone got her full attention, and she swiveled her chair to face him, a smirk growing on her lips. "True," she said, leaning forward, her breasts squeezing against her top. "You're my good boy Sanyaan, aren't you? Now get to cleaning."

Oliver felt his face warm, and he knew the smart thing would just be to leave and make the spoiled brat clean up her own room.

Yet instead, he grunted, crouched down, and started filling the basket.

It took some time. There were a lot of clothes scattered around. A suspicious amount, actually. Oliver felt sure that Lily couldn't possibly wear so many clothes in just four days. But he couldn't deny that every article he picked up seemed to just be soaking in her scent. To make matters worse, he started to feel a bit light headed from the scent. It was just so... strong. So pleasant.

So easy to breathe deep.

Deep.

Fill his lungs.

Fill his head...

Oliver shook his head, which throbbed like it was stuffed to bursting. "Is... is that all of it?" he asked.

"Oh, no," Lily said, getting out of her chair. "Got a few more."

"Well," he said, looking around. "Where are they? I... um..."

Oliver trailed off, his jaw slowly falling slack as Lily grabbed the hem of her t-shirt and dragged it off.

"Gotta admit," Lily said as she tossed her shirt onto the pile, revealing the plump orbs of her breasts, "it's a big relief having someone around to do all this stuff for us."

"Uh huh," Oliver said, blushing furiously. "Well, you know. I just... want to be helpful."

"And you are," Lily said as she tugged off her panties, pushing her peachy bottom out towards him. "You're such a helpful boy."

Oliver tried not to blush at that and failed quite miserably.

"There we go," Lily giggled, straightening and dropping the panties into the pile right under his nose, the demoness grinning wickedly at him over it. "Now, wash them real good. I'm afraid my perfume tends to just... soak the stuff. You really need to give it a bit of effort to get it out of it. Might even have to hand scrub it. But I hear lots of people like the smell. Are you one of them, Oliver?"

"I uh..."

"You wouldn't do something as naughty," she breathed, stepping in closer, her glowing eyes lidded, her grin cruelly playful, "as sniff my dirty laundry, would you? Get just... drunk off my perfume? My musk? My pollen?"

Oliver's face flamed. His heart and head pounded. "I... N-no. I w-wouldn't."

"Yeah?" Lily giggled, the flower in her hair puffing some pollen, its pungent scent growing. "You wouldn't get all hard on my scent? On sniffing my clothes and jerking off while thinking of licking me? Tasting my body with your tongue while I sit on your face? Grind you under my ass like the good, obedient Sanyaan you are?"

"I-I wouldn't. Never! No!" he gasped, blushing, hot, feeling addled and confused and fuck, why was he so hard?

"Yeah?" Lily laughed, her finger poking his nose. "Why not?"

His mouth opened, but his addled mind struggled to answer. "I uh... I g-gotta wash these!" he managed to gasp, lurching around and racing for the door, only to find it closed. He banged off it, dropping the laundry, much to Lily's amusement.

"Aw, look at that! Better be a good boy and pick them up, Sanyaan," she sang.

Flushed, humiliated, and somehow hopelessly hard, Oliver crouched down and did as she ordered, trying to ignore the naked demoness inches away, her arms crossed under her breasts, her smirk wide as she watched him scramble.

Then the last article, her panties, remained. But when he reached for it, Lily's foot landed on it, trapping the silky article.

Oliver paused and glanced up at her towering over him. "L-Lily? Can you..."

"Mmm?" she asked, still smirking down at him.

"Y-your foot."

"Oh? You want me to move it?"

"P-please. Yes."

Lily leaned down, smirking at him. "Then kiss it," she breathed.

Oliver gaped. "Wh-what?"

"Kiss my foot, Sanyaan," she cooed. "Kiss it like a good boy and I'll move."

Oliver's face was on fire. His whole body trembled. He panted, huffing, breathing in short and fast. His lungs filled with her scent as he knelt before her, trying not to stare at her heavy breasts. Her slick pussy. He looked back down at her foot.

Her toes.

Her panties.

His head began to lower. It was strange. Like someone else was doing it. His mind fogged. Sloshed. Lost and hazy. He leaned in for her red toes.

And kissed them.

Lily's mocking laughter made him flinch and his cock throb. "Good boy! Here's your prize," she said, moving her foot.

Never had Oliver blushed harder. He snatched the panties up and shoved them into the laundry basket, jolted upright and fumbled open the door. He stumbled out into the hall, making a beeline to the laundry room with Lily's mocking laughter pursuing him.

But for the rest of the day, his clothes were heavy with the demon's cloying perfume.

And he couldn't justify why he didn't change them...

#

Oliver scrubbed the dishes with a will, his body tense.

Something had... changed for him lately. Ever since his encounter with Lily he'd been finding her cast off clothes around the house. He'd picked them up, of course, but that scent now seemed to just... permeate every room. Lily's scent. Something floral and perfumed. It was inescapable. It bothered him. Not because she was a slob. He was used to that. And not because he found it unpleasant, but because of the opposite. He liked it. Every whiff reminded him of that encounter. That teasing. That mocking and how hard it made him. It seemed even more potent now that he was aware of it. Like he was huffing it every room he walked into.

And fuck, it kept him so hard... His mind so fogged. So confused. He'd even found her underwear in his room one day and, for some reason, hadn't put them in the laundry basket.

They were still there.

Under his pillow.

His face burned with the humiliation of it. He knew she knew. She'd been taking every opportunity to rub against him when they crossed in the halls. Shoving her flower into his face until he couldn't help but breathe in her sweet pollen.

Her heavy pollen.

Her wonderful, dizzying perfume...

His cock twitched in the tight, uncomfortable confines of his pants, and Oliver groaned.

"Oh Ooooooiver!"

He froze in the midst of washing a plate, that singsong chorus of two making his muscles tighten with worry.

"Y-yeah, Lolla? Lorra?" he called back nervously. "What is it?"

"Could you come in here?" the pair chimed in tandem.

Oliver felt a trickle of unease. The twins had rarely bothered him, but he knew their mischievous nature all too well. Still, if they had a task, it was his duty to help with it. He was the Sanyaan.

"Sure," he said, drying his hands before making his way into their room. Easing the door open, he peeked inside.

Their room was very... well, pink. And not just pink but fluffy. The entire room was a studio for the twin's streaming business. Apparently they were very popular. With their low cut shirts he wasn't surprised.

At the moment the twins were sitting in front of their vanity, and when he walked in they both turned, smiling.

“Oliver! There’s our favourite Sanyaan!” Lorra chirped.

“Perfect timing,” Lolla said, waving a tube of lipstick at him. “We just got a bunch of makeup from companies looking to sponsor us, and we need to test them.”

“You’ll help, right?” Lorra asked as she lazily applied a bubblegum pink gloss onto her full, plump lips.

“I... um, I’m not much of a... a makeup guy,” Oliver said uneasily.

The pair gave each other a knowing look, then giggled again.

“Silly!” Lolla said, the pair sliding from their chairs.

“So silly,” Lorra agreed as they stalked up to him. “We need to wear it! And you give us your opinion on it.”

“Oh!” Oliver said, relaxing a bit in sudden understanding. “Right. Right. Um, sure. I guess I can do that.”

He saw the pair exchange another amused look. “Such a good boy,” they cooed.

Then leaned up and kissed his cheeks.

Oliver started, gasping in surprise as his hand flew to his cheek. “Wha-”

“Testing the lipstick, silly,” Lorra giggled. “Oooh! Look how big the mark is on his face! Isn’t this just the best, Lolla?”

“The best, Lorra. The best!” Lolla chirped.

“Um, glad to uh... to help,” Oliver stammered nervously. “Then, um, if we’re done...”

“Done?” the pair chorused in mock shock as they leaned against him, trapping him between them. “Silly boy!” Lolla giggled. “We’ve barely gotten started!”

“That’s right!” Lorra added. “We need to test our lipstick totally thoroughly! We can’t advertise it to our fans if we’re not sure about it. That’d be just dumb!”

“Dumb, dumb, dumb,” Lolla giggled, punctuating each word with another kiss.

Oliver only just managed to suppress a whimper. Every kiss seemed to zing through him. Spark through his nerves like he’d just touched a live wire, making his skin tingle with sensitivity.

“What a good boy,” the pair chimed, giggling. “So helpful! Such a good... good... boy...”

"A-ah!" Oliver gasped, bucking as they kissed his face again and again. Every press of their lips another shock of pure pleasure racing through his veins. Shooting down.

Down.

Down to his already twitching cock, which began to throb. Pulse. Rubbing against his underwear in a way that made him whimper and squirm.

Within minutes he was barely able to stay standing, his legs threatening to buckle. His head spinning. He only remained standing by being trapped between the two demons, who licked their glossy lips, admiring the canvas of kiss marks coating his face.

"Uh oh, Lolla. We're running out of space!" Lorra breathed.

"Can't have that," Lolla giggled, her hand stealing under Oliver's shirt.

"I... h-hold on," Oliver gasped, his head feeling like it was filled with pink clouds, yet a quiver of alarm going through him. "I... um..."

"Be a good boy now," the pair cooed, teasing open the buttons of his shirt.

Tugging it off.

And delivering two huge, plump kisses to frame his nipples with their gloss.

"Nnnnn!" Oliver moaned, head thrown back, cock quivering at that latest lipstick assault. His head buzzed. Fogged. His thoughts slow. Sluggish. Overwhelmed by shocks of pleasure that spat through him with every press of rouged lips. "Ah... ah... ah..."

"You know, I think you should go without clothes," Lolla said.

"Oh, you're so right, Lolla," Lorra giggled as she continued to kiss Oliver, painting his heaving chest and collarbone with lipstick marks. "Clothes are so passe! Fashion is all about naked. And a Sanyaan is so fashionable. They gotta be to make us look good."

"They gotta be to make us happy," Lolla cooed as she kissed his stomach, making his muscles flex and twitch.

"He's gotta be," Lorra breathed, his skin prickling from the wet warmth as her lips came in close. "...to be a good boy..."

Oliver whimpered, his head throbbing from the tactile sensations buzzing through his body. Sensitive. So sensitive. His cock was absolutely tenting his pants. Pulsing with arousal. His legs fought not to buckle. Every touch of the pair made his cock throb near climax.

"I... I..."

"Gonna be so sensitive all the time now," Lorra crooned.

"That's right! Pants would make you cum so easily," Lolla breathed. "And can't have that. Can't have good boys cumming all the time. Not when he's gotta work."

"That's right!" Lorra agreed as she kissed him again. "Good boys only cum for rewards. You want to be a good boy, right, Oliver?"

"Y-yes," Oliver gasped. "Wanna be. I... I do..."

"Oh we know!" the pair crooned, kissing him again, making him groan in ecstasy as their soft lips left behind marks that tingled on his skin. "We know! Such a good boy. Our good boy!"

Oliver bit his lip to try and stifle the whimpers of pleasure that threatened to escape him. It was all he could do not to grab his cock and pump it. But... but good boys didn't do that. And he needed to be a... a... Fuck. Fuck, he knew his mind was so confused. So lost. He was being so... so...

"Dumb," one of the girls said. Which? He didn't know. Couldn't tell them apart. He was so horny. So impossibly fucking horny. He couldn't tell. Their faces swam in his vision.

Even as they pulled off his pants.

Gasped in delight at his cock.

"Ohhhh. Look how hard he is!" one of them said.

"Soooo hard. What a good boy being so hard for us."

"Gotta reward him, Lorra."

"We have to, Lolla."

"And make sure the lipstick looks so good on a boy's cock," they chimed in tandem.

Oliver struggled to parse their words. Their meanings. Then his head spun as he fell back, his heart flying into his throat until he collapsed into the welcoming softness of a beanbag chair.

Then two identical faces swam into view, crouching over his lap and throbbing shaft. Smirking at him. Puckering up.

And kissing his cock.

"Ah!" Oliver cried out, bucking as pleasure like none he'd known before seared through him. "O-ohhhhh!"

“Good boy,” the two beauties cooed, speaking between the rain of kisses they delivered to his shaft. “Good boy! Good boys go naked. Good boys cum. Good boys are naked. Good boys cum.”

Oliver clutched at the yielding fabric of the beanbag, his hips twitching with every kiss. Gasps. Moans. Protests. Pleading. None of it made sense. Few of it was words.

And none were refusals.

None were denials.

And all grew shorter.

Hotter.

Grew to gasps until... until...

“Mnnnnn!” Oliver groaned, shuddering as his whole body gave in. As his cock twitched, pulsed, and then fountained with his seed. Spurting arcs of his cum across the room. His balls clenching with the euphoria of his release.

Oliver floated on that orgasmic high. A cloud of such pleasure he could barely think suffocating his thoughts. Then, into his blurry vision swam two smirking faces. Two faces looking down at him with amusement. With mocking sweetness.

“Good boy,” they cooed.

And kissed him on the forehead.

#

With slow movements Oliver vacuumed the carpet.

Back and forth.

Back and forth.

It was easy to do it. Easy to do the task. Something mindless. Something easy. Something even a dummy like him could do. He was getting good at cleaning now. Cleaning was good. He liked to clean for them. Good boys cleaned. Good boys got rewards.

He was naked too. Oliver realized that dimly. His skin smelled strongly of Lily. She’d rubbed against him earlier that day. Coated him with her pollen. Her scent. The scent was so good. So strong.

He breathed in deeply, Lily’s musk rushing into his nose. Fogging his mind. He shivered as a breeze wafted through the room, his skin tingling with sensitivity. His cock twitching from

where it jutted from his waist. Horny. Horny all the time. No clothes. Good boys didn't wear clothes. Good boys cleaned.

Good boy.

Good boy.

His vacuuming slowed as the scent faded slightly in the air. Shouldn't... he should be working too, right? He wasn't sure when was the last time he touched his computer. Went looking for a job. When... what was...

"Oliver? Could you come in here please?"

Instantly Oliver obeyed the gentle voice, turning off the vacuum and walking into the living room. He paused at the familiar scene that awaited him, with all of the demons of the house in attendance, just like they had been when he was first made the Sanyaan. But there was a different air about them now. Something more relaxed yet anticipatory. A shiver rippled over his skin at the feeling. Like walking into a den of lions who hadn't been fed in a week.

Yet walk in he did.

"Y-yes?" he asked, trembling a little as he felt their hungry eyes rake him.

Layla gave him a warm smile. "No need to stay standing," she said gently, beckoning. "Come. Have a seat on the couch with us."

Oliver knew that was not a good idea. Yet, he found himself murmuring, "Yes. Of course," and stepping forward. Again that shiver, as if the jaws of a trap were closing on him. Yet he couldn't help but walk to the couch and take a seat.

The second he did Lamma's tail lazily wrapped around him, trapping his arms to his sides. He gasped, toppling, only to find himself landing on Layla.

More specifically, her breasts.

He felt that firm softness against the back of his head, Layla's face looming over him as she smiled down. "Comfy?" she asked.

"I ah... I c-can move..."

"Nonsense," she said, her hands beginning to stroke his hair soothingly. "Just relax, Oliver. Relax our Sanyaan."

Oliver blinked at that sonorous voice, and found his body losing its tension. Relaxing even as Lamma's coils lazily tightened around him.

"There we go," Layla crooned. "Just relax for us."

"Yeah," Lorra and Lolla giggled, suddenly sitting near his legs, leaning in with sweet smiles. "Relax."

"Be a good boy," Lily added, suddenly on his right, leaning over him with a smirk, her floral scent settling on him like a fog.

Oliver gasped as he felt Lorra and Lolla's fingers touch his naked skin, beginning to teasingly run their hands over his body. His cock throbbed, jutting straight up. But it wasn't neglected for long, and Oliver groaned as Lolla and Lorra began to caress him up and down his length.

"There we go," Layla crooned gently. "Are you nice and comfy, Oliver?"

"I... ah... I am," he managed.

"Good. Because we have something important to discuss with you. About your... place in the house?"

"Wh-what?" Oliver asked, barely able to follow the conversation. Not while Lily kissed him. While the twins stroked him. While Lamma squeezed him...

"You see," Layla said as she stroked his hair, soothing him anew. "This was a kind of... trial period. And you passed with flying colours. We were so happy with you as your Sanyaan."

"Soooo happy," Lamma breathed as her coils tightened, making him shudder and whimper.

"And so," Layla continued warmly, "we decided that we want you as our permanent Sanyaan. Which means you get to be here all the time. Get to stay in the house with us. Serve us like a good mortal. Make us all happy like I know you want to do."

"You want to, right?" Lorra and Lolla chorused as they tenderly pumped his cock.

"I..." Oliver gasped, squirming, trapped, pleased, and loving every minute of it. His head so fogged. His thoughts so heavy. His body so sensitive and aching and feeling soooo goooooood.

"Of course he does," Lily cackled, leaning in and rubbing against him, puffs of pollen and perfume bursting right into his face, filling his lungs with his every panting gasp. "He loves it. He's such a goooooood boy."

"Nnn!" Oliver whimpered, his cock throbbing at those words. Those wonderful words.

"Oh, he likes being called a good boy," Lorra purred as her fingers played with his cock.

"He loves it a lot," Lolla cooed, leaning in and kissing his tip.

"Ah... ah..." Oliver gasped, his chest heaving, his body buzzing, his mind fuzzy. Good. So good. All so good.

"Is that right, Oliver?" Layla asked teasingly. "Do you like it when we call you a good boy? Praise you for being such a good Sanyaan?"

"Y-yes," he stammered, blushing hot with humiliation. Hot with arousal. So hot and helpless and loving every moment of it.

"Good," Layla cooed, still stroking his head. Pressing him against the softness of her pillowy breasts. "That's so good, Oliver. Because we want you to be our good boy. Our Sanyaan. Being a good boy is so good. Good boys feel good. And good boys," Layla said, dangling something before his face, "wear collars."

Oliver blinked, his eyes focusing unsteadily. He saw a ring of leather being held before him, but something about it felt strange. Odd. The red runes glowing along its interior filled him with a fear and yet a sinful thrill of anticipation.

"I..." Oliver managed uncertainly. "I... I don't..."

"What?" Lily asked coyly as she continued rubbing against him. Soaking him with her scent. "Don't want to be our good boy?"

"Ssssuch a goooood boy," Lamma murmured.

"Is that right, Oliver?" Layla asked, swaying the collar before him. "Don't you want to be a good boy?"

"Don't you wanna be?" Lorra and Lolla sang sweetly. "Wanna be our good boy?"

"Because you know," Layla purred as she continued to bounce the collar before his captivated eyes, "only good boys get to cum. Only good boys get to spurt. Only good boys get played with and kissed and teased and made so very... very... horny..."

"Don't you want that?" Lily cooed as she pressed another heavy, wet kiss to his cheek.

"Don't you neeeeed it?" Lamma murmured.

He did.

Oh fuck, he did.

Oliver groaned and wriggled, but not to escape. Only to feel. Only to peak. Only to cum. His balls were aching. His cock throbbing. He... he had to cum. He neeeeeded to cum! But Lolla

and Lorra had slowed down. Expertly. Tortuously. Knowing just how little to pump and stroke him. Knowing just how much to tease and pump him. And he couldn't touch himself. Trapped by Lamma's coils. And his nose being stuffed with Lily's perfume. And his head mashed against Layla's breasts.

Fuck.

Oh fuck.

"Just say it," Layla breathed, reaching up, unhooking the collar and spreading it before his eyes. "Say you want to be ours. All ours. Unable to disobey us. Unable to resist us. Our plaything. Our pet. Helpless for us. You already are. You're so close. So just agree. Be collared. Be ours."

"Ours," Lily cooed with another kiss.

"Oursssss," Lamma moaned as she squeezed him.

"All ours," Lolla and Lorra giggled as they pumped him.

Oliver felt on the verge of tears. He knew he shouldn't. Dimly he knew he mustn't. That he'd be giving up something he couldn't get back. Giving up his freedom. He knew he mustn't.

But he also knew he couldn't.

Couldn't resist.

Couldn't say no.

Couldn't do anything but squeeze out a whimpering, helpless, pathetic, "Yes!"

Giggles and laughter surrounded him as Layla leaned down and kissed his forehead. "Good boy," she purred.

And put the collar around his neck.

The second the latch clicked Oliver jolted, gasping. A sudden rush went through him. An electric surge of tactile pleasure. His skin tingled and his eyes widened at the sudden rush of sensation that surged through him.

"O-oh," he gasped. "Oh. Oh! Ohhhhhh!" he groaned as the stroking fingers suddenly pushed him over the edge. His body shuddering as an orgasm like no other claimed him. As his cock fairly fountained, spurting his pearly seed all over his lap and the hands of the two demon girls stroking him.

"Mmm," Layla cooed, stroking his head further. "There. Wasn't that wonderful, Oliver?"

"Y-yes," he gasped, sagging back, chest heaving, feeling drained. Spent. Yet good. So very very good. "Yes," he said dreamily. "So... so good."

"And it's just the beginning," Layla assured him as she moved out from behind him, lazily stepping over his body. As she did her clothes seemed to simply melt off, baring the fullness of her curves, her red skin lush as she turned about, straddling him, her naked pussy bared, her breasts heavy, nipples peaking, and amusement shining in her eyes. "Because a true Sanyaan is never too tired to serve his mistresses. Isn't that right, ladies?"

"Exactly," Lily giggled.

"Uh huh," Lolla and Lorra cooed.

"Mmm," Lamma purred, her forked tongue stroking his cheek.

And Oliver discovered that he was, indeed, still ready to serve. His cock jutting up, tender and sensitive, but ready for more. He stared at it, mouth agape. But as he felt his collar warm against his skin, he realized that it was exactly right. He should be hard all the time. Naked all the time. He should be ready to serve and be teased and pleased by the demons of the house.

Because he was theirs.

And as Layla lowered herself onto his cock, the demoness moaning in bliss as her velvet pussy swallowed his length in its tight, slick heat, Oliver knew that this was where he belonged. Under his mistresses. Pleasuring them. Serving them.

Because that was what being their Sanyaan was all about...