The Devil's Doll

by Lucifleur

Summary

You, the hero of our story, find yourself in a strange dimension where a sexy demon woman buys you as a pet/sex toy. Will you succumb and lose yourself to your new demonic mistress's mind games of pain and pleasure? Or will you be able to hold out against her? Either way, there's no escaping your new life as her plaything.

Notes

!!This work will depict explicit rape, sexual slavery and other intense things, proceed with caution!!

(Probably not much violence though, definitely no gore)

I uh. Have no excuse. Obviously, this is a terrible situation for the reader/main character, and I hope nothing like this ever happens to anyone ever. But here I am, writing porn about it. And here you are, reading porn about it. So.

The reader is referred to with she/her pronouns and has breasts and a vagina.

If anyone who knows me irl finds this, I beg of you not to read it; only strangers on the internet may know me like this

See the end of the work for more notes.
Capture

It had been a joke, really. You hadn’t actually believed that the arrangement of rocks was a portal. A private joke, given that you’d been hiking alone. Something about the circle of stones had been just begging you to step inside. But now here you are. Standing in a pit of red dirt, under a red sky. You wonder if you’re on a different planet. This isn’t the red sky of a sunset; it’s really, honestly to god, as red as the normal sky is blue. The only familiar thing is the arrangement of rocks. You walk back into it, squeezing your eyes shut and hoping. When you open them, you’re still here, in the pit, which is about six feet deep.

“Fuck,” you say, kicking at the ground. Perhaps it’s not that simple. But then again, you must be dreaming, or hallucinating, you think to yourself, because this whole this is impossible. It’s ridiculous. There’s no way it’s happening. Should you try climbing out of the pit and see where that gets you?

“Well, well, well,” says a loud masculine voice behind you. You spin around, nearly startled out of your skin. Something, or rather, someone is absolutely towering over you, even though he’s bending over, his face looming massively. You only come a little more than halfway up his calf. The man looking at you is demon. There’s no other explanation. He has curling horns, slitted eyes, purple skin, and a long, thin tail. “What do we have here?” he continues, reaching out a hand as long as you are tall towards you. You turn to run, but you only get a few steps before he grabs you around the middle and lifts you high into the air. You wriggle in his grip, which is just this side of painful.

“Where am I?” you ask, trying to sound demanding, but it just comes out thin and reedy.

“Oh, I think you know where you are,” he purrs, standing up to his full height and holding you closer to his face. He must be fifty feet (about fifteen meters) tall, you think. You certainly feel a long way off the ground. You push against his forefinger with all your might, but it doesn’t budge.

“I want to go back. I want to go home,” you say, voice wavering. But you think he knows that already. And you don’t think he cares.

“And why would I send you back after going to all the trouble to lure you here?” he says, looking you over appraisingly. “Such a pretty little thing. You’ll fetch a good price.”

“No, please. Just let me go,” you whimper, tears in your eyes. This wasn’t how you were expecting your day to go at all.

“Oh? You want me to let you go?” he says with a smirk, loosening his grip. “I could do that, but I’m pretty sure you’d break.” You shriek and hold onto his finger with both arms. He laughs and tightens his grip once more, turning to walk away from the pit with the arrangement of stones. It’s just a divot in the dirt from up here. He walks toward a gleamingly black motorcycle styled to look like a dragon. It’s really cool, but you have other things on your mind, such as the fact that the demon is unzipping one of the saddlebags and pulling out a glass jar and its lid, which has holes poked in it. You’re, frankly, a little insulted by the cliche of it all. A jar with holes poked in the lid? Really? He none-too-gently transfers you into the jar and screws the lid on, which, it turns out, is loud from the inside. The demon puts the jar back into the saddlebag and zips it up, closing you in darkness. You hear a rumbling growl as the engine revs, and then you feel the motion of the motorcycle as it starts to move.
When the saddlebag opens, you jerk in surprise, covering your eyes as the light floods in. The demon reaches in and pulls the jar out, and you see... a parking lot. Scaled up, of course, to fit the demon and the motorcycle. But otherwise it’s a disappointingly normal looking parking lot. It’s out back of a single story beige building, and he walks through the open back door. You get a glimpse of an office full of boxes, and then he’s in the front of a store, plonking the jar down on the counter and saying something to the demon behind the cash register. You weren’t sure what you’d been expecting, but it wasn’t this.

“... need to clean out a cage and print out a label and shit,” he says. The other demon says something in response, but you're not listening. You’re pressed up against the glass of your jar. All along one wall are clear cages, like a... like a pet shop. Inside each one is a human. They’re all races and genders, and they’re all nude, apart from some BDSM-looking harnesses. Some of them look scared, others look bored. Several of them are sitting on dildos so big you can see the bulge of it through their stomachs. Oh fuck. Oh jeez. Your heart is beating out of your chest, and you curl into a ball on the floor of the jar. Along the other walls are shelves of bits and pieces, collars, leashes, little you-sized clothes and plenty more you can’t work out. The bell above the shop door rings, and the demon who captured you looks up and grins, showing his fangs.

“Tarchizal! Good to see you back. Finally ready to make a decision?” he says. The demon who walks in is, well, beautiful. She has crimson skin, four arms, short, sharp horns, and spiky black hair, not to mention a stunning figure. She’s wearing black pants and a leather jacket, and if circumstances were very, very different, you’d think about giving her your number. She strides up to the counter and shakes hands with your captor.

“Good to be back!” she says, her voice deep and sexy. She notices you cowering in your jar and leans down to get a better look at you. “Oh, how precious! Is she new?”

“Yep. Just in. Haven’t even processed it yet, as you can see.”

“Can I buy her now?”

“I guess. At your own risk though, I don’t know it’s temperament. It might be hard to train.” The demon shrugged. Train? Oh fuck.

“I’m up for it. I like a good challenge,” says Tarchizal, grinning.

“Fair enough. In that case, uh...” the demon tilts his head back and forth in thought. “Let’s say, one fifty for the human. And what kind of enchantment were you thinking? Doll or pet?”

“Uhh... doll,” she says, ignoring you for now. You wrap your arms around yourself. There’s just no way this is happening.

“Right. Doll is a hundred for the basic package, but you’ve mentioned including some add-ons, so those will be extra. Here, let’s get you sorted out in the back,” he says, picking up your jar and beckoning her into the back room. He sets you down on a cluttered desk, full of papers and glassware you’d expect to see in a chemistry lab, and sits down opposite her. He pulls out a sheet of paper from a stack and passes it to Tarchizal. “Here’s the list of options, for your perusal.” She looks it over, nodding.

“And what’s included in the base enchantment?”

“That’s simplification and stretching,” he says, casually. Like he wasn’t talking about fucking you up forever and selling you as a pet or a sex slave or whatever. Not that you know what he means by simplification and stretching.
“Mmm, ok. I’d like to add... bodily control, and...” she trails off, tapping her chin with one finger, her other hands folded in her lap.

“Let me get you a pen,” he says, rummaging around the desk and handing her a ballpoint pen. She continues looking over the piece of paper, then makes several tick marks before handing it back to him. “Alrighty there. So, I said one fifty, plus the base enchantment is two fifty, and the add-ons bring it to... three seventy five. And of course, the uh. Final ingredient to the potion,” he says with a wink. Final ingredient? What the hell is he talking about? Tarchizal reaches across the desk and shakes his hand.

“Deal,” she grins. The other demon gets up after shaking her hand and gathers some liquids and powders from a shelf. He begin mixing and stirring them in a beaker. It changes color several times, and when he’s done there’s about five inches of clear green liquid fizzing gently in the bottom of the beaker. Were they going to pour it over you? It’s too much for you to drink.

“And now, that special, personal touch,” he says with a laugh, passing the beaker to Tarchizal. “I’ll turn my back.” He stands up out of the office chair and turns around. What in the...? Oh. Oh. Tarchizal is unbuttoning her pants and pulling out a truly enormous penis. It’s purplish and soft for now, but she wraps her hand around it and strokes herself to hardness. Fully erect, her cock is about as big as you are, and you watch in horrified fascination as she masturbates, quick and business like, curling one hand around the head and jerking a fist up and down her shaft. She cums into the beaker and tucks herself back into her pants.

“All finished,” she says, handing in back to him. He stirs it with the glass rod and ends up with an opaque light green liquid, thick and creamy, and about twice as much as he started with.

“Hmm. A bit much, but we’ll make it work. You didn’t have to cum quite so much. Now, if you’ll lend me a pair of hands. Or two,” he says, pulling your jar toward him. He unscrews the lid, and Tarchizal reaches in. You do your best to flatten yourself against the bottom of the jar, but she picks you up easily, more gently than your captor. Speaking of him, he’s bringing out some other equipment and setting it on the desk as you wriggle and kick in her hand. Among the equipment is what looks like a dentist’s chair, sized for you, a plastic pouch of some kind, clear tubing with a clip in the middle, and metal pole. “If you’d like to undress it,” he adds, passing her a pair of scissors.

“You might want to be still for this part,” she says, as though sharing a secret. It’s the first time she’s spoken to you directly, and you find yourself transfixed. Anyway, she has a point. You stop struggling, and she carefully slides the scissors into your shirt and slices the fabric. It falls open, exposing your bra, and you whimper in embarrassment. She smiles at you cruelly, pityingly, and snips at your jeans, bypassing the button and zipper. She pulls off your ruined shirt and jeans, along with your socks and shoes, maneuvering your body with two hands and holding you down with another, and leaving you in your bra and panties. She pulls your bra away from your chest enough to cut it between your breasts, then cuts the straps. It falls away, and she tugs your panties down and off. You press one hand to your breasts and the other to your groin, trying to cover yourself. “Oh, she’s shy,” Tarchizal coos, as if talking about a pet. Which, you suppose, you are. She puts you into the little chair, and restraints reach out and grab your wrists, pulling your arms to your sides. Other restraints snake around your ankles, and you find yourself thoroughly bound to the chair.

“Please, no! Whatever you’re going to do, please don’t!” you scream, squirming and arching your back. The demon who captured you attaches the tubing, which looks tiny in his hands, to the plastic pouch and pours the potion into it, hanging it up on the metal pole like an IV drip. You bite back a sob, tears running down your face. The green liquid starts flowing down the tube until it
reaches the clip that’s holding it closed. He taps a finger against your bare chest twice, and you feel all the muscles in your head and neck relax. Your mouth hangs open, tongue lolling out, eyelids drooping. He brings the end of the tubing, which is about two inches (five centimeters) across, up to your mouth and gingerly presses it between your slack lips. You tug at the restraints, doing your best to kick and thrash, but it doesn’t do any good. The tube feels huge in your mouth, and you’d be gagging if you could. But your body’s defenses have been bypassed, and he forces the tube further into your mouth, then down your throat. It burns as it scrapses its way inside you. His gaze is intent, his movements delicate. But it doesn’t feel delicate. It feels harsh and horrible, but about halfway down your esophagus the sensations fade as the tube nestles into your stomach. You wriggle again, but you’re starting to tire. The demon opens the clip, and you watch in mute horror as the potion trickles down the tubing, all too quickly reaching your mouth and flowing into you. You feel it hit your stomach, and a fresh stream of tears run down your face.

“Alright!” he says, clapping his hands together. “Now, because someone came buckets, this is going to take longer than usual. Probably hurt too,” he adds, hissing air in through his teeth. “Anyway, I’m going to check on some things out front, I’ll be back in a few minutes.” Terchizal nods, and he leaves. You’re starting to feel full, but the potion just keeps going. You’re starting to regain control of your face and neck, but you’re wishing you weren’t. Your throat is constricting around around the tubing, and you’re gagging and retching. Your face is wet with tears and snot, and you’re jerking weakly in your restraints, your body protesting the rough treatment. Terchizal leans down to watch you, resting a pair of elbows on the desk.

“Man, I can’t wait to get you home!” she says, smiling down at you. “Now, I’m going to tell you what’s happening, just so there’s no confusion. Some people say the confusion helps, but eh. I don’t think so,” she says conversationally. Your stomach is starting to hurt, and you glance down your body to see that your midriff is swollen and distended. “So. You’re in, approximately, Hell. But you know, we live here and dead people don’t, so,” she shrugs. “There’s demons and various other ‘monstrous’ people. And you get to be my pet! My little toy. The stuff going inside your tummy is a potion that’s going to transform your body and bind you magically to me. That’s why there’s a load of my cum in there. By a human measurement, it’s mmm... two gallons (about 7.6 liters), so, like Molridath said, it’ll probably hurt by the time we’re finished.” You let out a weak sob. Your stomach hurts worse, and you look like you’ve swallowed a melon whole.

“Now, as a doll, which is the type of enchantment you’re getting, you won’t have to, or be able to, eat. Instead, you’ll ‘charge up’ with magical energy, which I’ll be providing. Actually, there’s a lot of bodily functions you won’t have anymore, but I’m no veterinarian.” By now your stomach looks like you’ve swallowed a beach ball, and the potion is only half gone. Your belly is cramping and gurgling, and you feel like you’re about to burst. Your skin is stretched taut, hot and itchy, criss-crossed with angry stretch marks. “Oh, poor thing,” says Tarchizal murmurs. She reaches out one hand, the forefinger and thumbing glowing, and you flinch, not getting very far. She starts massaging your belly, and you start screaming around the tube in your mouth. It hurts! Her fingers are hot, and every time she presses down, the pressure increases. Soon enough, however, the pain starts to fade, and you quiet down, your eyes fluttering closed. It kind of feels... good, now that it doesn’t hurt. Your belly slouches back and forth as she rubs it, and you let yourself relax back into the chair. The potion is going inside of you, no matter what you do. That’s pretty clear. You can think about escaping later.

“Just a little magic to ease things along, pet,” she murmurs, drawing her hand back. You try to breathe evenly and relax. As far as you can tell, the flow is slowing down. But you see her reach up to the pouch and squeeze, and to your horror, your stomach surges outwards, fresh pain blooming in response. Your stomach is pressing against your thighs, cartoonishly huge, distended and looking like you’d eaten an entire banquet by yourself. You sob once more, drool seeping out around the tube. You wish you could wake up from this nightmare. But you’re increasingly certain
that this is all too real. “Sorry. I’m not always patient,” she says, winking at you, like this wasn’t torture. You feel absolutely pitiful. “Hey, Molridath! It’s nearly done!” she calls, turning to shout through the doorway before turning her gaze back to you. You notice for the first time, that her eyes are brilliantly, unnaturally blue with a slit pupil, like a snake’s. Your mind feels full of cotton, but you tune back in when you hear the other demon, Molridath, speak.

“... have to flush it with water, just so it gets every drop of the potion. It’ll work faster and better like that,” he says. No, no, no. There can’t be more! You’re already at your limits. Past your limits! He pours a little water into the empty pouch and squeezes, forcing the last of the potion and some of the water inside your wrecked body. “Be ready with the tape,” he says, holding your head in place with one hand, the other hand drawing the tube up and out of you, which is strange and awful feeling, sucking and pulling at your throat. Then it’s out, and your body tries to seize this opportunity to vomit. But your jaw is forced shut, and Tarchizal deftly applies some medical tape over your mouth, trapping the liquid inside you. The restraints on the chair click open, and you want to tear the tape off and run, fight, anything. But your body isn’t responding, too tired and overwrought to even try to save yourself. She picks up your limp form, and the aching weight of your stomach pulls at you. You scream as hard as you can, but it's muffled by the tape, and besides, no one would care. She gently lays you down in a nest of cloth inside a cardboard box. You’re too tired to even cry properly, the tears welling up and spilling over silently.

“So darling,” Tarchizal whispers. “Sleep now, sweet thing.” She reaches in and taps your forehead with a finger, and you find yourself unconscious within moments.
Now We're Fucked

Chapter Summary

Tarchizal settles you into your new home with a bath, a choice, and your first taste of her cock.

You wake slowly, finding it hard to breathe. That doesn’t strike you as urgent though, since you’re not lightheaded, and there’s no tightness in your lungs. You shift slightly and find yourself pinned to the ground by a huge weight resting on top of you. Your eyes flutter open, and you’re greeted by the sight of your swollen stomach. It’s not as big as it was, but it still looks and feels like you should have burst by now. You reach out a hand and tentatively rest it on your belly. It’s packed full, overflowing the normal boundaries of your body, just another impossible thing that’s happened today. But it might be tomorrow by now, you have no way of knowing. You try to clasp your hands around your stomach, but it’s too large for you to reach around, and besides, just the effort of raising your arms was monumental. You let your arms fall back to the floor, and turn your head to look around you.

You’re in a large room, no, an enclosure, with clear walls and a screen across the top. You’re lying on soft shredded paper, like you’re a fucking rat in a cage, and you can see furniture scattered around. It must look doll-sized in the hands of the demon, but it’s sized just right for you. You shudder and close your eyes. That’s all you are now, a doll, a toy for her. The tape is still over your mouth, and you try to open your mouth to gnaw at it, but it’s stuck too tight. You gather yourself, grip one end of it and pull as hard as you can. Nothing happens, and you choke back a sob. There’s truly nothing you can do. You close your eyes, just so you can pretend this isn’t happening, and you drift back to sleep.

When you wake up again, your stomach has miraculously returned to normal, and the tape is gone from your mouth. You roll onto your side and stretch gratefully, closing your eyes and pretending to still be asleep. Your moment of peace is interrupted however. Tarchizal lifts the lid off your enclosure and picks you up, wrapping her fingers around your torso.

“Time to wake up, little one,” she says, smiling at you. You stare back sullenly and cross your arms. As soon as you see an opportunity for escape. For the first time, you look around the room. There’s a couch, a tv and a coffee table. Your enclosure sits on a low bookshelf. You hadn’t expected a demon to live somewhere so... normal. Huge, but normal. “Let’s get you cleaned up.” She walks into a bedroom, then into an en-suite bathroom. She turns on the faucet and runs her hand through the water, testing the temperature. Once satisfied, she plugs the sink and thrusts you into the stream of water, and you gasp and shriek, breathing in some of the water and choking on it.

“Sh, sh, sh, it’s just a bath,” she says soothingly, turning off the faucet and running the fingers of one hand through your hair. You hack and spit up some water, then lie back. It’ll actually kind of nice to get clean, you think. You’ve been sweating and crying, and there’s red dust sticking to your skin. Tarchizal gets a pump of soap and tenderly rubs it all over you, front and back, up and down your arms and legs, massaging some life back into you. You let yourself relax in her hands, and she starts humming softly as she works the soap through your hair. Surely, there’s no harm in just getting a bath. The warm water feels nice on your sore muscles, and anyway, you can fight...
back later. She rinses you off and sets you down on a fluffy towel. You sit there, legs stretched out in front of you, wringing some of the water from your hair. She starts patting you dry, and you obligingly raise your arms above your head so she can continue, but no, wait. You’re not cooperating, you’re fighting back! You stagger to your feet and start to run, but she snatches you back, fast as a striking snake.

“Oh, and you were being so good,” she tuts, disappointed. She plops you back onto the towel and continues drying you off. You glare at her as best you can. Not that she cares. You’ll have to think further ahead than that if you want to get out of here. You wonder if the potion has really had any effect on you. You feel mostly the same in yourself. Tired, kind of stiff. Tarchizal carries you back to the living room and sets you on the coffee table, letting you get your balance before pulling her hand back.

“Well. What now?” you say, your voice raspy from screaming, and from the abuse your throat took earlier.

“Well, the next step is to give you some of my magical energy. You must be tired, no?” she says, sitting down on the couch and leaning forward to look you in the eyes. God, she’s sexy. Not that you care, obviously. She’s a bitch. You shrug. “The way I’ll be giving it to you today will be this,” she says, and holds up a glass dildo. It looks small in her fingers, but it’s about 10 inches (25 centimeters) long, and five inches (13 centimeters) wide at the base. It’s shaped like a thick cock, and you’ve never had anything that big inside you before. You look at it with some trepidation.

“But only if you ask nicely. You will say please, and thank you, and refer to me as your mistress. If you don’t, there will be consequences.” You grit your teeth. Consequences sound bad, but there’s no way you’re going to beg, politely, for her to fuck you with that thing.

“I’m waiting, pet.”

“No. I’m not gonna ask for it, you can’t make me,” you say fiercely. You’re feeling more confident now. “Fuck you,” you add, for good measure. She shakes her head ruefully.

“I did warn you,” Tarchizal says, picking you up roughly and laying you across her thigh, the denim of her jeans feeling rough against your naked flesh. She puts one hand on your back and rests another across your buttocks. You grit your teeth, determined not to make a sound. You won’t give her the satisfaction. She hauls off and smacks you, landing her fingers across your ass. You jerk forward with the force of it and grunt from the pain, biting your lower lip and clenching your hands into fists. She spanks you again, and then again, not giving you time to recover between striking you. You grit your teeth harder, hard enough to hurt, as she continues to force muffled noises from you.

She switches it up, swatting your behind lightly and quickly. It stings, but you’re starting to become aroused. Fuck, you just hope she doesn’t notice. She rubs the punished skin for a moment, then goes back to spanking you, even harder than before. You’re breathing hard, tears welling up in your eyes. You start squirming in her grip, kicking your little legs to no avail. God, how are you still so turned on? It really hurts, but you find yourself pressing your thighs together and trying not to whine. She pauses and flips you onto your back, forcefully spreading your legs to expose your dripping cunt. You flush and look away. You don’t normally produce anywhere near this much slick. It must be a side effect from the potion.

“Already?” she says, managing to sound disgusted and thrilled at the same time.

“No,” you say, in some vain attempt to maintain your dignity. It’s a blatant lie, and Tarchizal shakes her head.
“You don’t lie to your mistress, pet,” she says, folding your legs up to your chest so that your thighs and ass are exposed. You scrunch your face in preparation, and she delivers a stinging smack to your backside. From this angle you can feel it in your pussy, and you wail loudly, abandoning your conviction to stay silent. She spanks you three more times, then releases your legs. You lie there for a moment, your ass and the backs of your thighs hot and sensitive from the punishment.

“Now, normally, that would be all. But you were very rude, and then you told a lie. Do you know what that means?” she asks. You stay silent. “I said, do you know what that means?” You shake your head no. “It means that there’s a second part to your punishment. It means,” she says, picking you up and bringing you closer to her face. “That you’re going to cum on my cock.” Oh no. Oh god no. You’ve seen her cock, it’s as long as you are! It’s bigger around than your hips! You’ll break if she tries to put that thing inside you. It’ll tear you apart, you’re sure. She smirks at the horror on your face and unbuttons her jeans with her lower pair of hands, pulling out her hard cock and shoving the fabric down her thighs. She strokes herself a few times, then starts moving you into place. You start kicking in earnest, punching her fingers and trying to wriggle out of her grip. Tarchizal seems nonplussed, enlisting the help of two of her hands to hold your legs still, spreading you wide. You try to pull away, your little fingers scrabbling uselessly against her crimson skin.

“Oh, I love this part,” she whispers, her breath hot on your chest and face. You feel something even hotter against your cunt.

“No, no, no! Please, don’t! Oh dear god!” You start to cry.

“Oh, there’s no God here. Just me,” she says arrogantly, pulling you down onto her cock. And you’re splitting, opening so wide, screaming at the top of your lungs, you’re surely falling apart, you’ve never felt so stretched, so used, and then everything stops. You crack your eyes open, breathing hard. It hurts, but there’s no blood. You’re sitting halfway down her massive cock, her hands no longer holding your legs. Several feet (about a meter) of it are protruding from your stomach, your body molding and conforming around her erection, the vein on the underside visible through your taut skin. You shudder in what you’d love to say is fear. But her huge, hot cock feels so good rammed into you, like nothing you’ve felt before. You reach out a trembling hand and touch her cock through your stomach.

“H... how?” you gasp.

“Ah. That’s the stretching part of the enchantment. You really think I’d break you so soon?” she says, smirking. “Actually, you’re pretty resilient as long as you get enough magic energy. But you don’t need to worry about that.” You find your pussy clenching uselessly around her cock, belatedly trying to fight against the invasion, and it sends sparks of pleasure shooting through you. You moan quietly, shuddering, and Tarchizal brings a hand up to steady you, holding you gently. She brings up another hand and strokes on finger down the length of your distended stomach, making you gasp. Her finger travels lower and brushes against the stretched-thin lips of your spasming cunt, then rubs your clitoris.

“Just look at you, you slutty little thing. You’re getting off having your body violated,” she murmurs. You whine in embarrassment and desperation. You want to deny it, but your ass still hurts from where she spanked it. “That’s ok, it’s what you’re for.” And then she pulls and pulls and pulls you all the way down her cock until you’re sitting on her balls amongst her curling pubic hair. You stomach is pulled tight around her cock like a skin-colored condom, sticking up in front of you. And god, it feels even better now that she’s fully inside you. Her pulse thunders through you, and you can feel some precum burbling out of her cockhead. The pain is all gone now, leaving only pleasure.
You lick your lips and try to rock back and forth for more stimulation, but you can’t get any leverage. You’re this close to cumming, but she’s not moving, she’s not doing anything. You grit your teeth, steeling yourself. No, you’re not enjoying yourself. It doesn’t feel amazing. Your pussy feels hot and so, so full. You’re leaking around the enormous cock shoved inside you, and fuck it. You wrap your arms around your stomach and her cock, pressing yourself closer, reaching around to rub your clit. You cum almost as soon as you do, your toes curling, mouth hanging open on a moan. It’s the best orgasm you’ve ever had, white-hot and brilliant. Your eyes flutter closed, and you lie there in bliss, twitching from aftershocks.

“There now. That wasn’t so hard. Just remember pet, your mistress’s cock fixes everything,” Tarchizal says, rubbing a finger up and down your back. She pulls you up and nearly off her cock, leaving only the head inside you, and starts stroking her hand up and down her shaft. You feel yourself start to doze, rocked gently by the movement of Tarchizal touching herself. You jerk back to wakefulness, however, when she speeds up and starts cumming inside you, spurt after spurt of her seed filling you up. You can feel your womb stretching to accommodate the flood.

“Fun fact,” she says, still cumming. “Demons can control their orgasms much, much more than other species. Do you know what this means for you?” You shake your head. “It means you’ve earned an extra large load today for being so ready to lose yourself to pleasure. Doesn’t that sound nice?” You don’t think it sounds nice at all. You look down at your stomach and see it full and heavy, looking like you’re pregnant, bulging off your delicate frame. God, not again. She pulls you off with a wet, sucking sound, and you curl your lip. Gross. She pinches your pussy lips close, and you feel your vaginal canal tightening and narrowing back to a more normal size. Her fingers disappear for a moment, and a thick glob of cum oozes out of your wrecked hole. She licks it away with a long, pointed tongue, and you feel something cold and hard pushing inside you. You look down and see the glass dildo from earlier slipping easily into you.

“I got the impression... that this was an either/or situation,” you pant, as the dildo slides home, trapping her cum inside you.

“Not in this case,” she grins. “Now, you should perk up as soon as you metabolize that magical energy. Hot and fresh, right from the source.” You roll your eyes as she stands up and sets you back inside your cage.
Chapter Summary

After a particularly rough spanking, you beg for mercy, and Tarchizal has an idea for a truly ‘chilling’ punishment.

Over the next couple of days, Tarchizal fucked you at least once a day, pumping you full of her cum and plugging you up until the next time she took you out to play. And each time, she gave you the opportunity to ask for it, and call her mistress. And each time, you refused. So before the daily fucking, you’d get a spanking. They got longer each time you refused, until your ass was bright red and hot to the touch for an hour after your dose of cum. Tarchizal explained that the enchantment repaired your body much faster than normal. That was all very well, but it really hurt meanwhile. While you weren’t getting fucked, you walked around your cage or dozed. Sometimes she left the tv on for you, but the remote was outside your cage.

Tarchizal came in after several hours of being gone. You thought it might be a job, but you didn’t know for sure since you avoided talking to her as much as possible. She’d taken to calling you Mithan, which she said was a name usually given to pets. You’d thought about telling her your real name, but you felt like that would be worse.

“Afternoon, sweetheart,” she says, setting down her things. You stay silent and roll over in your tiny bed. “Oh, don’t be like that. You might as well accept that you’re mine. Now, I know you must have been bored, and I’d like to let you out to run around the house, maybe get you some games. But those are privileges you haven’t earned yet, Mithan. You haven’t been a good girl.”

“Whatver,” you mutter. She shakes her head, taking off her leather jacket and disappearing into the bedroom. She reemerges a few minutes later and crosses the room to lift you out of your enclosure. She sets you down on the coffee table, as has become the routine.

“So, are you going to be a good girl, and ask nicely for your magical energy?”

“No,” you say, wearily and without venom. You’re getting real tired of that question. She lays you across her thigh and spreads your legs with her fingers. She carefully pulls out the huge plug, leaving your asshole gaping and clenching around nothing. It feels weird not having anything inside you, and you squirm at the sensation and the shame. She holds you down firmly with one hand and delivers a hail of blows that go on for several minutes, leaving you a wailing mess. She rubs the red skin, and you hiss in pain even at the gentle touch.

“You know, I don’t enjoy punishing you, pet,” says Tarchizal, looking you over. It sure seems like she does. She spanks you several more times, and you can’t imagine what it’ll feel like to be fucked like this. She lifts you up, and you gasp in pain, even though she’s no longer touching your buttocks.

“Wait, wait, wait, please,” you manage. She raises her eyebrows. “Please wait, it hurts a lot, it’s too hot, please.”

“Oh, I know it does. Do you want something to cool down your naughty little behind before I fuck you?” she says, sticky sweet. She’s up to something, but it can’t be worse than this. You nod
desperately. “Alright then, let’s visit the fridge and see what we have.” Tarchizal walks to the kitchen with you in hand and opens the freezer.

“I see just the thing. Let me,” she says with a snap of her fingers. “There we are.” She lifts you up and shows you an icicle stuck upside down, like a stalagmite, to a sheet of ice on the freezer shelf. It’s about five feet (1.5 meters) tall, tapering to a point at the top. Oh no, oh fuck. Your eyes widen in fear.

“No, no, please, I take it back,” you say, but it’s too late. She hooks two of her forefingers into your twitching asshole, pulling you wide and slipping you down on to the icicle. You scream as the freezing, slippery thing plunges into you. Tarchizal pulls her hands back and watches impassively as you slide further and further down. You can feel the coldness creeping up into your stomach, then into your chest, your throat. Then the icicle is pressing up against the opening to your throat. And it’s through, piercing you like a freezing blade, tipping your head back and stretching your lips around its circumference. You’ve lost your gag reflex as a result of the potion, so it doesn’t feel like you’re choking, but a bone-deep chill is starting to creep over you as you come to rest on the sheet of ice with the icicle fully inside you, except for the tip that is. The coolness does actually feel good on your abused skin, but you’re starting to shiver. Tarchizal lets the freezer door swing shut, and you’re left alone in the cold, dry darkness. A drop of freezing cold water trickles out of your stretched hole, and you moan at the feeling.

You have no idea how much time passes. You’re too uncomfortable to go to sleep, but the cold is making you sluggish; you’ve never been so cold in your life. Your fingers are stiff, and your teeth would be chattering if they met around the girth of the icicle. You wonder idly if you can still get frostbite. And then the freezer door swings open, and there she is. You reach out shaking arms to her, and she lifts you off the icicle, depositing you on the kitchen counter. You cough up some water, shivering violently.

“I have an excellent way of warming you up,” says Tarchizal, smirking. “But you have to ask nicely for it. If not, I’ll put you back in there.” God, anything, you’ll say anything to stop being so damn cold.

“P-p-please, M-mistress, give m-me your c-c-cock and y-y-your cum,” you say through chattering teeth.

“Oh, there we go. There’s a good girl. See, that wasn’t so hard?” she coos, delighted. She picks you wrapping two hands around you and breathing onto you gently as she walks back to the living room. You luxuriate in the warmth and melt in her hands as she cradles your shivering body. Then the tip of her cock is at your wet little asshole, searingly hot, and you moan in ecstasy as she pushes inside you. Her cock warms you from the inside out, and her hands haven’t left your body. “Oooh, that’s chilly,” she gasps. “And what do you say?” She carefully rubs up and down your arms and legs as your shivering slows and stops.

“Thank you, Mistress,” you sigh, rubbing her cock through your stomach. She adjusts her grip and starts slowly pulling you up and down, masturbating with your body. You go absolutely boneless as she strokes her cock with you; warmth has never felt so good. Several minutes later, Tarchizal cums with a breathy sigh. Her hot, sticky cum fills you up, and you hum gratefully as it chases the last of the chill from you. She pulls out and snaps her fingers, producing a new plug and pressing it into you. It’s thick and warm, almost hot, and you lay back in her hands as she slides it home and admires your cum-stuffed belly.
“I do love filling you up, Mithan,” she murmurs. The next thing you know, she’s placing you into your bed and pulling the covers up around you, and you drift off the sleep, so deliciously warm.
Out of the Demon Frying Pan, into the Egg-Laying Monster Fire

Chapter Summary

You've been good for several days, and Tarchizal lets her guard down for a moment. You take this chance to escape, running as far and as hard as you can! But soon enough, you're regretting your decision when a pair of insect people find you in the woods.

Chapter Notes

Here comes oviposition, another personal favorite of mine. Stay tuned for staggering around with eggs inside us, coming next chapter.

Over the next couple of days, you ‘ask nicely’ for your magical energy, and Tarchizal smiles at you as she licks the glass plugs and dildos, making them sparkle and glow, before sliding them into you. And when she smiles, you can almost believe she cares about you. The plugs are big, bigger than any human cock, but it’s painless as they sit inside you. You're getting a little horny, but you can ignore it for now, especially since she’s been letting you pick what to watch on tv.

On the third day, she takes you out into the back yard as a reward and sets you down on a sun-warmed table. You bask in the fresh air as the red sky arcs above you, and she smiles at you again. Could there be any truth to her statement that she didn’t enjoy punishing you? It certainly seems like she’s happier when you’re behaving. A tone chimes from her pocket, and she pulls out a phone and answers the call.

“Agrimavi! Yeah, hey,” she says, standing up. “I’ve been good. Yeah, I just got a human, so I’ve been pretty busy with work and training her.” A pause. She’s not paying any attention to you. Could this be your chance to escape? “Totally. Yeah. I’m thinking of having a dinner party soon, get her used to other people, have a little fun, you know.” You get to your feet, staring at her. No change. You creep to the edge of the table and shimmy down the black iron table leg. It’s cold against your bare skin, and you bite your lip to keep quiet. You look up at Tarchizal. She’s still engrossed in the conversation, and you pick your way through the thigh-deep grass and into the towering hedge. You take one last glance back, and she hasn’t moved, hasn’t noticed yet. You dart out the other side of the hedge and make a run for it, heading for a stretch of forest. Your bare feet pound against the packed red dirt, the afternoon sun blazing on your skin until you crash into the undergrowth, ducking and weaving around branches, or well, twigs. Surprisingly, you’re not out of breath, but it is a little tricky to run with yesterday’s huge dildo nestled inside you. You pause and spread your legs in a squat. You bear down and grip the base, pulling it out of your clenching pussy with a sucking noise. You shudder as the widest part stretches your cunt lips thin, and then it’s out, and you drop it on the forest floor and keep running.

Several hours later, you sit down on a patch of purple moss, your legs beginning to ache from your exertions. Your thundering heart begins to slow as you look around. The forest is beautiful, if alien. The trees must be nearly a thousand feet (300 meters) tall, and the leaves are myriad shades
of blue. You can hear strange bird calls echoing above your head, and knee-high daisies are nodding in a slight breeze. The sun is setting behind distant mountains, and you curl up on the moss, pillowing your head in your arms, and fall asleep.

You wake to a sound of humming or buzzing and burrow your face deeper into your arms. What the hell could Tarchizal be doing to make that sound? But no, not Tarchizal. You’d run away, you’d escaped. But now you’re lost in the forest, naked, alone, and with no idea how to get back to Earth. And you’re, for lack of a better word, hungry. But eating won’t help, you know. You’ll need more magic before long. You push yourself up to a seated position and look carefully around you. There’s... something hovering across the little clearing you slept in, inspecting the flowers. She’s a little larger than you are, and she has a human-shaped torso, complete with head and arms, wearing some kind of vest, but then a shiny orange insect abdomen for the lower half of her body. She has six spindly legs, and huge dragon-fly wings coming from her shoulders. She turns in the air, and notices you, clapping her hands in delight.

“Oh, you’re okay after all! I thought you might be injured,” she says. Her voice doesn’t sound quite right, there’s a buzz behind her words and a tinny quality to the sound. You don’t say anything, getting to your feet and backing away. “Please don’t be afraid, I won’t hurt you. Won’t you come back to my nest? Yes? A nice meal, somewhere safe for the night? Maybe a bath?” You look down at yourself; you’re covered in red dust and smeared in grime, muddy from sleeping on the ground. You don’t think she’s in league with the demons, but still. “Please? I... get so lonely sometimes. It’s just me out here.”

“I, um. I don’t need to eat, but do you have any spare magic?” you say hesitantly. She raises her eyebrows, then nods.

“Oh, of course. Here, come,” she says, smiling and alighting on the forest floor, holding her arms out to you. A little voice in the back of your mind is telling you not to trust her, that you must turn and run, but a much larger part of your mind is clamoring for you to put one foot in front of each other and let her satisfy that empty feeling inside you. She takes you in her arms, and there’s something terribly comforting about being held by someone your own size rather than a giant demoness. She tilts her head, and you feel two points of pain as she sinks her fangs into your neck, then an icy sensation spreading from the bite, coursing through your veins. Your limbs grow heavy as you weakly try to push her away, and the insect woman scoops you up, holding you to her chest as she takes off. Your head lolls back, and your eyelids start to shut.


You wake up with a start, feeling cold water splash onto you. You gasp in surprise and shake your head. You try to rub your eyes, but find that you’re bound spread-eagled on the ground, strange rope tied around your wrists and ankles. God, and now you’re even hungrier. That lying insect bitch hadn’t even give you any magic. She brushes your wet hair off your face and smiles at you. You’re lying in the middle of a tent made of leaves and grasses.

“Rise and shine!” she says, patting your cheek. You glare at her, spitting some water out of your mouth. It dribbles down your chin, and she stands up, moving around the room and doing things you can’t see.

“How long was I out?” you say, subtly tugging at your restraints.

“About four hours, love. And don’t you worry, it won’t be long to wait now. My mate will be home soon,” she says, glancing over at you. And now she has a mate? What happened to ‘I get so lonely, it’s just me out here?’
“Do I wanna know?” you quip, finding the ropes quite strong, and the knots quite firm.

“Probably not,” she says, shrugging.

“Are you really not going to give me any magic? C’mon, you already have me subdued,” you say. She walks back over to you, and oh but that’s unsettling. Her six insect legs move in a wave as she approaches you. She leans over you and sticks her fingers in your mouth, forcing your jaw open and stuffing a wad of cloth into your mouth. There’s a humming outside, growing closer, and she claps her hands again. It’d be cute if she wasn’t going to eat you or whatever. She ducks through the tent flap, and you hear her speak again. “Darling! I found something special for us! Come in, come.” She comes back in, followed by a matching insect person, although his abdomen is a pink-tinged red instead of her orange. His face breaks into a smile, and they kiss.

“How wonderful! We’ve never caught a human before, and now neither of us has to carry the eggs!” he says, and your stomach drops. Eggs? Oh god.

“Isn’t it perfect?” says the insect woman, putting her arm around her mate’s shoulders.

“Hold on.Isn’t it supposed to have a, uh... you know,” he says, trailing off and making a gesture at the join of his torso and abdomen.

“A what?”

“You know! A, uh. A penis!” he exclaims, proud of himself for remembering.

“Oh, is it? Do you think this one’s defective?” she says, concerned. Maybe this could work in your favor! If they think you’re defective, maybe they won’t implant you with their eggs. Which, ugh, gross. You just hope it isn’t an Alien style chest-burster. The insect man skitters over to you and bends down to look at your crotch, using his long fingers to spread your cunt lips as he narrows his eyes in concentration. You let out an indignant squeak and try to press your thighs together, but the ropes are too tight for that.

“Ah, no worries! It has one, right here,” he says, flicking your clit. You squeak again, your stomach tensing at the shock. “It’s just really small. You see?” The insect woman joins her mate’s inspection of your groin.

“I see it. What do you think could have caused that?” she says, sticking a finger in your pussy, feeling around almost medically.

“No idea. Do you think we should help? It’ll be doing us a favor carrying the eggs. I mean, it seems only fair,” he says. Your eyes widen in fear. Help? You pipe up, ready to explain human sexual dimorphism, but the gag turns it into muffled gibberish.

“Oh, that’s so kind of you, dearest,” says the insect woman with a smile, removing her finger. He places a hand on your mound, and you feel magic flowing into you. Oh, that’s the good stuff. But before you can absorb it, or whatever, it concentrates on your clit, and you strain your head to get a good look. Your clit feels like it’s on fire, and he starts stroking it, pulling at it, and you moan around the gag and watch as your clitoris gets longer, and thicker, and longer again. It feels divine, like the world’s most perfect vibrator wrapped around your clit. And then the shape changes, refines itself, and you’re left with a huge, long cock a pornstar would be proud of, complete with shaft, head and piss-slit. It must be a foot long (30 centimeters). You whimper in arousal, among other things, and let your head rest back on the floor as you cum on your stomach, releasing a little clear fluid, jerking in your bonds. You can feel matching fluid oozing out of your cunt, and you shiver.
“Oh, dirty little thing, aren’t you?” says the insect man teasingly, patting your thigh. “It was just some healing magic.” This is just the cherry on top, it really takes the fucking cake. If this whole thing weren’t crazy enough, now you have a dick. Maybe you were better off with Tarchizal. She never implanted any eggs in you. Your brand new cock is still hard, and you jerk your hips, trying to press the tip against your stomach. The two of them laugh at you, but fuck it, you don’t care, you just need to touch yourself. You strain against the ropes and whimper in desperation. You wonder idly if he gave you testicles, but it doesn’t feel like it.

“Shall we begin?” says the insect woman, watching you impassively. The insect man nods. They kiss again, more passionately this time, and the insect woman positions herself above you. She kisses him once more, then he moves behind her and strokes her abdomen. There’s a slit on the underside, and something is starting to emerge from it. He dips his fingers into the slit, petting and caressing as some kind of fleshy tube descends and stiffens. It’s about three times the length and girth of a normal human dick, but you’ve taken way bigger things than that, it should be fine. Or at least, it shouldn’t hurt. There’s a slick fluid leaking from the tip of her tube, her ovipositor, and you shrink back as it drips onto your thighs.

The insect man takes it in his hands and strokes it, guiding it to your pussy. She presses inside with a breathy moan, and you scream around the gag. It hurts terribly, and you’re jerking against the ropes, trying fruitlessly to wriggle away. But why? Oh, because you haven’t any magic since the day before yesterday. You just hope you don’t tear or, worse, burst. She presses in again, and you feel the tip breach your cervix, making you scream again, louder. And then she stills, and you choke down ragged breaths, tears running freely down your cheeks. Her ovipositor is jammed tightly inside you, filling all the empty places you’d prefer to have left alone. You new cock has gone soft from the pain, and the insect man touches it curiously. You do your best to twist away, but it just shifts the ovipositor inside you, making your tight cunt twinge. He steps back and puts an arm around the insect woman. She’s breathing deeply, her lips parted around soft moans.

“Ready, dearest?” he murmurs. She nods, taking his hand and squeezing it tightly. You see something drop into the ovipositor, descending from her abdomen. It’s a spherical egg, dark green and about the size of a large grapefruit. It presses against your straining pussy lips, being pushed inexorably into you, deeper and deeper. It hurts, of course, and you consider screaming again, but you’re so tired, and it wouldn’t do any good. You feel the egg enter your womb and let out a little sob as it nestsles into place, deep inside you. Then another one drops, and the process repeats itself. You begin to notice a strange weight inside you as the second egg finds its home, and you raise your head. There’s two noticeable lumps bulging from your middle, below your belly button.

You let your head fall back to the floor, and you find yourself floating somewhere vague but pleasant as more eggs are forced into your wrecked body. A third, a fourth. Your cunt has relaxed slightly around her girth, and the rhythmic sensations of the eggs entering you starts to feel... almost good, like a slow fucking. Which is weird, because it doesn’t hurt any less. Your cock twitches in interest as a sixth and seventh egg bulge your stomach out even further, pulling at your skin strangely as they rearrange themselves inside your conquered uterus. An eighth egg jams itself into you, despite your body’s protestations. You whimper in pain as your skin stretches again. You begin to notice a strange weight inside you as the second egg finds its home, and you raise your head. There’s two noticeable lumps bulging from your middle, below your belly button.

There’s a pause, and you lift your head groggily. The insect woman is panting, her head resting against her mate’s shoulder, and she pulls out of you with a sloppy, wet sound, leaving your fuck-wrecked cunt gaping on nothing. You shudder at the sensation, feeling your pelvic muscles release.

“I will never tire of seeing you at your pleasure,” says the insect man earnestly, but that just
makes it worse. That they’re having this tender moment in what seems like a really good relationship, and you’re just lying on the floor with her eggs forced into you. The insect woman kisses him and steps back, away from you.

“Your turn, my love,” she says, and your eyes widen in fear. Not more eggs. You won’t be able to take it, not without magic. The insect man gets into position above you, and you notice there’s something extending from a slit in his abdomen too. It doesn’t look like the insect woman’s ovipositor. Maybe it’s something else. It’s about ten inches long (25 centimeters), and something in your mind is pleased that your new cock is bigger than his... whatever. He slides it into you, groaning, then starts thrusting, bracing himself with his insect legs and using his abdomen to move his cock. You skid slightly on the dirt floor from the force of it, but your cunt is loose around him as he fucks the tip of it into your cervix.

Then he cums, you think. He shouts, his head thrown back, and something starts oozing from his cock. It feels hot and thick inside you, and not a single drop spills when he pulls out. You look down, as though that would help. You can’t see your crotch, your huge stomach is in the way. The individual bulges are a little less obvious with the addition of the cum, or whatever. You feel it go from thick to nearly solid, trapping the eggs inside you and making a plug high in your vaginal canal. Terrific. The insect woman kisses him again, then pulls the fabric gag from your mouth. You lick your dry lips, feeling sick. She sets to work untangling you, but you don’t move even as your limbs are released. You’re too goddamned tired, and besides, it’s not like there’s anything you could do just at the moment.
Intermission

Chapter Notes

So this is just a short chapter, hopefully the next one won't take me so long lmao

The first thing you notice is that you hurt. Mostly your stomach, but all over really. You peel your eyes open. You’re lying on your side, in a clearing of the strange, giant forest, the trees towering over you, soft afternoon sunlight filtering through the blue leaves. It’s not the same clearing the insect woman found you in. You’re lost. Well, you were lost before, but now you’re more lost? And your midriff is swollen beyond belief, your skin as tight as a drum, and fuck, they’re heavy. You try to sit up, straining against the weight of the eggs inside you, but you collapse back to the floor after a moment. Any movement just increases the pain, and you reach a hand down to massage the taut skin, and you hand brushes against your cock. Fuck, that’s still really sensitive. You hope it calms down sometime soon. And you need magic so damn badly. If only Tarchizal was here, she’d make it all better. She’d clean the eggs out of you and let you drink some of her cum. But there’s no one here. Just you and your... passengers.

With some awkward jerking movements, you manage to twist yourself around onto hands and knees. Well, your hands don’t actually touch the ground, your stomach is too big for that. But it’s a start. You look around, surveying the clearing. There’s a path or road to one side, the grass flattened by the passage of feet. Or paws. And you realize you can sense something, coming from along the path. It’s like smelling something, but not entirely. It’s magic, you’re sensing magic. Oh thank god. You don’t want to find out what happens if you run out completely. But now you have to get there somehow.

You cast around and find a branch you can use as a walking stick, and use it to slowly, slowly push yourself to your feet. Your center of gravity is way off, and you stagger back a few steps before catching yourself. Now that you’re standing, the eggs are pushing at something inside you that’s making your cock harden embarrassingly fast. You grit your teeth and start to waddle down the dirt path.

You have to take breaks often, leaning against trees to recover and fighting the urge to touch your cock. You’ll never get anywhere if you jerk off every few minutes. Your cunt aches, your stomach is tight and hot, and you want to sit down and go back to sleep, just to escape the pain, which is mixing confusingly with arousal to cloud your head. But one urge is winning out; the urge to find that magic. You need it, you need it.

Soon enough, you find a farm of some kind, fields of berry bushes and, further away, enormous beetles. The magic is coming from a shed or barn, and you stagger over to it, your knees trembling in exhaustion. As you get closer, you notice it’s about twice as big as a normal barn. Perhaps there’s another race of people, smaller than the demons but larger than you and the insect people. In any case, you squeeze through the partially open door and notice large jugs of a silver shimmering liquid. That must be it! You plop yourself down next to one and start drinking deeply. It’s soft and thick in your mouth and slightly sweet too; it reminds you of fresh cream. You can feel it start to work almost instantaneously, filling you with warmth, easing your pain. You reach a hand in and drizzle some on your stomach. The bruises and marks disappear as it sinks into your skin, and you drink from the jug again, your tired body absorbing the liquid magic quickly. Fuck,
that’s so much better. You think about standing up and doing... something, but ah, whatever. You lie back against a pile of hay and dip your fingers in the magic then let it drip into your mouth, luxuriating in your relief. You rest your other hand on your distended stomach and wonder if you can take the eggs out yourself.

It’s an awkward angle, but you get your hand inside your cunt and start feeling around. Less than a finger’s length inside your pussy you run into the plug made by the insect man’s cum. You try to push it out with your abdominal muscles, but it doesn’t move. You try to dig your fingers into it and pull, but it’s tough and solid, and not budging an inch. Besides, you’re getting a crick in your wrist. You pull your hand out and relax back onto the hay. That will have to be a problem for future you. You feed yourself some more magic and drift off to sleep, feeling warm and safe.

You’re rudely awakened by someone kicking you in the side. You groan and curl in on yourself, opening your eyes to see... let’s call them imps. They’re demonic looking, but only about ten or twelve feet (3-3.6 meters) tall, twice as tall as you are. Ha, only. There’s two of them standing over your, and they have red skin, pointed ears and dirty work clothes.

“Looks like we caught a thief,” rasps one of them, his voice graveled. You try to scoot back, but you’re trapped against a wall. “We only just stepped out for a minute to clean the equipment, and here it is.”

“We surely have,” says the second one, leaning down and palming your stomach. You flinch back, away from his hot, prodding fingers. “A pregnant slut thief, at that. Got yourself fucked then, have you dearie? Come to lay your eggs in our lovely village and spread the infestation?” You shake your head wordlessly. It wasn’t your fault, and you’d prefer not to have the eggs inside you in the first place.

“And what shall we do with our thief, do you think?” asks the first one, kneeling next to his companion and reaching out a hand to cup your small breasts. You whimper and shake your head again. Does everyone in this shitty world want to fuck you?

“Well, eventually, of course, we’ll have to tell the boss. Maybe he’ll sell it, huh? It’ll fetch a good price on the black market,” says the second one.

“You think? It’s still bound to its demon. They’ll probably come looking for it, right?”

“Hmm. You think anyone in the village knows how to break that enchantment?”

“I don’t think so, no. Those demons can do pretty high level stuff. But we might as well have some fun before we tell the boss,” says the first imp, grinning and grabbing your legs, one in each hand and spreading them apart. The second one licks his lips and takes a hold of your arms, pinning you to the floor. They undo their pants and reveal their thick red cocks, at least sixteen inches (40 cm) long. You trash against their grip, trying to press your legs shut, but the one holding your arms lets one go to strike you, hard, across the face. You gasp at the pain, slumping back against the floor, and the imp holding your legs lets go as well and shoves his forefinger into your cunt.

He frowns as he encounters the plug, then rolls his eyes and withdraws his finger before plunging it into your asshole. Your traitorous cock starts to jerk to life as he presses against your new anal g-spot, and you moan.

“Can’t get that magic back from you, slut, but we can make sure you won’t think of doing it again,” says the other one. He hooks a thumb between your teeth and forcefully opens your mouth. You snarl and try to bite his finger, but your mouth refuses to close. You start to panic; there seems to be no strength in your jaw. Another effect of the potion? The imp stuffs his cock into your
mouth and down your throat, making your neck strain and bulge around him. The other one shuffles closer on his knees and presses his cock into your ass. Oh, fuck, that feels good, even better than before, thanks to the new parts of your anatomy. You moan around the cock in your mouth, eyes rolling back in pleasure as they begin to rock back and forth, fucking your loose, sloppy holes. Your gravid stomach jiggles as they thrust into you in turn, bending your back with the force of it. The imp fucking your mouth grabs your neck and rubs his cock through your esophagus, grunting in pleasure. The other one presses against your stomach, making the eggs roll and shift against each other. It feels so strange, and you try to push his hands away, but he easily resists your pitiful attempt at resistance, smacking your hands away to keep touching you.

“This is some high quality slut, right here,” groans the one fucking your ass.

“Too bad we can’t keep it,” pants the imp fucking your throat. You hear a creak, and the light changes as the barn door swings open.

“Slacking on the job, are we?” says a new voice.

“Not at all, sir,” says one of the imps slickly. “We found ourselves a thief, and thought we’d teach it a lesson.”

“And you’ve stuffed it that full already?”

“No, it came like that. ’S got eggs in,” says the other imp.

“Here, give it a rest, let me see,” says the boss. They pull out with disgusting slurping sounds, leaving you sprawled and gasping on the dirty concrete floor. A strand of drool winds its way across your cheek, and your asshole tries to pucker shut as the boss looks down at you. His clothes are cleaner, and he’s hot, in a rugged kind of way. He squats down in front of you and puts both hands on your gravid stomach, pushing and prodding appraisingly, almost like a doctor. “Right. Let’s empty this bitch out.”

“Then what, boss? I don’t suppose we can keep it?” says one of the worker imps, hopefully.

“No. We’ll put it in the stocks. After all, we are nothing if not good neighbors. And if the demon comes looking, they won’t be looking for us,” says the boss, matter-of-factly. “Take it to the birthing stall.”

“Great idea, as always, boss,” says the other imp, smirking and grabbing you roughly by the arm. He starts hauling you further into the barn. You do your best to wriggle away, but his grip is too firm.
A Lively Birthing

Chapter Notes

Another short chapter, but I figured y'all would prefer a quicker update over a longer chapter.

The birthing stall turns out to be a tile-covered corner of the barn with a complicated looking harness in the center. The worker imp holding your wrist drags you over as you thrash and wriggle, and the other one starts buckling straps around your chest and under your arms. They step back and secure cuffs to your ankles, despite a few wild kicks. One of them turns a winch and the chains pull your legs up and up, and so far apart, into a lewd parody of the splits that’s only possible because you’re a doll now. The position fully exposes your hard cock and your gaping cunt, opening your pelvic floor in readiness, your ankles at your shoulder level. Your arms are bound behind your back, and you’re breathing hard, covered in dirt, your hair wild. The boss squats down and puts his hands on your sagging belly, closing his eyes to concentrate. You can feel magic flowing into you, and the eggs in your womb grow larger, then larger still. It doesn’t hurt exactly, but it’s terribly uncomfortable, and now your belly sags even lower, the weight of it pulling down on you, stretching your skin, tight and hot. You moan and wriggle again, your cock growing hard.

“Please, no,” you whimper. The boss’s eyes snap open, red and orange like flame.

“Would you rather keep them inside you?” he says, honey-voiced and teasing you. You say nothing and look away. “That’s what I thought.” He smirks and stands up. You sniff and try to close your legs, to no avail, then you feel something shift inside you. The next moment your stomach is alive with roiling, writhing movement, and you scream in horror; the eggs have hatched inside you. The organic plug resting your cunt softens and falls to the tiled floor with a disgustingly wet sound. Your eyes are welling with tears, and you thrash in your restraints as you feel a grub start to worm its way down your vaginal canal, so tight, so full.

“Oooh, nasty,” mutters one of the worker imps, wrinkling his nose with distaste.

“Be ready with a bucket or something,” says the boss, staring intently at your dripping pussy lips, spread open between your trembling thighs. “And one of you get behind, you might need to squeeze it.” One of them walks away, and the other moves to stand behind you. The grub is lower now, and it feels like an eggplant in your cunt, only softer. It’s disgusting, and slimy, and the other grubs still in your womb won’t stop moving around, their shapes visible under your skin. You let out a sob, wishing that, well. Wishing a lot of things. That you could cover yourself somehow, that the eggs were never forced into you, that you’d never come to this horrible other world in the first place. The other imp returns and sets a barrel beneath you so as to catch the grubs as you birth them. The first one pushes its head out, stretching your pussy lips as it thrashes around and works itself free of your body. You let out a sob as it falls into the barrel, and your cunt doesn’t even have time to close before the next grub is forcing its way through your abused cervix. Maybe if you push this will be over faster. You bear down and moan as you feel the second grub slide down your vaginal canal and plop into the bucket. Your cock twitches, and the imps laugh.

“The slutty little thief is a pervert, too!” crows one of the farm workers. You shake your head frantically.
“No! No, I’m not a slut, and—and the only perverts here are you!” you cry out, fresh tears running down your face. The boss grabs your face, wrapping his hand around your neck and jaw.

“Do I need to gag you, hmm? Do you need a cock in your mouth to shut you up?” he asks, tilting his head and staring coldly into your tearful eyes. He runs a finger, easily twice as large as yours, across your lips, and you snap your teeth at him as he tries to push it into your mouth.

He pulls his finger back in time and releases his grip on your head to slap you, hard, across your cheek. You wail in pain, trying to shrink back but held in place by the restraints. “Try something like that again, and I will break your fucking fingers, slut. Understood?” he growls. You nod. “Not even properly broken in yet,” he adds, standing up. “Give it a squeeze.” The imp behind you puts his knee against your back and snakes his hands around to your belly.

“Gonna get you emptied out so’s we can fuck you full again,” he whispers in your ear, his breath hot and damp. You shudder, turning your face away, and he squeezes your stomach, pressing down and in. Two grubs pop out of your womb at the same time and fight each other all the way down your cunt, and your cock jerks again, fully hard now, throbbing as they worm through your magically stretching hole. You push, and they fall from your groin with a wet slurping sound. The worker imp presses down again, and the remaining grubs slide down one after another in quick succession, a pulsing sensation of dilation, distending your pussy lips as they wriggle free.

You’re breathing hard, but that’s it, the grubs are gone. One of the farmhand imps puts a lid on the barrel and takes it away while the other one lowers you to the floor and undoes your restraints. You close your eyes and rest a hand on your stomach, which has already shrunk back to almost a normal size.

You shriek in surprise as a jet of cool water splashes across you; the imp in charge has turned a garden hose on you and is spraying you down after your ordeal. You sputter, then rub some of the dirt off your skin. Might as well get clean, you figure. Then he squats down and shoves the end of the hose up your cunt and into your cervix, his knuckles pressed against your vulva. You whimper as your belly starts to inflate once again, the chilly water sloshing around inside you. After a few moments, he pulls the hose back out and stands out of the way as a mix of water and insect cum gushes out of you.

“We have to get you all clean before we give you to the good villagers,” he laughs, splashing the water over you one last time before turning off the hose. You roll over and try to get up to all fours, your arms and legs trembling with the effort, and you manage to crawl a few feet before a large hand lands on the back of your neck and hauls you up and off your feet, his fingers and thumb wrapping around your neck. “None of that, slut. You’re going to be set up for public use, so no wandering off, hmm?” You shut your eyes and try to think, but your cock is still hard, and it would be so much easier to just turn your brain off for a little while.

End Notes

More to come as soon as it’s written! Please do comment, it sustains me

I’m open to suggestions for kinks and whatnot, but I have plenty in mind

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