

Dance of the Damned



Malik looked down at the small village with a feeling beyond relief.

He sighed as if exhaling the strain of his long week of hiking, his legs quivering, nearly buckling as he gazed down at the cozy little community nestled among the mountains. He'd been starting to think he'd be spending the night with a rock for a pillow again. Thank the gods that wasn't the case.

Aided by a second wind at the promise of a bed not made of nettles, he hurried down the hill towards the village below. It looked to be typical for this remote region, being made up of small freeholds scattered about. Mainly rural farms with a larger building he immediately marked out as the inn.

He also noticed there were quite a few women about town. And the local dress seemed to favour as little fabric as possible. Short skirts hugged plump hips and faint straps of multi-coloured cloth strapped down breasts they were wholly inadequate to contain. Girls paused in the midst of conversation or work to watch him pass, which wasn't particularly unusual. He

doubted the village saw many visitors. But what made him a bit uneasy was what was in their stares.

They seemed almost... hungry.

Malik shrugged it off however as he reached the inn and pushed open the door. It was quiet inside, with only two other customers. One a pretty woman lazily drinking some ale. The other a rather haggard looking man hunched defensively in his seat, a thick scraggly beard swallowing his face and a straw hat pulled low over his eyes.

A barmaid was wiping down a table when he arrived. She lifted her head and beamed.

“Well well! A new customer. Ain’t you a sight for sore eyes,” she laughed.

Malik flushed a little under her attention. She was unmistakable beautiful, with black hair woven in a pony tail, an apron wrapped around her front, but which only seemed to emphasize the heft of her assets. She straightened lazily from the table, breasts giving a faint jiggle as she planted her hands on her hips, smiling at him with the same sort of overly assessing look he got from the village girls.

“Well, take a seat wherever you like,” she said. “Want some ale and a meal?”

“That’d be lovely,” Malik said as he lowered himself into a chair.

The barmaid laughed richly. “I bet it would! You just make yourself comfortable, sugar. Sweet Suzy’ll be right back with something to put some hair on your chest.”

Malik felt again the burn of a blush as the jovial beauty wandered into the back, shouting something to the cook. As he settled in, Malik looked about the inn with interest. It was a homey place, the wood of its walls, furniture, and ceiling looking well worn and varnished, almost glowing in the light of a fire burning richly in a nearby hearth. It was all downright... cozy, and Malik found it easy to begin to relax.

Right up until the hairy man from across the room plopped into the seat opposite.

Malik tried to hide his grimace. The man smelled like he’d slept with the horses in the stable, and frankly looked it too. His thick coat covered him and straw poked from his hair here and there.

“You shouldn’t be here,” the hairy man hissed.

“Pardon?” Malik asked, shifting a bit away from him.

“No man should be here,” the newcomer said in a voice like a growl. “Mark my words, boy,” he said, raising a finger. “You should run. Run! The darkness will take you. The pump house. The song of sin and drums of heat. They await!”

“What?” Malik said blankly.

In answer, the hairy man put his fists against his head and poked up his index fingers, wagging them. “The horns,” he said. “The hooooorns! The horns will take your head. Your head in your balls!”

Malik edged further back in his chair. “Um...”

“Guard your balls, boy,” the man hissed, getting back to his feet. “Guard the balls!”

“Uh, right. Will do.”

Waving his arms, reeling, the hairy man staggered towards the doors and out. “Mad! They’re all maaaaad!” came his fading voice.

Malik stared at the door for a long moment as he tried to process what had just happened. Well, that was... odd.

“Don’t mind him, sugar. Old Bert is somethin’ of the village idiot.”

Malik glanced up to find the barmaid had returned, a smirk sitting on her soft lips and a mug of ale in hand.

“Oh, of course not,” Malik laughed, waving off her concerns. “I don’t. Honestly, I’ve seen it a lot in the villages I’ve passed through. Still, those sorts often have stories to tell that are worth recording as well.”

“You’re a scholar, then?” she asked, setting a drink down in front of him and taking a seat on the other side.

“Absolutely,” he replied animatedly. “A researcher of the history and traditions of the local communities of the kingdom. Not a high paying job, mind you, but richly rewarding in so many other ways. Why, as the world changes, someone needs to record the traditions, rituals, and beliefs of the areas in the kingdom before they pass. And regions such as this, being so remote, are doubly important.”

“So, y’all are interested in local traditions?” Suzy said.

“Of course!”

“Mmm,” she purred, settling her chin in her palms, her eyes lidded and warm, her breasts straining the top of her apron. “Then have I got good news for you.”

"Oh?" Malik asked, struggling not to steal a peak into that tanned valley.

"Mhmm. Just so happens we're having a little village ritual tonight. Something of a... fertility rite. All the locals get involved. And we'd be plum pleased if a sweet thing like you wanted to stop by and take it in."

"Why, I'd love to!" Malik exclaimed. "It sounds like a golden opportunity to study the rural traditions of the locals."

"Sure thing," Suzy cooed, her smile growing wider. "And I'll make sure you get the best seat to the whole house..."

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It was late when Suzy fetched Malik from his room.

"Do I need to bring anything?" he'd asked.

"Just your sweet self, sugar," the woman replied as she led him downstairs by the light of a lamp. "In fact, the less the better. Ha ha! Just yankin' your chain. For now," she said with a wink.

Malik felt himself flush. Though he was hardly a virgin, the raw sensuality and brazenness of the barmaid was quite different from what he was used to. He wasn't sure he disliked it, but it was hard for him to know how to respond.

They left the tavern, the night grown deep, swamping the village in shadows. All save the large barn at the end of town, from which light spilled out in a warm glow. As they drew nearer, Malik heard laughter and rough voices, nearly drowned among girlish giggles and coos.

They reached the door and Malik stared at the scene within. There were perhaps twenty men inside, and easily double that in women. The men looked downright drunk, but happy as the gorgeous peasant girls eagerly undressed them, draping them in strange, loose clothes like robes open at the front.

"C'mon in," Suzy said playfully as she put the lamp aside and pulled him inside, her smile wickedly gleeful. "We're gonna have some fun!"

Malik allowed himself to be tugged by Suzy to a small group of women. They laughed as he found himself among them, eager hands quickly stripping him. He flushed hotly as his shirt and pants were stolen away, soon leaving him in nothing but his underclothes.

"And uh, what um, significance is this for?" he called to a smirking Suzy, who watched from nearby.

“To shed your earthly worries and burdens, of course,” she said.

“Oh, yes. Of course,” he said as a robe was draped over him.

More hands quickly ferried him on, and he found himself and the other men planted on a number of benches sitting in a circle around a central pillar rising out of the floor of the barn. It was a curious idol, he had to say. Made of a heavy, black stone, it rose nearly to the ceiling, and almost looked to have grown from the floor itself, like the trunk of some huge black tree. Strange symbols were carved along its surface. Symbols that not even Malik could recognize.

“Fascinating,” he murmured, reaching for his pen and paper before realizing it had been taken along with the rest of his clothes. He looked around for his pants, but suddenly felt a pair of hands on the sides of his head.

“Ah ah!” Suzy giggled as she turned him to look straight at the pillar. “No getting distracted now. This part of the ceremony requires deeeeeep concentration.”

Malik swallowed at her nearness, her touch buzzing against his skin and making him flush anew. “How ah, so?”

“Just watch,” Suzy said, her breath an inch from his ear, the warmth tickling his sensitive skin and sending a shiver coursing through him. “Just watch. And... experience.”

“Experience what?” he asked, but even as he did the lights in the barn grew low. All save some lamps, whose crimson flicker washed over the pillar from all angles. Malik found himself growing silent along with the rest of the barn. Not even the wind seemed to disturb the sudden, eerie stillness.

Then, into the light, a woman walked.

Malik tensed at the sight of her, not just because her mere presence was a shock to him, but because of what she wore. Specifically, nothing at all. Her body was bared for all to see. Whorls of dark paint traced their way across her full, firm breasts, slim stomach and thighs. The figure of a dancer. Of a goddess. Her hair a mane tied in tapering rings like a long, black tail.

Drums began to thump like Malik’s pulse. Pipes began to twitter and whisper. A strange, animated music that tingled through Malik, raising the hairs on his arms and back of his neck.

Then, the woman began to dance.

Slowly at first. Her hands moving over her body as if first discovering it. Gliding from her ankles up tall legs. Fluttering over her mons and dipping into her inner thighs. Brushing her delicate pussy and the designs framing that furrow of lush flesh.

Higher her hands went, her hips beginning to rock to the thump of the drums. Rotate as her fingers played over the hollow of her stomach. Her chest began to sway in time to her hips as her hands cupped her breasts. Squeezed them together. Massaged them as her fingers played with the coal-black peaks of her nipples.

"A ritual of rebirth," Suzy whispered in his ear. "Concentrate. Don't miss a beat, sugar."

"I... I am," Malik gasped.

"Gooood. That's a gooood boy..."

Malik felt a flush suffuse his cheeks, but before he could protest the dancer was moving again. Her delicate feet carried her around the pillar. Moving swiftly. Sensuously. The grace of a bounding deer as she pranced around the dark mass. The red light played and fluttered across her body. Outlining her figure. Capturing every inch of her in contrasting light and shadow. No inch of her was hidden if one watched long enough.

And Malik was watching.

He couldn't tear his eyes from the strange display. It was just...

Enthralling.

"Watch," Suzy breathed into his ear, and he realized her hands weren't on his head anymore. In fact, he felt them on his shoulders, easing down the robe.

He stirred a little then. "What...?"

"Watch," she murmured again as the robe slipped off him, pooling around him and his seat.

He closed his mouth, still watching. The dancer was now moving against the pillar. Her hands stroking the strange stone. Running across the curious designs as she paid worship to it. And the way her hands moved. The way she touched it was so... so in awe. So intense. So... so...

Sensual.

Malik's breathing deepened. His skin was hot. A heat that seemed to ooze through him. Gathering lower. Gathering in the unmistakable stiffening of his cock and heaviness of his balls. The music had grown faster and deeper. And that wasn't all he heard. Grunts and soft pants reached his ears. Sighs and sounds that made his skin warm and sweat prick his body.

"Watch," Suzy breathed from behind him, and he felt her press against him. Felt the softness of her breasts. The hardness of her nipples.

And absolutely nothing between him and her.

Malik swallowed thickly, stiffening sharply. In more ways than one. Yet even with the soft curves of Suzy bared behind him, he couldn't turn from the scene going on in front of him. The undulations of the dancer as she pressed herself to the pillar. Running her hands up and down it. One leg lifted and she threw back her head, her eyes lidded, her red lips parted in a moan.

"A prayer for virility," Suzy whispered from behind him as her hands moved over him.

Lower.

Lower.

Malik gasped as he felt her hand on his crotch. Squeezing his cock through his pants. He felt his balls throb. His cock pulse and strain at the confinement of his underclothes.

"Watch," she murmured slyly, her tongue stroking the lobe of his ear, sending a shiver of raw, naked lust pulsing through him, and her fingers freeing his cock. He gasped, groaning as slim fingers wrapped around his shaft and began to pump.

Pump.

Pump.

"O-ohhhh," Malik panted. Flickers of movement and grunts reached his ears, and he realized every man in the circle was getting the same treatment.

"S-Suzy," he stammered, shifting, though making no move to push her hand away. "I... this is..."

"The best part, sugar," the barmaid giggled behind him, the softness of her breasts rubbing into his naked back. "Watch close now. This is my favourite part. It celebrates the founding of our village. A place for special young ladies to live. To enjoy their time. And for the men who love them to... appreciate them..."

Malik gulped, for the tempo of the music had increased. The drums pounded in time to his racing pulse. The twilling of the pipes snaked like lightning from his head and toes through to his crotch, his skin grown so sensitive. So achingly acute. A tenderness that made every move of Suzy's hand shoot through him and draw whimpers and moans from him as he squirmed in pleasure.

All the while he watched the dancer. Watch her grind and press herself against the pillar. A dance of such sexual freedom. Naked ecstasy. He felt it throb through his veins. Her movements were faster. Wilder. She seemed to shimmer in the heat and the light as she danced and whirled. Her skin glowing in the red of the lamps. Her ponytail whirling.

But there was a new light too now.

A deeper one.

A stronger one.

It seemed to radiate from the stone of the pillar. Outline the strange designs that crawled across its surface. Malik felt his jaw drop in amazement.

The light seemed to pulse from the massive statue. Washing over him to the beat of the drums. He gasped as every wave it hit him. Like a presence beating against him. Wrapping around him.

Filling him.

Stuffing him.

“Feels so goooood, doesn’t it?” Suzy cooed from behind him. “Feels so good to watch...”

Malik was breathing hard. Fast. His cock was throbbing and his head reeling from the waves of light that crashed against him. His balls felt heavy as lead weights. Every stroke of Suzy’s hand made them bounce off his inner thighs. Sensitive throbs of pleasure that made his jaw tighten. It was like those lights were a physical thing. Stripping away the air. The veneer of reality to something more primal. Every throb rocking him. Shaking his world.

The air was hot. Steamy almost. Like he was sitting in a sauna. Sweat dripped down him. His lungs burned as he breathed slow and hot. He blinked. Blinked again.

Something...

Something was different.

It took him a moment to realize what, but once he did his eyes grew wide. It was the dancer. It was still her. Her figure was the same. Her paint the same. Her ponytail the same.

But there were changes too.

Such as the two horns that curled from her brow and framed her hair like a crown.

The hooves which tipped her feet, clopping as she danced.

Or the spaded tail that swished in her wake and slipped between her legs to rub at her drooling pussy as she wrapped her arms around the pillar, her ass thrust out, legs parted and her tongue adoring the throbbing stone, lewdly baring her sex and ass to the audience.

“What...” Malik gaped. “What is...”

“Why, the best part of the ritual, sugar,” Suzy cooed from behind him as her hand continued to pump his cock. Slowing. Edging him. “All about when us demon girls rose from hell

and decided to set us up a little community right... here. A perfect little outta the way place that no one'd think to look for us. But people find us," she whispered, her teeth nipping his ear, sending shocks of tactile pleasure sparking down to his manhood. "Silly little travelers wanderin' through our little abode. Stoppin' by to take in the sight. Long enough for us girls to invite them to a little party. A little something to have some... fun..."

Malik was breathing hard. Hot. Heavy. His mind whirled, struggling through the pleasure that wracked his body. The pleasure of his cock. The aching weight and fullness in his balls. His eyes were still glued to the dancing figure as she worshipped the throbbing pillar. Her ass wagging at him. Hips swinging back and forth.

Back and forth.

Suzy's fingers going up and down his cock.

Up and down.

Up and down.

"This..." Malik gasped. "I... I won't..."

"But you will," Suzy cooed, and he heard her slipping around him. Felt the heat of her body as she prowled around to his front, planted her weight in his lap. Malik stared, eyes widening as he beheld her.

Gone were her clothes.

Gone were her inhibitions.

Gone was her very humanity.

Her skin was a lurid red. Her breasts were huge, heavy, barely sagging despite their size and the nipples were coal black. Her figure seemed trimmer but no less curved. Her horns curled like a ram's and her eyes were slitted like a snake's. She grinned wickedly down at him, radiating pure sensuality. Pure lust. Pure desire.

"Can you feel it?" she cooed as her hips rocked forward, rubbing his shaft against the lips of her pussy. "That throbbing in your balls? That's your soul, sugar. Your mind. Your sweet, delicious essence all churned up with lust and just begging to get let out. But if you do... if ya cum all that heavy, needy seed, you'll feel so very helpless, sweet thing. So lost 'nd needy.

"And if I take it," she purred, leaning in, her breasts wobbling an inch from his face. Firm. Flawless. Impossibly plump and soft. Her scent thick and heavy as sex itself. "If you cum in my pussy, you'll be all mine. My poor, obedient toy. My happy, eager slave who'll do just anything for another taste of me. For another chance to come back in here and get drained again and

again. Every time you start to recover that silly free will, I'll drain it from those balls. I'll drink it down and make you all mine again. Again and again and again. And you'll love it," she hissed, grinding against his cock, his balls pulsing with need for release. "It'll be so good, sugar. So wonderful you'll beg for it every night. And I'll give it to ya," she cooed, cupping his cheeks, her grin wicked, fanged with mocking love. "Because you're my man. And so sweet I could just eat... you... up..."

Malik trembled with fear. With desire. With the heat of lust as his balls throbbed and ached as Suzy ground the slick, hot folds of her pussy against his cock. He... he had to get away... Had to... had to do something. Anything!

Yet he couldn't.

Couldn't move.

Not with his balls feeling so heavy.

So full.

Not with her pussy so near.

So hot.

So luscious and ready.

Her breasts bounced before him as Suzy pushed forward, gliding her pussy along the underside of his shaft. Rising over him. Straddling him until her lower lips kissed the tip of his twitching, aching manhood.

"Surrender," Suzy cooed, "is consent."

And she dropped.

Malik's eyes rolled back and a moan escaped him as the silky, slick tightness of Suzy's depths devoured him. He let out a helpless cry of pure pleasure as she slid down him to the root. Then up. The demoness moaning in bliss as she began to ride his cock.

"Ohhhh hellllls yessssss!" Suzy moaned, her arms stretching out, wrapping around his head and pulling it into her bosom. "Yes! Yes! Oh fuck yessssss! So long. Toooo fucking loooong! I'm gonna... ha... gonna milk you down, sugar. Going to fuuuuucking drink your soul to the fucking d-dregs! Yes. Yes! Oh hells, I'm gonna make you mine, sugar. All mine! Make you cum as many times as it takes. Make you cum until you're my stud slave!"

Malik moaned in despair and helpless pleasure, unable to keep himself from thrusting up into her. Fucking the gorgeous seductress mounted on his lap. His hands grabbed for her hips

as if to anchor him to sanity. Every bounce buried his face anew in her heavenly bust. Drowning him in the sweet heaviness of her scent and body. Every roll of her hips plunged his cock into her once again, the heat of pleasure searing him. Begging him to thrust up again. To just give in. To just get the release promised by her body.

“Cum for me, sugar,” Suzy wailed atop him. “Cum for me! Gimme your cum! Gimme your mind! Gimme your soul! Be mine. Be mine! Be all! Fucking! Miiiiiine!”

Suzy wailed and he felt her orgasm. Felt her arms tighten around his head and pull him deep into the soft heaven of her bust. Felt her pussy ripple around his cock and squeeze him as she came. Her juices spilling down his manhood. Drooling onto his balls like hot oil.

It was too much.

Too good.

He... he couldn't...

He...

He...

“O-ohhhhhh!” he wailed, the sound of despair, of pleasure, of pure physical ecstasy lost in her breasts. Lost in her body as he tried to hold back the tide of his orgasm. Resisting it even as it made the feeling of release all the sweeter. A heady cry of pure pleasure as he came like a fountain, surrendering his seed. Cumming like an explosion of bliss were erupting within him.

“Yesssss!” Suzy wailed, her pussy shuddering around him as he gave her all he had. As he felt his orgasm wash over him like a tide of heat. Sucked away. Drained away into the demoness astride his lap.

He felt it like he were an ale cask suddenly breached, emptied in great gushes of pleasure.

He felt it overwhelm him in a white tide of pure ecstasy.

He felt himself drain away, and in its place came warmth.

Came love.

Came wonderful obedience.

Wonderful pleasure and a need to feel it again. To do anything to get even a droplet of that moment back.

The drums began to quiet.

The flutes faded.

But didn't stop. Not yet. Still the sounds thrummed and whispered like secret promises through the air. Slower now. More languid. The fever had broken.

But the heat was still there.

Malik felt Suzy's arms loosen and her hands draw him from her bust. He looked up into her face, and the demoness grinned at the open worship in his eyes.

"Mmm. There it is," she purred, stroking his cheeks. "Did you enjoy that, pet?"

"Yes," he breathed.

"Yes what?" she asked, squishing his cheeks playfully.

"Yes... mistress Suzy..."

"Attaboy," she purred, giggling as her inner walls squeezed his softening cock. "Ready for another round, darling?"

Malik shivered, his cock throbbing. Stiffening anew as her infernal desires stirred him. "Yes... Yes, mistress..."

"Good boy. Because I am too. Now, get started."

"Yes, mistress," he breathed, kissing her breasts. Adoringly bouncing her on his lap. Feeling her pussy languidly squeeze and massage his cock back to full hardness. Yes. Yes, he would pleasure her. He would serve her. He would do anything for her.

Anything.

Anything... for Mistress Suzy.