

Demon Daddy Dark

Written by Leo_Todrius and Trickster_D

Supported by my Patrons

Light and shadow swept across the red car as it pulled along beneath the autumnal canopy. The bite of winter had drained the color from the leaves, though they had not all fallen to the road below. A chill wind made them dance back and forth, creating an ever changing filter. Leo tried to keep his eyes on the road, though he kept glancing over to the precious cargo belted into the passenger seat next to him. Six dark red glass bottles sat in what appeared to be a black leather case. Silver ink had been hand brushed into the recessed branded letters identifying the contents as 'Demon Daddy Dark Beer.' Aside from protecting his investment, Leo couldn't get over the fact that the contents of the bottles weren't sloshing around as he drove. Maybe there just wasn't a lot of air at the top...

Greenish-blue eyes glanced back at the rear view mirror, a slight grimace crossing his bearded face as he saw the grill of an over-large truck tailgating him. With a quick flip of his hand, the blinkers turned on, the warning of an upcoming turn heedlessly ignored by the other driver. Leo's large fingers gripped the wheel and turned, the car swerving out of the road and up the short driveway, coming to a stop a few inches from the garbage can. Leo exhaled, reaching up to brush a hand through his wavy brown hair, lingering just a moment before the car fell silent.

On a foggy day, neighbors might have mistaken Leo for a lumbering sasquatch. He was tall, broad shouldered and big boned, his beard just a little longer than office regulation liked. Despite being a large man, he moved with respectable speed, his calf muscles betraying the frequency with which he went for walks. Leo trotted up the steps to the small home he shared with his husband, squeezing in and looking around carefully. Leo swallowed with anticipation, swinging the unusual case of beer behind his back as he tried in vain to sneak into the kitchen without being caught.

"Welcome home, my love," a voice coming from the living room reached Leo's ears. Nick, his husband, was staring at him from the threshold dividing the two rooms, a big smile on his face. He was a couple years younger than his partner, and despite being able to work from home, he loved being able to dress to impress. That afternoon, he was wearing a gray vest over a tight fitting light blue button up shirt and a black and dark gray silk tie artfully folded into a Windsor knot, with coordinated gray pants and black dress shoes to complete his outfit. The sharp outfit was made crisper by the fact that Nick routinely shaved his head bald but let his dark blond beard grow out. He walked to his husband and rose on his tiptoes to kiss him on the lips, a playfully impish look in his brown eyes behind his black-rimmed glasses. "How was your day?"

"An eternal torture knowing that I had to wait to come home to you, but what a huge relief now that I am." Leo said, leaning down to kiss Nick's lips again. Leo always felt a bit under-dressed compared to his husband, although he had risen to the occasion as much as he could. He wore nice dress shoes, slacks instead of the more comfortable pants that had become more common in recent years and Leo's closet was full of a rainbow of sueded microfiber overshirts that were as soft as some of the finest pets. "I also hope you don't mind I'm

a little late, but I stopped by at the Garden of Ego to pick up something a bit special for our celebration.”

With that flourish of words, Leo brought out his prized cargo. The lights of the dining room sank through the crimson glass, though it stopped abruptly when it hit the dark substance within. Nick raised a hand to tenderly caress his husband’s cheek, as a second, much tenderer smile bloomed in the middle of his shaggy dark blond beard.

“Oh, you’re so adorable. Happy anniversary, my love,” he murmured, before focusing his attention on the bottles. “And what is that? Demon Daddy Dark Beer...? Kinky! Although it doesn’t look that much like beer...” He added, his forehead scrunching.

“Well, I started just by going in to get you some dark beer, I know you prefer it. I thought I’d get something unique, artisan, local brewed or whatever... But then I saw these and they spoke to me. After all, I knew you’d make such a good gay daddy.” Leo chuckled, reaching to pet Nick’s blond beard, admiring the wild contrast it had to his pristine suit vest and pants. Nick let out a purr, not unlike an oversized house cat, as his partner’s fingers played with his facial hair.

“I mean, I feel like we are pretty much gay daddies already. Well, except for the fact that we don’t have any sons, but... a son? In this economy?” Nick chuckled. “See? I’m doing dad jokes already, guess that beer is perfect.” His eyes once again gravitated towards the bottles, and the man scratched his chin as if deep in thought. “Although, that’s a pretty risky name for a brand. Guess it must be from some very small brewery, otherwise you’d have religious zealots coming out of the woodwork to decry the corruption of our youths or something like that...”

“Maybe it’s just a small batch, or maybe they’ve corrupted everyone that has given it a try.” Leo smirked, setting the bottle down on the dining room table. As Leo moved over to pull his overshirt off and hang it up in the closet, the silver lettering on the leather case seemed to shimmer slightly, the ink turning to metal as Nick looked at it. His eyes became hazy and unfocused for a moment, before he shook himself from the momentary stupor.

“You mean like the kind of corruption we tried last night?” he said in a husky voice, getting closer to his husband, grabbing his meaty hand and guiding it to his round and perky ass trapped inside the confines of his dress pants. “My cheeks are still sore from all that spanking, you know?” Leo blushed a bit at the memory, having indulged in actions most unlike himself.

“Or maybe like that guest lecture where you excused yourself and then the next thing I know, I’m getting unzipped under the table...” Leo murmured, his hand sliding up and down over Nick’s thick muscled ass cheek before he gave it a hungry squeeze.

“Well, you know what kind of effect your cum has on me... daddy,” Nick murmured, stressing the last word. “I’d sustain myself on that if I could.” Despite looking like a vaguely hipstery academic, the man was an insatiable pig when it came to sex, although he knew how to control himself and only showed his kinkier side to his dear husband. The words had been enough to snare Leo. His hand came up, holding the smooth shaved scalp of his lover. He leaned in and kissed him with more lewd passion. Their lips wrestled, their mustaches meshing and brushing as they embraced. Leo was generally a gentle giant, but as he pressed against Nick, he was a little less gentle. One hand continued to hold his husband’s head, the other slipping around to grope his groin through the thick, high quality fabric that his pants were made from.

“You know...” Nick panted after the short kissing session was over. “My initial plan was to go out and have a romantic dinner somewhere nice, but how about we get drunk and we fuck like animals all night instead? I don’t know why but I feel so incredibly horny all of a sudden... must be your animal magnetism.”

“I’ll have to do my best to be as animalistic as possible. I want you drawn to me.” Leo grinned, leaning down to kiss Nick’s forehead before advancing on the dining room table. He grabbed one of the bottles and tugged, though the leather resisted a little. It wasn’t until Leo took hold of the leather with one hand and tugged on the bottle with the other that it slid free. Leo shook his head a little but smirked. Thankfully the caps were screw tops and with a bit of effort, that too popped free. A sharp tang hit the air, a salty, musky, tart aroma that was clearly alcoholic, but also quite unlike anything either of them had smelled before. Leo handed the first bottle to his husband with the gesture of a fine gift before trying to extract his own.

“It kinda smells like your ball sweat,” Nick said with a chuckle. “And I mean that as a huge compliment, mind you. Damn, now I can only think about licking your sweaty balls. And your hole. Woof, I love you so much, Leo.” He tilted his bottle towards his husband. “Cheers?”

“Cheers, my dirty gay monster.” Leo said affectionately, trying to get the cap off his own beer before clinking it against Nick’s. The smaller man grinned happily at that.

“I mean, that’s how you married me, after all. That and also my impeccable taste,” he added before taking a small experimental swig from the bottle. The contents were thick, jet black, tart and potent. “Huh. This is... certainly unique,” he murmured, clicking his tongue. “Like, this is most definitely dark beer, but at the same time... I don’t think I’ve ever tried something like this before. Take a sip, see what you think.”

As Leo raised his bottle to his lips, a warm tingle had already started to blossom across Nick’s throat and chest. The beer had coated his esophagus like syrup, but it felt like it was effervescing by the time it reached his stomach. His mouth felt warm and watery by contrast. Leo, meanwhile, had never been an alcohol aficionado. His Adam’s apple bobbed from one gulp, then another before he lowered it down, his ocean colored eyes contemplative as his tongue collected the black residue from his lips. A little of the beer had tinged the bottom of his brown mustache.

“It’s certainly strong stuff...” Leo said, not sure exactly how to categorize it. He looked back at his husband sheepishly, “Is it okay? We could just keep them for the novelty.” Nick, however, shook his head.

“No, it’s... its good, actually. I just don’t know how to describe it, this feeling inside of me...” He took another sip, this time bigger, and as the mysterious beer sloshed down his throat, he couldn’t suppress a long moan of pleasure, his dick twitching in his designer briefs. “It’s like liquid fire, but a good one. It’s burning inside my chest right now...”

The beer had been filling Nick’s throat and stomach, but it felt as if it was pouring down elsewhere. It began to spill through his mind, crashing against a barrier like an over-full reservoir before crashing down into the depths of his soul. The dark brew spread like oil and fire, burning away restraint, resistance, decorum, politeness and anything resembling civilized society. The light of the fire cast across his memories, illuminating every dirty act he had done, every carnal pleasure he had embraced and every time he’d gotten Leo to push himself just that bit further, coming out of his shell, embracing his gayness, their love, their lust, and their destiny together.

“Drink more, my love...” Nick groaned, his free hand traveling past his crotch until he found his twitching, quivering anus nestled between his butt cheeks, and started massaging it through the fabric of his pants and underwear. Nonetheless, the ring of muscles was suddenly so sensitive that even that indirect touch felt like being masterfully fingered. He took a third sip, emptying half of the bottle. “I can feel it seeping into my brain, and it feels so good. Let it do its magic, you’ll feel so fucking amazing too...”

No response came from Nick’s husband, the larger man having apparently discovered the infectious bliss of the drink. He was chugging down his bottle, the red glass gleaming in the setting afternoon light as the viscous black concoction inside drained gulp by gulp. He didn’t stop to breathe, merely taking it all in until he reluctantly pulled the bottle from his lips and let out a warm sigh, beads of sweat starting to cross his brow.

“Fuck that’s good, maybe I should have taken up drinking...” he murmured. Nick, a wild grin on his lips, raised his bottle and downed the rest of his contents, before letting out a thunderous belch that seemed to echo in the small living room.

“No day like today to start...” he replied in an enticing tone. “Maybe we should also consider cigars. Big, fat, smelly... perfect for daddies.” A strange look crossed Leo’s face, his eyes looking hazy for a moment. The corners of his lips curled into a slightly frown and then a grin.

“You read my mind, lover, they had some of those at the Garden too...” Leo said, reaching behind the leather case that held the four remaining bottles of beer, withdrawing a dark redwood case branded with a bearded devil emblem. It was a humidor that had to hold at least four large cigars. The box had very clearly not been there when Leo had set down his perilous purchase. Nick groaned in animalistic pleasure, his tongue licking lips that looked a bit fuller and a shade darker than before, especially where the beer had seeped into his skin.

“Damn, lover, I wish I could smoke one of those big boys as I lay in our sling with you fisting my loose hole...” His finger was still kneading against his pucker, and Nick could feel it getting warmer and damper as a wet stain started to darken his pristine dress pants.

“Like you said, no time like the present...” Leo said, opening the box to bring out one of the cigars. With deft movements Nick had never seen his husband use; Leo clipped the cigar, brought the thick stogie to Nick’s lips and lit it. As Nick focused on his oral fixation, Leo was already reaching down to start tugging at his lover’s belt, loosening it. The smaller man took a long drag from his new cigar, enjoying the feeling of the fragrant smoke traveling down to his lungs and permeating his entire being.

“Fuck, it feels so good... wish I could smoke one forever...” he growled dreamily. Leo, however, had fallen to responding in more grunts and sounds. He gave Nick’s pants a tremendous tug, taking down both his pants and his underwear, revealing an ass covered with more hair than before. Leo growled with pleasure, his hand caressing the contours of the cheeks, surprised how they seemed a bit red after the spanking from the night before. Leo looked at his partner with a hunger, a drive, a need that had reached a fever pitch. Nick blew some smoke in his husband’s face as his grin widened, revealing canines that were at least half an inch longer than before.

“Come on, pig. Ruin my hole,” he said in the sultry tone of a seasoned pervert. Somehow, he knew he had to orgasm for whatever was happening to him - to them - to settle

down, become permanent and shift into high gear... and with a libido like the one that was coursing through his veins like liquid fire, it was going to be extremely hard not to cum.

"I'm so drunk... and you are so sexy..." Leo moaned, his voice oddly deeper. He gave his husband one last ass squeeze before his fingers plumbed into the crevice, seeking out the puffy, hungry hole that was waiting for him. Leo leaned in to kiss and then, surprisingly, to bite his husband's neck, leaving indentations of his teeth as he maneuvered against his lover's body. Nick moaned around his cigar, as the assault to his hole and the feeling of the bites on the sensitive skin of his throat area mixed together in the perfect mix of pleasure and pain.

"Bite harder..." he said, his eyes closed. "I want you to taste my blood, I want to know it's inside you forever..."

"Fuck..." Leo growled, "You are so savory, so salty, so sexy..." Leo moaned, his face tensing up into a bestial sneer before he bit down harder. The tingling burn of the beer became a sharper spike of pain as two fangs broke through Nick's skin, a thick and slimy tongue slathering against the wound. The distraction was enough for Leo to sneak one finger, then two into Nick's aching hole. Leo continued to tease the neck wound as his fingers began sliding in and out, back and forth.

"Shiit..." The pain and the pleasure of his neck being tortured and his anus being prodded open and invaded merged together in an exquisitely carnal symphony that quaked Nick's body, causing his feet to twitch as his toenails slowly darkened. He didn't know what was happening to him and his husband, although he could vaguely guess the mysterious beer was to be blamed; whatever blasphemous change their bodies were going through, however, was way too good to even consider halting or hindering in any way.

The pain and pleasure bubbled away in their dark brew, coalescing as a painful pressure began to build in Nick's forehead. His temples ached and throbbed, the flesh growing tender and inflamed as an irritant was working against the flesh. Leo's brows were furrowed as well, his eyes clenched shut, his ears aching as they stretched into points. He was too distracted to notice the way the smoke of Nick's cigar was curling around the bald headed man's beard, teasing out centimeter after centimeter from the tip of each hair. Nick, however, noticed that his partner's ears were extending and reshaping themselves, and a crazed grin appeared on his now blackened lips.

"Fuck, man, we are turning into demon daddies..." he murmured in delight. The realization hit him so deep that his rock-hard cock squirted out what was at least half a cup of dense precum, although Nick was still nowhere near orgasm.

"Fuck, we only had one beer and you barely started your 'gar... You gotta puff away if you wanna be a real-" Leo braced himself, shifting his fingers to pop two more into Nick, sliding his hand into his lover's ass all the way to the thumb, "Demon Daddy..." he growled. Nick growled back, his canines now veritable fangs. He looked enticingly menacing, despite still looking pretty much like the meek but perverted intellectual he had been until he had taken the first swig of that mysterious dark beer.

"I'm gonna puff away, but you better start fisting me in earnest, 'cause I still can't feel your hand destroying my hole," he said with the imperativeness of a veteran power bottom. Leo grinned, ready to obey. He pulled his hand back, tightened his fingers and plunged the whole thing into Nick's ass with a satisfying pop. A wet, squishing noise came as wrist and forearm delved deeper into the surprisingly accommodating passage. Nick grunted like a pig as he felt

almost half of his husband's arm slide inside his intestines. He was expecting to feel excruciating pain, but only his pleasure receptors seemed to still be working.

"It's so fucking amazing, man... better than any sex I've ever had," he confessed as the blackness of his irises seemed to spread, corrupting and infecting the rest of eyes until only twin orbs of pure darkness remained. "Fuuuuck, my brain is... it's like I'm forgetting how it is... how it was to be human."

"You're no human; you're my sexy demon daddy..." Leo growled in agreement, and as the words hit Nick's ears, the fact seemed to pierce through the final veil. An eruption of pleasure radiated through Nick's skull as the pointed tips of curved black horns burst through the irritated flesh. His ears stretched to points, his teeth throbbed with power as they seemed to grow and sharpen. Even his nipples began to ache with sensitivity as they swelled after and thicker beneath his vest.

The lewd, wet noise was ecstasy to the two lovers as Leo drove his fist and forearm deep into his lover, feeling the muscles work around his arm, using his husband like a puppet. New nerves and synapses were forming inside of Nick's body, allowing him greater and greater control over his ass. Freshly developed fine motor controls gave him the ability to maneuver anything inside of his posterior. Leo panted with a hazy awe at his lover, though his eyes were drawn to a swelling nub just above his husband's swollen bubble butt. At first it seemed like he'd injured his tailbone and the flesh had swollen, but as it continued to grow and push out from the confines of Nick's pelvis, it was clearly something else entirely.

Flesh stretched taut over expanding muscles and ligaments, each latched onto new segments of bone as one formed between the next and the next. The tight flesh was pliant like fine rubber as it slithered and elongated outward. Nick groaned in helpless pleasure, taking deep drag after deep drag from his cigar: he was feeling like his ass was turning into a second cock, one that extended deep inside of him... and also as if a third cock was slowly growing, slithering, coiling its way out of the end of his spine.

"Come on, Leo... go deeper. Make me cum my humanity out of my demon daddy dick..." he growled enticingly. And yet, his cock - as hard and throbbing as it was - was still pretty much humanoid in shape and size... but that was something that was going to change soon, he realized with a huge grin. He drew in deep, the tip of the cigar burning bright until he unfurled a plume of tainted smoke. The cloud split like gaseous oil over his cock, ensnaring it and enveloping it. His shaft began to throb and pulse, moving through the fog, stretching longer and fatter and wider. By the time it breached the cloud, it had nearly doubled in length, the skin growing darker and darker, stained like his lips.

Grunts and moans came from Leo, his eyes squeezed shut in abject pleasure. He had stretched his husband beyond all measure, his anus now a rubbery black ring wide enough to take everything he was given. Leo slid his fist in with ease, then his forearm, feeling an intangible pulsating warmth within. Just as the beer had spilled out of the tangible world into something ephemeral, Leo was reaching depths of Nick that simply could not exist in a physical space... The edges of his hairy knuckles brushed something that had once been luminous and bright, now turned dark and congealed, a soul corrupted by the depths of the underworld.

As if sensing this point of power, Leo slowly opened his fingers and began wrapping them around Nick's soul, closing his hand around it. As he did, a jolt of energy ripped through his husband's body, setting every cell ablaze. Leo felt the power of his position and he no longer

had the willpower to resist using it. He began to squeeze, reshaping the soul, manipulating it to his pleasure. Nick felt a sudden churning elsewhere as something began to wriggle and squirm inside of his balls. The sperm inside were surging as they duplicated en masse, growing larger and more mobile, wriggling through tubes and passages that grew infinitely more complex.

Never before in Nick's life had he been able to imagine how many things could feel like an erection. His balls felt amazing as they sagged lower and heavier, growing larger and bigger and rounder and fuller. They expanded to the size of oranges, then grapefruits, the leathery sack dusted by a coating of fur as it sank down along his legs. The already darkening cock began to surge outward again, wobbling as the skin became even more like rubber, wobbling and firm. As Nick writhed in pleasure, the pressure built and built until a ring of firmer skin popped outward from his length - then another - and another. Ribs rose out from his member while tiny rubbery barbs curved outward along the base to anchor him in whatever ass he might find himself mounted inside of.

Leo drooled into his beard, feeling how malleable Nick was, but it wasn't enough... His tainted vision was burning with inspiration and he wanted his husband to be an absolute goblin of a demon daddy. He didn't want human proportions, no. He wanted a fuck beast. A loud, tiny clatter came as a button popped off of Nick's shirt and hit the hardwood floor, rolling away. Then another, the shirt tearing at every stitch and seam. As the shirt came apart, it suddenly ignited, the fabric engulfed in a flash of fire that left smoke but no damage to Nick's skin.

With Nick's pants long gone and his shirt burned away, Nick was wearing nothing but his suit vest - a vest that was crackling as the fine fabric began to turn into well tanned leather hide. The gray petrified to black, the soft material smoother and firmer against Nick's skin. The single change made Nick look far more ready for a life on the road compared to a life in the office. It was hot, but Leo craved more. He pulled his arm out and plunged it back into Nick's ass a few more times, working up speed, making that delightful squelching noise before he clutched Nick's soul again, bending it further to his will.

Nick's face erupted into a torrent of hundreds, if not thousands of tiny orgasms. Every hair follicle in his face was tied into his brain as if it was his manly prowess. The bushy blond hairs began to spill outward. His mustache curved over his upper lip, splitting around the thick, manly cigar clenched in his mouth. The forest of hair crept down from his cheeks, his chin, his jaw and his throat. The vain attempt to keep it in check was eroded as uneven edges crept higher on his cheeks. His beard sank down, ever lower, like human ivy intent on covering every surface. It slipped down past Nick's sternum, then across his stomach.

Some cultures had many words for snow and it seemed that as Nick's body effervesced that he would have to come up with new words for fire. There were so many forms of heat radiating through his body. His face sizzled like a grease fire, his balls burned like a forest fire, but his shoulders were searing like lightning burning inside a tree, just waiting to break out. The first crack came from his shoulder joint itself, then another from his spine. Nick's muscles were swelling, but the corruptive heat ran deeper than that. His ribs pushed apart, his shoulders broadened, widening, stretching. The curve of his neck tapering out to steeper and steeper angles until Nick was practically as wide as he was tall.

Nick's sensitive, swollen nipples tickled as they grew further apart, slipping out from behind the curtain of his immense beard. They were darkened flesh, puffy and thick, swollen so

much that the ducts of his areola were visible. His pec wobbled slightly as it filled with muscle and something else as well. They ached, they stung, they begged for attention.

Leo's saliva spilled from his mouth, soaking his bushy beard, a tongue sliding over wickedly sharp fangs... Fisting Nick wasn't enough; he needed to claim his mate. Clawed paws grabbed onto Nick's unusually broad shoulders, holding him there as Leo lunged, plunging his cock into his husband's well stretched hole. Leo began to fuck with wild abandon, grunting with each movement of his hips, going deeper and deeper. While he'd managed to orchestrate his husband's corruption with his hand before, it seemed his cock was also an implement of change.

Every thrust pushed Nick's horns out further from his head, the obsidian blades rising taller and taller, honed to a dangerous point, oozing out of his skull. New golden beads of metal seeped out of his ears before hardening into a ladder of spikes tracing up the back of the lobes. His huge, heavy cock slapped his thigh, then his knee, then began creeping down lower until it was a demonic club, capable of bludgeoning any poor soul that came near it. Nick's cock was almost as thick as one of his legs, radiating heat and starting to drizzle tainted slime.

Nick was sinking in a dark abyss of depraved ecstasy. He didn't care about his humanity being twisted and tainted irreversibly; if anything, he was welcoming the drastic changes his body was going through. What was supposed to be a quiet evening of celebration with his husband had now transformed into an ode to debauchery and lust. He couldn't wait to see what corruptive mutations Leo's tainted seed would cause to his already freakish body.

Although, he realized all of a sudden, he didn't have to wait at all: the same dark magic that his husband was using on him was coursing in Nick's own vein, permeating every cell of his now demonic flesh. As he puffed a generous amount of cigar smoke out of his turgid, full black lips, he commanded it to flow towards his nipples, where it coalesced into a pair of heavy, impossibly thick rings that sank into his mutated nipples, embedding themselves into place. Nick stared at his new piercings with lust and pride: they were full rings, with no needle or indenture that would allow him to remove them... not that he would have wanted to remove them. They were part of him now, for all eternity.

The mere thought seemed to activate some sort of magic circuit inside the pitch black rings, whose surface got instantly covered in burning red glyphs and runes. As a groan of animalistic pleasure escaped Nick's lips, his pecs started inflating, filling themselves with more fat and muscles than before, ballooning to inhuman proportions until they were a pair of pillowy, bouncy bara tits that made him almost impossible to look at his own oversized cock. With a giddy chuckle, the transforming demon daddy pulled one of the rings with clawed fingers, and his engorged rubbery nipple throbbed before squirting out spurt after spurt of demonic milk. Nick almost came at the idea of uncorrupted human boys nursing at his pierced tits and having their souls twisted and condemned to an eternity of hellish pleasures.

"Leo, my dark prince... I can feel your power reshaping my soul..." Nick growled, looking at his husband with the closest emotion to love a demon could feel. "Go on. Enthrall me, make me your slave... I'll make sure to return the favor." Another puff of smoke, which reshaped itself into a twitching clawed hand; controlled by the will of his creator, the phantom limb traveled downward, following the curves of Leo's massive body until his fingers began invading his pulsating, twitching anus.

Leo grunted with satisfaction, his eyes glazing with internal orange heat. A clawed paw came up, tracing along the side of Nick's neck. As he traced the claw, the skin welted up before a thick black collar began to form. Leo drew his beefy arm around the entire way, tracing across Nick's jugular, his throat, all the way to the other side. As the collar closed, it sizzled and sealed itself, firming into a robust collar. Six spikes suddenly pierced outward from the collar, dangerous and sharp, each tipped with demonic poison. Leo licked his lips, looking at the monster his boyfriend had become with extreme satisfaction.

Nick was muscled, as wide as he was tall, a cock as thick as a leg, a spaded tail, an asshole that dove into oblivion. Black glistening horns rose up proudly and he sported a bushy beard that dropped down to his groin... though the blond was slowly leeching out of the hair, the beard turning silver as the black pigment spread out from Nick's nipples and lips. The pigment of his flesh darkened swiftly, his eyebrows turning silver as well. The darkness swept across cheeks, surrounded his eyes, crossed his forehead. As the pigment spread, though, it started to heat up and sizzle, turning from black to rust and then red, contrasting the black collar and horns.

Nick's fingers gingerly touched his brand new collar, and once again he had to force himself not to indulge in the most powerful orgasm he had ever experienced. He was Leo's property now. There was no going back, and the thought made fireworks explode in his brain. He couldn't think of anything better than to be his husband's demon daddy slave for the rest of eternity... especially once Leo's transformation would be complete and finalized. Nick willed his smoke construct to sink into the depths of his husband's quivering hole, going deeper and deeper until the ghostly hand reached the innermost part of his being, a rapidly darkening soul. Gray fingers wrapped around the sphere of pure energy, twisting and reshaping it, imparting his will upon Leo's flesh and mind.

As more smoke was expelled from Nick's mouth and nostrils, a long strand of it coalesced around Leo's neck, still hell-bent on fucking whatever shred of humanity was still inhabiting his husband's body. The bearish brute, all of a sudden, felt something heavy encircling his throat: a thick chain of black metal was now wrapped around his neck, kept into place by a thick, massive lock decorated with a burning pentagram. A lock with no keyhole, impossible to remove, the eternal proof of their devotion to one another.

Leo was nearly frothing at the mouth, his beard wily, his hips moving so fast they were a blur. Leo ground against Nick's addictive ass, moving to bite his lover's shoulders, growling with madness. The chain felt right, the lock felt right, his lover felt oh so perfect. Even before his orgasm hit, Leo started to howl as spurts of sticky black cum erupted from his fat dick inside of Nick's ass, splattering like tar, funneling down deeper and deeper into Nick's abyss. Leo roared with madness, his last shred of humanity turning dark forever.

As soon as he felt the first drops of his lover's dark gift inside of him, Nick knew his own orgasm was inevitable. His giant ribbed cock began to throb, tracing parables in the air, almost bouncing against his gigantic daddy tits. A tiny, pathetic spurt of white cum - the final remnants of his humanity being forever expelled from his body - was followed by a veritable torrent of black, delicious sludge that rained over the two reborn lovers as their lips once again met, their tongues danced, their eyes closed in a moment of all-encompassing rapture.

The air was hot and humid, smelling of cigar smoke and cum. The pictures on the wall sizzled as they changed to show the two demon lovers. Their lives - no, their very souls had

been irrevocably changed. They were dark demon daddies, their very bodies producing the noxious drink that had doomed them both. Their love was eternal, their lust unquenchable and their eyes were set on what dark deeds they could do in the future. They still had four unopened bottles of dark beer, after all.