Fulgrim, breathed heavily as he ran up the stone staircase, hoping it would lead to the rooftop.

If he could get to the roof then he was sure he would be able to get out of here. If he tried to find a door out of the castle, then he would have no doubt ran into one of the monsters. Something which would have ended horribly for him. In terms of destructive power he could no doubt handle one of them, but the resulting damage from using his spells would have brought all the demons to him like dogs hearing the dinner bell.

Things have been taking a downturn for the worst ever since their group first split up, which wasn’t a problem he thought since it was just the one at first. His magical powers came from making a pact with a demon and because of it, he could sense when magic of that origin being used. When the two demons had revealed themselves he had been shocked he hadn’t felt them sooner. He started looking for the others so they could properly prepare, but as the demonic numbers started to rise, he started to question the wisdom of doing so. He couldn’t afford to wait for the others and they shouldn’t wait or try to find him.

He could feel the demons numbers growing the longer they were here. At first, it was just the two, but then it became three, then four, and five. He didn’t know how high the number would keep increasing and to be frank he didn’t want to find out.  It would have been futile to try and fight them off. The only option they had was to get out of here by whatever means they could and hopefully make it back to town without getting caught by the monsters. If the others were able to sense this then hopefully they would have the wisdom to see this was a losing fight and escape however they could. If they stayed around here looking for him like fools he would be long gone.

Fulgrim’s heart soared when he opened the door and realized he reached the roof. He shut the door behind him and went over to the edge of the roof and a drop of fear entered his being. The drop would kill a normal man if they had no means of slowing their fall or saving themselves. Feather Fall was a useful spell for these kinds of situations. To a vampire such as him, if he landed on his feet wrong, the worst which would happen to him was the possibility he could sprain his legs.

He wished he focused on some other spells, rather than the destructive ones with what was happening now. He hadn’t bothered because he was only allowed a certain number of spells per day but was able to use them at greater power which would rival expert sorcerers. It made choosing what he learned much harder though, especially due to his lifestyle as an adventurer.

There was one spell he could use which would allow him to teleport within 30 feet of where he cast it. It was a useful spell and had helped when he needed to plant explosives and needed a quick getaway. It would be a bit of a gamble, but if he timed his magic just right he would be able to avoid any injuries from the fall.

“And where do you think you are going?” a woman asked. He turned and saw a blue-skinned and haired scantily clad succubus asked as she placed her hands on her hips. She had a cocky smirk on her face.

Fulgrim stared at her for a moment before he cleared his throat and then quickly pointed his finger at her as he summoned his magic. A red and black ball the size of an apple formed in front of his finger. The ball launched forward and the demonic woman quickly jumped to the left, avoiding the blast. The ball of energy collided with the entranceway and exploded, destroying the way he had come in from.

The vampire grimaced. If anyone missed that, then they would have to be deaf and unable to feel anything. The village might have heard the explosion. If they did, then maybe they stood a better chance of protecting themselves, but more importantly, now he was on the clock. Every moment spent here was another moment the demons would be getting closer. They would all come here, and with their enhanced physical abilities it wouldn’t take them long.

He ran to the edge of the wall as fast as he could, intent on making his escape before more demons arrived. The sound of glass breaking caught his attention, but he did not stop. He could hear the female demon’s wings flapping behind him and couldn’t hear or feel any build-up of magic. He didn’t know why she wasn’t blasting him, but he didn’t care. Before he could make it over the edge of the wall, two figures flew up in front of the wall, forcing Fulgrim to stop, lest he jump right into their hands.

The moment he stopped he could make out they were demons, making him step back. The first demon was male and the most powerful of them. He was dressed in ornate armor with a fine black coat. He was handsome and looked like he could have a nobleman or even royalty with how chiseled and clean his features were.

Next to him was another female demon, this time wearing a dark demonic-looking plate armor, which did nothing to hide her luscious figure. He would be lying through his sharpened teeth if he said his eyes weren’t locked onto her breasts. Those melons made him and would have gladly taken money from his friends' pockets to spend a night with her if she was a normal human. Considering the two he had seen so far, the vampire couldn’t deny the male demon had a good taste in women at least. Something he was sure the rest of the girls he had under him were probably just as enticing.

The vampire heard the sound of moving rubble and quickly snuck a look back to see a bestial womanly demon break her way through the rock. She shook off any loose dust as she moved forward on all fours and went to move to his right. She grinned feral, exposing her fangs. She shook the front of her body, making her bust move around as she prowled forward and licked her lips.

Fulgrim snarled and his fingernails turned into claws. There was no way he would be able to win with all of these demons. What magic he had could buy a few moments if he was smart. Still, he had to be careful and mindful of what he did. If needed, he supposed he could quickly drink some mana potions, even if there would be a risk. If he was lucky it would be one of the effects which strengthened him, like making his next spell more powerful, however, it was just as likely something bad could happen to him. The last thing he needed was to be turned into a potted plant, with these demons around.

“Give up vampire,” the male demon ordered. “There is nowhere you can run, and nowhere you can hide. Just give up and what happens next will come much easier.”

Fulgrim kept his face blank as he looked around for any sort of escape he could use. There was no way he would let himself be killed or used by these demons like a toy. There was still the spell Misty Step he could use but even so, there was no guarantee it would work. It would mess with his timing, and if he hurt himself. They could be able to catch him with ease, and he would need to use the spell again, which would leave with little means to defend himself. Still, he would need to take such chances.

The vampire ran to the side and looked over his shoulder to see bolts of magic fly at him. He zigzagged to avoid the attacks and could feel the magical heat and smell the ozone as it zoomed by. The scantily clad succubus launch magic spell after spell at him. The greater demon quickly flicked his wrist, sending out a vapor of magic. The vampire turned just in time to see he was getting close to the edge of the wall and jumped onto the battlement. He crouched and moved to leap off the tower, but felt something hit his feet and could the feel soles of his feet merging with the stone block underneath him.

Fulgrim moved forward, but his entrapped feet remained where they were. He grabbed his thigh and tried to pry it out, but they stayed put. The creature of the night gulped and wondered what he should. The thought of using some of his magic to blast the stone came to him, but the possibility of destroying his own feet made him stop. He had an acid spell he could use, but he didn’t have the luxury of being careful with how he applied it to the stone since it came out like a stream.

The sound of armored footsteps made him stop and turn. He was surprised to see it was the armored female demon. She stopped right in front of him and made no move to attack him with her sword. She said, smiling cheerfully. “You were so close. I must admit if you had managed to jump off the wall, you might have escaped.”

Fulgrim raised his arm to use his most powerful spell on her, hopefully killing her, but she wrapped her hand tightly around his wrist. He hissed as he braced himself for his wrist to be broken with a quick snap. Instead, a purple aura came over her being as her grip on him tightened. He gasped as he could feel the magical power he had drain from him as if he was using all of his power in rapid succession. He could barely breathe and fell into a crouching position feeling hungry and thirsty.

“Now that you are properly dealt with we can talk this like civilized beings,” the male demon said. With another use of his magic, he made a stone chair form and sat down. With another use of magic, he turned Fulgrim around so he was facing him. “Now I will be honest and to the point with you, your situation is hopeless. You lack any other magical items and what magic you did have was taken from your body. You are trapped and unable to move from your spot of your own will. You could use those minor cantrips, but they lack the power to do any real damage, especially to myself, Alisha, and Hel. All of us have quite the magical resistance, especially because of the type of magic you use.”

“I thought you said you would be getting to the point,” Fulgrim sighed. He gulped when he noticed none of the girls looked upset about what he just said.

The scantily clad succubus glared at him hatefully as she growled. The armored woman smiled at him coldly, and her eyes promised him pain. The blue-haired demoness’s hands curled, but her body remained lax.  The dog girl growled as her clawed hands and feet dug into the stone, looking like a predator staring down his foe.

The demon lord raised his hand, and the girls ceased their aggressive stance, though looked ready to do so on a moment’s notice. “I will tell you about my offer then. You swear your loyalty to me and you will live.”

Fulgrim looked down at the ground, trying to think of a way out of this situation. Without his magic, he was doomed. If his legs broke when they reached the bottom he would be doomed anyway. He was sure to survive, and after denying the offer to him it would leave him in a worse situation. “And what guarantee do I have that you won’t kill me?”

“Would you rather have a chance to live or and die? Still, I can understand your concerns. I swear you shall remain yourself,” Asmodeus swore as he petted the dog girl.

Fulgrim looked over at the female monsters, who were waiting patiently, almost gleefully for his answer. The blue-haired woman smiled, at him and her fingers flexed. Her eyes promised him pain. The armored succubus raised her weapon, almost as if she was admiring the blade, but he knew better. The blue-haired girl glared at him flatly. The dog girl was the only one who wasn’t glaring at him to lose in the soft petting she was receiving. If he was left to them they would no doubt in their now perverted minds they would gleefully toy with him.

“I swear!” Fulgrim exclaimed quickly.

“Good,” the demon lord said, pleased. He held out his hand, “Now to seal our pact, let us shake hands.”

Fulgrim hesitantly raised his hand, not looking forward to what was about to happen. The moment he touched the demon’s hand, he could feel the power he had suddenly change from the demon he had previously to Asmodeus. For a single moment, he could feel the rage of the demon he had been pacted to before he felt the cold welcoming power of his new contractor. He would have to be on the lookout for his old benefactor in the coming days. Demons were always a finicky lot and they didn’t take rejection or betrayal like this lightly.

“And thus you work for me now,” Asmodeus said. “Hel, you may change him as you see fit.”

“Thank you, my lord,” the armored woman nodded.

“What the fuck! I swore loyalty to you!”

“You did, but just because you swore loyalty doesn’t mean you get to keep your original form,” the demon lord shrugged. “Due to your pact, you will remain mentally yourself, unlike your companions who had no such protections. However, you change after extended time in your new body is outside of my power.”

“Wait...unlike my…,” Fulgrim said. He looked at the other girls, who giggled and smiled at him, except for the bestial girl who was being scratched behind her fluffy ears.

“These girls were my friends?” Fulgrim asked slowly.

“Indeed,” Asmadeus said casually, as he lounged in his seat.

Fulgrim didn’t know what to say, a mix of emotions went through him as he took their look in. On one hand, he couldn’t deny the attraction he felt for them the longer he took in their exotic looks and wonderful figures. Even now he wanted to reach out and grope them like he was going to die tomorrow. The knowledge he recently gained of who they had been, made him feel weird, on one hand, he didn’t care and wanted to explore their bodies anyway. Still, the fact he would be doing it with one of them made him feel off.

The armored woman smiled as she gripped the top of his head and held it in a vice grip.

The vampire looked into her eyes and could see the amusement dancing around them as ideas went through her mind. A faint whimper left his mouth as he could feel the demonic power coursing through his being.

Fulgrim bit his lips as he felt something poking through the side of his heads as if the tips of dull blades were poking against his skull. He reached and could feel two small points growing larger. He let out a gasp when they poked through and could feel the smooth, almost rock-like horns. They continued to grow and the vampire felt dazed as if he had been spun repeatedly in a circle. The horns curved upward and around his skull. When they finished growing, Fulgrim let out a shaky breath and shook his head trying to regain his senses. He ran his hand down his face and started to feel some sense of self.

He flinched when he felt the demon start to ruffle his hair, almost as if she was scratching him like a pet. His hair felt off and his short pale blonde hair started to tickle his cheeks, as it grew longer. He could see his hair start to brighten as if a bottle of hair dye had fallen on top of his scalp, reaching past his ears. His hair finished changing when it became a neat grey bob cut.

“I think such lovely grey hair would be good. To go with what I have in mind,” Hel commented.

The other purple-skinned blue-haired woman stepped forward, her lips trembling as she asked sadly. “What are you going to make her look like? You're not going to make her beautiful are you?”

“Don’t worry Alisha. You’ll like what I’m thinking in fact you’ll be thanking me by the time I’m done,” Hel commented. “You’ll get to do whatever you want to her afterward.”

Alisha looked at her greatest rival dubiously, and then back at the vampire. Her face scrunched and the jealousy in her eyes was clear to see. Thoughts of what she could do flashed in her mind and she looked back at her master, silently questioning him, but he shook his head. “We’ll see if I do when you're done.”

Hel leaned over, pressing her breasts against Fulgrim’s face as she brought her other arm down on his thigh and squeezed. She summoned magic into her hand and the vampire hissed as he felt it burn through his clothes and brand his skin. She muttered aloud, “We’re going to need this for later.”

She slowly brought her hand up, and Fulgrim could see purple lines filled with demonic power, ending perfectly where the tear of his clothes was. She continued to bring her hand up to his body and make lines on his body, almost as if she was an artisan. She stopped moving when her arm reached his cheek. When she finished she pinched it much like a mother would to their child.

Fulgrim’s face twitched and blinked from the pain and power running through his body. On one hand, it made him feel stronger, but he knew to have so much demonic energy running through him wasn’t good. He shut his eyes as they burned as if he was staring up at the sun. The red of his eyes changed the longer he kept them shut. The moment he opened them they changed into a bright pink, like lilies.

Above the top of his butt, a sharp pain formed making him hiss. The pain and pressure continued to build, seemingly with no end in sight. He reached where the pain was and prodded the aching point, and felt three small stubs the size of his pinky start poking through. He gasped when he felt it break through his skin, he looked over his back to see he had a long spike black-tailed.

“You won’t need this anymore. Nothing should be hidden from the master,” Hel said nonchalantly and tore his pants off with one quick pull. Afterward, she grabbed the hem of his robes and pulled them off just as easily and tossed them aside like old garbage.

Fulgrim would have blushed if he could and glared at the demoness. He covered his junk with his hands, wishing he could use the strongest spell available to all Warlocks. Granted it would have probably killed him if it hit one of them and the surrounding area, maybe the village too, but it would be worth it in the end. Any amount of destruction would be worth getting them and ending this farce.

“Now where were we? I gave you your horns, did your hair, tail, and wings,” Hel muttered. She followed her arms, one on top of his head and the other on his cheeks. She squeezed his face and then smiled as she realized what she should do next. She moved the hand on top of his face to his other cheek and pulled it. “I think we should go back to your face and do something about it. You have such an ugly gaunt face, almost as if you have been starving yourself. We need to fix that immediately.”

She pulled his cheeks harder as the marks on the side of his face started to glow. The vampire’s gaunt features started to get fuller as if he was having one hearty meal right after another. She wiped his cheeks as if they were smudged by dirt and cleaned them off.  The man’s cheekbones grew higher and his chin rounded out to match his changing features. The demoness grabbed his nose and pushed it slightly upward. His face finished changing when he was left with a beautiful full rosey face clean of imperfections.

“There we go, now you actually look like you take care of yourself,” Hel said. She turned to Alisha with a smile. “Is this pretty enough?”

“I guess,” Alisha grumbled. She was pretty but compared to the two of them they were not in the same league. She would say she was just below Talia in terms of looks.

“Now then let’s get back to work,” Hel muttered as she placed her hand on Fulgrim's shoulders and slide her arms down her body and roughly massaged his shoulders.

Fulgrim winced and did everything he could to keep his face blank as his shoulders let out cracks as they started to narrow. Every time she brought her arms down his own, he could feel the hair on his arms start to disappear and scars on them cleaning and turning into clean healthy skin. His fingers grew thinner, and took on a more feminine appeal, as his already sharpened and clean nails grew longer. The muscles he had gained from intense training and workout started to diminish as if he had been letting himself go for a while.

The moment she was finished with his arms, she started bringing his hands down his legs, and the same process started to happen there. The hair on them started to disappear as the skin lost any of the blackheads, and scars there. His thighs started to grow larger and swell with supple fat and muscle, which added a slight jiggle to them. Unlike his thighs, the rest of his lower legs thinned out as they lost some muscle and gained a more womanly appeal. His toes started to get smaller as his toenails started to get longer. They poked through his shoes and tore them apart as if they were being cut and the scraps fell and hit the floor.

“There we go, you need clean skin to go with nice womanly limbs,” Hel said, emphasizing the word womanly.

“Damn you,” Fulgrim hissed, glaring at the smug demon changing him.

“Oh I can’t believe I forgot the throat,” Hel said. She raised her hand and wrapped it tightly around his throat and squeezed, almost as if she was trying to choke him. The vampire’s eyes widened as he felt a powerful flame around his neck. He closed his eyes and braced himself for pain, but instead felt the grip on his start to cease. She pulled back her hand, but the warm flame remained. The flame started to cool and felt a cold touch of what felt like steel. He reached around his neck and was able to pull the collar enough to see it was a black steel collar.

“What in the nine hells?” Fulgrim question and blinked at the womanly seductive voice which left his mouth.

“Oh speaking of things I forgot you need your wings. You can’t be a true demoness without them,” Hel muttered, as she placed her hands on her back.

Fulgrim’s eyes widened as he felt small points pointing out of his back. The pain grew and she removed her hands and waved them in front of him as they grew. He reached behind his back and could feel small rough pointed stubs, which felt like horns continued to grow larger. The rest of his back felt like someone was trying to dig into his back and knew it was the rest of his wings. He felt like someone had poured a jug of ice-cold water down his back as the wings finally managed to breakout and fanned out like a bird trying to take off. He tried to flap his wings and was able to make strong gusts of wind, which made the demons around him hair and clothes fly in the wind. The former vampire growled as his feet remained put in the stone.

“Not too much left,” Alisha snickered. “What’s next?”

“Let’s give him those hips and waist,” Hel said and placed her hands on his hard stomach and prodded them as if she was seeing how tough they were.

As she poked and prodded his stomach, the vampire’s waist started to contort in on itself. His stomach started to flatten and the hard abs he had started to vanish back into his body as if they had never been there in the first place. She ran her hand over his flat stomach and it easily gave into her fingers.

“Now onto the next part,” Talia remarked.

Hel playfully slapped both of her hands on his hips and the vampire felt like he had stepped into a hot sauna. His hips suddenly snapped wider as if they were a pair of putty stretched out wider by the magical power. They became wide womanly hips which would add a certain bounce to her hips and her butt if she had any.

“And now you’re almost done,” Talia remarked, as she looked him over.

“It shouldn’t be too much longer now,” Alisha remarked as if she was waiting to see the climax of a play. The purple-skinned, blue-haired succubus went over and fondled his package. She said snidely, “I suppose you could consider this a going away gift.”

“You were Alexios weren't you?” Fulgrim groaned, fighting the pleasing feeling as she gently caressed his lower body.

“Once upon a time, but I’ve ended up in a much better position I think,” Alisha said.

Fulgrim felt a pull between his now plush thighs and gulped as he looked down to see his rod standing at attention from her work. After a few pleasing moments as if someone was gently rubbing it, it started to get smaller, almost as if it was losing its arousal. It wasn’t the case as the arousal in his body felt like it was growing. It forced itself into his body, and let out an erotic moan, as his fingers brushed the new hole. Before the tips of his fingers could, his balls slithered into his body and formed into a new series of organs when they entered his, or rather her body.

“Welcome to the group,” Hel laughed mischievously. She placed her hand on Fulgrim’s flat butt and a small swirling symbol appeared on her lower butt cheek.

Fulgrim looked over her shoulder and stared at her swelling heinie. Her bottom swelled as if someone was using an enlarging spell on it. It continued to get larger, and she placed her hand on her magic and tried to use her magic to fight the growth, and reduce its size, but instead, the growth accelerated. Her bottom cheeks quickly grew into a huge size, which would turn heads to see and make many hands ache to squeeze.

“That is a nice butt,” Talia remarked as she examined the new girl’s behind.

“Are you going to change her name, or is she going to keep her old one?” Alisha asked.

“I think it would be best if she kept her old name,” Hel replied. “It has a lot of meaning, and I’m sure she appreciates it very much.”

“Oh I’m sure she does,” Alisha laughed. “After all, her mind is still her own.”

Fulgrim grimaced and finally understood why her mind would be left to herself. She would be a toy to them, able to change on a moment’s notice into a form they all wanted, whenever they felt like it. Death might have been better now the more he thought about it. Though they probably wouldn’t have kept their word and would have done it to them anyway.

The sun started to rise over the mountains and the former man suddenly found her body harder to move, as if she was being restrained. It felt like she was trapped in a sand trap with weights thrown on her limbs. She looked down and saw bright grey patches start to form where the sun touched her. She touched her arm and it felt like smooth stone that had been professionally sculpted. Grey patches started to appear on her chest and her prominent nipples were consumed by the grey patches and looked like they weren't there at all.

“You're turning me into a gargoyle!” Fulgrim exclaimed, her jaw felt like it was starting to lock up. “Master please...stop...this.”

“I do not mind what is happening,” Asmodeus shrugged. “If they wish to turn you into a lamia or something else then they can do so. To me, they rank higher in importance than you, especially since they will be warming my bed.”

“You hear that,” Alisha smirked. “We can do whatever we want to you. You and I are going to have some fun later.”

Fulgrim opened her mouth to speak, but couldn’t move her jaw. She tried to change her face, but it was locked into a panicked desperate expression. A small faint whimper escaped her mouth as her body turned completely grey from her new biology. She could only stand still there, as the sun beamed down on her body. She was painfully aware of everything going on around her.

“Oh looks like she can’t speak,” Alisha pouted. “I was hoping to tease her a little more and see her face twist as I tell her everything I was going to put her through.”

“I’ll admit it’s a little disappointing we won’t be able to get more of a reaction out of her, we can still have our fun. Talia, you have been pretty quiet. Why don’t you determine how big her bust becomes, at least for now,” Hel said.

The fair-skinned succubus blinked before she looked at Alisha and then at her master. Asmodeus hummed for a moment before he nodded his head. She hesitantly stepped forward and looked at her bust, and then the rest of the girls. After several moments of thorough examination, she turned back to the stone figure and placed her hands on her chest. The stone gave in almost as if it was normal flash.

“I should be the one doing it,” Alisha muttered

“You can do it later,” Hel countered. “Talia has been a good and quiet girl so it's only fair she has a little fun.”

After several moments, Fulgrim’s chest started to grow and push out. With every second more mass was applied to them that acted like a bed of logs on a fireplace and made the warm feelings between her legs grow to new heights. The former vampire wanted to reach out and cup them as they continued to grow larger, but no matter how hard she tried, her hands remained put. After a few minutes, her breasts finished growing when they were a hearty D-cup the size of ripe apples.

“I believe this is a decent size,” Talia remarked

“And with that, my newest piece of art is done,” Hel remarked. She turned back to the group and gave a deep bow, purposely meant to show off as much of her breasts as possible.

The other demons cheered for her as if she had done some great performance. Alisha was the loudest of all as she all but begged for more. Alisha remarked, “I have to say I didn’t think you were being honest with me, but you’re right.”

“Thank you and I am a demon of my word,” Hel remarked.

“It was a good show,” Asmodeus remarked, as he stood up from his seat. The Greater demon wrapped his arms around Alisha and Hel, who preened happily. After a moment, the former shot the latter a look of suspicion but didn’t dare act on it. “I would agree, you have done good work Hel, and it was nice of you to let someone else join in.”

“One moment please,” Alisha said as she left his arm and smiled evilly as she grabbed the stone girl’s chin, which the latter could feel. A faint laugh escaped her mouth which turned into full-blown laughter. Her knees legs trembled as she started to shake from how hard she was laughing.  She bent over and her laughter became more hoarse. She breathed heavily, wiping tears from her eyes. “This is just perfect.”

“Don’t worry, we’ll move you later, or more likely you’ll be able to move later,” Alisha smirked as she squeezed the new gargoyle’s butt. The stone-like body gave in to her touch like normal flesh would. “Depends on if we feel like it, I guess after all the fun we will have.”

Alisha smirked vindictively at the gargoyle as she brought her fingers between the latter’s legs. “I can only imagine just how horny you are with all of those naughty thoughts running through your head. It's a shame you can’t move around during the day to get some precious relief. Maybe when night falls the master will play with you, but with all of us around it's probably going to be a while before you get the same sort of fun and release like we do.”

“Now girls we finally can have some time to ourselves. Now that you are firmly on my side and no intruders are around. The master bedroom can finally be put to good use I think,” Asmodeus laughed.

As one, the girls stood at attention, aside from the petrified gargoyle. They turned and looked at him, joy and lust radiating from their bodies. Almost at once, all the girls moved and latched onto his body. Hel grabbed one arm and mushed it against her chest, while Alisha did the same. Freki latched onto his back and wrapped her arms around his neck, nuzzling her cheek against his. Talia looked so confused and wasn’t sure where to grab considering where everyone was, something the demon lord noticed. His tail snaked around her waist and pulled her close. The demon girl blushed as she was lifted in the air, but didn’t seem to mind too much. He chuckled as he flew off the edge, the rest of the girls holding him at the did. The dog girl especially, who had no means of flight.

Fulgrim could only stare out into the distance and watch the sun, something which should have hurt her eyes but didn’t. She could see birds flying off in the distance along with trees swaying side to side. Off into the distance, she could make out the village that told them about this place. She had a perfect vision of everything around her and could make it all out as if it was right in front of her.

She had been stuck like this for a mere few minutes and already she wanted to go off and do something, anything. It could have been just moving something with her fingers, and making a beat with them like a song, or shadow puppetry. Anything at all, it might have been quick, but she even would have taken being used by the demon lord and joining the orgy which was about to happen. At least then she would have something to do.

She wondered how much longer it would take before night time finally came and she could move again. Just these few minutes were enough to make her desire control over her body again. She whimpered and wished she could do something about this burning between her legs and butt. If it continued to rise then she would be driven mad from the lust she was feeling long before then.