

HSA-194: Demon Bride

by Quixerotic

She had demon blood filling her mouth. It was far from a gushing wound, but she knew even the slightest tinge of blood would make her retch. Except, it didn't. It didn't taste good, but it tasted right. She found herself licking away the blood she'd drawn almost sensually. The demon said that word again, "Reth," but somehow it made sense. Mine.

Mandy was confused. A moment ago, she'd been in a dance club. She'd spent a half hour waiting in line with her friends to get in the door. The other girls went to the bar to get a drink, but Mandy had suddenly felt an intense urge to go to the restroom. As she assessed her situation, she realized she didn't have any need to go to a restroom. Which was lucky because she wasn't in one. She'd definitely walked through the door with "Ladies" written on it. She even remembered the other women lining the hall with dumbfounded looks on their faces. She'd figured they were stoned on something and didn't mind skipping the line for the toilets. Now, she wasn't so sure she wasn't also stoned on something.

She remembered walking through the door. Then things went fuzzy around the edges, like sometimes happened in her dreams. When things unfuzzed, she was standing in a small room occupied by a table, two chairs, and a large device that looked like an old reel to reel recorder. She keenly suspected that she'd walked into the wrong room. She figured this could be some kind of weird back room of the club used for a particular kind of voyeurism. The large one way mirror on the wall helped this theory. The lack of a door directly behind her, where one definitely should be since she lacked the ability to walk through solid concrete, didn't help enough to compensate.

Another door was on the other side of the table, but it had a sign that said "Private". Even if she'd been magically displaced through a wall, Mandy wasn't rude. Obviously she wouldn't go through that door until she'd exhausted her other options. Feeling self-conscious, she pulled out the chair closest to her and sat down. As she did, she noticed the small card on the table. "Please wait," she read. "Oh, ok." A card asking her to wait meant that something would happen after a short period. That something would likely explain everything. And whoever left the card did say please, after all.

She folded her hands in her lap and tried to ignore the pulse of anxiety slowly getting stronger. She wished she'd dressed differently. Her friends talked her into the skimpy outfit. They said she normally dressed too prudish, which explained her continually failures at finding a man. She thought it had more to do with the prospective men's lack of ability to do more than dance and grunt. Mandy was a big fan of conversation and thought, to the point of flaw. But, since coffee shops weren't the happening hip place for singles to chat one another up, she'd been forced to frequent bars and clubs. Wearing a skin tight, hot pink dress was expected for those venues, but likely frowned upon in the coffee shops. Her friends told her she looked hot, that her boobs looked amazing, and that guys might try bouncing quarters off her butt. Mandy thought she looked like an overstuffed sausage casing with decent boobs.

After two minutes, she wondered about the mirror. "Um, hello? I don't think I'm supposed to be here." Her reflection looked sympathetic, but didn't answer. She bit at her lower lip as she ran through the possibilities. The lack of thumping base made her think that she'd gone further from the club than she originally suspected. Even through the concrete, she would be able to feel the music's beat. The room didn't feel like part of the club either. The construction seemed too solid, too drenched in brutalism. If she had to guess, she would put her location as being in the basement of some Cold War era government building. This guess brought no comfort.

The door opened, and a man's head popped inside. His cheeks were red, and his brows popped up as he saw Mandy. The head jerked back as the door snapped closed. A moment passed before it opened again, and the man strolled inside looking flustered but relieved. He wore a seersucker suit of light blue and carried a small folder. "Terribly sorry for the wait," he said as he hurried to the chair. He paused to unbutton his suit, and then sat with a long sigh. "Don't you simply loathe being rushed. Offering to be helpful is one thing, but being goaded along like a cattle in a chute is unnecessary. I'm here, aren't I?"

Mandy didn't know what to say. "I'm sorry." She managed to sound genuinely apologetic. The man seemed worse off than her at any rate, and she could empathize with the plight of being rushed. Her own friends had hurried her out of the door only a few hours ago.

"Ah, forgive me my venting. Certainly not your fault. Terrible manners for me to bring it up." He cleared his throat and straightened up. "I'm third on the call sheet for this operation, hence my surprised rush. Not even my division. Apparently, Malcolm is busy with the Pocket Void of Analaith. You think, how can you keep losing your keys in a mysterious void dimension? To the point where you start to suspect it's not his keys that he's sticking into a rip in space time. And then, Reba hasn't been seen since her ordeal in Scotland. I keep telling the higher ups that we shouldn't be partnering with those Europeans. The HSAs in the old world have been living alongside western culture for far too long. People see a werewolf and get excited. They don't bother to check if its the 'carry you back to their clan and transform you into breeding mother' type or the 'involuntarily rip your entrails out and turn you into a ghost that haunts them until their death' type. Personally, that's something that I would want nailed down firmly before I go sticking my nose into the Highlands."

"Me, too," Mandy said with a smile. The man was talking gibberish, but she found his exasperation calming.

"Sorry, sorry," he muttered. "You don't need to hear me complain. And we're still behind schedule. I would certainly have egg on my face if my prattling resulted in a hell plane invading Earth. My name is Beaumont." He offered his hand across the table.

"Mandy Perkins," she answered with a quick shake.

"Ah, good, that means I have the correct file. A pleasure to meet you, even under the circumstances, Ms. Perkins." He turned his attention to the folder he brought in. Seeing her name on the folder shoved Mandy's confusion and disorientation back to the forefront of her mind.

"Um, how did I get here?" she asked, hoping the question was less foolish than it sounded.

Beaumont's brow's furrowed as he flipped through to the front of the folder. "Um, a time and space convergence driven by fate is what it says here. How did it look from your end of

things?”

She didn't precisely know what he meant, but answered at face value. "I was at a club with my girlfriends. I went to the restroom, but then I was here."

"Yes," Beaumont said.

"Oh. Isn't that impossible, though? I mean, unless we're in the bathroom now."

"Improbable, but not impossible. And no, we're not in the bathroom of any club at the moment. We are in the bottom of a public library in Birmingham, Alabama. Also, it's 1968. Not that it matters."

Mandy laughed, but Beaumont didn't. He peered back at her with a kind, patient smile. "So, who set up the joke? Was it Lynn? She's wanted to get me back for skipping her birthday party, but this seems like a lot of effort."

"It's not a joke. This is happening to you. I wish we had more time to explain, but I have several other appointments to keep. And you have a very special one to keep as well. I like your dress by the way. Is that the type of thing they're wearing in oh, gosh, 2023?"

She shrugged, choosing to play along, "I don't really know. I didn't pick it out."

"Well, it's flattering. That will probably help make this less problematic. Now, we best get on with it." He reached over and pushed two buttons on the reel-to-reel. "This is Beaumont filling in on case HSA-145, uh, sub-case dash 218. I will be conducting the preparatory release interview prior to dispensation. Miss, would you please state your name for the record."

Mandy looked from side to side before pointing at herself. "Mandy Perkins," she said leaning toward the machine.

"Good. Ms. Perkins, I have the responsibility of informing you that you have been divined by the Unseen Powers as tribute to the Realm of Ended Fates. As such, you will be parted from this plane in a manner fitting the circumstances of your disappearance while maintaining a respectable veneer. All family and close associates, if any, will be cared for and councils, both emotionally and financially until the end of their respective lives. While we appreciate that this does not alleviate your sacrifice in the least, we hope it does bring you some measure of comfort as you confront your new future. Now, this is a release form that further defines all these terms. If you would, please sign it, though be aware this is merely for our records as it holds no legal ramification."

She stared at him, "I'm not getting the joke. What are you going on about?"

Beaumont's distress returned. He quickly flipped through the file. "Oh gods, you don't have any idea what's happening do you?"

The panic in his voice immediately infected her. “No. Of course I haven’t got any idea. I walked through a wall to this room!”

He checked his watch. “Listen, there’s not much time. You’re actually in a spatial shift. When it resolves, you’ll be in your destination.”

“The Realm of Ended Fates?!”

“Yes, but that’s mostly just a name. ‘Unseen Powers’ and all that is just fluff they wrote down before anyone really knew how this stuff worked. You’re on your way to a hell dimension. When you get there, you need to remember that —”

The interrogation room, Beaumont, and the recording equipment were gone. Unfortunately, this time it hadn’t been a fuzzy feeling. Mandy felt a force close around her, as if she’d suddenly been caught in a massive net and yanked backward. The pressure shifted around her, and all her other senses clouded like being dunked into a bucket of icy water. When everything jerked back to normal, her head lolled back as nausea swept through her. Her eyes opened, and she looked up at the night sky. *If Lynn gave me fucking mushrooms before letting me wander off on my own, I’ll figure it out and twist her nipples off. It is pretty though.* Above her, thousands of small blue lights twinkled like diamonds in a blue swath that her basic understanding of astronomy interpreted as gas of some kind. *The diamonds must be stars. So close to be so bright.* She scanned the vast open sky, amazed by how vivid the cosmos looked, until a rough cough drew her attention back to her earthly location.

She was seated on a small stone chair in an amphitheater carved into the side of a mountain. The rows of benches looked ancient, but well kept. She easily pictured Roman era men and women lining them and jeering at the gladiatorial combat going on just around where her stone chair sat. The cough, however, did not come from the surrounding seating. It came from directly in front of her where three *creatures* knelt in the sand. As her eyes adjusted to the low flicker of torchlight, she gasped. She stood, watched the tension in the creatures’ bodies grow, and quickly sat back down. “Beaumont?” she whispered, hopefully.

Warm, golden light suddenly washed over the amphitheater. Mandy looked again to the sky to see a massive moon emerging from behind a cloud bank. As it did, she saw the three others with more clarity. Their bodies were humanoid, mostly, but far too big. Mandy knew a few of the football players in college. While those guys were certainly big, they always looked a little stretched out, or their heads looked too small for their bodies, or, based on what her friends told her, their enormous size didn’t match their normal human reproductive organs making for a smaller by comparison issue. These creatures looked proportional with their wide shoulders, narrow hips, and monolithic brows. Like humans, but at a one point five scale. The first tip that they weren’t just big humans was their skin color.

Two of them had cherry red skin that rippled with the muscle underneath. The third’s

shade was powder blue. All three of them had extensive, tribal inspired tattoos across their chests and shoulders. Black ink for the red skinned ones, and shining silver ink for the blue. Other than silver and gold rings along their ears and brows, they wore nothing until their waists. Mandy blushed as she realized the braided leather belts resting on their hips only provided a loose hanging bit of silk cloth to cover them. They wore no shoes, but that helped her see they had human feet, at least. Part of her expected cloven hooves. Her relief subsided as she realized the strange lump wrapped around each of them wasn't a pillow matched to their skin tone, but part of them. Each had a thick tail that curled around their knees before tapering to a rounded tip that looked to be the size of Mandy's thumb. They twitched when her eyes moved over them.

In the new moonlight, she could see their faces in full relief. The two reds had horns that jutted up and back, banded by sharp ridges every inch up to their pointed tips. The blue's horns curled back toward his head like a ram. The red on the end had his mouth slightly open showing teeth similar to human, but disrupted by two sets of fangs on top and one set on the bottom. Mandy's eye was drawn to him as he rolled his bottom lip into his mouth to nibble on it in the same nervous manner she often did. Other than the shock of seeing a red man with horns, a tail, and fangs, she was shocked to find him attractive. Long curls of black hair draped around his horns with the rest of his hair braided into a long strand down his back. He had high cheekbones with a broad plane down to his rugged jaw. His eyes were nearly solid black, but contained in them an odd glow that grew stronger as he peered back at her.

He spoke, "*Reth.*" The word punched through the eerie calm in the amphitheater. He'd barely whispered it, but it amplified as it bounced back from the concrete benches. The word or noise or whatever it was seemed to irritate the middle red. While the blue looked crestfallen as his shoulders slumped, and his hands knit together. Mandy started to feel sorry for him until she heard the first red growl out the word again, "*Reth!*" He said it without moving, but his eyes had started to actively shine as he stared down the other red. The second one looked a little bigger, but the first was lean and already possessed with a tension in his body that seemed dangerous.

Mandy's mouth had gone dry at some point. She really wished she'd had time to get a drink before going out of her mind on whatever drugs someone slipped her. She'd never taken mushrooms, but was surprised at how real everything felt. The creatures in front of her looked like they were arguing. One of them, the bigger one, even gestured at her. She supposed they were demons, probably ones that represented her character flaws. She thought the blue one might have something to do with depression. He did look incredibly sad, even as he spoke up, interrupting the other two's glaring contest.

"Sheah tar'nog, Helctam. Esh slien canna sol Ulthrain. Il reth. Il rethesh Sheah."

The bigger red finally looked away from the other. His head slumped in the same manner of severe disappointment. With a nod, he bent down and placed his forehead into the sand, remaining in the bowed posture for a few seconds. The blue did the same. Then, without so much as another glance at Mandy, who believed she was getting over her rage and depression in a significant psychological victory, they receded into the shadows beyond the amphitheater. She was sorry to see them go, especially since it meant she was left alone with the other.

The remaining demon quickly lost the aggression from his demeanor, but he didn't relax. If anything, he seemed more anxious than when the other two had been present. Believing she'd figured it out, Mandy decided to talk to the thing she believed she was imagining, "You're my anxiety! Of course you are. I mean, obviously I'm feeling anxious at the moment. I can't feel depressed when I'm on drugs, that wouldn't make sense. And I need to let go of my rage or anger because what good will it do me. And yet, anxiety is something that I can't let go so easily. Unless I can? Can I just tell you to go?"

The demon responded in a rapid burst of the guttural language they'd been speaking before finally pointing to her, then the sky, then himself and saying, "*Reth.*"

Mandy stuck out her bottom lip in a faux pout. "I don't understand you, big guy. Who does understand their anxiety? Man, I don't know who I should thank. The mushrooms or my own brain for coming up with such a perfect metaphor. An inner demon that is all hostile and talking gibberish is exactly what it feels like."

As the demon listened, his brows drew together in confusion and the glow in his eyes dimmed. He suddenly looked plagued with doubt. He stood, and Mandy's breath caught as she realized the full size of the creatures. The other two had stayed hunched as they backed out of the area, but this one rose up to his full height. Mandy was a poor judge of such things, but even she knew he was over seven feet, easily seeing how his horns would scrape against the ceiling of most places that she'd lived. The tail whipped around him as his body shifted, a fluid, instinctive motion keeping him balanced as he stepped closer. Again, Mandy's attention went to the thin strip of cloth that was doing a poor job of hiding the demon's groin. She saw the top of his thigh muscles as they curved down to the tantalizing darkness between his legs. She even caught a hint of the shaft as his step caused it to press against the cloth. It wasn't until she noticed the black claws on his hands that she snapped from her blind fascination.

This isn't mushrooms, she realized. There's a seven foot tall demon with half an erection stalking toward me. Oh, fuck. She shot up from the stone seat, causing the demon to pause. She scrambled back, putting the stone chair between them as she tried to tug her dress down or somehow loosen it to hug her curves less. She guessed from the slight shift of the loin cloth that her frantic movements were having the opposite effect. The demon took another step, so she held out her arm and shouted, "Hey! Wait!"

The demon's eyes narrowed, and his fangs shone with the reflected moonlight. He raised a clawed finger and pointed at her. "*Reth.*"

"I don't speak Hell language. Hell...ish. Whatever! I don't know how I got here, but I'm not going to be some fucking human sacrifice." Her mind raced as she tried to form a plan that didn't involve a footrace with a creature twice her size while she was in heels. Hoping to solve at least one problem, she kicked off her shoes and grabbed one of them up. They weren't stilettos, but the heel might still be effective in slowing down the monster. She held it up like a dagger as the demon's face scrunched into that confused dog look again. He lapsed into another

spate of Hellish before pointing at Mandy and then the ground in front of him. “Oh, no way. I’m not coming over there.”

The demon’s expression shifted to frustration. He whirled around on the spot, throwing up a spray of sand with his tail as he stretched out his arms and yelled at the sky. Mandy figured this was her best chance of getting away. She couldn’t outrun the thing, but she could maybe hide. Quietly padding back, she moved up the amphitheater steps while the demon’s conversation with the sky went on. She just cleared the top step and slipped into the shadows when she heard him turn back to find her gone. He muttered a few more words before a bone rattling roar filled the air. With the time for subtlety clearly passed, Mandy scrambled to her feet and bolted into the strange wilderness.

Mandy realized her mistake after her second fall. She’d found a winding path near the amphitheater, but it was overgrown. Track and field wasn’t her strength, and her dress continued to limit her movement. The sound of the demon’s roar still haunted her thoughts, but otherwise the area filled with an uneasy silence. She thought bugs or other critters would make some kind of sound, but it was deathly silent. The first time she tripped, it was over her own feet. The second was due to a branch jutting out into the path. She landed harder as a result. Spikes of tingling pain shot up her arms as her palms slammed into hard packed earth. She couldn’t help but make a yelp of pain. Fearing she’d broken an unspoken rule of silence, she remained on the ground recovering her breath.

When nothing happen, she got to her feet and let out a soft curse. Looking at the hem of the tight fitting dress, she wasn’t surprised to see the seams fraying. *Good enough*, she thought before taking hold of either side and tearing. The rip was barely audible, but seemed deafening when being hunted by a demon. Enjoying the increase in motion, she checked the rest of her body. A few scratches dotted her legs and arms where the various weeds and branches had nicked her. She didn’t feel them at the moment, but knew they would sting worse now that she knew they existed. She figured pacing herself would be a better idea. If she needed to sprint away from the demon, she would have the breath for it, and it decreased the odds of her falling off the mountain and breaking her neck.

She walked for another thirty minutes down the trail until she finally reached a copse of trees. The sudden thickness of foliage made the oppressive silence even worse. Her whole body ached. Despite the sinister darkness of the woods, she figured it was at least a moderate shelter and began to search for a hollowed out tree or ditch where she could rest. So far, she’d held back her panic, but the press of reality threatened to break through her defense. She concluded that she was no longer on Earth, but in the Realm of Ended Fates like Beaumont had said. It didn’t sound like a good place to be, but it did explain the strangeness of the sky and the numerous types of plants and trees that she didn’t recognize. She could breath, though, so that was encouraging. It was also where the encouragement stopped. She had no food, no water, and most of her survival skills came from watching reality television shows. Those shows most challenging obstacle tended to be the consumption of bugs for purposes of drama. Mandy had an enormous demon that was likely hunting her for untoward purposes.

No, not hunting. Watching.

She went still as what she thought was a shadow resolved into the demon's form. He was ahead of her in the trees, dangling from a sturdy branch by one arm as his glittering eyes watched her. He dropped to the ground and lowered himself to a crouch with the feral intensity of a predatory cat. Mandy told herself to run, to use the trees to break his stride, but exhaustion clawed at her will. The demon was the only living animal she'd seen in the hour since she'd arrived in this wretched place, and clearly he'd followed her at a leisurely pace. What was the point of running from him? She still had her shoe. If it came down to running or fighting, maybe she could at least get enough damage in to make him think twice. "Alright, fine," she rasped, surprised by her lack of breath. "Come on. I got into a slap fight with Carly Mills in fourth grade, and that bitch went home crying. Let's see what you've got."

The demon prowled closer until his face was visible. She expected to see him furious, teeth bared, and claws raised. Instead, his face was drawn and...worried? He held up a hand as he neared, like he was approaching a frightened animal, which Mandy supposed he was. He rattled off another series of sounds and grunts. Mandy shook her head and raised the shoe higher. "I clearly don't understand that language and —"

One clawed hand closed on her wrist. The other wrapped around her waist. With a squeeze, he caused her hand to spasm, dropping the shoe. Then she was off the ground and in his arms, wrapped up against him. She pounded her fists against him, but it felt like hitting stone. He kept speaking, his tone growing more agitated as she included kicks. She thought she was making progress until his claws raked down her back, just close enough to shred her dress. She'd worn a thong as part of her outfit, which meant her ass cheeks were now bared to the whole forest. She flushed with embarrassment as she increased the fury of her kicks until the demon's hand came down hard on her backside. The spank was so sudden that she went still. She might have remained that way if she hadn't felt his whole body rumble around her. *He'd enjoyed doing that. Oh, fuck this.*

"*Kere na,*" he growled. She wanted had to be kicking near his balls. Demon or not, she bet a swift kick there would double him over. Her other options for damage were limited. He had her pulled tight against him. She could feel his strength and the effortlessness that he held her up. If he chose, he could squeeze and crush every bone in her body. Instead he was holding her firmly, but gently. His neck craned to the side, exposing the slope of his neck to her. "*Kere na,*" he repeated.

"I don't know what that means, you idiot! Hey, hey, don't you do —"

Another hard swat left her ass stinging. She knew it had to be bright red. Maybe that's what he liked about it, watching her skin turn the same color as his. *Would that be so bad.* The strange thought pushed into her head at the same time that she noticed a vein straining out from the demon's neck. It wasn't massive or throbbing, but distinctly noticeable because it had the same kind of eerie glow to it that his eyes did. She thought of his fangs and wondered if he was

some kind of vampire. Or, due to her pale skin, maybe he thought she was. He repeated the phrase again, and she squirmed with frustration. She knew what it would cause and braced with...excitement right before his massive paw smacked her cheek again. This time, though, his hand remained. It lightly rubbed her stinging bottom as his body rumbled again. *Not rumbling, purring.* The more he did it, the more the vein stood out, glowing through his skin. He dropped down and said the phrase again, this time pleading and desperate. Closer to the ground, Mandy shifted, searching for purchase. Instead, her leg brushed against the distinct bulge of demon cock.

Maybe I should bite him. Teach him to abduct women and spank them in the forest. Even if they do enjoy it. Even if they might have been provoking him a little bit because they wanted to feel his strength and his touch again. Her mouth watered as the back of her neck prickled with gooseflesh. The demon's hand came up to the back of her head. He strained his neck to the side even further as he pushed her head toward him. He rasped out the phrase again, in agonized desperation. *Fine, if he wants a murder hickey then so be it.* Seized by an unclear need, she opened her mouth and clamped down on his shoulder. The demon groaned, incensing her further. She drew in the scent of his skin and the taste of his sweat. It excited her, even as his hand slid down to cup her ass. Instinct she didn't understand grabbed her, and her teeth pushed down on his hard skin. She hissed out a breath as the flesh yielded and blood flowed into her mouth.

She heard him groan, but it wasn't in pain. He seemed to be relieved. Not that Mandy had time to focus on that. She had demon blood filling her mouth. It was far from a gushing wound, but she knew even the slightest tinge of blood would make her retch. Except, it didn't. It didn't taste *good*, but it tasted *right*. Her bite relaxed, and she found herself licking away the blood she'd drawn almost sensually. The demon said that word again, "*Reth*," but somehow it made sense. *Mine*. That's what he'd been saying over and over, she realized. The first word of Hellish that she'd heard was the demon pointing at her and saying *Mine*.

She stopped struggling and put her hands on his shoulders, gently pushing away. Though clearly reluctant, the demon allowed her to ease back in his grip. Their gazes locked on to one another, and she didn't see a feral thing looking back at her. The demon was terrified. Glancing at the wound she'd left on his shoulder, she wasn't altogether surprised to see it already healed. Only the wetness of her mouth remained. Mandy sensed the demon blood in her body. It spoke to her in a way she didn't understand, filling her head with knowledge she couldn't yet know while a deep instinct shoved everything else aside. Her body pulsed with energy, the fatigue and worry evaporating. Cautiously, she brought her hands up to the demon's head and caressed the side of his face. He was handsome, she thought. *Fuck that, he's gorgeous. I'm a seven on my best day. He's a twenty out of ten.*

She slid further down in his relaxed grip until she felt something she fully expected. His hard on pressed against her ass. It was nearly rigid enough to hold her up by itself. It was also entirely too big. Like the rest of him, human at one point five scale. In this case, a well hung human. That thing would split her in half, even if she did enjoy it. *Ok, that's a more realistic obstacle to overcome. Probably easier than being kept by a demon in a hell world.* Her body

ached for him nonetheless. The tatters of the dress chafed her skin. Her nipples had swollen with need, and she suspected that he might scent her growing wetness. Apparently willing to trust her, he moved his other hand down to cup her ass with both of them, holding her against him as she slowly gyrated her hips. He spoke again, a throaty plea made into the crook of her neck, "I want to feel you wrapped around me."

"And I want to feel that fat cock spread me open," she rasped back at him.

His head jerked away from her, and he held her still. "You understand now?"

Mandy shrugged. "I guess?"

The demon growled and spun them around, dropping her to the forest floor as gently as laying down a sleeping child. He wedged himself between her legs, and she saw the gargantuan thing he intended to use on her. It had pushed out from its small curtain, nearly the size of her forearm. "Need you," he purred. His eyes lost any hint of humanity, turning into endless pits of spinning stars. Mandy felt a needling insistence to resist his touch or the feel of his hard body pressed against her, but she didn't know why. Everything about him felt right and good, even if he did look like a manifestation of biblical evil. She felt the crown of his cock push against the thin fabric of her thong and practical considerations won out.

"We can't," she said. "You're too big."

The demon growled as he balanced above her. One clawed hand took hold of her dress and pulled. The few strands fabric holding it on her body snapped easily. He brandished his fangs eagerly for a moment before frowning. He prodded at her "chicken cutlets", obviously confused by their texture. "Oh, they're like a bra," she said. She pulled one off and carelessly tossed it away. Seeing her bare breast caused any confusion in the demon to subside in favor of a look of pure desire. He jabbed the other chunk of silicone and flung it away with distaste before surveying her naked breasts. She could feel his eyes nearly boring into her body with want. His form bent gently and pressed a kiss against her chest. The second touched nearer to her nipple. The third agonizingly close. She wondered how much it would hurt to have him inside of her. There had to be a tipping point where the pain would be worth it. His mouth closed over her nipple, and she writhed with ecstasy.

What the fuck is happening? Why does this feel so amazing? Her hands went to his sides, grabbing hold of his powerful flanks. She dug her nails into his skin, unintentionally pulling him against her rolling hips. His demon cock slid up to wedge against her wet thong. She felt the pulse of him against her engorged pussy lips. If she angled enough, she would be able to rub her clit along the underside of his massive cock. It wouldn't be nearly as good as feeling him inside of her, but it would be enough to make her cum. From the noises he made when she did it, he would, too.

Abruptly, he stopped lavishing attention on her breasts, lurching back to his knees. He peered down at her as she spread her legs wider. Moving his hand to the side of his belt, he

unfastened it and tossed it aside, giving her the full view of his massive member. Mandy groaned with need as she watched him stroke its length. His upper lip twitched as he masturbated. She thought for a moment that it should feel dirty, but she immediately realized that he was doing this for her. *He wants me to see him, to know how much he needs me.*

Unspoken understanding passing between them, he spoke again, "Taste you."

She thought back to her own bite of his shoulder. His fangs and her tender skin would be much less of a match. Before she could protest, he shuffled back. *Oh*, she realized. His head lowered between her thighs as he slid one claw under the string of her thong. With a hard flick, he cut through the fabric. The triangle of cloth came away, leaving her open and exposed to him. "Changing," he said. "Good." She barely heard him. Her mind was searing with need. She was readying to scream for his tongue right as he pressed his mouth against her lower lips.

Pleasure rolled through her in a violent shudder. She pushed a hand to her mouth to hold back her moans. The demon snatched it away, letting her screams fill the night air. *He wants the world to hear him pleasure me*, Mandy knew. In between one of her orgasms, she looked down to see his horns sticking up between her legs as he lapped and sucked to bring her to the edge again. A warm claw gently probed against her folds, sliding delicately inside her where it was immediately met with squeezing need. Remembering how sharp it had been to cut through her clothes, she expected to feel pain. Instead, he moved with such care that her wetness and warmth grew over and over again. She reached down and grabbed his horn, pulling him into her sex. He snarled with enthusiasm, and she belted out a joyous laugh of pleasure. Then she noticed her legs.

Red streaked through her skin, branching out in arcing fractals. She held up a hand and saw her nails thickening and darkening in color. A pressure formed at the base of her spine. It clicked in her head as horns sprouted from above her temples. "Oh, yes!" she squealed. The demon rose, surprised by the change in her tone. She watched him grin broadly before planting a kiss on her flat stomach.

Warmth spread through her, radiating out in little pulses. She could feel her body changing. Her hands pressed into her breasts as they swelled. Her breath caught between the stronger pulses, and her changing flesh spilled through her stretched fingers. She was growing larger by the second. Sticking her legs up, she saw slender, muscular limbs that rippled with strength. She pointed her toes to the sky as small, cute claws curled out from them. The demon wasn't about to pass up an opportunity to worship her body. He remained large relative to her as he wrapped a hand around her ankle, kissing the side of her foot and her ankle. Then he yanked her up by the foot, nearly flinging her up in the air as he spun her around.

His other hand caught her by the midriff and gently lowered her to her knees as she giggled. She shook the hair out of her eyes as she looked back at him over her newly reddened shoulder. He looked over her with a fiendish awe as her tail jutted out from the top of her newly bubble sized ass. She rocked back, teasing him with the tectonic jiggle of her new cheeks. It wasn't only to tease. The movement helped her adjust to the feeling of new bone and new

muscle. Her tail didn't form as thickly at the base, but was still substantial as it grew. After only a few seconds, she controlled it enough to wrap it around the male's torso and pull him against her. His freely leaking cock slid up between her plumped ass cheeks. She snarled at him with want while her growing fangs cut against her inner lip. "*Fuck me,*" she growled in Hellish.

The demon's eyes blazed as he took hold of her hips. She no longer worried about his size. The changes made sense in some base instinct way. She was his, and so he would fit her perfectly. Her core ached with emptiness as she pushed back against him. He growled and held her still before pushing his cockhead against her sopping lips. He rubbed it along her slit, mingling their arousal until she whimpered in pathetic want. Only then did he take a firm grip of her ass and push into her.

Mandy's eyes rolled back into her head as her inner walls stretched. She doubted her earlier belief for a few seconds as her walls refused to open fast enough for him. Finally, with a heavy sigh, she relaxed into the pleasure, and her walls gripped him with joyous acceptance. She heard and felt the rumbling purr in his body as it vibrated down to the tip of his cock. She wriggled her hips further down until her soft ass was dragging against his hard abs. The demon's grip strengthened. He pulled back and thrust into her without any easing. She yelped with pleasure and begged him to do it again. The second time, their bodies slapped together in a loud crack of sound that sent them into a rutting frenzy. Every inch he pushed into her was gripped in the vice like need of her walls leaving them both moaning wildly with desire.

She let her head droop and looked underneath her body. Between the deep valley left by her massive swinging tits, she saw her spread legs and the heavy sitting balls of her demon lover. Her body clenched as she considered how full of cum he would be. She wanted to drain him inside of her, to have her womb filled by his hot demon seed. She whispered until it became a screaming plea, almost like a prayer, "Fuck me! Cum in me! Fill up your demon slut! Breed my hot pussy! Cum inside me!"

The demon roared, an echoing thunder of pure virility as blazing heat erupted inside of her. She felt each twitch and jerk as her body thrummed with pleasure. Cum splashed inside of her, filled her, overflowed her until finally she dropped. The demon remained pushed inside of her, still half hard. He rolled to the ground, carrying her with him. He rested her head on his arm, tucked her tight against him, and rumbled with contentment. Mandy stroked his arm as her mind raced. She felt amazing, but exhausted. Not wanting to ruin the moment, she remained in his arms, comforted by the embrace. *Only a few minutes*, she told herself. But those minutes lost meaning as they passed, and soon she drifted to a deep sleep.

When she woke, she was being carried. The demon held her in his arms easily as a midday sun baked down on them. He'd wrapped her in a robe and clothed himself that provided roughly the same covering as a kilt. A thick strap held a large back to his back. "You wake," he said with a smile. "For a while, I feared you would not. That I was doomed to have a sleeping princess. The change is difficult, though. I did not worry too much."

“Um, could you put me down?” Mandy asked.

He seemed reluctant, but did. In the daylight, she could see the long rise of the mountain behind them. She didn't know how far he'd hiked while carrying her, but guessed she miles from where she'd entered this world. Assessing her robed body, she was startled by her tail before running her hands over her horns and then her heavier breasts. As she did the latter, the demon's purr returned. She pulled her hands away quickly. “Sorry,” she said. “Did you turn me in to a demon? I'm not exactly mad about it, but I don't understand what's happened.”

His wariness returned. “Yes, I worried something had gone wrong. Even when I felt your pull, I doubted it. Too beautiful to be mine, I thought. But you shared my blood and changed, so there can be no doubt.”

She looked down at her luminescent red coloring and nodded. “Yes, I suppose not. Except, how...I mean, how does any of this happen. I went out for a girl's night. Then I was talking to some weird guy. Then I was up on a sex altar for demons.”

Anger caused him to tense his shoulders. “The human leaders are meant to explain. We have an agreement. The brides should know what his happening before they arrive.”

“Bride?”

The demon shrugged. “Yes, bride. I am your husband. We wedded last night before the star gods.”

Oh fuck. “Ah, well, that's nice,” Mandy said, trying to stay calm. It wasn't that difficult, surprisingly. The thought of being with the demon appealed to her in some primal way. On the other hand, she liked frozen yogurt and WiFi. “Listen, demon, there's —”

“Ulthrain,” he said. “That is my name. I had hoped to hear you moaning it as we mated, but in our passion, we forgot to do the introductions. As wife, you will shorten my name. It was one of the things meant to be explained in the cultural briefing.”

Ooley, U-L-Y, ooley popped into her mind before she could object to the tone of his order. “I'm Mandy. It's nice to meet you, Ooley.”

He grinned and snatched her up, bringing her in for a passionate kiss. She didn't break it off until she felt the swell of him against her thigh. “No, wait, listen. I have to go back. I can't be your wife. I think that I'm jazzed on this whole turning into a demon thing, but I need my stuff, my home, my friends. Earth, you know? I can't live in some yurt in a demon world.”

“What is a yurt?” he asked. “Mandy, my wife, you will not live in such a foul named thing. Turn and look.” He let her back down to the ground before spinning her to face away from the mountain. Before them spread out a city of glittering silver. It sparkled in the midday sun like diamonds cast out onto the desert sands. Ooley's arm pointed over her shoulder, leading

her gaze. “That palace is mine. You are already a baroness of the third circle. Baroness Mandy of the Realm of Ended Fates. When you see the gardens and the fountains, I know you will love them. If not, I will tear them down myself to build whatever you like. This is an eternal world, my love. We do not want for anything.”

“But...WiFi?”

He shook his head at her in disbelief, “Do you expect me not to give you the password?”

“Tea?” Mandy asked as she poured a cup for Ooley.

“Please, the trip isn’t exactly pleasant when coming the way I had to,” Beaumont answered. The odd little man looked even stranger sitting on the couch meant for demonkind. He looked as exasperated as the last time Mandy had seen him. She poured the tea and passed it to him before sitting back into the crook of her husband’s arm. It had taken a week or two to get accustomed to sitting with a tail in the way, but now she thought Beaumont looked odd without one. He took a long drink and let out a satisfied sigh, “Delicious. Although, I could add a good belt of bourbon to it without ruining the flavor.” He gently put down the large cup. “I’m so relieved that you agreed to my visit.”

“My wife deserved an explanation,” Ulthrain said. He’d been furious after meeting with the High Council to inform them of how his mate had arrived at her choosing with zero foreknowledge. She’d been upset, too. However, the entire silken wardrobe, a gorgeous, doting husband, and full access to all Earthly delights via a magical conduit went a long way to calming her down.

“Indeed, she does,” he paused to fold his legs into a comfortable position, ending up resembling a living doll. “Mandy, I can only continue to apologize for how abruptly you were thrown into this. I recognize that things have worked out for you, but from Ulthrain’s account things could have been disastrous. I think I even joked about risking an invasion of demonic forces on the night you were displaced, having no idea how close we came to that actuality.”

Mandy didn’t hold nearly as much a grudge as her husband. She nudged him in the ribs. “It wouldn’t have been that dramatic,” he said. “I would have likely come to eviscerate you, but the High Council has no desire to go to war over the loss of one demon’s mate.”

“Comforting, if disquieting,” Beaumont said, though something about him made Mandy think that her husband, a massive demon warrior, would have had a greater challenge than expected in doing any harm to Beaumont. He’d arrived by stepping out of a random closet in their western rooms. She’d been waiting at the door based on his message, and though he’d closed it quickly, she heard awful, frightening sounds coming from behind him. “So, with apologies on the table. I can tell you now what you should have known then. I work for a clandestine organization called the Human Sexual Anomaly Archive. HSA, for short. We deal with a variety of paranormal occurrences that all have an element of sexual nature to them.”

“That requires a whole government agency?” she asked.

“Yes. The tricky thing about infinite realities is that an infinite number of them have certain traits. Humans are like trans-dimensional beacons for those kinds of things. I often hope there’s a secret agency managing a whole slew of nice anomalies, but they stay more secret than we manage to if that’s the case. At any rate, we handle a certain type, and other groups handle other types. There’s one that deals with the exclusively homicidal kind, for example. Quite a lot more of those anomalies, if I’m honest. Now, the demon realm of Tralwealt, where we are currently, was an empty plane for several untold eons until a lesser god took it on as a weekend project. Spruced it up, gave it atmosphere and all that nice stuff before heading back to their pantheon. Some time later, a demon clan found the place and populated it. More time passes, blah blah blah, and you have a full fledged demon society vying for the attention of Sama’oten, a battle god. They win it and are granted a boon of immortality, which actually comes with more problems than solutions. Non-infinite resources, for example, and genetic pool shrinkage. To circumvent those problems, Sama’oten opened paths to other worlds where the demons of this plane could harvest resources and take mortal concubines to diversify their progeny.”

“Sorry, do you know all this by memory?” Mandy asked.

“Hmm? Oh, yes. That’s why I didn’t bring the full dossier with me during your interview. Unfortunately, I was running late, and I also forgot that I knew it all. Now, where was I?”

“Concubines to diversify progeny,” Ultrain rumbled. The hand wrapped around Mandy’s side gave her hip a coy squeeze.

“Indeed,” Beaumont continued, “eventually this policy went on to start a war between humans and Tralwealt demons. Shadow war type of thing. Few demons can cross at a time, and no large number of humans can know about demons before everyone starts getting a little bonfire happy with the local populace. This was about 1527 in Earth years. Some sensible folks saw above the hotheadedness and sat down to make a deal between the two realms. Sama’oten had grown tired by then, but still favored the demons, so he came to negotiations as well. The two sides chatted for a while before they came to a solution. Sama’oten would go to the Fates of Tralwealt — everywhere’s got Fates and I strongly suspect that the Fates are the same no matter where you go — and offer them a deal. Sama’oten would remove himself from godhood, a big shakeup from the Fates’ point of view, and in return, the demons of Tralwealt would be given their eternal companions through Earthly conception. The details get a bit cosmic, but basically, demons stop invading and stealing people from Earth, and in return, certain sons and daughters of humans would be chosen to transform to demons when their time came. As part of the agreement, the names of the humans would be given to the monastic order who performed the negotiations — eventually inherited as a responsibility by the HSA — but the demons would not know until their specific choosing. That gave the cosmic forces both doubt and discomfort which are useful in trading with beings that feed on emotions.

“So on the night you were time shifted to my interview room, Ulthrain was given notice by the High Council. They are given three names, but don’t know which of the three will receive their mate. Absolutely crushing to the other two, I wager. Ulthrain gets his notice, grabs up his ceremonial implements, and hikes up the sacred mountain to await the arrival of his bride. Some hours later, poof, there you are. And I’m left with egg on my face.”

Ooley had told Mandy about most of the ritual, but he’d refused to explain why two other males had been present. She turned to look at him and found his face contorted in embarrassment. “You went up the mountain not knowing whether or not you would come down with a female? Oh, those poor others. Did you know them?”

“I knew the one who wanted to challenge me for you,” Ulthrain confessed. “The other I met that night. I am grateful to him though. He was the voice of reason, otherwise you would have seen me fight with Helctam. I would have been defending my chosen bride while he was effectively facing another eternity without his. He would have been reckless with his life. You would have frightened sooner and run off before I could follow.”

She lifted his hand and kissed the palm.

Beaumont cleared his throat, “Actually, you’ll be happy to know that the third fellow already has his match. She popped over the week after you did, Mandy. I did a bit of research before I came. Helctam must wait another seventeen years, but she will come. And she’s a firecracker.” He scooped up the teacup, and the two demons realized it was no longer undersized for him. After his sip, he saw their recognition, “Oh. Relativity is a specialty of mine. Don’t think anything of it. Now then, I have full news of your friends and family if you’d like to hear it. I’m also pioneering a program that would allow you to adopt a glamor and actually visit them. We just have to get past a little snag where the humans keep trying to claw out their eyes when they see the glamor flicker.”

Mandy sidled closer to her husband, “I noticed you keep saying ‘humans’ instead of ‘us’ or ‘we’. Like you’re not one.”

Beaumont winked. “Back at ya.”

*Note to File #194
Re: Subcase-218
October 7, 1968*

My experiment has been a success, but after speaking with other case managers as well as several directors and sub-directors, I have been advised to include this contextual note.

While #218, legal name of Amanda Mae Perkins, successfully transitioned to the Realm of Ended Fates without bodily harm, the inherent risk of sending her to the dimension without her full orientation is not worth the added excitement to the courtship process. My ruse of being unprepared for her interview and imparting only confusing and disorienting information while

ensuring she remained calm left her in an ill-equipped state to confront the demon males as well as the surrounding environment of the alternate plane. I maintain my position that such dramatics provide a better transitioning experience, making it something the chosen humans are actively participating in rather than being subjected to. With three adult demons on the mountain with her, one of which was her chosen male, she was in no danger whatsoever. In my opinion, that is.

For now, these twelve sub-cases will be flagged as Against Protocol until such time that I can appeal the decision of the Board of Inter-dimensional Alliances and Affairs. For those curious eyes who wonder what I qualify as success: The demon Baron Ulthrain and his wife, Baroness Amanda Mae Perkins of the Earthly Realm, recently welcomed their first spawn, a male called Cantranoth Edward na Ulth-Mand. And they asked me to be the Sworn-Brother, an honorific given to a family friend who has led to the great happiness of a spawn. So, there you have it.

*With warmest regards to the stodgy sticklers of protocols,
Beaumont*

