

My years of individual research had brought me to the isolated temple of Tion, buried deep in the mountains. The trail was difficult, filled with overgrowth from years of a lack of worshipers keeping the way clear, but eventually I made it to the once sacred site. Despite the years of weathering, the temple still stood tall and magnificent, although overshadowed by the monumental mountains in which it was nestled.

I walked up to the temple doors, whose once thick, oaken doors were now worn and cracked. I pushed one side. It creaked open to reveal a large room of worship. Most of the pews lay scattered and disorganized, and several were broken whether through time or some other source. An intricate altar at the other end of the room was illuminated by the light that came through the collapsed ceiling. In various parts of the ceiling, more light entered through the different holes, partially illuminating the temple while casting shadows behind the massive stone pillars. Hundreds of dried leaves adorned the floor, blown in through the collapsed parts and forming a scattered carpet on the stone floor.

I crept up to the altar, cautious of any possible spells or traps that awaited my prying eyes. What secrets would be revealed to me in this ancient place? I could barely contain my excitement. I did not sense any traps, but I did sense something else lurking in the shadows, waiting for me. At the sound of a faint rustling of leaves near one of the pillars, I started mumbling an offensive spell. I whirled around and cast my spell, which, with a flash of light, reflected off a humanoid shadow and into a wall, the blue sparks harmlessly dissipating against the stone.

The being stepped away from the shadows to reveal himself more clearly. Before me stood a red, muscular demon with two curved horns protruding from his forehead. He wore only a pair of black, fancy pants. His proud smile was a reflection of a conceited ego and his words confirmed it. "Foolish human," he bellowed in a deep voice. "It'll take more than your little sparkly magic to hurt me."

He raised his hands towards the roof, and shortly after, several lengths of rope shot towards me. I levitated a pile of leaves from the floor up in front of me and hardened their edges into blades. As the rope passed through the array of razor sharp leaves, they were cut apart. I swiftly followed up my defense and counter attacked by shooting some of the leaves towards the demon, who conjured a protective layer of fire that burned the leaves away as they passed through the barrier.

The fight continued like that; the demon cast spell after spell in succession while I countered them and sometimes managed a counter attack. Spells bounced every which way. Lightning. Fire. Ice. A crack sounded from one of the pews getting hit by an energy spell.

My breath grew heavy. I was barely able to counter each spell that the demon threw at me. I could feel that I was outmatched and at any moment I would be defeated. I looked for an escape. The demon blocked the front of the double doors I had entered. Two more spells deflected. My eyes next fell to the side entrance that had already been blocked many years ago by a pile of stone and wood rubble from a previous collapse. I would have to make my own exit then. I began to form a slow, but powerful spell that would blast a hole through one of the walls. His barrage of spells made it difficult to weave together my own, but each one was countered by my free hand. When it was completed, the spell shot from my hands with a powerful force into the wall, causing a loud boom. Freedom.

A sensation on my ankles distracted me momentarily. I looked down to see that a few of the pieces of cut rope had wrapped themselves around my foot and tied their other ends to one of the pews, with more rope pieces slithering towards me. I cast a quick fire spell, burning one of them away. Before I

had a chance to burn the other pieces of rope away, the demon sent two more spells towards me, which I deflected, but gave an opportunity for more of the rope to wrap around my legs.

Desperate, I dropped my guard and focused both my hands to destroy the rope. Suddenly, the wind was knocked from me by a hit to my stomach and I collapsed to the ground. Taking advantage of my prone state, the remaining pieces of rope made quick work of binding my legs and arms together.

The demon laughed triumphantly and stepped toward me. My heart pounded, knowing I was at this evil creature's mercy.

"I win, as always," he gloated with that same deep voice. "You humans that come here are all so easy to defeat. Some of you put up a good fight, but all of you weaklings eventually succumb to my power." He knelt down to my face, smiling and revealing a set of fangs that could easily pierce skin. "I have plans for you."

He raised his hands and snapped his fingers so that a blue flame hovered above his hand before it was shot towards me, engulfing my clothes with fire. I screamed and rolled, but the fire did not burn me. Instead, it burnt away my robes and undergarments, leaving me naked on the cold, stone floor. The demon looked down at my package and laughed.

"Human cocks are so cute and pathetic," he said amused. "Let me show you a real cock."

The demon stripped off his pants, revealing his large shaft dangling between his legs. I stared wide-eyed at the huge member swinging between his legs with each of his movements. He gripped my hips, spun me over, and spread my ass cheeks. I tried to wiggle away from him, but he firmly dug his claws into my thighs, holding me in place and sending pain into my body. I cried out for him to not do it.

"Yes, beg for me," he mocked "You know exactly what I'm going to do to you."

"Please," I begged "I've never had anything in there!"

"That's what a lot of the male mages say. Of course, they quickly become little fuck sluts hungry for my cock by the time I finish with them."

Ignoring my pleas, he spread my cheeks again and spat a gob of saliva onto my asshole. I winced at the sudden wetness there. He pressed his demon-hood against my opening and began to push as I resisted by squeezing my hole shut as hard as I could. The gooey liquid acted as a far better lubricant than it should have. Even with my resistance, the tip of his cock did not have trouble sliding into my ass. I gasped and buried my face into the floor, trying to focus on anything else, except the slight pain of being penetrated by such a large object.

The demon interrupted my focus. "You have such a tight ass, mage. I'll make sure to change that," he said as he pushed deeper.

"No, it's too big," was all I could protest as the demon slowly pushed his way deeper into me, taking advantage of my bound body. I gasped, aware that more than his cock head was inside me now.

"You're already focusing on the size of my cock instead of trying to get away," the demon mocked.

He was right. I should have been focusing on a plan to escape, on some spell to get me out of these bindings. My mind searched for a spell that I could use while completely bound, but the deeper he went inside of me the harder it became to focus on anything, except the sensation of his cock. I stopped resisting, hoping that relaxing my ass would make it less painful, but it also made it easier for him to press deeper inside of me.

Dirty thoughts began to race through my mind. How deep could he go? I saw his shaft hanging when he stripped off his pants, extending farther flaccid than I had ever been hard in my life. How much bigger was it when he was hard?

Each second that passed, the demon penetrated deeper and deeper, his thrusts becoming a little bit faster. Surprisingly, a certain desire started to form inside me, a feeling to be ravaged and filled with this demon's cock. Was I really starting to enjoy this? As he thrust again deeper, my body shivered and my cock hardened against my legs. I felt my body betraying me and the feeling of lust growing inside me, begging for me to embrace the pleasure that this demon could give me.

The demon's voice broke into my thoughts "You're starting to enjoy this human," he taunted. "Your cock is hard and your body no longer resists my thrusts. Embrace my cock, and with it, pleasure."

"No," I whispered. "I won't become your slave."

My mind shifted from wanting to give in to the sensation back to trying to resist. I wanted to feel the incredible sensation of being fucked, to enjoy it, but I didn't want to be his slave forever. Would that really be so bad? Despite its size, it started to feel good having his huge cock inside of me after all.

"It'll feel even better if you moan," offered the demon, whose voice had changed from a harsh boom to that of a lover's enticing, soft voice.

A small part of me continued to resist, "No," were the only words I could muster between my dirty thoughts and the sensation of wanting to surrender myself to the demon.

"No? You don't want to feel better?" His voice was now a whisper next to my ear.

"No," I gasped as he continued to go deeper. How was there still more cock to go inside of me?

"Moaning won't make me feel good." I resisted the feeling of lust and the temptation to moan. My mind felt like it was going to break at any moment.

"I'll moan first and demonstrate for you," the demon let out a feral, deep moan filled with pleasure that reverberated in my head. My spine tingled from the sound. He moaned again, the sexual sound exciting me even more. I knew I couldn't last much longer if he continued. He whispered again in my ear, "Moan and prove to me that it doesn't feel amazing to moan while I fuck you in your ass."

I accepted the challenge. I moaned to prove him wrong, to prove that I could resist the pleasure of this demon inside of me. I was wrong. As I moaned, he thrust the rest of his cock inside my ass, shocking me with pain and pleasure of him being so deep. My eyes rolled to the back of my head. As if on their own volition my hips pressed against his, my body hoping to be filled even deeper. Every inch of his cock felt incredible inside of me.

I moaned more. His moans joined with mine to make a duet of sexual pleasure. Every moan, both of his and mine, sent wave after wave of pleasure into my head and body. “Why does it feel so good?” I managed to ask as I met the rhythm of the demon’s cock pounding me.

“You are becoming my little fuck whore.” *My little fuck whore.* Those words sent a pleasant shiver through my body and into my ass. I needed more of this pleasure.

“I want to be your little fuck whore,” I said almost begging for the demon to ravage me more. If being his fuck whore felt this good, I wanted it. I didn’t care if I would become his slave forever. I just wanted to have him inside of me.

“Then take all of my seed inside of you,” he said as he gripped me harder. “Become my little fuck whore forever.”

The thought of the demon releasing everything into me excited me to my core. “Cum inside of me!” I begged. He was on the edge and I wanted him to fill me up with more pleasure. “I’m your little fuck whore.”

The ropes finally released me. I should have taken advantage of the moment of freedom, but my thoughts had long ago shifted from escaping and instead, were completely replaced by the thoughts of pleasure, sex, and perverted desires. I grabbed my ass and spread myself open thrusting back into him with my ass. The demon thrust against me with an incredible speed, his balls slapping against mine every time he pressed all the way inside of me.

Each thrust sent a shock wave of pain and pleasure into my ass and balls as he fucked my slutty ass with fervor. Wave of orgasms pulsed from my ass throughout my body into my brain and back down to my ass where I experienced another orgasm, making my own cock drip. His thick cock began to pulsate.

“Give it all to me master!” I begged through my orgasms. Something hot explode into my ass, the warm sensation welcomed. We both lay there panting for a moment, the demon’s weight a comfort on my body. Within seconds, the demon’s panting slowed to a steady breathing before he pulled his cock out, leaving my ass gaping and feeling empty apart from the semen seeping out of me.

He turned me over and stood above me, his huge cock still erect. I stared at it, my eyes wide and my mouth hanging slightly open. The size, which I had originally been afraid of now filled me with hunger to suck and worship his giant demon cock.

“Clean it,” he motioned to his shaft with his once again powerful, booming voice. I hungrily obeyed. From my prone position I got onto my knees and licked his pole, sliding my tongue all along it like it was the sweetest candy I had ever tasted. I moved from tip to base and savored every inch of him, letting myself get lost in the flavor.

My trance was interrupted when suddenly the demon pulled my head away from him. “Good whore,” he said with a satisfied smile as he sadly put his pants back on and left me with wanting more.

The demon walked away and yanked on a chain that I now noticed was in his hand. As he pulled, my neck was tugged with it. At some point, a collar had appeared around my neck and with it a leash. I

stood up and obediently walked after the demon. His muscular back drew my attention and I found myself admiring the contour of the various muscles.

The demon brought me to a mirror somewhere within the temple. The oval shape and intricate silver border of the mirror seemed out of place in the ancient, broken temple, which was devoid of any luxuries. With a gesture from his hand, the mirror changed to reveal a blank red room with stone floors. The demon stepped through and pulled me with him. Despite wanting to follow my new master, I found myself nervous, but managed a deep breath as I stepped through the portal.

On the other side, the room was a small red room that could comfortably fit only several people. The faint scent of sex hung in the air. On the other side of the room was a set of dark black, iron double doors. As we neared the doors, I heard the muffled sounds of moans coming from the other side. The demon guided me to the door and said, "Welcome to your new home, whore." He pushed open the door. The sound of moaning became deafening and the aroma of sex hit my nose.

Through the doors, was a vast room with many apparatuses and hundreds of people, both men and women, and everything in between, all naked and lost in the throes of pleasure. There were many different groups, some small and some big, and with all sorts of combinations of people all in sexual ecstasy.

The demon released my leash from my collar and pushed me towards the crowd. I was quickly swallowed up by a small group of people where I began to embrace their touch. Before losing myself in the pleasure of my group, I noticed the demon go to several people and collect them. He guided them to a throne overlooking the whole room, sat himself down, and basked in the aura of the room, while the people he had grabbed gave him special attention. Although longing for my new master's cock, I turned to my new group and let myself fall into pleasurable ecstasy.