

## Hell Forged

### Chapter 4 : Changing Units

Bereft was enraged and laughing like a madman. Their revenge was stolen from them, but they gleaned just enough information from Mathias to hit him where it really hurt. His family!

“I’ll find them and use them for my pleasure,” Bereft growled, clawing his way against the wall back up into a standing position while his eyes streamed black tears of corruption. “I’ll rape them, I’ll destroy their minds, I’ll suck their souls and feast on their screams!”

*No...*

“I’ll shred their essence into ribbons and make him watch while I flay their souls for my pleasure. I’ll use their anguish as lube, their fear as pheromones, and their pain as chains!”

*No.*

“I’ll destroy them and shatter their consciousness. I’ll be the only family he has when I’m done, and I’ll grow my brood in their rotting wombs!”

“NO!” Kaleth forced his voice out. It was like slapping the ass of a raging bull. Bereft slowly turned their head and tilted it to the side in confusion.

“What did you just say, worm?”

“I told you his family will not be harmed. You promised me that.”

“You’re still serious about that?!” Bereft snarled, spit flying from their maw. “That smug rat-bastard was going to try and consume us! The only reason we’re not in his gut right now is because he was too weak to suck both of us at the same time!”

“That doesn’t mean his family is any less innocent.”

“They are harboring a sociopath! We’d be doing them a favor! You heard him. He got that demon eye from his brother. A brother, I might add, who would have been a kinling if he was holding their demon inside it.”

“I still fail to see where this involves his wife and daughter,” Kaleth stood his ground.

“You can amend our agreement whenever you want. It was a verbal agreement without any special bindings. All you need to do is let me and I can make Mathias suffer!”

“No,” Kaleth wanted to say yes, but he was holding back. He wanted Mathias to suffer, but not like that. He couldn’t possibly harm other innocent on this path of revenge. It wouldn’t be right.

“Who cares about what’s right!” Bereft read Kaleth’s thoughts. “You’re a kinling! A hell mage in the making and you want to hold back because you give a shit about your rectitude? Get your head out of your ass and smell the brimstone, shit lord! You’re already damned! Nothing you say or do will change that. When you die, you’re done!”

“Then I will leave behind a world worth living in.”

“This place is a shit hole. It would be better to burn it all down and start from ash.”

“I told you, this world isn’t mine to burn! Enough!” The hall became silent. Kaleth could feel Bereft’s rage and anger inside him. He could hear him banging about in his memories, screaming and foaming, but it was like he was muffled and far away. Like he was screaming into a pillow.

“Then what the fuck do you want us to do?” Bereft finally said.

“I-I don’t know,” Kaleth stammered.

“*I don’t know?*” Bereft mocked him. “No shit! You know what that fucker is going to do once he gets back to the exorcism core headquarters? He’ll tell them of a demon possession, twist the story to his advantage, and we’ll be hunted down like rabid dogs!” Bereft slammed his fist against the wall, the brick causing his knuckles to bleed.

“He wouldn’t do that,” Kaleth started and did the mental equivalent of holding Bereft’s mouth shut by talking over him. “Because this whole thing was an unsanctioned operation.”

Bereft paused and searched through Tobias’ memories. Mathias told them they couldn’t rely on outside help in this matter. Not just because they wanted all the credit, but because they could be excommunicated for summoning demons if everything came to light. An investigation would be opened up against both Tobias and Mathias, and his little demon secret would be found out pretty quickly. No, he would need to be discreet about handling this.

“Fine...” Bereft conceded the point. “Still, it’s not safe here. Where are we going to go? I can only keep you safe on the streets for so long before the EC picks up on demon activity. Who knows how many people owe the little vermin a favor.”

It was true. Even if Mathias had to keep it quiet, their cover was blown wide open. The convent wasn’t a safe place. Where would they go...Kaleth had an idea.

“Is that really your only option?” Bereft sighed.

“It’s the only thing I can think of. Not like I have any family close by, or any family that would want to help.”

“Yeah, burned bridges and all that. Kind of funny they shunned you for being gay and you ended up nailing pussy for your first time.”

“Look who’s feeling good enough to make jokes again,” Kaleth rolled his eyes. “Come on. My bus pass is in my office.”

The two shuffled to the elevator and pressed the button to call it back down again. It groaned and rattled its protest, having not been used so frequently in so long.

“Let’s just hope my landlord hasn’t changed the locks yet,” Kaleth muttered as the doors opened, a few drops of Mathias’ corrupted blood were still on the carpet floor. A pleasant reminder that they did get a good hit on him before he escaped.

“Mathias....” They both growled as they clenched their fists, practically punching the floor button to begin their ascent back to the main floor.

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“What’s the code?” Kaleth asked. The gentle jostle of the bus through the city was nice. It was a light rocking that kept the two cozy on the almost completely vacant bus.

*The code?* Bereft raised their brow.

“When we were fighting Mathias, you said that they broke ‘the code’ or something.”

*Don’t worry about it. It’s just demon stuff you wouldn’t understand.*

“Try me,” Kaleth breathed out. He didn’t have much else to talk about on their long ride to his apartment. “Besides, you promised to make me a proper hell mage. Shouldn’t this ‘code’ be something I know about?”

*You would normally be introduced to the code when you made your pact with me, Bereft answered. He folded our arms together. It's nothing important. Just forget about it for now. All you need to know is that if a demon breaks the code, the wronged party chooses the breaker's punishment.*

"So...when Mathia's passenger broke the code, it freed him up for you to eat him? I thought you didn't need permission. We sure as hell didn't have permission with Tobias."

*It's because of their binding. Bereft answered flatly. Remember how they couldn't consume us because we were bound to one another? Well, I wouldn't have been able to do that to him either, but he tried to consume our soul first. He may not have known it, but he was poaching a soul that wasn't his. Poaching is a hard and steadfast rule of the code.*

"So...because you already had claim on me...he couldn't because the code forbade it?"

*It's also much harder to consume two souls at once, but yeah, that's the main reason we survived. Because we were bound, it added another layer of protection to your soul.*

"Does that mean that Mathias' soul was protected before?"

*Of course! It's actually an ingenious idea for an exorcist, Bereft was genuinely impressed. Your soul couldn't be consumed by other demons because it's already owned by another. Even if it's a weak demon, it still provides protection for their soul. Then, they would have every right to consume the demon that pursued them. Not that a demon couldn't eat another demon. That's not unusual or frowned upon. Just the poaching aspect behind it.*

"So it benefits you to be bound as well," Kaleth put two and two together. "Are you running from someone? Is that why you jumped at the opportunity to get my soul?"

Bereft just chuckled, *You're too clever for your own good, you little brat. But no, I wasn't running away from anyone. Just tired of the scene where I was at. You also got to trust that you're quite the catch as a kinling. I chose you because you are special vessel, not because your soul was really anything to look at.*

Kaleth felt a little sting at the comment on his soul, but he did feel a little less in the dark. Bereft was getting something out of this other than just his soul. How much was he hiding from him? Kaleth wasn't an idiot. Bereft was a demon and nothing would change that. He may be compelled to tell him the truth, but he wasn't compelled to tell him everything. The fact he didn't spill his guts when he asked about "the code" was testament enough to that.

*Isn't this our stop?* Bereft pulled Kaleth from his inner thoughts.

"Y-Yeah, this is it," Kaleth confirmed and got off the bus. Kaleth had pulled on a hoodie and some old donated jeans that were a bit too baggy. He kept himself hidden as best he could, but his wings were a dead giveaway if anyone was really looking for him.

Kaleth's sneakers patted the sidewalk, the thin treads allowing him to feel every crack and bump. The clothes were just crap he could snag from the convent quickly before ditching the place.

The old brick building wasn't a welcoming site. The interior walls were stained yellow from when smoking was allowed in the complex. The faint scent of cigarettes was mostly covered by the smell of bleach and other cleaners, but was never really gone. The carpet had treads in it, the center of the halls were almost worn down to the wooden baseboards. His apartment was at the end of the hall on the second floor of the building. The stairs creaked and moaned under his weight, but that's because they always did. A fly could have landed on those stairs and made them groan.

*Wow, kid. I thought the convent was s shithole, but this place is so much worse.* Bereft complained.

*It's not so bad on the inside. It's a place to sleep and keep out the cold.* Kaleth shrugged.

*I see why you weren't so attached to it.* Bereft took over their body to avoid a stain that was rolling out from under one of the doors. It looked wet, but it was actually dry. It was a dried stain that looked perpetually wet.

It's just a dark spot, chill out you baby. Kaleth rolled his eyes and shoved his hands into his hoodie as they half jogged up the stairs to the second floor. The lights at the end of the hall were broken. Kaleth had asked many times for the lights to be fixed and it was always pushed off.

"I'll fix it next week," quickly changed to, "I'll fix it after you pay rent," and then rent money never came. Kaleth has been avoiding his landlord ever since. Though, there was a light at the end of the hall now. Kaleth's landlord, Landon McCoy was there with a flashlight in his mouth screwing in new locks on the door. What a name for a landlord; Landon. He was destined to be a blood-sucking landlord, not to mention he was a vampire bat.

*Fuck!* Both Kaleth and Bereft had the same thought.

"Mister McCoy! Wait!" Kaleth started to jog down the hall. The vampire bat just rolled his eyes as he finished.

"I told you exactly what would happen if you didn't pay rent," McCoy took the flashlight from his mouth and tossed it into the toolbox next to him, the beam of light rattling around until it was reduced to illuminating that tool chest.

“I thought I had thirty days from when I got my letter?” Kaleth came up to his landlord, but stayed a healthy distance away to speak his grievances. Landon was a very imposing man.

“Really?” McCoy stood up to his full height, grabbing his tool chest with him. “And what are you going to do about it?”

The man had to have bull blood in his family tree. He was tall, wide, and bulky. His arms were thick and coated with silky fur. His hair was long and wavy, greased back, and framed by his large ears that twitched to and fro. His muzzle had a strong jaw that always seemed to hold a cocky, crooked grin, at least when speaking to his tenants, and a permanently upturned nose. His wife-beater shirt clung to his pecs, swollen from years of flying, and his rounded gut, a powerful set of abs hidden under a healthy layer of fat. He wore one of those flimsy Hawaiian flower button downs that would look baggy on most, but his biceps filled the sleeves to near bursting. His powerful legs filled out his bootcut jeans in a way that always made Kaleth feel...very small.

“But...it’s the law,” Kaleth squeaked.

*Come on, kid! Could you sound any more pathetic?*

“I might be worried about that if you had any money to afford an attorney,” the slumlord chuckled. “But we both know you ain’t got shit.”

“Can you at least let me get my stuff?”

“And let you squat for the night? Fat chance!” McCoy turned to the side and kicked something in the dark corner with his steel toed boots. It was some black garbage bags. “Got whatever was worth keeping shoved here. Was gunna throw them out, but you can have first pick of the junk.”

“You can’t do this!” Kaleth felt fear and anger boil in his stomach.



“Quiet you fucking bum,” McCoy growled, his vicious looking fangs flashing in the low light. “You want someone to file a noise complaint? Have the cops come running? I’ll have them pull you out of the building for trespassing. You ain’t welcome here anymore. I don’t give free rides.”

Kaleth was stunned into silence. He didn’t know what to do, but Bereft caught a little something coming off of the landlord. Landon huffed and went to leave.

“Wait,” Bereft put a hand on McCoy’s chest, the gesture soft yet firm. Landon paused and looked down at the drake with an annoyed scowl.

“What?” he spat out.

*What are you planning, Bereft?*

*You need to pay closer attention to your other senses, kid. You can’t smell that coming off of him?*

Bereft looked up at the beefy bat, he was eye level with the guy’s pecs. He was a mountain of man for sure.

“There...there has to be something we can work out,” Bereft started to gently rub his hand up and down the crevice between the bat’s powerful pecs. “Right?”

*What the hell are you doing!?* Kaleth was too stunned to move. *The guy had a wife and kids!*

*And they divorced him, remember? Besides, can’t you smell how pent-up he is?*

Sure enough, Kaleth did smell something that was making one of his temples throb. It was like smelling the humidity of a hot summer day. A sweltering, oppressive heat that kept gnawing at you. He thought it was just because it was musty, but the smell was definitely coming from the bat.

The bat raised a brow, “what are you getting at, punk?”

“I mean...there has to be some kind of arrangement we can come to at least let me stay...one more night?” Bereft started to slide his hand down the bat’s stomach, a warm tender touch that the bat hadn’t felt in a long time. Sure, he picked up chicks at the bar all the time, but it didn’t come with the power trip that Bereft was offering.

Bereft’s hand was stopped as Landon gripped it with his meaty paw, his thick fingers the size of sausages. Bereft winced a little at the grip, not because he felt pain, but because he needed to mimic it for the charade. Bereft and Kaleth looked into Landon’s eyes with anticipation, Bereft faking some fear and Kaleth emulating it truthfully. Then Bereft saw what he was waiting for. It sent shivers of fear down Kaleth’s spine.

Landon smiled. A dark, cocky grin that implied that he owned the drake. He knew the power he held over the demonic duo, and that he could make them do whatever he wanted.

He would take full advantage.

“Keep quiet,” Landon growled and pulled out a ring of keys. “And do exactly as I say,” he unlocked the door and practically tossed the drake inside.

*What the hell! How did that work?* Kaleth gripped his chest where his scar was, practically having a heart attack as they stumbled into his old shabby apartment.

*All it takes is the magic touch.* Bereft chuckled inside their head.

“Get in there, faggot.” Landon put his boot on Kaleth’s back and shoved him further into the unit. Landon was going to enjoy this. He hadn’t done this in a long time. For him, a long time was a

couple of months. Plenty of single mothers existed across the slumlord's units, compliments of his tenants alternative payment options.

The unit was just as dingy as the hall. Piss poor light fixtures and exposed light bulbs hung from the ceiling, flickering on as Landon flipped a switch. Cracked linoleum and stained counters filled the unit. The only furnishings were a broken couch in the living room and an empty fridge that was unplugged and propped open.

*Damn kid! You lived like this? I saw this place in your memories, but it looks so much worse.*

*I can't even really say that my things made it look any better.* Kaleth admitted.

"Quit stalling and get into the living room," Landon gripped the two by one of their nubby horns and hauled them into the living room before shoving them down to their knees. "Now, show me how you please your lord."

*One of those kinky fuckers? Ugh.* Bereft rolled their eyes internally.

*Fuck...* Kaleth gulped back his drool, his dick growing hard.

*You're a little kinky fucker too, aren't you, kid.*

Normally Kaleth would fight Bereft on this, but what was the point? They shared a body, they were vessel-mates. He could feel the blood rushing to his dick and how it grew in their baggy jeans.

"Yes..." Kaleth said to both Bereft and Landon. This was a huge fantasy of Kaleth's. To be desired so much he could fuck his way into stable living in an apartment. Of course, the scene was usually reversed, but he wasn't opposed to this option.

Kaleth lifted his shaking hands up to Landon's belt, the large cowboy buckle like a warning sign for those who dare enter the beast's layer. He undid the belt, the heavy buckle clattering on the ground. The large bulge in Landon's pants twitched at the sound, his toes curling in his boots in anticipation. Kaleth unbuttoned those wranglers and pulled down the zipper like it was a curtain for a grand show.

The Bat's briefs flopped forward, his meat musky and heavy. The outline of his bulge was pulsing larger by the second, stretching that fabric further and further. A thick bush of pubes poked out from the hem of his briefs, a beautiful treasure trail hidden behind that wife beater. That dick had to be at least seven inches and swelling fast.

"Got a little cock-shock there, faggot?" Landon chuckled and bounced his package with his thumb, the dick's need to rise making it flick back up as it continued to reel out more. The root of that member exposed itself as the elastic failed to hold it. Kaleth was stunned. He never thought a dick like this could exist. He knew they were in porn and stuff, but for a regular man to just have one.

Envy bloomed in his chest. It was unfair that this massive jerk had this dick...but Kaleth couldn't deny he loved it. He wanted it in more ways than one. Kaleth looked up at Landon, a silent way of asking for permission. The asshole chuckled and spat on his face. Kaleth flinched as it landed on his cheek while that dick bounced. The hot musk of that bitch breaker rolled out of those pants like a miasma of man, and was only getting stronger as the fabric around that cock head grew darker.

"Get to work. You want to sleep on the streets tonight? Or do you want to sit at the foot of my bed like a good *bitch*?"

Kaleth felt both turned on and humiliated at the same time. Fire burned in his loins as his dick grew hard, and anger roiled in his gut. He pulled down the hem of those briefs and released that dick. It flopped forward and smacked him in the face, connecting his muzzle to that dick head by a strand of

pre. Well, he didn't need to guess if he had bull blood, it was definitely horse blood. That flared tip and thick median ring caught Kaleth off guard with a right hook.

Kaleth's mouth watered as he took in the sight of that manhood. It was thick, and when he gripped the base, it was heavy and full of virility. It pulsed so strong that it forced his fingers apart as it continued to get harder, curving upward into a nine inch throbbing monster.

*I've seen bigger.*

*The fuck, Bereft?! Kaleth chided his demon.*

"Come on now, show your lord and master your appreciation for this chance to stay off the streets." Landon gripped Kaleth by the skull and forced him into his sack. That heavy dick laid on his muzzle while he was forced into those egg-sized sperm banks. It was hot, it was inviting, and it was musky. Kaleth opened his muzzle and lured his tongue over one of those nuts. It was hot, salty, and full of man. He wished he had something like this. He wanted something like this. He *needed* something like this.

*Now that's a desire I can work with.* Bereft said and took over, guiding Kaleth through the motions of nut sucking. His lips wrapped around that sack, suckling each ball into his muzzle and filling his cheeks with those cum factories. His tongue, long and draconic, lured down between them, licking the bat's taint before coming up and slurping on those balls. Drool dribbled down that sack and over that bat's sensitive taint before dripping down his thighs.

"Fuck! You're a hungry faggot, aren't you?"

Bereft sucked on those nuts just enough to make it hover between pleasure and pain before they flopped out of their mouth.

“Yes,” Bereft murred into that now damp sack as he stroked Landon’s dick. The oozing pre making it easy to slide up and down. “Starving,” he admitted.

“This can’t be the first dick you’ve sucked, you little dick licker. You’re better than most of the chicks I’ve been with.”

*I’ve never had a dick in my mouth before.* Kaleth thought, but the way that Bereft worked that sack was like making out with Margret. It was a dance, a game of pleasure where you could make your partner feel as good as possible. Only, this held a dark purpose behind it.

“Yours is the only one I’ve wanted for a while, master.” Bereft moaned the words into the base of that dick. “I’ve ached for this exact moment...so many times.”

“Shit, did you stop paying rent just so you could get in my pants?” Landon chuckled. “You dirty fucker. Over here,” he ordered as he stepped out of his jeans and went over to the couch, his boots and socks abandoned along the way. His thick ass smacked down on the cheap sofa, causing it to creak and a few splintering sounds to echo off the walls. “Next time I’ll charge you to suck this dick. Tonight, you’re mine.”

Bereft stood up, undoing their pants and letting them fall to the ground, their five inch boner a pitiful comparison to the bat. The drake was left in nothing but a baggy hoodie, like some cheap slut at a football game looking to get someone from the other team. Bereft sauntered forward, his augmented body from their last meal having given him some meat on his hips and thighs.

“What are you doing?” Landon narrowed his eyes at the drake.

“It’s just so much bigger than mine,” Bereft sighed, his breath coming out hot and heavy.

“You’re so much more of a man than me,” Bereft slid his body on top of the couch, his legs straddling

Landon's lap. He pressed his dick up against Landon. The bat flinched, but the way that Bereft was stroking his ego...it didn't feel gay to do it.

"See..." Bereft moaned, "so much bigger."

It was true. Side by side it was like comparing a minnow to a bass. The virility of that dick throbbed over its thick veins, that median ring and faired head swelling as a thick wad of pre splattered and stained the drake's sweater.

"Fuck yeah, fag boi," Landon felt a little uneasy. He didn't feel like he was in control here, but the way the drake kept lusting after him, he didn't know exactly what to do.

*What the hell are you doing?* Kaleth furrowed their brow. Bereft shook their head to hide the frustration on their face and moaned.

*I'm hungry,* the demon answered. *This is what you truly want.*

"Wait..." Kaleth was about to say, but Bereft pressed his lips against Landon. The bat's eyes shot open as alarm bells rang in his ears. He didn't want to be gay...but this felt kind of good.

"What the..." Landon's mouth parted just enough for Bereft to slip his tongue inside.

*You're mine!*

Bereft's tongue lulled around Landon's like he would a cock head, but this was so much more sensual. The bat felt it in his core, like the drake was licking his heart? It felt...good.

Until it didn't.

The tingling started in Landon's fingertips and toes, energy leaving his extremities first as Bereft surgically started to drain the bat's soul through that kiss. Strands of energy wove around that tongue, only for them to roll down the demon's gullet.

*No, stop...this isn't what I wanted.*

*You should know by now, that if I can do it, it's exactly what you want!*

*No, I...oh fuck!*

That soul was so sweet. It was sickly sweat. Rotten and riddled with sin. It was like sipping syrup from the tap as it trickled down that kiss. This was a soul that was unredeemable, cruel and ruthless in its greed and lust. Kaleth felt the drops of that soul trickle down their throat, dripping onto his prostate and humming there, making his dick harder. Kaleth's dick pulsed larger, the slightest shift causing it to climb up farther against the bat's manhood.

Vein by vein, and cell by cell, that dick quivered and reached a bit further, each drop of that soul adding millimeters onto that dick. It was subtle, but noticeable if you looked. Landon was preoccupied with this paralyzing kiss. He didn't realize the tingling wasn't pleasure, but a soft pain. Bereft planted the confusion of those senses when he sucked on those nuts a little too hard, Landon's perception of pleasure slightly skewed.

Bereft teased himself with the flavor, that soul tingling around his teeth like a drug. That's when Bereft slipped up. He was a little too eager and drew more soul than his tongue could carry and it dripped onto Landon's tongue. The taste was vile and putrid and made him want to gag.

"What the fuck," Landon pushed Bereft away, breaking the kiss, but Bereft had already gotten a taste and he wasn't going to let go. He gripped Landon's shoulders and sucked.



Green light poured out of Landon's mouth and was greedily gulped down the drake's maw.

*Yes! Bereft roared in their mind. Feed me you piece of human trash! Your soul is so rife with sin! It's so sweet, so tender, so raw with power. Give it to me! All of it!*

*No...he didn't...* Kaleth was trying to compete with his desires, to find something that would stop Bereft. Though, the more he sucked, the more that sensation and beautiful pleasure filled his core and sang in his veins. It was getting harder to think. Especially when all the sins that Landon committed were flooding Kaleth's mind.

Countless lives he relentlessly ruined. Luring them in with his units, then sucking them dry with rent hikes and poor conditions. His divorce was assured once his wife found out about his various mistresses and enslaved tenants.

All of whom Bereft was making theirs. Their tenants, their units, their mistresses! Each gulp caused Landon's back to arch, his legs twitch, his dick soften as the life was drained from him. Each loud gulp and slobbering slurp like a kick to the gut as the bat's heart beat in rabid fear. Not just from the pain of his soul, but from his imminent death.

Then the memories of Kaleth flowed into their mind. How much he looked down on him. How much he didn't respect him. His darkest and most impure thoughts on how he wanted to ditch the little faggot, or make him his cum dump. He did everything he could to make Kaleth miserable. Replacing broken things with shit that would break instantly. Constantly ignoring his requests. He wanted the little fag to die on the streets. The actual thought was what made the bat bust in several of his mistress' throats.

*You fucking bastard!*

Kaleth gave into the feeding. He gripped the bat by the throat and sucked harder.

Yessss! Bereft and Kaleth's minds melded as one for a moment. Their desires aligning so fervently they operated seamlessly together.

Kaleth's dick throbbed, oozing pre and getting ready to shoot with how that soul was stroking him from the inside. His prostate being milked by that soul. Bereft clenched tighter around that throat, stemming the flow to make them enjoy it longer.

Landon was in agony, his own sins playing back in his mind as they slithered out of his mouth like sludge. He could hardly breathe, his head ready to burst. His eyes rolled back into his skull as his consciousness was ripped from it, his eyes burning away as more of his soul was forced out of his sockets.

All the while, the demonic duo feasted. Kaleth reveled in the feel of that soul rolling into his body, the feeling like eating a meal in one bite. He imagined this is how snakes felt when they consumed something whole. Bereft had a murderous grip on that throat, close to crushing that windpipe as he felt the rest of that soul ball up behind it.

Then he let go.

The rest of that soul flew out so fast, it was like a cork being shot from a bottle. It couldn't get down his gullet fast enough as Landon's consciousness was forced into the dark, inky slosh that was the ichor of the demon's soul.

Green light glowed in their chest, Bereft rolling a hand over that light, messaging it, causing it unimaginable pain and suffering as the soul was flayed from Landon's consciousness. Slashing him to pieces and dissolving them in the bubbling ichor of their gut.

"Yes..." Kaleth groaned, grinding his hips together as his ass gripped and ripped that soul against his prostate. "Suffer you filth...feel my pain...feel my vengeance."

Bereft rubbed the emerald light on his stomach with one hand while the other gripped his shaft. "That's right. Feed me. Feed my vessel. Surrender to my superiority you fucking bitch! Your land, your money, your bitches, they're all mine. Mine to consume and do with as I please!"

Their two minds melded, writhing in tandem at the pleasure building in their prostate while they raked Landon's soul and consciousness.

*This is the pain we could have made Tobias feel. Bereft huffed. Make him suffer! Suffer in his place! His screams are just as sweet. His anguish just as euphoric! Feel how he writhes in agony.*

"Yes...Yes...Yes!" Kaleth hissed before he busted his nut. Hot streams of cum splattered over Landon's lifeless form as his consciousness watched through their eyes.

Landon begged for it to end. Pleaded with them for it to be over.

*Oh no, we're just getting started, Bereft gripped that consciousness with a powerful hand, nearly crushing it to nothingness. What's that? You want it to stop? Why don't we make a deal...anything I want? That was easy. You like to look down on people you find inferior. How about we show you what it's like to be a faggot's fag?*

Kaleth didn't know what Bereft was doing. He was far too enraptured in the assimilation of the rest of Landon's soul. He felt his dick grow longer in his hand, wider, the growing girth felt hellishly good in his grip. His balls bounced with each cum shot, growing heavier with each twitch. He felt his thighs expand, forcing him to straddle Landon's body wider, his calves flexing and expanding, his toe claws cracking and growing longer, his foot paws expanding. The baggy sweatshirt became better fitting, his spine elongating as his chest puffed outwards, his pecs coming into definition as his shallow four pack became a nice six pack. The bottom of his abs exposed as that hoodie rode up. The sleeves became tighter, more snug as his biceps and triceps became more defined, his fingers swelling as veins rolled

over them in their definition. The hems of his sleeves rode up a bit as his shoulders got wider, delts bleeding into reality as his neck and Addams apple popped into clarity. His jaw snapped, becoming sharper and angled, his muzzle looking more masculine as his hair gained a beautiful luster, his horns inching outwards into powerful drake gougers.

He looked like a high school senior jock that borrowed his girlfriend's sweater. It was snug and slightly too small. He looked like he flew track all his life, his wings spreading out a little larger to accommodate his more muscular frame.

Kaleth was stroking his dick like a madman, the veins glowed with green energy as the remainder of Landon's soul was assimilated. His dick pulsed and throbbed before reaching a solid six inches, new barbs distorting the shape of his mushroom head.

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"Kaleth?" Bereft smiled knowing the answer to his own question. "Have you ever fucked someone in a king-sized bed?"

Kaleth moaned, his dick throbbing.

"I didn't think so," Bereft knocked over the box of tools outside the apartment with the flick of his tail.

“Let’s see how many firsts we can knock out in one night.” Bereft licked his lips in anticipation.

The tingling started in Landon’s finger tips and toes, energy leaving his extremities first as Bereft surgically started to drain the bat’s soul through that kiss. Strands of energy wove around that tongue, only for them to roll down the demon’s gullet.

*No, stop...this isn't what I wanted.*

*You should know by now, that if I can do it, it's exactly what you want!*

*No, I...oh fuck!*

That soul was so sweet. It was sickly sweet. Rotten and riddled with sin. It was like sipping syrup from the tap as it trickled down that kiss. This was a soul that was unredeemable, cruel and ruthless in its greed and lust. Kaleth felt the drops of that soul trickle down their throat, dripping onto his prostate and humming there, making his dick harder. Kaleth’s dick pulsed larger, the slightest shift causing it to climb up farther against the bat’s manhood.

Vein by vein, and cell by cell, that dick quivered and reached a bit further, each drop of that soul adding millimeters onto that dick. It was subtle, but noticeable if you looked. Landon was preoccupied with this paralyzing kiss. He didn’t realize the tingling wasn’t pleasure, but a soft pain. Bereft planted the confusion of those senses when he sucked on those nuts a little too hard, Landon’s perception of pleasure slightly skewed.

Bereft teased himself with the flavor, that soul tingling around his teeth like a drug. That’s when Bereft slipped up. He was a little too eager and drew more soul than his tongue could carry and it dripped onto Landon’s tongue. The taste was vile and putrid and made him want to gag.

“What the fuck,” Landon pushed Bereft away, breaking the kiss, but Bereft had already gotten a taste and he wasn’t going to let go. He gripped Landon’s shoulders and sucked.

Green light poured out of Landon’s mouth and was greedily gulped down the drake’s maw.

*Yes! Bereft roared in their mind. Feed me you piece of human trash! Your soul is so rife with sin! It’s so sweet, so tender, so raw with power. Give it to me! All of it!*

*No...he didn’t...*Kaleth was trying to compete with his desires, to find something that would stop Bereft. Though, the more he sucked, the more that sensation and beautiful pleasure filled his core and sang in his veins. It was getting harder to think. Especially when all the sins that Landon committed were flooding Kaleth’s mind.

Countless lives he relentlessly ruined. Luring them in with his units, then sucking them dry with rent hikes and poor conditions. His divorce was assured once his wife found out about his various mistresses and enslaved tenants.

All of whom Bereft was making theirs. Their tenants, their units, their mistresses! Each gulp caused Landon’s back to arch, his legs twitch, his dick soften as the life was drained from him. Each loud gulp and slobbering slurp like a kick to the gut as the bat’s heart beat in rabid fear. Not just from the pain of his soul, but from his imminent death.

Then the memories of Kaleth flowed into their mind. How much he looked down on him. How much he didn’t respect him. His darkest and most impure thoughts on how he wanted to ditch the little faggot, or make him his cum dump. He did everything he could to make Kaleth miserable. Replacing shit that would break instantly. Constantly ignoring is requests. He wanted the little fag to die on the streets. The actual thought was what made the bat bust in several of his mistress’ throats.

*You fucking bastard!*

Kaleth gave into the feeding. He gripped the bat by the throat and sucked harder.

*Yessss!* Bereft and Kaleth's minds melded as one for a moment. Their desires aligning so fervently they operated seamlessly together.

Kaleth's dick throbbed, oozing pre and getting ready to shoot with how that soul was stroking him from the inside. His prostate being milked by that soul. Bereft clenched tighter around that throat, stemming the flow to make them enjoy it longer.

Landon was in agony, his own sins playing back in his mind as they slithered out of his mouth like sludge. He could hardly breathe, his head ready to burst. His eyes rolled back into his skull as his consciousness was ripped from it, his eyes burning away as more of his soul was forced out of his sockets.

All the while, the demonic duo feasted. Kaleth reveled in the feel of that soul rolling into his body, the feeling like eating a meal in one bite. He imagined this is how snakes felt when they consumed something whole. Bereft had a murderous grip on that throat, close to crushing that wind pipe as he felt the rest of that soul ball up behind it.

He let go.

The rest of that soul flew out so fast, it was like a cork being shot from a bottle. It couldn't get down his gullet fast enough as Landon's consciousness was forced into the dark, inky slosh that was the ichor of the demon's soul.

Green light glowed in their chest, Bereft rolling a hand over that light, messaging it, causing it unimaginable pain and suffering as the soul was flayed from Landon's consciousness. Slashing him to pieces and dissolving them in the bubbling ichor of their gut.

“Yes...” Kaleth groaned, grinding his hips together as his ass gripped and ripped that soul against his prostate. “Suffer you filth...feel my pain...feel my vengeance.”

Bereft rubbed the emerald light on his stomach with one hand while the other gripped his shaft. “That’s right. Feed me. Feed my vessel. Surrender to my superiority you fucking bitch! Your land, your money, your bitches, they’re all mine. Mine to consume and do with as I please!”

The two of them melded their minds, writhing in tandem at the pleasure building in their prostate while they raked Landon’s soul and consciousness.

*This is the pain we could have made Tobias feel. Bereft huffed. Make him suffer! Suffer in his place! His screams are just as sweet. His anguish just as euphoric! Feel how he writhes in agony.*

“Yes...Yes...Yes!” Kaleth panted before he busted his nut. Hot streams of cum splattered over Landon’s lifeless form as his consciousness watched through their eyes.

Landon begged for it to end. Pleaded with them for it to be over.

*Oh no, we’re just getting started, Bereft gripped that consciousness with a powerful hand, near crushing it to nothingness. What’s that? You want it to stop? Why don’t we make a deal...anything I want? That was easy. You like to look down on people you find inferior. How about we show you what it’s like to be a faggot’s fag?*

Kaleth didn’t know what Bereft was doing. He was far too enraptured in the assimilation of the rest of Landon’s soul. He felt his dick grow longer in his hand, wider, the growing girth felt hellishly good in his grip. His balls bounced with each cum shot, growing heavier with each twitch. He felt his thighs expand, forcing him to straddle Landon’s body wider, his calves flexing and expanding, his toe claws cracking and growing longer, his foot paws expanding. The baggy sweatshirt became better fitting, his spine elongating as his chest puffed outwards, his pecs coming into definition as his shallow four pack

became a nice six pack. The bottom of his abs exposed as that hoodie rode up. The sleeves became tighter, more snug as his biceps and triceps became more defined, his fingers swelling as veins rolled over them in their definition. The hems of his sleeves rode up a bit as his shoulders got wider, delts bleeding into reality as his neck and Adams apple popped into clarity. His jaw snapped, becoming sharper and angled, his muzzle looking more masculine as his hair gained a beautiful luster, his horns inching outwards into powerful drake gougers.

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