

Demonic Control

By Dragonien

Everything had been checked, double-checked, and triple-checked.

“Let’s give this a go...”

Plucking up a piece of paper from atop an old leather-bound book sitting on his desk, the gray-and-white furred wolf began to read. Strange words he could barely pronounce, much less knew the actual translation of, poured from his lips. Even after having spent several minutes of practice saying each word individually, so as not to accidentally chain them together, he still almost bit his tongue three different times during the short recitation. His work paid off though. When the final word left his lips the lights in the room dimmed and the arcane drawing before him began to glow.

Kazanoth lounged lazily atop his massive stone throne. Idly he toyed with the bleached-white skull held in one hand before casually crushing it in his grip as if it had been made of graham crackers instead of bone. Prostrated before him played one of his subjugated minions, some middle-ranking drake demon that was still centuries away from having a hope of earning his dragon title. Someone far below Kazanoth’s attention and not even worth remembering his name.

“This is the third cycle in a row that you have failed to bring me even a single soul, whelp. Give me a reason why I shouldn't just devour you and take what pitiful essence you have collected for myself.” Kazanoth rumbled.

The drake visibly cringed back from just the sound of the greater demon’s voice. The implied threat left the drake practically wetting himself. Any mortal would have screamed in terror at just the sight of the greater demon before him. It took Kazanoth a significant effort to

not let a smirk spread across his face. As much as he loved making lesser demons grovel before him, this meeting wasn't about his pleasure. It was about setting an example.

“Please, your magnificence! It is almost impossible to get a mortal to summon us to their plane anymore! And your great power has already subjugated every lesser lord within a week's flight! There's nothing for me to even scavenge lest I start turning on your other subjects! It's all I can do to harvest what little ambient mana there is to keep my own people from withering!” the little drakeling groveled.

Again, Kazanoth had to make a conscious effort not to smirk. He loved a good grovel. Honestly, part of him was even tempted to let the little thing off just to hear what kind of colorful praise it could manage for him. Sadly, he had to set an example.

“No more excuses!” the greater dragon thundered, his voice shaking the ground beneath them all with a volume beyond what even his size should allow for. “You have been given a task. You have failed three times. Thrice failed and done. You and those pitiful morsels you call your vassals shall be—”

And then suddenly his voice cut off. The opulent throne room went dead silent save for a tiny pop of displaced air rapidly rushing in to fill a vacuum. Where Kazanoth had sat only a few moments before, now there was nothing. The attendants of the room began looking around in shock, whispering under their breath to each other and unsure what to do. Finally, the quiet tension was broken by the drake demon's voice.

“So... does this mean I'm off the hook?”

“...executed and f—” Kazanoth continued only to cut himself off as he suddenly realized that he was no longer in his throne room. It took him a moment to recognize what that momentary tugging sensation he had felt was. It had been eons since he had last felt it. Since anyone dared to make him experience it.

Some foolish mortal had summoned him to the mortal plane. This time he did not bother to suppress the grin that split his muzzle and exposed his rows of razor-sharp teeth.

“Foolish mortal. Do you even fathom what you have dared to bring into this world? Do you know the cataclysm that you... have...?”

The dragon trailed off as he began looking around his surroundings and struggled to make sense of them. While he had not been to the mortal world in many centuries, he had kept up with some of their technological advancements through reports and gifts brought back by his minions. Before him was some mirror, or *screen* as they called it. It was meant to project entertainment that the mortals used to waste away their finite lives. From the descriptions his minions had given, though, he expected them to be... smaller. This one towered over him like a castle battlement. One of those movie theaters, perhaps, that he had been told about. When a loud, deep voice spoke behind him, it quickly began to dawn on him that something was wrong.

“Holy crap, it really worked!”

Spinning to face the voice, Kazanoth found himself completely at a loss for words for the first time in centuries.

Before him was a mortal, like many others he had seen throughout his long lifetime. The dragon could feel the radiant, innate magical energy pouring off the mortal and practically taste the delicious spark of creation that was their soul on the air around him. But this wasn't any normal mortal, as much as he might appear to be.

He was gigantic!

One of the wolf-kind, if he remembered his species correctly. Gray fur with white streaks, in a complex enough pattern they almost looked like stripes, covered the massive mortal creature that towered over him like a building. In his natural state, the last time the demon dragon had been summoned to the mortal world the mortals had barely been as tall as his knee. Yet based on how high the mortal was looming above him and from the fact that they seemed to be sitting down in front of an elevated space, the demon would have been surprised if he even came up past this monster's ankle!

"Who are you to summon me?!" the dragon demon roared.

His ego, if nothing else, refused to let even the tiniest ounce of confusion and concern show. It didn't matter if this mortal was ten times, or a thousand times, his size now that it had summoned him.

"Oh, man, and you're even a dragon! That's so badass. I'd always wanted dragons to be real. Dude, can you breathe fire?" the mortal blathered on, seeming completely unimpressed by the demon's bravado.

Before responding, Kazanoth took another look around his surroundings, something still seeming off to him. As he looked around, he saw other pieces of furniture all scaled to the size of the giant mortal in front of him. The puzzle pieces rapidly started clicking into place despite his dislike of the answer. When he looked down and saw the summoning circle that had brought him here, all became clear. This mortal wasn't gigantic... he was tiny! Somehow, this mortal buffoon had rewritten his summoning circle to be scalable! In fact, he saw more changes than just that. Before he could make heads or tails of the other alterations though, he was distracted by a heavy impact against his chest knocking him on his ass.

"Whoops, sorry. Didn't mean to poke that hard. You're kinda small," the wolf said apologetically as he retracted his extended finger. "You can understand me, right? The book said that you should understand any of our languages."

“Yes, yes, I can understand you!” Kazanoth growled absent-mindedly as he pushed himself back up to his feet. Then, turning his glare back on the giant wolf, he roared once more in his best authoritative thunder. “Who do you think you are, mortal? You dare desecrate my summoning circle? Look what you've done to me! I should rend you into pieces on sheer principle!”

Smoke spiraled up from the dragon demon's nostrils in a show of rage. It was lucky no other demons had been summoned as the humiliation of being seen like this would have been too much for him. The mortal suddenly bursting out into laughter did not help his anger whatsoever.

“Hahaha! Oh, God, I'm sorry, haha. It's just... your voice is so squeaky and high-pitched! It sounds so cute!” the wolf howled, banging one hand on the desktop near where the demon stood.

Kazanoth would have let out another furious tirade of simply breathing fire on the offending creature if the impact of that hand hitting so close to him hadn't shaken the table hard enough that he lost his balance again. Falling on his ass for the second time in as many minutes only added to the demon's sense of humiliation and outrage.

“You dare...?! I could chew you into pieces in a heartbeat!” the demon snarled as he jumped up to his feet once more.

The wolf's laughter suddenly died off and he took a more serious expression. Suddenly one of those log-sized fingers of his extended and stretched out towards the demon. He did not flinch, but he did prepare himself for another impact. When the finger stopped directly in front of him though, he looked up at the mortal in confusion.

“Go ahead. Give it a shot.” The wolf encouraged.

Kazanoth was stunned in fear and confusion at this mortal's brazen idiotic act. Did he think that just because he was bigger, he couldn't be hurt? That was a belief that needed to be cured of immediately.

The dragon barred his teeth and spread his jaws wide to clamp them down on the offending finger. Or at least, that's what he wanted to do. As he stared at the finger and willed himself to attack, he simply... didn't. Instead, he tried to rake his claws across the finger but, again, while he thought the action, his body simply did nothing.

His muscles were tense and ready to act.

His jaw was clenched so tight that it almost hurt.

His whole body was shaking with barely restrained violence.

And yet, every time he tried to will himself to attack the appendage in front of him, he simply... didn't.

“Whew, damn... okay, so that worked,” the wolf sighed an audible relief. “If it hadn't, I figured that I was going to lose more than a finger.”

The demon glared up at the looming wolf. “What have you done, mortal?” he demanded. Despite his every effort though, he was not able to completely keep a tiny hint of trepidation in his voice. Something was wrong.

“Oh, man, I'm glad you asked! I've been wanting to gush about this for over a week but no one else even thinks this shit is real, much less understand it!” the mortal rambled happily.

He then began to spout off a long-winded, obnoxious story with far too many details that Kazanoth neither understood nor cared about. At least not until the wolf began talking about his summoning circle. He explained how he found this old book on something called eBay with all these different summoning rituals in it, and he thought it would be a kick to give them a try. But after doing more research, he had somehow realized that the summoning circles in the book were flawed. So, he didn't seem to know that it was done intentionally by the demons who had purposely let those books out into the world.

Kazanoth's trepidation grew into a full-blown concern as the wolf continue to explain how through his research, he had theorized an altered version of the circle. One that was supposed to work correctly, in his opinion. Not to mention one that was scalable so that, as he put it, he didn't have to paint on his carpet to make a circle big enough. Only then did Kazanoth think to look down at the circle around him and try once more to decipher it. His eyes slowly went wide as he figured it out just as the wolf finished explaining.

"...shouldn't be able to act on any violent impulses towards me! Even if you try to hurt me indirectly, you just won't be able to! I'm assuming when you were standing there rock-still, you were trying to bite or claw my finger or something else, weren't you? Oh, man, I can't imagine what would have happened to the idiot that tried to use the circle in the book! You could have just torn him apart limb from limb, and he wouldn't have been able to do diddly about it!"

No, no, no. This was all wrong. Kazanoth was a primal demon, powerful enough to hold one of the royal demonic thrones! He couldn't be... bound like this! Even when he tried to dismiss himself and return to the infernal plane, nothing happened! Not only was the summoning preventing him from harming his summoner, it wouldn't even let him leave without his permission!

As furious as the dragon was, he hadn't gotten his position by being a mindless, raging brute. As much as he absolutely wanted to shred this audacious mortal apart, it looked like diplomacy was his only real option. Luckily for him, he had spent a few decades as the crossroads demon back in his early years, and he knew just how to butter up these stupid mortals. Taking a deep breath to calm himself, Kazanoth suppressed his burning fury and put on his best cocky salesman face.

“Well, well, well. Finally, I'm summoned by a mortal that's got some brains,” he praised, having to swallow back bile at the very idea of praising any mortal, much less one as audacious as this. “Congratulations. Now, tell me what it is you desire, and we can meet on even footing as equals.”

This caused a snort of barely contained laughter from the wolf that sent a gust of strangely minty breath blowing across the demon.

“Sorry, sorry. It's just... I mean, on even footing. It's funny, right? I mean you're like... bite-sized to me right now!” the wolf giggled.

“Yes. Very funny. You're a clever mortal...” Kazanoth growled, one of his eye ridges twitching in annoyance. “Now if you don't mind, let us conclude our business so I can leave.”

At that the wolf frowned. Kazanoth could practically hear the gears in the wolf's head turning.

“...So, what? You can just grant a wish? Like a genie?” he asked.

The diminished dragon demon had to bite back a vitriolic response at being compared to some mundane mortal construct like a genie. “Sort of like a genie, yes. Just a simple exchange! I can grant just about any mortal desire.”

The wolf frowned again. Kazanoth suddenly got bad feeling.

“Exchange? Like, I have to pay you? What would you even do with my money?”

Kazanoth realized his mistake. He should have chosen his words better. As infuriating as he was, Kazanoth had to admit that the mortal wasn't stupid. Normally he was better at obfuscation, why had he said *exchange*?

“No, no. You’re right I don’t need your mortal currency. Just state your wish and I will fulfill it. Do you want to be a famous artist? I can give you artistic skills to shame any mortal. Do you wish love and adoration? I can make you irresistible to anyone that you meet.” Kazanoth aggrandized.

“But I have to pay you for it?” he pressed.

Kazanoth opened his mouth to reply, intending to confuse the mortal and let him jump to his own conclusions about the price. Few mortals would willingly give up their soul when it was just laid out before them at the price. When he opened his mouth though, only a single word came out. One he had not meant to say.

“Yes.”

A brief surge of panic mixed with confusion filled the demon. Only after the fact, he realized that his body had frozen in place for a split second when he had tried to speak. And the mortal looming above him clearly noticed it. His curious expression had taken on a look of suspicion. Kazanoth suddenly realized what was wrong.

“And what would it cost me? If, say, I wanted to... I don’t know, have my own country to rule? Or what if I just wanted a sandwich? Is the price the same? What do your services cost?” he asked, leaning a bit closer.

Kazanoth’s body visibly shook as he tried to speak. A brief but noticeable spasm, as if you tried to move but suddenly stopped. Unable to stop himself, his mouth opened and answered for him.

“Your soul.”

“Aha! I knew it!” the mortal exclaimed, the volume of his voice making the demon wince slightly. “You're trying to trick me out of my soul! I mean, I don't even think souls are real, so I don't know what the hell that means, but I'm betting if a demon like you wanted it, it's probably not good, is it?”

“...N-n-n-no” Kazanoth growled through clenched teeth. Even trying to hold his mouth closed, his vocal cords moved of their own accord. “It means that when you die you become a demon like me. Specifically, under my control for the rest of eternity. And that I would be able to manipulate you while you're still alive.”

Now for the first time in millennia, Kazanoth felt genuine panic. Whatever the mortal had done to his summoning circle wasn't just stopping him from physically harming the mortal. It was stopping him from even lying to the mortal! He couldn't even cause them harm incidentally through their own decisions lead by deceit!

And the wolf seemed to recognize that.

“You can't lie to me either, can you? I bet you were trying to trick me into giving you my soul by lying about granting some dumb wish.” He accused.

Again, Kazanoth shuddered as he tried, and failed to resist answering promptly.

“No, I don't seem to be able to lie to you. And, yes, I was trying to trick you into giving me your soul. The offer is real, I can grant your desire, but I would have done so in bad faith!”

It was only after he finished speaking that his arms freed themselves and let him reach up and grab his own muzzle to hold it closed. It was one thing to keep him from hurting the

mortal, that wasn't exactly uncommon in the rare instances demonologist actually knew what they were doing. Even forcing the demon to tell the truth wasn't out of the realm of possibility, though he was shocked a random fool like this, who didn't look like they were a day over 25 years old, could have figured it out. But compelling him to actually answer the question rather than just speak truthfully when he chose to? That was something altogether different. Demons could be bound through an agreement, but the idea of compelling any demon, much less a high-class one like himself, to act without a binding agreement was insane!

"I think I'm starting to get the picture here. You didn't want to state that either, did you?" the mortal asked, a smile slowly spreading across his lupine face.

This time the dragon was able to keep himself from speaking. That didn't stop him from shaking his head vehemently, though. When the compulsive movement stopped, he looked up at the wolf again, suddenly feeling a lot less sure of himself than he had when he first got here. He had been too angry and outraged initially to really give it much thought, not to mention his own confidence in that he could have handled anything. But now that he realized how powerless he was... the mortal's imposing size started to feel a little intimidating.

"...Stand on one foot." The wolf ordered in an authoritative, if slightly hesitant voice.

Instantly, one of the Dragons legs lifted off the ground, his tail swishing behind him to help rebalance himself.

"Switch to the other leg. Both back on the ground. Now do a backflip." The wolf ordered; each command spoken with increasing confidence.

And each command was carried out flawlessly. No matter how much the demon tried to resist, his body simply wouldn't respond. Every command the mortal gave him, he followed through regardless of whether he wanted to or not. When he was finally done with the humiliating physical routine the wolf had put him through and he regained control of his body, he pointed a finger threateningly at the mortal.

“You can’t do this! I am Kazanoth, demon prince of the infernal forest! Seventh in line to the elder throne! I am not some toy for you to play with!” He roared with indignation.

The mortal seemed unfazed, acting as if he hadn't even heard most of what the demon had said. “Oh, right, sorry. My name’s Silver. Kazamof, huh? That's kind of a mouthful.”

“It’s Kazanoth!” the diminutive demon roared again.

“I think I’ll just call you Cinder. ‘Cuz you’re tiny and kind of cute with the way you’re smoldering. Your new name is Cinder.” The mortal proclaimed matter-of-factly, clearly pleased with his own name choice.

“That is not my name! I am Cinder, demon pri—” the demon began to rant again only to freeze mid-sentence.” I am Cind... Cin... my name is C... Cin... Cinder...! What have you done to me?! That is not my name! My name is Cinder, not Cinder!”

Each time the demon tried to speak his name; it came out as Cinder. To his horror, the demon realized that even in his thoughts his name was now Cinder. He knew that wasn't his original name, he knew the mortal had changed it, but every time he tried to refer to himself or even tried to remember his original name, it just kept coming back as Cinder.

“Oh, whoa. Did I actually change your name? I didn't know I could make you do stuff like that.” The mortal exclaimed excitedly, clearly amused by the demon’s antics rather than having any sympathy for the demon’s growing horror.

Part of Cinder suddenly realized that this must be what mortals felt like when demons tormented them. Not that it garnered any sympathy whatsoever. All it did was make him more outraged. But he wasn't a demon for nothing. Finding loopholes and exploits in contracts and

deals was literally part of his existence. He couldn't hurt this cocky fool but, petty as it was, he could destroy his stuff.

Sucking in a deep breath, he turned it to the side to some large cup sitting on the desk near him that had what he assumed were writing implements sticking out of it. Pursing his lips, he exhaled a sharp, thin line of fire that shot through the air like a fiery spear and bathed the top of the writing utensils in flame. Instantly the pieces made of wood burst into flame while the rubber and plastic parts melted under the unnaturally hot fire of the demon. Much to Cinder's delight, he heard the mortal yelp in fear and surprise in his first real show of concern. The demon's smugness didn't last very long, however.

"Stop that! No fire!" he exclaimed wildly.

As he yelled out the protest, Silver grabbed a nearby cup of water and haphazardly splashed it on top of the writing utensils to extinguish the flame. Even with it being the unnatural, magical fire from a dragon demon, the comparative amount of water was like dumping a small pond on a campfire, and the flames were extinguished almost immediately. That wasn't Cinders concern though.

The moment the wolf, Silver, had said *no more fire*, he felt something clamp down in both his throat and his infernal magic. The little wisps of smoke that normally leaked from his nostrils suddenly cut off and he couldn't feel the metaphysical heat of his inner fire anymore. He could still tell it was there, he could feel the magic, but now it was like there was a barrier wrapped around it.

Before the demon could make any kind of outraged protest or demand at suddenly being cut off from his fire, a set of fingers, thicker than his thighs, wrapped around him and effortlessly lifted him off the ground. Suddenly finding himself face-to-massive-face with his summoner, the demon glared back into the green eyes of the wolf. For a moment he tried to struggle against the finger squeezing around him. They were squeezing so tight that if he had been a mortal creature at this size, his arms probably would have been crushed where they were being held on. As a demon though, he was made of tougher stuff. Not that it made this

any more comfortable. Nor did it make it any easier to escape as even his impressive strength at this scale was not enough to overpower a hand big enough to pick him up like a toy.

“What the hell did you do that for?” the wolf growled, clearly irritated.

For a moment, the wolf simply glared at him when the demon refused to respond. Then, slowly, Cinder watched the devious grin spread across the mortal’s face.

“You know, you have to do everything I say now, don't you?” he asked. When Cinder was compelled to give a silent nod, Silver continued. “You demons are all about that hierarchy, right? That's why you were blustering about your title or whatever, right? I don't think you've quite realized what the hierarchy is in this room right now.”

With that ominous note, Silver stood up from his desk and turned towards the open area of his room. Then, holding his arm out in front of him, he simply relaxed his fingers and let the demon fall to the ground.

Cinder was a demon, a dragon demon for that matter, which meant he was far stronger than any mortal creature would be even at his size. That still didn't make a fall from what, to him, was at least a hundred feet down painless. As he hit the ground, he let out a grunt as his legs ached from absorbing the impact of his landing. He barely had time to turn around and crane his head back to look up at the wolf before Silver’s voice rang out again.

“Don’t move.”

Cinder felt his body seize up like if it was frozen from the neck down. He still had perfect feeling and all his limbs, but they simply refused to move as if he were paralyzed. All he could do was stare up at his captor.

For the first time, Cinder really looked the wolf over. It had been hard to tell, especially when he had been so close and from the size difference, but Silver actually looked pretty small. Or at least, as small as someone more than ten times your size could be. His body had almost no muscle definition, his shirt hanged loose around his torso, and his arms were practically twigs. Again, at this scale and position, it was hard to tell; but based on the comparative size of the surrounding furniture, he guessed that the wolf was pretty short as well, at least relative to other mortals. The runt of the litter, most likely. Out of everything else that had happened so far, that was the one fact that made the demon worry just a tiny bit. Few people could be as cruel and devious as a depressed weakling given power. When Silver finally started to move towards him, Cinder's eyes went wide.

"No, no, don't you dare...!" He yelled. "Don't you even thi—"

His protest was cut off by a heavy impact sticking against his chest which sent him sprawling backwards onto his ass. Again, it was a good thing he wasn't mortal, as any mortal person hit like that would have had their chest caved in. What was most concerning, though, was he didn't know if Silver was being that forceful on purpose because he knew that he could take it, or if he actually had been trying to cause that much harm. Even if he wasn't, accidental overuse of force was just as bad as intentional overuse.

Before the demon had a chance to even try to get to his feet, not that the immobilizing command would have let him, his entire world went dark as a heavy weight shoved down upon him and smothered him head to toe.

Silver had stepped on him.

"You can move." Silver's voice rang out, muffled to the layers of flesh pressing down on top of Cinder.

Immediately Cinder began squirming and struggling underneath the heavy lupine foot on top of him. Even with his impressive supernatural strength though, he could barely even dimple the flesh underneath the wolf's foot much less lift it off him.

"I said you can move," the wolf taunted, clearly able to feel the demon moving underneath his appendage. "Aren't you going to free yourself, oh, great demon?"

Silver couldn't make out any words, but he could hear muffled grunts and growls coming from underneath his foot and could only imagine the string of curses the demon was trying to throw his way. He had meant this mostly as just a way to try to get the demon to calm down and be a little more cooperative. It was a lot like his brother's idiot jock friends who had to physically be shown dominance before they would get in line. What he hadn't expected was to enjoy the experience.

It wasn't just that the demon felt surprisingly good underfoot, though Silver did make a note of that. The way his unnaturally warm body radiated heat into the sensitive flesh of his feet was pleasant enough to make him sigh contentedly. Rather, it was the sense of power that he felt so effortlessly overpowering someone else. It made him feel strong, impressive. Like he could do anything. Maybe this was how his asshole brothers felt when they had pinned him down and messed with him his whole life.

Without realizing it, Silver had begun pressing a little more of his weight down on that foot. He could feel the demon's struggles weakening as more and more of his weight came to bear on Cinder. Perhaps he was going a bit overboard. He didn't exactly know how much the little guy could take. Honestly, he was kind of surprised that he hadn't done some kind of damage already. And yet, he couldn't quite bring himself to stop. He wanted to revel in this feeling of strength, of superiority, for a few seconds longer. Only when he felt Cinder's struggles finally stop did he lift his foot and release the demon from his entrapment.

A squeaky gasp of inhaled breath signaled Cinder struggling to reclaim the air he had been denied while pressed under foot. Technically, as a demon, he didn't need to breathe. But like all demons, he did it reflexively when on the mortal plane. The air, just like everything else, was rich with ambient unused magic. He had been so used to imitating breathing that even now he imitated the effects of lack-of-breathing on reflex.

By the time Cinder regained the breath he didn't really need and looked up again, he found Silver crouching down, feet raised up on their toes and legs bent at the knees. It was yet another clear attempt to emphasize the overwhelming difference in size between the two of them. Hell, even crouching down, he still towered over Cinder.

"You're a tough little guy, aren't you? Although I have to admit, you do feel kind of good underfoot," the wolf commented, clearly mocking him. "You're kind of warm, like one of those heated massage pads."

Cinder was slowly starting to rethink antagonizing this mortal quite so much. As it slowly dawned on him how much power the mortal had over him, and the inferiority complex the-wolf-clearly-had became more obvious, Cinder was increasingly sure that he had opened a can of worms.

"Alright, alright! You made your point!" Cinder growled, as close as his ego would let him come to admitting defeat. "Are we going to make a deal or not? If not, I got other things to do so just send me back."

The little dragon demon wasn't quite able to keep a tiny undertone of pleading out of his voice at the last phrase. He had never been so humiliated in the centuries of his existence. He didn't even care about revenge at this point, he just wanted to go home and forget this whole thing.

"Why do I need to make a deal?" Silver asked. "I mean. If you make a deal with me, I have to give you my soul, right?"

Cinder didn't even bother resisting this time as he answered in the affirmative. The compulsion wouldn't let him lie or obfuscate the truth anyway, so why bother?

"But... I don't need you to make a deal with me. You already have to do what I say."

Cinder's stomach dropped as the realization dawned on him. The wolf was right. As he was now, he couldn't resist any compulsion that Silver put on him. Hell, the wolf had already shown that he could change Cinder's very name and way of thinking but with a casual command! Forget trading his soul away for something, Silver could just make Cinder give him anything he wanted. The wolf's lips twisted into a grin that would have done any demon proud.

"How about I offer you a deal instead?" Silver said ominously.

Before Cinder could ask what he meant, powerful lupine fingers wrapped around him and hefted him up into the air. He was tossed effortlessly across the room only to bounce across the soft fabric of the wolf's bedding. By the time he scrambled back to his feet, he nearly fell over again when the mattress inclined towards where the wolf had just sat down on the edge. The demon got a close-up view of legs longer than oak trees lift and swing over his head only to land just a few inches ahead of him as the wolf made himself comfy on his bed. With his back propped up on his pillows and headboard, Silver stared down the expanse of his body to where the little dragon demon stood right between his feet.

"Here's the deal, little demon. Either you can willingly give me a foot rub for one minute, or you will be compelled to give me one until I say I'm satisfied."

The demon simply stared up at the towering wolf in disbelief. It took him a solid ten seconds before he was able to even respond past the mixture of indignation, outrage, and flat burning anger. It was a good thing Silver had already subdued his inner flame or he probably would have set the bed on fire.

"You want me to... what?! I will do no such thing! This binding is the only reason I'm not already punishing you for the sheer audacity of such a demand!" Cinder roared.

He didn't even care that his roar probably sounded like a cute squeak to the giant wolf. Lower himself to groveling at the feet of some mortal? He wouldn't even do that for under the King himself! It was his servants, his minions, that would lick and kiss the soles of his feet just for the honor of being in his presence! He would never lower himself to that degrading position like them.

Or at least that's what he told himself.

"Ooh, I was hoping you would refuse," the wolf exclaimed with just a bit too much eagerness in his voice.

Already Cinder's body was moving its way towards the foot to his left. His eyes widened in horror as he realized what was happening. Again, no matter how much he struggled or tried to resist, his body simply would not obey him. Before he knew it, he was standing before one of Silver's feet. A small part of him was thankful that Silver didn't have a good view of him anymore so that the wolf wouldn't see how intimidated he really felt.

The foot beforehand, propped up on its heel to stand straight up with its underside exposed to him, was taller than he was! Even if he stretched his arms straight up, he still would need to hop off the ground just to be able to reach the base of Silver's middle toe. It was obvious the wolf was larger and more powerful than he was in this situation, but there was something so much more visceral about such an obvious, forceless representation of it that shows of direct physical force couldn't convey.

Even as Cinder stared at the massive appendage, his body continued moving on its own. Powerful clawed fingers pressed into the soft flesh of the foot arch, reflexively careful to not let the claws poke the skin and damage it. At first his movements were tentative, exploratory. Slowly pressing in on the skin at different points as if testing its rigidity. When his arms spread more and the tips of his claws brushed against the flesh near the base of his middle toe, the foot suddenly jerked and kicked him hard enough that he was knocked on his ass.

“Whoops! Sorry, little guy. Gotta be careful, I’m kinda ticklish there.” Silver’s loud voice rang with a note of apology.

Even as Cinder grumbled indignantly, his body stood back up of its own accord and moved back into position. He began pressing his palms into the flesh slowly at first, but with increasing force. He knew that the wolf was finally starting to really feel it when he heard a contented growl of a sigh vibrate through the air.

“There we go. Now you’re getting there. A little harder...” Silver sighed happily.

Despite the casual way he spoke, Cinder still responded to the command uncontrollably. His body began weaning itself further forward, bracing his feet against the plush fabric beneath him so he could press his weight harder into his hands. It was the same stance he would have used if he had his hands locked with an opponent and was trying to overpower them through sheer brute strength. Something he had done many times. Yet, unlike in his past, this time his opponent barely even budged.

As he continued to work his way across Silver’s foot, he could hear the increasing rumbles and sighs of relief and contentment coming from his giant tormentor. He still couldn’t believe he was being subjected to such a degrading task but there was nothing he could do to stop himself.

“Mmm... press up against it.” The wolf sighed absent-mindedly.

Immediately Cinder’s body responded. He suddenly lurched forward and spread his arms wide, pressing his entire body up against the underside of Silver’s foot while his arms hugged him against it as tight as they could. It was a grope that, were he normal sized, could have crushed a man, but now it only seemed to make the wolf happier.

“Ooh, man, you’re so warm. That feels really good, little guy...” Silver all but purred. “You know, if a few demons made more deals like this, I bet you’d get way more souls. Or *soles*, at least.”

As he giggled at his own joke, the wolf shifted a bit in place. Squirming back and forth and causing his foot to push forward and scoot the demon a little closer to the edge of the bed. Cinder couldn’t see what Silver was doing exactly, but he could assume the wolf was getting more comfortable. Which was not something he was happy about. The wolf was getting a little too into this.

“I mean, you guys like *soles*, right? That’s why you always come up here,” Silver asked in a quiet tone of voice. “Well, this one’s all yours.”

Cinder wanted to bark out some angry retort but with him still pressed tight against the underside of the foot, his face was turned to the side and opening his mouth to speak now would muffle his words and encourage the wolf more. Not that the wolf needed encouragement. When Silver spoke again, Cinder did try to protest. Unfortunately, he wasn’t able to as he became otherwise occupied.

“C’mon, li’l demon. Give it a kiss.”

Pulling his head back, Cinder watched as his lips moved of their own accord, puckering and pressing their saliva slick into the heated flesh of Silver’s foot. The foot suddenly shook slightly as the wolf shuddered happily at the sensation.

“Again.” He commanded a bit breathlessly.

And again, as ordered, his lips pressed into the flesh slightly to the left of the first kiss, leaving another tiny stamp of saliva on the pink wall of flesh he was still pressed against.

“Keep kissing until I say stop.” Silver ordered, the teasing in his voice having been replaced with an authoritative, if slightly desperate, tone.

As ordered, Cinder began to kiss across the surface of the foot. His body was still pressed up against it, so his range of movement was limited. That didn't stop the compulsion from making sure he got every fraction of an inch of flesh he could reach. Each little kiss was accompanied by a faint wet kissing sound that made Cinder wince each time he heard it. Just as his lips were starting to go dry, the compulsion not even giving him enough time between kisses to lick his lips and wet them again, he heard Silver's voice gasping out breathlessly.

“Okay, stop. Stop!”

Cinder's body abruptly collapsed backwards as the compulsion released its grip on his limbs. Looking up he could still see the reflective sheen of liquid in a broad arch where he had been forced to kiss the mortal's foot. Angrily, he pushed himself to his feet and walked around the side of the appendage to look up at the rest of the wolf, fully intending to voice his indignation. When he got where he could see past the foot though, his words died in his throat. As he looked up the pillar-like span of the two legs spreading at either side of him, where they met with the torso looming above, Cinder could see quite clearly why the wolf suddenly seemed out of breath.

He was rock hard.

The obvious outline of an erection, while neither embarrassing nor impressive in size compared to the rest of the wolf, still looked like it easily could rival Cinder in size. He could even see it twitching and throbbing insistently as if demanding all by its own that it be set free. The other side of the wolf, Cinder could see Silver gripping handfuls of the comforter on his bed in a death grip as if to restrain himself. None of which boded well for the demon.

The wolf smiled a little awkwardly, somehow mixing both embarrassment and cockiness, as he stared down his body at the little demon between his feet. It was as if he was

both apologizing for his clearly indecent display yet at the same time bragging about what they both knew. His dick was probably as big as Cinder.

“I told you, little guy. You feel REALLY good down there...” Silver rumbled happily.

“Yeah, yeah. Fine. I gave you a foot rub. Deal concluded. Now send me back.” Cinder demanded, pointedly not acknowledging either the *compliment* nor the situation before him.

All he got in response, though, was a chuckle. Silver slowly shook his head in response. As he did, Cinder could see the wolf’s hands grip a little bit tighter at the blankets and the offending show of his excitement throbbed visibly again.

“I think you’re mistaken, little Cinder,” Silver cooed, making the demon wince at the pet name. “You’re only half done. You still have a whole ‘nother foot to do. So, get to it.”

Before he could protest, he felt the compulsion overtake him again. Within moments, the little demon had his scaly body pressed up against the front of Silver’s other foot. Silver didn’t even need to give the specific commands this time. Of his own accord, Cinder’s body repeated the same actions as had done on the first foot. First kneading and digging his palms and hands into the sensitive flesh before pressing up against it to let his unnatural warm to radiate through the appendage. Then finally, to his humiliation, he found himself peppering the wolf’s foot with more kisses.

All the while Silver growled and groaned softly under his breath. Or at least, it would have been softly if the wolf weren’t the size of a building to Cinder. Instead, every quiet growl or grunt of enjoyment from the wolf rumbled around him like thunder. It had been bad enough when the wolf was just humiliating him but knowing that Silver was actually getting off on this, only made it worse. And yet Silver found a way to make it even more so.

“Use... use your tongue.” Silver groaned, voice again breathless and needy.

Obedient physically, if not mentally, Cinder began to do so at once. Long, drawn-out sweeps of his lengthy prehensile tongue left gleaming trails of saliva across the space he had already kissed. Over and over, he was forced to lick the, if clean, still earthy tasting flesh underneath the wolf's feet. And even that didn't seem to be enough for the growing ego trip Silver was undergoing.

He was enjoying the foot rub, sure. But far more than that, he was enjoying the sense of power and superiority he felt being able to force someone to worship him as such. To have such absolute power over them that a simple command made them do anything he said. Added to the physical sense of superiority at knowing and feeling how hard the demon was working just to give a half-decent foot rub despite their sheer size difference, it was no wonder there was already a small wet spot of pre forming on the front of his pajama pants. But he still craved more.

"C'mon, li'l guy. You're the one that's obsessed with *soles*, right? So, you have to love mine. The feel of them... The taste of them... tell me how much you love them."

Cinder wasn't sure if the wolf knew what he was saying or if he was simply trying to clumsily assert his dominance over the demon. Regardless of his intention, the actual effects were instantaneous. The next time the demon's tongue licked across the flesh of Silver's soles; his mind flooded with bliss at the unexpected explosion of luscious flavor overloading his taste buds. The gentle heat radiating off the wolf's feet to him suddenly felt like wrapping up in the company and brace of a fluffy blanket fresh-out-of-the-dryer during a chilling winter morning. Even the scent coming off Silver's feet, the natural, slightly earthy musk mixed with the fruity, chemical smell of recently used body wash was like a pleasant potpourri that left him in a drunken afterglow before his brain caught up to what was happening.

"Holy fuck, your feet taste amazing."

The demon said aloud before catching himself. Much to his horror, he realized that hadn't even been a compulsion forcing him to speak against his will. No, that had simply been

an exclamation of enjoyment. To his growing horror, Cinder realized that once again the wolf hadn't just ordered him to do something, he had ordered him to experience something. To think something. Much like his name was now firmly solidified in his head as Cinder, now the entire five sense experience of Silver's feet was like sex to him.

The taste sent shudders of pleasure down his spine that the compulsion had nothing to do with, him being unable to suppress them. The smell kept him constantly smiling the moment he stopped making a conscious effort not to do so. If he had felt like this when Silver had offered the original foot rub deal before, he didn't think he would have been able to willingly resist doing it.

By all that was unholy, this mortal monster had made him addicted to feet!

Yet even as these facts made themselves known; he couldn't stop himself. His dutiful yet bare minimum attentions, forced by the compulsion, became a frantic self-driven desire to indulge in Silver's feet. He pressed harder against them, the wolf clearly catching the fact that Cinder's hips were grinding shamelessly against his heel. Eventually, the demon even jumped, arms spreading wide to wrap around Silver's middle toe and pull himself higher. Now dangling up off the ground by a digit that was as big as his torso, the demon buried his muzzle into the heated, malleable flesh between two of Silver's toes and began licking.

"Oh, God...!" Silver moaned, unable to censor his shameless exclamation of arousal. "More... keep doing that!"

Silver hadn't realized how sensitive the space between his toes was. He had never had anyone try this with him before, shrunken or not. It was too much for him to resist his urges and before he realized, one of his hands had moved from its self-restraining position and was shamelessly groping him through his pants.

For what seemed like an eternity, but in reality was less than a minute, Cinder indulged himself in his new addiction. Tongue and lips and teeth licked and kissed and nibbled at the sensitive flesh between Silver's toes. He didn't even notice the multiple times he whispered or

groaned out some barely coherent praise at the taste, the smell, or the sensation. Every word only encouraging the wolf even further as he slowly stroked himself off through his pajamas. He didn't even realize how lost he was in the sensations until he was forcibly stopped by the reluctant, panting command from his captor.

“Okay, stop! Stop... just stop. I'm... God, I'm close. Holy fuck, that's way better than I expected.”

As ordered, Cinder released his grip on Silver's toe and fell back down onto the top of the bed. His own breath was coming in slow, ragged gasps that he was struggling to get under control; the lingering overstimulation from his new forced addiction leaving his body trembling with repressed sexual desire. Not even the most powerful succubi and incubi had been able to impose such sensory overload on him. He would never admit it out loud, hell, he was struggling to even admit it to himself, but Cinder was starting to feel just the tiniest bit of genuine fear for this mortal and what he could do. It was one thing to get beaten physically. That he could always heal from, and eventually come back stronger. But being able to manipulate his mind so effortlessly with just a casual, offhanded comment? That was something different altogether.

As the little demon struggled to regain his self-control, he felt the ground rumble and shift underneath him. Silver shifting his legs a bit so that Cinder was framed once more between his feet left the frazzled demon gasping for breath, himself staring up at the giant wolf over the protruding outline of his erection. Before Silver even began to speak, Cinder already knew what was coming. Reflexively he took a step backward, not that distance would have mattered even if he weren't so small that Silver could cross the space he could run in five seconds with a couple of steps.

“No... don't...” Cinder growled. It wasn't pleading, it wasn't begging... but it was close.

“Come up here, little guy... Look at this big problem you've caused. Since you caused this, you have to handle it.” Silver growled hungrily.

Despite his cocky choice of words, Silver's tone was anything but. It was less casual authoritative growl and more barely restrained moan. His breath was coming in short, sharp gasps, and Cinder swore he could actually hear the thundering elevated heartbeat of his giant mortal tormentor like a loud drumbeat on the edge of perception.

The tone of his voice didn't matter to the binding. Regardless of Silver's own needy state, the words compelled Cinder to move forward. As he passed Silver's knees, he was forced to climb up one of his thighs, using his claws to dig into the thick flannel of the pajama pants for handhold. It didn't help the miniscule but growing sense of intimidation the demon was feeling, but he had to quite literally scale his mortal captor like a building. Even with his comparatively scrawny build, one of Silver's thighs was still thicker than he was tall. Once he was on top of the thigh, it only took him a few more steps to reach Silver's waist and the edge of that throbbing outline and the noticeable wet spot of pre.

The smell was much more intense than Cinder expected. He had dealt with pheromones and airborne aphrodisiacs from sex demons before, but there was something different about this. It wasn't some kind of supernatural force manipulating his mind. It was just the normal, natural scent of sex magnified by the sheer size difference between the two of them. When Cinder took a deep breath to try and steady himself for what was coming next, his lungs filled with that scent and an involuntary shudder ran down his spine. That tiny kernel of fear and intimidation taking root inside of him grew just a tiny bit more as Silver's powerful scent left him lightheaded.

Looking up at the wolf, Cinder gave him a questioning glance. For a moment, Silver's confident grin faltered with an instant of self-consciousness. As if it was only just now dawning on him the perverse situation he was indulging in. Libido, however, quickly overcame shame.

"Go on..." Silver practically whispered, unable to keep his voice from coming out as a needy whine instead of a command. "Crawl in."

Obediently, if not willingly, Cinder gingerly stepped up onto the edge of the tube-shaped outline. The contact sent a shudder through the wolf and nearly knocked Cinder off him. Only

after giving Silver a glare did he continue moving until he was pulling open the unbuttoned fly of his pajama pants and the underwear inside and crawled his way in.

If the smell had been strong outside, inside it was practically a fog of pure lust. The demon found himself rock hard without even noticing it just from the aphrodisiac-light effect the overwhelming sense of sex was having on him. It was also a good thing he was a demon otherwise the inside of Silver's pants would have been uncomfortably warm. Instead, his body was the warmer one, which Silver found out firsthand the moment the demon sprawled himself out across the top of the wolf's dick.

He could hear Silver's muffled moaning from outside the cock prison, having completely lost any semblance of confidence or control. Cinder tried his best not to dwell on how massive the cock underneath him was. It was bigger than him by at least a couple of inches. Considering his scale, it was more like it was a couple of feet than inches. His arms couldn't encircle much more than half of the swollen shaft, not that it stopped him from trying. While the rest of the wolf was scrawny and puny, Cinder had to admit the runt at least had one thing going for him. He was pretty hung.

None of those stopped his body from moving of its own accord. Slowly grinding himself up and down across the hot pillar of flesh beneath him, every heartbeat was like a tremor vibrating through the fleshy ground underneath him. The light twitches and shifts of the wolf's hips made it like trying to ride a bucking bronco even with Silver's underwear helping to hold it in place.

"Yes..." Silver panted aloud, voice still more whine than anything else. "Keep going... worship it..."

Again, Cinder felt something shift in his very being. Before he realized, his tongue was stretching out of his mouth as he leaned down towards the flesh beneath him and dragged it across a tiny portion of that massive pillar of wolf meat. The feeling of his cool saliva against the hot flesh underneath him sent a shiver down his spine. His arms clung tighter to Silver's erection, his legs and thighs doing the same to straddle it. Holding on to it, almost possessive.

The little demon couldn't help but let out a soft moan of his own, almost certainly too quiet for Silver to hear.

It was so magnificent. So perfect in every way. The heat radiating off it was as pleasant as any lava bath he had ever taken. The smell was the grandest potpourri that he now wished to fill every room in his castle with. The taste he sampled every time his tongue ran across what tiny bits of flesh it could reach sent shivers of pure bliss down his spine like he was tasting a tantalizing sample of the nectar of the gods itself. Demons had no gods they prayed to, no idols they admired. They only had obstacles to one day overcome. But here, in this moment, Cinder had his own personal altar to worship at.

“So big...” Cinder spoke aloud.

His voice was still quiet and high-pitched, but through compulsion, or at least that's what he told himself, he purposely spoke in a strong voice that Silver would be able to hear if only faintly. The effect was almost immediate.

Silver let out an almost painfully loud whine as his body convulsed. The rigid shaft beneath the demon bucked and throbbed hard enough to nearly throw him off and sent him tumbling down underneath it. Each pulsation sent a surge of thick goey liquid spurting out from his tip, only a splatter against the inside of the cotton underwear Silver wore. The fabric absorbed some of it, but the rest simply rebounded back and ran down the still spasming cock, coating Cinder in the process.

Cinder wasn't sure how long he lay there sprawled on top of Silver's softening dick. He barely even registered the fact that he had came at least twice in the scant few minutes he had been trapped inside the wolf's underwear. It was only when bright light momentarily blinded him, and fingers the size of trees wrapped around him, that he was forced out of his stupor.

Hold by his legs from the calf down, the dragon demon was dangled upside down in front of Silver's lazily grinning face. His eyes were still half-lidded and his breath, while slowing,

was still coming in audible pants as he came down from his orgasmic high and basked in the afterglow.

“Mmm... that was wonderful, little guy,” Silver complimented.

Cinder felt a wave of unabashed joy well up inside of him that left him grinning uncontrollably at the praise. It took him a couple of seconds to recognize the foreign emotion as exactly that and quickly replaced his grin with a scowl. Despite his attempts to hide the sensation from his captor, that didn't stop it from existing. Just hearing the wolf praise him like that had been almost orgasmic in itself, and that terrified Cinder. This wolf wasn't just tormenting him, he was ruining him!

Before he could come up with some kind of response, Silver continued. “I think that was... enough for today. Go back for now, I'll call you again later.”

Cinder had barely been able to open his mouth in an attempt to protest or respond before he felt the disorienting sensation of dimensional travel that dropped him, still upside down, from the mortal plane back into his throne room in the underworld.

Growling angrily under his breath, Cinder slowly pushed himself back up to his feet. Before he had a chance to get his thoughts in order, he heard a familiar voice clear its throat behind him.

“Um... my lord?” questioned the voice of one of his retainers.

Slowly turning around, Cinder found himself standing in front of his entire inner circle. All of them were staring at him in varying levels of shock, concern, and in a couple of cases, disgust. When Cinder looked back at them in confusion, one of them gestured nervously in Cinder's general direction. When the dragon demon looked down, he saw exactly why.

He was drenched, absolutely soaked, and even dripping with that mortal wolf's cum. The smell of sex was radiating off him like a palpable aura that left no question what he had been up to since he had been summoned, if not with all the details. It hadn't been enough to torment and humiliate him in private, the wolf had to do so in front of his own court as well. As he was about to start threatening the nearby demons to silence, the wolf's last words echoed through his head again and sent a wave of dread down Cinder's spine.

I'll call you again later.

"...Fuck."