**Short and Sweet (DMC writing requests)**

*Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org) at [http://archiveofourown.org/works/18196742].*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating:</th>
<th>Explicit</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Archive Warning:</td>
<td>Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category:</td>
<td>Multi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fandom:</td>
<td>Devil May Cry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relationship:</td>
<td>Dante/Nero (Devil May Cry), Dante/Vergil (Devil May Cry), Nero/V (Devil May Cry), Dante (Devil May Cry)/Reader, Dante/Nero/Vergil (Devil May Cry)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character:</td>
<td>Dante (Devil May Cry), Nero (Devil May Cry), Vergil (Devil May Cry), V (Devil May Cry), Nico (Devil May Cry), Urizen (Devil May Cry)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additional Tags:</td>
<td>Cock Slut, Demon Sex, Teratophilia, Voyeurism, Dom/sub Undertones, Praise Kink, Breeding, Feral Behavior, Face-Sitting, Oral Sex, Anal Sex, Domestic Fluff, Dubious Consent, Mating, Master/Pet, Sibling Incest, Father/Son Incest, Body Horror, Transformation, Vore, Horror, Blood and Gore</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stats:</td>
<td>Published: 2019-03-22 Updated: 2019-04-09 Chapters: 3/? Words: 9055</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Short and Sweet (DMC writing requests)**

*by Daemonspit*

**Notes**

Hey! These are all from my Twitter (which can be found here https://twitter.com/daemonspit) Feel free to send requests through Curious Cat- Tags will be added as requests are added.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Dante centric fun time

Chapter Summary

Mostly Dante being a pathetic bottom ^^

[Writing request! Dante putting on a masturbation show while V and/or Nero watches unable to touch. I just love a cocky Dante that knows how hot he is.]

Dante putting on a masturbation show while V and/or Nero watches unable to touch. I just love a cocky Dante that knows how hot he is. Top or bottom, it doesn’t matter. Dante is a slut for attention, and he wouldn’t have to be prodded into putting on a show. He gladly drops his pants in the office of DMC and spreads his thick thighs open to whoever he happens to like. His cock is already half hard and it’s too easy, all too easy to tease himself with masterful hands to a throbbing, prominent erection. The man is hung, the Sparda Bloodline really don’t quit. He’s well practiced in edging himself, so he hardly has to think about it.

He locks eyes with his victim, lazy smirk on his face as he works his shaft. He’s so loud and makes sure that his legs are spread far enough to expose his ass properly, practically daring whoever is watching to make a move and fuck him- but that would ruin the game.

Now for a hothead idiot with impulse control issues like Nero, that’s not going to fly. He’s itching to make a move, but he’s easily outclassed by the older demon. Dante might even laugh in the younger’s face for being so visibly hot and bothered, throw in some degradation and teasing, knowing it only serves to get under Nero’s skin more. The little game is not sustainable thought- not by a long shot. But after violent clawing and struggling, breathless gasping and desperate thrusting-then, everyone is satisfied

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[Okay but imagine Vergil and Nero passing Dante back and forth between them as they take turns fucking him. What better way for a father and son to spend time together then to teach your son how you make your brother your bich?]

How else is Dante going to learn? Words don’t get through that thick skull of his- and Nero needs to be taught a thing or two about the importance of power. The fact that Vergil has to put up with such stubborn demons should only further prove he’s got the patience of a saint and diligence unmatched. Got to really teach Nero how to give in to his demonic blood and take exactly what he wants, when he wants it. Dante is pretty damn hard to crack, but with enough teeth sinking into that sensitive neck of his, he might change his tune

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I think there’s a sort of gritty resiliency in the Sparda bloodline that would always keep Dante’s fire lit, especially when it comes to someone trying to make big choices for him. He may come to enjoy it more than he’d ever care to admit, but even if he’s loving every second of it, Dante likes to push buttons. He likes to challenge and talkback, way too much for his own good. Even when he knows his place he won’t quit trying to get some ire from whoever he can- it’s just how he’s wired. It would take a lot to get Dante to ever even sit still, let alone be a good and obedient boy.

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[May I request Dante fucking dt'ed Nero properly for the first time? Or dt Nero fucking Dante? Cause I feel like there should be more dt Nero content in the world.]

When Nero first fully transforms, there's this moment of stillness, breathless anticipation and fear. It's like watching the birth of something beautiful but so deadly- an apex predator shedding it's human skin. Nero is truly unbound in this moment, both physically and of his inhibitions. He's seeing the world through such foreign, new eyes and his mind is running so fast that thoughts blur into nothing, and the shadow that feral instincts cast over his mind eclipses all remaining pretense of control. It's being body slammed by a tidal wave of instinct and biological urges coded into his being that have gone so long neglected.

And then there's Dante. The legendary demon hunter might as well be an unarmed human staring down a grizzly bear. It's a deathly still moment that only lasts half a heart beat, but it becomes so painstakingly clear who's the predator and who's prey in this situation. Then it's a rush of movement that can hardly be tracked, it's so sudden and abrupt and WILD, just like Nero's transformation.

Dante is skidding out roughly on the ground in seconds, the sheer impact of the other force knocking him down. Even with the thick duster his back gets scraped up, minor wounds sluggishly bleeding before closing up. But that's it, it's game over. The cloying thick scent of blood in the air- (Is it the human or demon scent to it that drives Nero's demon into a frenzy?) and suddenly teeth are it Dante's throat.

Dante can't even admit to himself that Nero is strong, so damn strong despite being young and so new to the demonic transformation, and is stilled in silent shock when those deadly teeth bare down a bit harder on his neck. What's even more startling is involuntary cry that rises in his throat, high pitched and pathetic. It only provokes the demon on top of him further, and in a frenetic rake of claws, Dante's pants are in ruins.

From there on, it's just untamed and violent- While Dante may make attempts to reclaim power and flip roles, Nero is persistent in keeping Dante in his place- on the ground with his legs open. Dante makes such a pretty breeding bitch anyways, the position is flattering. Demonic coupling is rough and loud, and between two such strong personalities like Nero and Dante, it's nothing short of a cacophony of snarls and feral roars with plenty of biting and struggling. Even though Nero is on top this time- just wait for Dante to trigger. Then, the younger might learn a bit more respect for his elders.

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[Dante unconsciously having a praise kink towards V due to years of wanting Vergil's love and]
Dante just falls apart. He was always soft hearted, more sensitive than most would guess with how utterly flippant and dismissive he behaves- but when V comes into his life, suddenly he’s free falling. It’s not an unfamiliar experience, feeling utterly out of control of his life and emotions has happened time and time again to the demon hunter, but he never was good at coping with it. He bottles his more raw emotions a lot, so there tends to be a breaking point where he either explodes outwardly or gets self destructive. Stupid choices, things he’ll come to regret immediately- that sort of shit. When V praises him, it rocks Dante’s world and he’s not hungry for more, he’s ravenous. A starved child who needs to be held and told that they’re loved. He’d do anything for more of it.

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[Oh man you know there has to be some demons that find Dante really hot like who wouldn’t want to brag they stuck some tentacles or dick in that ass]

Bragging might be common among creatures that have never even gotten to lay a claw on the legendary demon hunter (filthy liars, the lot of them) the ones that HAVE gotten to put the bitch in his place, well- they behave differently. Some are bitter, to downright hostile over the fact that the foolish halfing slipped out of their clutches and refused to be fully claimed.

Others feel only an increased predatory desire to hunt down the demon hunter and make sure he doesn’t get away again, stuff him with so much young that the man can’t even think. Either way, demons are territorial and pissy bastards, fights tend to break out among themselves over who gets the hunter wherever he goes.

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[I just want Dante to be put in his place by Vergil with Nero watching in silent arousal]

It’s a routine Vergil and Dante are so familiar with, it’s almost nostalgic. Their power struggle is eternal, a constant demanding dance of give and take- it’s something that’s ingrained into their very bones, something so innately KNOWN, that there are no true words to describe what is between them. The demon blood is definitely to blame, but it’s also just their personalities.

As for Nero in the mix, his mind is practically melting. He might even be in a small panic over what’s occurring- one moment Dante is tearing through Vergil like the man is made of paper the next the devil hunter is pinned to the ground and is keening high in his throat like an animal in heat.

Heavy rivulets of blood drip from both of them, and it’s unclear who’s is who’s at this rate, it’s smeared together in the frantic press of bodies. Nero still hasn’t quite accepted his nature yet, but the distinct and poignant interest and fixation his brain has over this little event is instincts running on overtime. He’s witnessing hierarchy be established hear and now right before him, and his demon side is trying to figure out where he’ll land in said hierarchy once Dante has been subjugated.

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[Dante using V as a cocksleeve]
Have V face down and ass up and it’s just perfect - V is so damn tight and clenches down on Dante’s length in a way that makes the man see stars - but he won’t say that. No, he’s just using V like a toy, an intimate hole to fuck. Dante might even be flipping through a porn mag as he rails V to fantasize about an actual, worthwhile person he could be fucking, not some cheap cocksleeve. V shudders the whole time but keeps still and quiet - he knows his place.

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[I just want Dante edged slowly until he’s a drooling mess desperate to cum but too far gone to speak, destined to just make sounds to indicate his desires]

Oh now that would be a pretty sight. Dante is so mouthy that you know you’ve won when those smart comments turn into gibberish. He’s so damn needy, and even when he can’t muster words he’ll make all sorts of desperate sounds to garner any pity. Pathetically moving his hips, eyes tearful and silently begging - it’s so raw it’s hard not to give him exactly what he wants.

The only thing that one should be cautious of is when edging Dante, or any demon for that matter, they might be prone to..., getting a bit testy when agitated. He may be a drooling, stupid mess, but that doesn’t mean he isn’t a powerhouse of raw power and muscle. If his inner demon catches even a bit of weakness from whoever is edging him, it might lash out to see if it can take control of the situation. Not that he’d be too hostile, just expect a lot of messy thrusting and feral snarling until he finally finds his release. Either way it goes, you’ve got a needy demon on your hands - better be prepared to handle him.

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[This is pretty vanilla compared to everything else; but, reader insert riding Dante’s bearded face.]

Who could resist Dante’s smoldering smokin’ face? Dante seriously loves to give, he would spoil his partner downright rotten when it comes to playful and relaxed alone time - Dante really is an ass man, and he likes em in all shapes and sizes, whatever you’ve got he wants it all and he wants it right on his face. The man has a wicked tongue and add the scruffy beard and it’s a unique experience that’s both overwhelming but horribly teasing at the same time - he loves to edge and tease too - expect to almost be at the brink only for his mouth to curl into a smirk and pull away a bit - he’s really just trying to provoke his partner into riding his face, and riding hard. You know what they say, save a horse, ride a cowboy

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[Everyday life of Dante and Vergil in Devil May Cry? Would Vergil be a responsible older brother, keeping things smooth and running in the shop or silently watch Dante wallow in piles of trash and curse his stars in bitter grief and woe?]

It’s odd to say the least how easily they seemingly fall into domestic life after such an awful, blood stained feud but for real, both of them have real abandonment issues and having any form of familial stability is going to be immediately latched upon. They still clash plenty and don’t agree, but they sort
of thrive off having at least one other person who isn't going anywhere.

Dante's wallowing probably does stem from depressive behaviors, and while having his brother back isn't a magical cure all, he may feel more reason to keep the place just a tiny bit cleaner. he's by no means organized, but the energy to take out the trash and maybe clean a toilet or two (when he has running water) begins to slowly come back.

Baby steps. As for Vergil, I'd imagine he's tense for a long time. He's so guarded and it's hard to let himself just smile and laugh, but again, the presence of something somewhat stable and constant will slowly ease that out. Both of them need time to heal, to grow and to realize that things will be okay.

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[Now I need more details on me and my feral demon lover]

Now that depends on who you snag. As for DMC lads-

Vergil is very standoffish. It’s difficult to read initially if he’s upset or just neutral. Even when something catches his interest, he won’t make it apparent since he’d much rather be able to creep up on it and take it for himself with no challengers. If you can learn to read his body language and even some demon vocalization audio queues, it becomes a lot easier to unravel the mystery. Knowing when to approach and give him attention but also when to give him just a bit of space is really important- he won’t hesitate when it comes to biting and other aggressive posturing if he thinks you need to back off or establish he’s the strongest. He does have a huge weakness for Verg soft touches, holding his heavy head with one hand while running fingers over rigid horns, he’d melt.

Dante is difficult to read- more so than his sibling. You’d think with how playful and engaged he is, it would be easier to determine what’s going on in that head if his- but it’s really not. Vergil might not be forthcoming with showing emotion, but he has clear tells in his body language and vocalizations. Dante however is a bit of a wild card. He’s strong, and loves to play around a bit, which can be frightening. He’d never go out of his way to hurt you but being pinned and dragged around by something that’s easily 200+ pounds isn’t for the faint of heart. He’s very mouthy as well, and likes to nip and hold limbs in his jaws- which can be slightly worrying with how dangerous his teeth are. He’s more demanding when it comes to attention, and if he wants to be touched or talked to it’s so painstakingly clear- he makes a lot of noise and will usually force himself onto your lap or against your body when it’s time for attention. Despite how gentle he is, sometimes it seems like he had an even worse temper than his brother-

Nero is very expressive and it’s usually clear what he wants and when he wants it. He isn’t as big as the other demons but he’s still sizable in comparison to a human with unmatched strength. Like Dante, he makes plenty of noise and it’s obvious when he wants attention, but he’s quick to turn more moody and removed like Vergil. Despite this, he’s probably the most well tempered of the lot and the safest to be around- but one should mind his protective streak, which bleeds into foul possessiveness. Demons are covetous and greedy bastards, and Nero really doesn’t want what’s his to be taken. Expect a lot of hostile behavior if other demons are present that he isn’t familiar with, and even small tiffs to break out among ones he’s closer too. Again, he’s noisy so a lot of hissing and angry rumbling when he’s agitated, but so much purring and happy clicking if he’s satiated.

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[How would Dante show off to his S/O?]
Dante is a fucking dork. While he can be genuinely loving, a lot of his romantic gestures are way overblown to almost ridiculous levels. Can't say the man doesn't try, that's for sure- and he makes sure he's unforgettable.

As for showing off though, man. When he's got it bad for someone, it's just constant. A lot of physical feats of strength, both in and out of combat. In combat, something in that demon pea brain of his goes haywire and he's got to display he's the biggest and baddest around, a worthy partner to his lovely s/o.

Expect a lot of showing off and preening when he's soaked in monster blood- or flashy or excessive methods of finishing off enemies. Again, in combat it's about establishing that he's a suitable mate.

Outside of combat, this idiot is just tripping over himself to do sweet things. Sometimes his 'sweetness' comes off as more teasing, but it's genuine.

He loves picking up his S/O and just, throwing them over his shoulder. Doesn't matter if you're taller than Dante, this idiot wants to carry his partner around and have that physical closeness. He can be bit physically clingy, just wanting to be in his s/o's space and draws a lot of comfort from sheer proximity. This idiot will never stop showing off, but if his partner just grabs his face gently and tells him that he's more than enough, the guy just melts on the spot

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[Dante becoming a beloved pet! Fed, groomed, and his cocked milked daily to keep him happy and sated.]

A word of caution to preface this- demons are highly demanding pets that very few individuals are equipped to keep. The amount of meat they require weekly is enough to bankrupt someone who's well off, but allowing a demon to hunt meals for itself will allow other problems to arise. (Allowing demons to hunt for themselves will usually yield in individuals attempting to establish territory and hunting grounds, which will lead to more clashes with other demons)

Then there are temperament issues- while demons can be loving and wonderful companion creatures, they do have strong personalities and instincts they will adhere to. It's impossible to predict how a wild animal will behave, and a demon is no different.

Even in attempts at play and affection, demons can inflict fatal damage on their human handler, which is something a prospective owner must keep in mind. Demons tend to play fight and roughhouse among themselves, so even when one considers its owner an equal or packmate, accidents can occur. Biting is a common form of nonverbal communication that can hold many different meanings, but most humans will not do well under the jaw pressure of a demon- even playful nips can be rather painful. Oh, and another note. Demons tend to be rather defensive of individuals they are close to.

It is very important to socialize your demon to new people in your life to ensure your pet does not see 'outsider threat' or worse 'dinner' when you have company over.

As for Dante, he is something to behold. He's so wild and impossible to tame, but does he adore being spoiled. It's amazing to watch such a dangerous creature capable of destruction simply lay docile with his owner.

He is excitable and rambunctious, but it's all too easy to quiet the creature down with soft words and
gentle touches. Dante is a bit of an outside pet- he'll want to come and go freely (and tends to bring back bloody gifts to dump on his owner's bed) but he is loyal to a fault. No need to collar him, he'll always come back unless something is seriously wrong (or, its mating season. Tends to vanish around that time)

Dante is so needy for attention though, dropping his full weight in someone's lap when he wants to be rubbed or scratched.

He tends to come home grimy and bloodied from tussles with other demons, but he has no aversion when it comes to bathing. He loves having his hair washed, practically vibrates when he's soaking in warm water with hands rubbing through his white hair. He's such a well behaved boy that deserves plenty of treats, but it is important to remember he is prone to more territorial behavior.

It's impossible to completely train instinct out an animal, so if he tears up his owner's sofa to sharpen his claws or spreads his scent around what he considers 'his territory', his owner can't be mad. It's just natural behavior- no need to punish him over it. And... when he's horny, well. The owner is definitely no longer in control.

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[Nero and/or V with an unexpected guest-A tiny little nidhogg hatchling, that's made itself nice and comfortable in their ass. Luckily, it seems quite friendly, not trying to eat them from the inside out, but it won't. stop. wiggling. And is it...getting bigger?]

It's an unexpected jolt when Nero feels something wriggling at his entrance- nearly jumping out of his skin when the intruding presence pushes past the tight ring of muscle leading to his anus. The abject horror that rises in Nero's chest is suddenly irrelevant when the thing inside him is pressing down on his prostate. The demon can hardly see straight while it's squirming deeper and deeper, and his cock is already straining inside his pants. He shouldn't be so turned on, not when there's something alive making itself nice and at home in his ass.

Nero is panting with a hesitant hand hovering over the buckle of his pants, eyes threatening to roll back into his head. Keeping his composure, he manages to shuffle his pants and boxers down to his thighs. With a steadying breath he prods two fingers at his hole, shuddering when he feels that whatever is nestled inside is large enough to make his entrance bulge out- lightly pulsing as the creature wriggles about.

He can't breathe- can't think, not when the creature begins moving more rapidly. Nero experimentally pushed a finger inside himself, a guttural grunt escaping him when his finger tip collides with the rubbery flesh of what had shoved itself inside of him- was that… a Nidhogg hatchling? It seemed to not enjoy being prodded, the weight inside him jerking away and moving deeper inside of him.

Nero doesn't even have time to react when it pushes against his prostate again, hips jerking hard in response to the sudden stimulation. His balls reflexively tighten against his body and his cock bobs against his belly, and the white haired man hardly notices the new sensation in his lower region.

It...whatever it was seemed to be bearing down on his internal walls, making Nero squirm in mild discomfort. The jostling of his hips only made the odd sensation double, the writhing of the creature making tears spring into his eyes. It wasn’t just moving. Nero was keening now, trying to catch his breath but he simply couldn’t get a lungfull. -It was expanding, and quickly. Nero’s thighs were trembling, his mouth hanging open in a silent gasp.
What had started the size of his thumb was quickly ballooning to the size of a baseball- and it wasn’t stopping. Nero cries again when it begins to push at his tight walls, forcing his insides to yield and be stretched by the parasite tucked away within.

Poor Nero, doesn't even understand the Nidhogg was expanding itself to lay a healthy clutch of eggs inside the fertile young demon. Don't worry Nero, you don't have to have a brain to birth demon spawn.

(and as for V.... he probably willingly inserts Nidhogg inside himself, but that's a story for another day)
Chapter Summary

Even more sin!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

[How would waking up a sleeping Dante with oral sex go?]

Dante loves to give- but when he gets to receive, well saying that he appreciates it is an understatement. It's not difficult to slip under the sheets and get between the man's toned thighs, he seriously sleeps like a rock. Unless there's a malicious threat about, the devil hunter could slumber through a train accident in a tropical storm. That being said, he will come to when his cock is being so lovingly attended to.

The demon probably assumes it's the fading remnants of a pleasurable dream, grunting and muttering a bit while he's between asleep and awake. Even just working at his tip with a gentle tongue is enough to get him squirming- and when he cracks a sleepy blue eye open to see his partner between his legs he's convinced he's still in dreamland.

But then a lazy smile breaks across his face and he looks so damn pleased. He softly brings his large and rough hands to pass through his S/O's hair, and he looks just a bit love struck. He whispers such sweet praise in a sleep deepened voice, a growly deep tone that blurs into mild growls when his partner hits a more sensitive spot.

He'll really see stars if his partner can manage to take his imposing length down to the root, nose nestled in his silver tangle of pubic hair- and oh the sounds he makes. For every stroke of his lover's tongue along his shaft, he'll make sure to get his revenge twice over. The best way to start the morning is sleeping in 'till noon after plenty of fun with a certain demon~

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[So we all know the scene where V slides outta Vergil onto the floor and then the screen pans to V hyperventilating as Urizen's shadow looms over him. I personally think V gets fucked into the floor here in some sort of dominance display. What do you think?]
Oh- what tragedy to befall the mysterious V. To be ushered into life only to be immediately under the feral gaze of a monstrous force. V is at a disadvantage, coming into the world a frail, sickly human when his other half is an apex predator at the top of the food chain. It's seems so unfair- but it's just nature.

When both sets of pale eyes are locked, sizing each other up, it isn't an act of cruelty when Urizen is the first to move, to lock his deadly jaws around V's slim throat, to have the human pinned to the cold harsh ground. The large demon is snarling in his face, a deep verbose sound that the human can feel in his very bones-

V expects his short life to end then and there- it's hopeless. All it takes is the demon snapping its jaws closed and he's minced meat, hardly enough meat on his skinny frame to fill the stomach of a beast of Urizen size. But the pain he expects never comes, and V's mouth is open in silent horror when a giant, rough tongue drags over his neck. It's a momentary gesture of affectionate interest before the pain he was anticipating comes- giant claws raking down his sides.

V's melodious screams and sweet blood in the air only drives the creature above him into a frenzy, Urizen's hostile snarls and grunts echo V’s pained cries and moans of agony come together in grotesque harmony. They are supposed to be one, after all. They’re supposed to be together, never apart- and it's vital for the demon to establish who's in control here-

And the perfect way to do this is railing the human hard and fast. V doesn’t stand a chance, not while his flesh wounds are still bleeding sluggishly, and he’s frightened out of all reason and sense. Just a pathetic, frightened animal pinned under the larger, trembling like a leaf. He’s flat on his back with his legs spread open, a subconscious move to show the demon he wasn’t a threat- but submission won’t spare him from Urizen’s onslaught.

By the time Urizen is through with his human counterpart, both are a mess of blood and body fluids. Vile, filth only befitting animals. V is so broken in all he can do is dimly blind and cling to the creature, both wound together like snakes- basking in their own sin.

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[More Urizen/Vergil being possessive over their pet, Dante!]
What an interesting creature Urizen is- a beast of contradictions. Everything Vergil wanted to be, and yet everything he loathed, it’s a living, breathing testament to Vergil’s want to take, to possess, to covet and own in such a way that could never be opposed.

When Urizen lays his eyes on the legendary devil hunter, spawn of Sparda, a notorious figure known to hell and back- he cocks his head forward in captivated interest. It’s searing eyes are on Dante with a familiar light that makes the halfling want to drop to his knees and make himself small, or just turn tail and run. The hunter is quick to hide his true feelings away with a smirk and spitting out aggravating ‘clever’ lines, but the demon lord has already seen through the charade of bravado. The fight begins in a flurry of motion, blurs of red and blue. It’s almost familiar-

When Urizen defeats the halfling in their little battle, he briefly considers crushing it’s skull. Quick. Effective. But the thought only makes a snarl ripple from the creature’s chest, displeasure flaring. Death would not claim Dante, for the foolish demon turned human was his, and his alone. It’s his. That’s what Urizen tells himself when the Qliphoth roots swarm the hunter, dragging that weak mortal form to the full blooded demon’s deadly embrace. His. That’s what he decides when he wills the roots to wrap around Dante’s neck, winding so tightly and curling around itself until a crude collar is formed. This too seems familiar- a forgotten dream?

When Urizen realizes no one is coming to rescue his Dante, to steal him away, he knows he’s won. It was never a matter of fighting off the forces that could separate him from Dante, it was ensuring what was his stayed by his side- within his grasp. In his grasp, that is where Dante is safe. When he drags the small hunter to the bloody depths of the tree to nest, to rut wildly and frantic in the night, to swear fealty to him and only him- that is when Urizen is certain he’s been here before, and endless cycle that feeds into itself- self destruction and violation that neither he or the one he adored could break. Spanning on forever.

His.

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[Vergil owning a cat, pretty please?]

Vergil could never understand the appeal of dogs. Their loyalty to a fault and idiotic blind trust made him sneer openly, making his opinion on the matter all too clear- he was not a fan. How could something love so wholeheartedly when that affection could be trampled upon and broken to bits? The idea of owning a pet didn’t sit well with Vergil for this very reason (his particular dislike for canines not taken into account)
-So when he encountered a pathetic, mewling wisp of a half starved kitten while walking home, he was immediately affronted by the startling mental cloud that only came before Devil Trigger- it’s bestial suggestions impossible to ignore when his demon surged to the forefront. But- Vergil shook his head, as if that would dislodge and detangle the string of barely coherent thoughts his other side was feeding him.

-protect- small offspring weak shelter help grab hatchling save it-

The feral urge to protect was too overwhelming, and all the man can do is hiss in annoyance and scoop the scruffy thing up in his arms, hoping it would quiet the onslaught of snarls and hisses in his head, and perhaps save him from an oncoming headache. There’s a beat of silence, before a deep, throaty rumble echoed in his head. Purring. His demon was purring.

It took a moment longer to realize his chest too was vibrating, echoing the sound in his head in a deep, inhuman sound of satisfaction. The tiny nothing of a cat weakly pawed against his thick outer jacket, butting it’s head against his chest. It’s own soft and meek sound could faintly be heard, but even more so felt through Vergil’s grip on the thing. -it was purring too. Just great- Vergil grumbled mentally, bringing the small feline closer to his chest. It had gotten attached. His demon, not the cat. Had to take it home now.

///

[Sparda finds that Dante is very similar to Eva. He can't resist the beauty of his younger son]

Sparda is so, detached from the human world once Eva passes. Some say the legendary dark knight disappeared without a trace, others would vouch for the fact he finally died.

-There are many mysteries that surround the fate of the mythical Sparda, As very few knew the creature well. One thing is certain though, he was a demon, through and through. Despite his compassion and love for humanity, his heritage and nature could never be forgotten.

When his youngest crossed the borders of the underworld, a grown man now- the demon is caught off guard. A truly rare thing to unnerve Sparda, but Dante does so with such effortlessness. He’s well built, but with a slim figure that betrays how much strength is within that body-

And Sparda can’t help but be reminded of his late wife’s pale strands, echoed in the halfling’s
ghostly white hair. The similarities keep piling up in his mind but beyond that, Dante as his own, demonic being has Sparda’s attention snared.

He wants what’s his

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[Dante with mommy kink. nero and v as his sweet baby boys?]

Oh Dante- ever the provider. He may not personally believe himself to be cut out to take care of anyone- himself included, but hell does this demon have some fierce parental instincts.

At first he feels uncomfortable when they begin to flare, his inner demon constantly snarling and hissing to protect (his) the boys, both Nero and V.

It doesn’t take all that long for this subconscious want to baby them to start to manifest, and it’s all downhill from there-

While Nero loves to rag on Dante for being a gross old man, he’s so damn needy and has little issue with suddenly being a part of Dante’s little family- V follow suit soon after.

Both of em are so good for Dante, while they do get into plenty of trouble together they do aim to please The elder devil hunter, real mama’s boys.

V and Nero love getting at Dante’s hung cock and both taking a side and licking and sucking the shaft with care and diligence, but they also can’t get enough of flipping their mommy over and drilling his ass cunt and tryin to ‘make some siblings’ from messy and plentiful cumshots inside Dante’s tight hole

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Dante never stood a chance. Not against Urizen. Not against the weaponry the demon has at its disposal. It’s effortless to command the Qliphoth’s tendrils forward, like moving a remote limb- All Urizen must do is will it to be and they’re writhing obediently, swarming around his delightful half human prey like a nest of eels.

Some thicker roots emerge to cradle Dante above the swarm, holding him suspended for Urizen to truly get a better look at his pet- other long and flexible veins of the tree emerge at command, brushing past the devil hunter’s sealed lips. So proud, a foolish creature who didn’t even understand how to receive a gift. He’ll learn in due time.

Urizen wills the veins to force past Dante’s stubborn lips and beyond gnashing teeth, and down his lovely throat. Then, with not even a word from the demonic lord, blood sprays from the veins crammed into Dante, feeding the halfling a good and filling meal- the very life essence of countless humans mingling together in a beautiful divine drink.

Dante can only hiss and moan as his stomach is stretched from the onslaught of blood, the flavor coating his throat and insides and it’s impossible to swallow away the taste.

While the halfling is pathetically mouthing at the appendage, Urizen brings two, blood soaked claws to Dante’s exposed entrance.

“Be still”

The horrid creature commands, and Dante only thrashes with renewed vigor, to spite him- to DEFY him.

That won’t do it all.

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Oh boy- 2Dante doesn’t know what he’s in for when he’s thrown into the demon realm after confronting Argosax. He’s had his fair share of years surviving hostile environments, but never one such as this-

He’s not on home turf, and while he’s got strong and potent demon blood in his veins, he’s still human. And oh, the beasts of the underworld can smell him from a mile off-

When he’s pinned to the craggy rough terrain by a large feral creature, he’s expects pain- claws, teeth, slashing and rendering him to bits. That’s what he had become so accustomed to in the human world-

But no. Here, he’s scented with curious fervor and the creature's interest is made known when Dante feels a hardening length poke his thigh- this is...

Dante can’t imagine going back to the human realm. Not when he can fight and fuck without pause, swarmed by other demons like a bitch in heat. It’s a bloody and horrible cycle that either begins or ends with him panting on the ground, ass up and presented to his current bestial partner.

Being feral and free is a nice change of pace, but he should be careful. Too long spent living that way and all of his human sense might go down the drain

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Nero is- something to look upon with awe. Urizen ensures he’s put on display for all demons to see. Nero is untouchable, unattainable, unclaimable, and all his. Urizen is lord above all, so why shouldn’t he have the demon hunter as well?

Urizen does not wait for Nero to naturally hit a period where his demonic body would be more receptive to mating- Urizen’s relentless advances continue until the younger’s biology is fooled into a
forced heat. So much overstimulation and the presence of the powerful being—soon enough Nero is panting and keening with need.

Yet even in such a state, Nero tries to pull away and kick for freedom when Urizen’s cock bulges within him, large eggs diposting inside of the hunter’s ravaged hole.

Clawed, dangerous hands dig into his thighs and he cries out when he can FEEL the weight of each egg inside of him. Big and rough, Urizen’s clutch make Nero’s stomach bulge out as if he had already been carrying the demon lord’s spawn for multiple months.

He’ll make a lovely mother

///

Chapter End Notes

Thank you fir reading! Come find me @ Daemonspit on twitter ^^
Sin- even more?

Chapter Summary

Well, I've got more sin for all of you lovelies

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

[Sooo, how would Dante react to finding out his S/O has a strength kink?]

Dante, the idiot thinks more with his dick than his brain when he figures that out. Makes sure to show off to an almost excessive amount- even in more mundane settings. Trying to move furniture? Dante can do that- no problem. Legs hurting? Dante is carrying you everywhere.

He really loves it when his S/O fawns over his muscles. He just laughs and plays it cool, but someone so adoringly tracing their hands over his body is enough to get the demon a tad bit over excited.

He really can’t wait to show how strong he is later in private- or right now in public

///

[Nico giving Nero a helping hand?. ( °Ꮇ°) (I'm going to hell after that pun)]

Nico- charitable soul she is, has a real soft spot for cute animals- stupid little things that are adorable enough to make up for lack of brains. So when a cute little puppy like Nero needs some help, who is she to say no?

He’s such a good boy when he’s on his best behavior, but he can be a bit unruly. She makes sure he’s got his collar on and a proper chest harness on before play time- but once he’s ready...

Nico is gentle, but she is one hell of a tease. Makes sure her pet is nice and still (Sit, Nero!) she strokes his length, an easy and repetitive motion to ease the demon hunter into the sensation. Yet the moment he starts to back his hips or acts up, she slackens her grips and grabs his collar instead.

“Down, Nero.”

And if that isn’t enough to get her boy to behave, well- Nico has strong hands. A spanking might put him in a better mood

///
V is ethereal. Like staring at a hurricane, or any natural disaster- amazing, a force to be reckoned with, and best observed from a distance. Bestial- beautiful, fearsome-

His horns hook back along his head then arch’s forward high above his head, an elegant shape not unlike a deadly crown. His scales are oily, transient darkness, like staring into the night sky- deep metallic blues glisten and shine in the light.

He’s slim, long and agile with a whip like tail to aid balance- a predatory creature that is so quick and quiet that by the time you see him coming, his claws and teeth are in you already.

While he doesn’t have the sheer strength like the others, he’s got witt unparalleled. He’s smart, scarily so. He can’t be fooled by simple tricks, and almost always snags his prey-

But the creature has a soft side. V would never refuse a light, loving touch along his rigid, plated spine. He does in fact purr.

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[Umm, what about some Sparda/Dante staff? I just... can't stop thinking about it, and maybe it can be beautiful?]

Sparda has a gentle touch, something that his enemies would never expect. He’s so well known for his ruthless crusade (even though his actions were in the name of good)

The brutal knight holds Dante like a lifeline, soft but firm. He knows the man won’t fade away like a dream, but Sparda can’t help but coil around the smaller. His. And he won’t let go.

Dante squirms under the attention and love- unused to such constant kindness. He was so used to sleeping around, hoping bed to bed without any lingering too long-

When Sparda has Dante in his claws, he doesn’t have to worry about that anymore. He can just let all human thought fade from that pretty head of his, and sink into his true nature- bestial and wild.

He’ll be even more beautiful when the day he truly lets go finally arrives

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[Sparda coddling Dante plz like give that boy affection and make him feel loved and taken care of]
Sparda enters Dante’s life and everything changes. Dante, who for so long had to claw and kick just for the right to draw breath every day of his life- is suddenly under the protection of someone else. Sparda would never take away Dante’s free agency or force the halfling into subservience, but... Dante slips into it on his own. It’s a place of safety, letting Sparda choose everything for him.

Dante likes being dressed like a doll, Sparda choosing a nice outfit for him and so gently helping him into extravagant dressings. Dante still clings to his freewill tightly, yet he loves letting Sparda take the reins.

He especially loves when they lay together- Sparda running his fingers through white hair. He’ll sleep happily- safely- in those deadly arms

///

[V getting the love and protection he always wanted (as a pet for anyone else.) What kind of monster can say no to him when he has his collar on and he's nuzzling into their leg (because pets are obviously not allowed on to the furniture.)]

Dante doesn’t want some stray. A mongrel Nero hauled off the street, half dead with a hostile mood that matched. But after Nero practically dumped the human in Dante’s lap, the hunter didn’t have that much of a choice, did he?

It would be animal cruelty to boot the thing back out on the street, and Dante doesn’t have the heart to hurt a helpless creature.

So he invests in a collar- a pretty thing with a small bell on it. And his little stray takes so quickly to being collared, doesn’t he? Straining to lie across Dante’s lap, looking for attention and love-

And while Dante loves spoiling his pet, he does want obedience. Animals don’t get to sleep in his bed or hop up on the furniture- well, they aren’t supposed to. Dante can’t say no when V is pressing against his legs, a silent plea to be hauled up in his arms.

Now, while his stray is very loving, it sometimes lashes out. Blunt, human nails and teeth can’t do much against his skin, but Dante doesn’t let it slide.

When V acts up, it isn’t just Dante acting the part of disappointed owner. His own demon surges forth, a feral snarl and a flash of teeth- he’s in control here- and if his pet doesn’t piss itself in fear or submit on the spot- he’ll make sure to get the message across.

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[Cerberus chowing down on Dante please? ❤ ❤❤]
Dante seemed to always get himself into the most perilous situations—trapezing from one death trap to the next. It doesn’t seem like the day’s really started for the son of Sparda until he’s dodged death, and it’s become routine to shake off the scrapes and bruises— but this was going to take a bit more than bandaid to fix.

The monstrous beast Cerberus had been quicker than the devil hunter had anticipated, and it’s middle head had managed to snap it’s jaws around his middle while he was attempting to evade another’s attack.

It’s giant teeth had already dug in to his flesh, trapped from the middle down in the giant canine’s maw. His torso and upper body dangled freely from the beast’s mouth, Dante banging his fists against the muzzle of the head that had him in it’s grip, cracking a verbal jab—

“Sorry puppy, but i’m not your chew toy. Now let me down or I’ll—”

A pained wheeze cut off Dante’s jovial voice, the jaws tighten around his middle as the other heads snarled at him in annoyance,

“Silence, mongrel.”

One of the heads snapped, dog drool flinging from it’s snarl and hitting Dante square in the face. The other with an unoccupied mouth decided to weigh in too—

“Food does not speak.”

Now that got Dante squirming again, far more uncomfortable with the prospect of his current position—wedged in between the teeth and on the tongue of a monster that was staring him down with six hungry eyes.

“No, nonono NO I am NOT doggy kibble either!”

Dante yells, kicking despite the pain of the fangs that have him pinned in place. He wasn’t going down the gullet of another hungry demon just because it decided he didn’t taste half bad.

“Don’t you fucking da—”

The half demon half threatened before Cerberus tossed his head back and slacked it’s jaws, teeth prying free from his middle with a painful and bloody squelch. And then he’s sliding, the dog’s large tongue ushering him further into the back of the open, waiting throat. The hunter tries to scramble for a foot hold or anything to stop his trajectory, but the slick drool combined with gravity propelled Dante exactly where the beast wanted him.

-And then the throat is tightening around him, and an audible gulp is Dante’s final warning before he’s dragged feet first down into Cerberus’s throat. It’s quick to seal shut behind him, Dante locked in the lengthy tube and pulled a bit farther when the throat reflexively clenches around him—forcing the perceived lump of food along. From the outside, the only evidence of Dante’s awful decent was a squirming bulge in the giant dog’s throat.

With no grace, he quickly reached the end of the gullet and is messily deposited into the creature’s stomach. It gurgled and groans in response to the sudden weight of the hunter, walls clenching and bearing down around him. Dante hisses, pushing and kicking at the cramped walls, half submerged in the frothy liquids in the stomach. ...He had survived far worse. But that would not make this any more pleasant. Dante kicked the stomach wall hard, but the only response he got was a bellowing groan from deeper within the beast’s guts, (which clearly were anticipating his eventual arrival) before a rumbling belch from the mutt itself. He’d have to wait it out.
It’s a game of escalation. They’re both, well- Dante. Cocky, so assured they’re going to be the one to come out on top- so it’s a violent back and forth of who’s pining who.

Snapping at each other’s throats, they’re so evenly matched that they’re more likely to end up thrusting against each other, feral frotting instead of actual penetration.

It’s a mess of blood and spit and other fluids, but once they’re done- the aftercare is fantastic. Demonic instincts come into play and they’re licking each other’s wounds clean- apologetic and loving.

One shouldn’t get in the way of their private time. Even when calm- two Dantes are...a force to be feared.

Do you think Dante would be into breastfeeding? I imagine the nipples would be very tender from feeding his pups.

When Dante wants something, he tends to get it. It’s not of question of if he’ll get his way, it’s more...how soon will the other person comply.

To put it simply, if he wants someone rubbing his sore chest after laborious breastfeeding, that is exactly what they’ll be doing.

His chest is so damn swollen and red from his offspring working at him relentlessly, but he’s still so heavy...might as well milk the demon while you smooth his overworked nipples-

He might even give you a taste once you’re done...
He might even give you a taste once you’re done...

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[Dante with a leather kink?]

Any of his partner should have seen this from a mile off- he loves to loudly announce he isn’t wearing briefs under his leather pants and what not. But that could just be a fashion preference, right?

Dante adores leather. It’s all too easy to get him into sub space without even trying, once he’s all geared up in tight leather and binding collars and shackles, he’s on the ground like a good boy.

Since he can’t easily remove any of his garments, he’ll be more than happy to grind his straining bulge against a willing hand- whining and crying for more.

///

[Dante breastfeeding from his S/O, S/O's nipples sensitive from feeding their pups]

Ah.. isn’t that lovely? Dante finally settling down and fucking a litter of demons into someone, real romantic.

Dante has a human face, but it’s important to remember he is a demon. Once his S/O is pregnant and has their little hell spawn, the devil hunter is just relentlessly grabby and possessive. Nothing is going to touch his partner or their children- and he’ll make it very clear.

But- when he isn’t guarding his family so fiercely, he can’t help but appreciate how damn heavy his partner’s breasts are, sensitive tits swollen and red from the pups suckling hard-

And Dante can’t resist having a taste himself. Laying himself along his S/O and latching to a nipple, minding his sharp teeth and tonguing the sensitive bud to get the milk he wants.

He loves when his partner strokes his hair and allows him to suck away, so content to have his fill.

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[Nero getting railed by Vergil like the good boyo he is ]

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Nero sure is stubborn— it’s a real strength of his but also a serious weakness. He’s bad at giving up control, even when it’s in his own interest. Sometimes he just needs to unwind, but damn he’s bad at letting go.

But Vergil knows how to get under Nero’s skin and make his walls come crumbling down. Vergil has that touch of both primal demonic lust and human tenderness that Nero craves— that he needs.

All Vergil has to do is pin Nero to the ground and snarl, and oh- Nero’s eye’s blow wide with unimaginable lust.

Vergil is rough and hard, but Nero cries and grinds back against him, needing more, and more, and more—

He might even accidentally scream ‘Daddy’ when he reaches his peak.

What a good boy

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! If you want to request or commission me- find me @ Daemonspit on twitter and pillowfort

End Notes

Thank you for reading- none of these have been beta’d but I'm just cross posting these for fun. ^^ I will post full length fics, but this is just a fun little thing to work on.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!