

ZATANNA, MISTRESS OF MAGIC

in

THE DUEL

(or, Woe to the Vanquished)

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Preface.

♂ (*Me.*)

I'd like to take a moment to acknowledge the invaluable help provided by the lovely and talented Sayble, who was my partner in a partially completed role-play that provided the original basis for this story. A good deal of the material here is based on and/or elaborated from my "half" of that roleplay. While there have been substantial changes and new additions – most obviously the addition of the character of Zatanna in place of the generic demon-huntress that our tale originally featured – the basic structure and many of the "beats" of the first three-quarters of this story especially are still owed to that RP and to Sayble's ideas, and there are also a couple of short passages inspired directly by her writing.

Feedback is welcome and can be sent to cyranoj2265@gmail.com or posted to this story's thread on the SHIP forum. Read on, and if you enjoy it... shame on you.

Round One.

♀ (*She.*)

The abandoned church sits atop a barren hill that juts above the surrounding woodlands. Even modern France has its remote and forgotten relics: this dilapidated sentinel of the countryside, its gargoyledecorated Gothic facade overgrown with mosses and vines and crumbling with antiquity, is surely one.

Like a stone giant, decrepit but formidable, it sags as if bearing the weight of the overcast, iron-grey heavens above it. The only tie to civilization is a pitted dirt track winding by the hill's base.

As if from nowhere, a breeze begins to stir at the edge of a churchyard overgrown with rank weeds and tufts of waist-high grass pushing through the broken flagstones. Several times it rises and abruptly dies away, only to come back stronger, whirling and swirling, transforming into a miniature tornado that whips the weeds into frenzied dancing. And within it, a figure can be seen, shadowy at first, but then coming into sharp focus as the wind surges and dies a final time.

It is the figure not only of a woman, but of one of the most powerful superheroines of the age: *Zatanna, the Mistress of Magic!*

The heroine's dazzling blue eyes are intent on the ruined church, her lustrous raven tresses stirring with the last of the winds stirred by her teleport spell. Her smart and sexy magicians' outfit – white tuxedo vest, shirt and bowtie with black jacket and tails, tight black leotard and fishnet stockings and thigh-high stiletto boots in black PVC – shows off an exquisite five-foot-seven form. Enormous silver hoop earrings, with little pentagrams dangling from them, swing from her dainty earlobes. Her finely sculpted features, plump bee-stung lips and flawless olive complexion are the envy of supermodels the world over, her luscious 36-26-39 curves likewise the envy of many a porn star, and her easygoing charm and charisma and selfless feats of heroism have made her one of the world's most beloved celebrities.

Right now, though, none of that is in her mind. She's at her most focused, her most serious. *This certainly feels like the place*, she thinks, twirling her magician's cane in a white-gloved hand as she sets her top hat on her head and licks lips shiny with pink gloss. Looking around her in the waning light of dusk, she notes the heavy silence surrounding the structure. An unnatural silence. Birds and other wildlife are audible in the woodlands below... but not here. They can feel the skin-tingling aura of sorcery radiating from that fell structure, as surely as Zatanna can.

She knows what lies in there. It hadn't taken much to get the cult member she'd captured in Paris to tell her the location of the demon he and his insane brethren were trying to summon, a demon that had been bound long ago. It has to be a minor demon – an extensive search of her library at Shadowcrest Mansion hadn't turned up any references to any summoning of note in this part of France before the eighteenth century – and she's scattered to flight all the cult members she could find, but there's no telling whether it might acquire more followers in the future. Those bastards had been trying to kidnap women to sacrifice to it... a thought that even now makes her jaw tight with anger.

Minor demon or not, it can't be left to lie here. Mere binding isn't enough: it must be permanently deported from this world back to Hell. Not an overly difficult task for a sorceress of Zatanna's power... but still, worth seeing to personally. *And it's going to be a pleasure*, she thinks as she heads for the cathedral's entrance with a hip-swaying, catwalk-worthy stride of pure confidence. The warped, cracked door squeals on its heavy hinges as she pushes her way in.

The interior of the church is as much a ruin as the outside, but amazingly, the stained-glass windows are mostly intact, filtering the light into an eerie multi-colored glow. The pews are variously scattered,

shattered and overturned, and a gaping hole yawns in the roof above the altar, which is destroyed entirely. The feel of sorcery is stronger here... and underneath it, a presence. A purely malicious presence, its hatred seeping from every surface. He's here, somewhere beneath her feet.

“Yoo-hoo,” she says aloud as she moves into the church's dusty confines, her voice brassy with an air of mock gaiety. “It's the Avon lady calling...”

♂ (He.)

It has been so long since there was anything but pain, and darkness. Yearning, and frustration. Called up by mortals, betrayed by them, he has seethed for centuries in agony and fury. It's been long enough that he no longer remembers his own name.

He wants revenge on their world now, above all else he wants to make them suffer. He remembers a face: a perverse bishop of this place who had tried to summon him for his own petty purposes. Another face: the winsome young blonde girl that the old lecher had fancied, had thought to get a demon to fetch for him. The fool hadn't understood that demons are not hunting dogs. And when he'd discovered that not all the denizens of the nether realms could be controlled, he'd had a sudden change of heart... tried to banish what he had brought forth. Their battle had wracked the grand church into a ruin, sent its parishioners fleeing in terror... left the bishop broken and dead at the demon's feet.

But somehow, the sneaky little creature had tricked him. As the priest had fallen, his own blood had anointed the sacrilegious pentagram that had replaced the church's shattered altar. By his own sacrifice, the fool had redeemed himself, had pronounced a containment spell which had teleported the demon right into the bedrock of the foundations, deep under the church's catacombs. Teleported him there to be frozen in endless torment as the solid rock confined and twisted and crushed his limbs.

He will be here forever and ever, unable either to die or live, unless someone finds the church. Unless someone breaks the summoning circle and releases him back into the world. The demon has waited... waited... waited. Gone mad with the waiting, his memory dwindling to fragments of depravity, his rage and malice growing with every second of every year.

But now, against all odds, he hears something. Senses someone. His senses reach out through the cracks in the crushing stone: hinges squealing, and the sound of delicate but confident foot steps. The smell of something sweet and fragrant. The sound of a heart beating in anticipation.

A female! His twisted, tormented body throbs with hateful glee. A female... come to finish me off at long last? Has the Almighty Lord of Hell so favored me?

It's too good to be true. He braces himself for the possibility that she might sense the extremity of his malice -- which surely breathes through the very rock of the church's ruins by now -- and prudently turn away. But if she doesn't... *Oh, let her come! Let her come onward... let her find the summoning circle! Just one scuff of a curious boot... and I am free!*

He waits. His great Hellspawned heart thumps with anticipation. His mind whirls with a thousand years of demonic revenge fantasies. He waits as those light, feminine steps cross the threshold and come into the ruins, as a feminine voice rings out in what sounds like a merry taunt. *Yes... that's it... keep coming, my lovely mortal morsel... keep coming...*

♀ **(She.)**

Zatanna gives a slight grimace as the floorboards creak alarmingly under her steps. She considers levitating herself for a moment but decides against it: if she can sense the demon whose malice gathers all around her like a fog of dread, there's a good possibility that he can sense her, too. She doesn't want to tip her hand too easily. *Think light thoughts*, she tells herself wryly as she makes her cautious way deeper into the nave.

The smells of dust and pungent mold assail her as she navigates the chaos of broken pews to reach the shattered altar. There's a pentagram etched into the floor there, and she gives a melancholy look at the skeletal remains sprawled at its far edge, rags of priestly vestments clinging to a shattered ribcage that bespeaks a violent, terrible death. It looks as if the man's heart was yanked right out his chest. A rusty red substance had pooled underneath the body and run its way all through the etched channels of the pentagram. And there's writing around the pentagram's rim, in Latin; writing she recognizes immediately.

A banishing circle! Looking at the broken body of the man whose blood had clearly activated it, she thinks she can guess at what happened. *He had the right idea... but the demon must have come on him before he could finish the ritual. By the time he managed to activate the circle, he was on the edge of death. Too weak by far to sustain the magic. Wound up teleporting his enemy into the bedrock instead of back to Hell.* She considers the atmosphere of evil and hatred breathing around her, wonders how long the creature's been stuck like that. *He'll be seriously pissed when he comes out. I'd better watch myself.*

The thought carries no real fear with it, though. If angry, the demon will also be weakened. Neutralizing him should be child's play... and there's even a ready-made banishing circle for her to use in deporting him. Smiling sadly, she lays a hand on the skull of the long-departed priest. "Rest easy, Father," she says. "I may be a little late getting here... but I promise I'll finish what you started. Your killer's going back where he belongs."

With that, she takes a breath to center herself and refocus. Then, very deliberately, she reaches down to the pentagram and rubs away a patch of the dried blood there, breaking the circle, bringing the rust-colored powder up on her gloved fingertip to look at it in contemplation. "Come out, come out, wherever you are," she sing-songs quietly, and as the ground promptly begins to tremble beneath her feet she stands and turns, readying herself for battle.

♂ **(He.)**

He listens to the steps. So close... so close...

There! Exultation fills him, along with a strength so long denied him by the binding spell... the crushing stone around him a prison no longer! He gives a wordless roar of joy and vengeance, the stone now no more resistant around him than dust as he plunges upwards, clambering his way free, digging out of his own grave... the catacombs of the church shuddering and sliding down into the maw of the vast hole he creates with his emergence.

Finally, he stands at the edge of a sunken pit on the church's lower level. It's so glorious to be free again, to be able to move again, that he lets out another wordless bellow of celebration! But rage creeps back into the sound as he tries to stretch his twisted, broken limbs and feels the pain spear through him, the pain that perhaps will always be with him now.

He looks down at himself. He seems to remember that he was beautiful once, his black carapace smooth over a musculature to rival any warrior angel's, his limbs graceful, his fingers strong enough to crush diamond and delicate enough to play the lyre and seduce an unsuspecting maiden, his talons bright and sharp, his horns sweeping majestically up from the crown of his head, his wings mighty. He had stood proudly ten feet tall and sported a member between his legs that struck fear and lust into females of every kind.

Now... his carapace is spotted, cracked, scabrous. His muscles gnarled and twisted into unnatural, painful knots of sinew. His wrists and fingers canted at painful angles, his arms misshapen, his spine bowed and his back hunched. His grace all gone, his talons jagged and dull. He can feel his wings crushed uselessly against his back... realizes he will probably never be to use them again. Reaching up tentatively, he feels at his horns... and whimpers high in his throat at the broken stumps he finds there.

His voice had once been sonorous, eloquent, persuasive. Now all that comes out is a hiss of rage. *Someone must pay.* And the woman in the church above him comes rocketing back to the forefront of his mind.

She's up there. She's heard his emergence... but she won't flee. She's determined and feels no fear of him. *So much the better.* The member between his legs, at least, is still mighty: spotted with painful, slime-oozing sores, perhaps, but still a fifteen-inch cudgel of lust to affright all who cross his path. It twitches now in anticipation of violence... of revenge. *Yes... yes... let it begin... with her!*

With a wordless roar – of hate, and from the pain that simple movement causes him – he gathers himself and *leaps*, up through the floor and into the nave of the ruined church. It is time to begin.

♀ (*She.*)

The demon comes bursting up through the floor of the church with a bellow that sounds like a chorus of howler monkeys screaming in anguish. Zatanna is struck by his height, unexpectedly large – even hunched and withered as he is, he stands at least eight feet high – and by the size of the horrid organ, crusted with boils and sores and oozing pus, hanging between his legs. She's squared off with many a demon, but none of them had ever been quite that... endowed.

Not that it matters. She can see the agony wracking him right off. It seems like only his hate is keeping him up. His whole body shudders and shivers as he takes a shuffling step forward, eloquent testimony to the pain that must be shooting through his twisted limbs. The heroine finds she can almost pity him.

“I can see you've suffered, demon,” she says. “I'll bet the past few centuries have taught you a bit about what it must be like to be one of the mortal damned in Hell.” She spreads her arms in a peaceable gesture: “I'm not vindictive. I don't need to add to the suffering. I'll make you a bargain: give me your name, and I'll send you back home without any fuss.”

Not that the demon will find that offer attractive, of course. To return him to Hell in his current defeated and broken state will be like throwing chum to sharks: his fellow demons will chew him up and spit him out a thousand times over. He'll fight her, fight deportation, as hard as he can. Mainly, she's just buying time to size him up and decide which spell will be most effective against him.

The heroine and the demon step toward each other like partners in a dance, and all the while Zatanna's eyes flicker over her foe... calculating and preparing to strike.

♂ **(He.)**

It's been long since he used the Hellspawn Gift of Tongues, but he can make out what she's saying... and that either she's playing for time or knows nothing of Hell. He throws back his head and laughs, a horrible sound of mockery halfway between a rumbling snarl and a shriek of damnation. Shakes his head and waggles a finger at her, as if to say *You won't snare me that way*. Inside him, though, the bitterness grows, for her speech has alerted him to yet another new loss: he simply can no longer remember his own true name.

Ohhh, I will make her suffer, he swears to himself. *Ohhh, I will make her squeal*. As he hobbles painfully forward, hissing with every step, he drinks in her scent. Mortal beauty is more fleeting, more precious, than almost anything in the cosmos. Her winsome features, her silken black hair, the athletic and voluptuous body under her clothing... he means to savor these things.

There was a time he would have done all of this subtly, revealing nothing of his hungers to the prey. Now he doesn't even notice the way his tongue lolls out over his chin, trailing slimy drool across the floor as he shambles forward, eager to the join the battle.

But he feels a twinge of faded pride through all the pain. Has he fallen so far as to completely abjure the ancient laws of combat? Has he no dignity left? Heroes should at least have titles by which to call each other, if not names. Drawing himself up as much as he can as he continues to shamble forward, hissing with the agony that wracks his spine, he finally says in the Language of the Hellspawn: *"You cannot have my true name, mortal. But you may call me... Velos..."* He grimaces at the private joke: the word means "suffering."

He's playing for time, too. The strangely attired girl is not carrying weapons apart from a flimsy-looking baton... which must mean she is some kind of priestess or sorceress. There's danger in that for him. He

needs to close the distance between them as fast as possible, keep her off balance. It won't be easy in his condition.

“And what shall I call you, my lovely little morsel,” he adds, leering hideously as he looks her gorgeous body up and down, his long, warty tongue slavering over his chops. *“I like to be introduced to my lovers before I introduce them... to my pretty piece of flesh,”* and vulgarly he grabs hold of his slimy prick, wagging it suggestively at her, hoping to shock her as he continues to close.

♀ (*She.*)

The demon comes shambling at her faster than she'd thought possible, faster than *should* be possible, making her quickly reconsider moving forward and even to contemplate backing away. He hisses at her in Hellspawn tongue, calling himself “Velos” and then taunting her lewdly by wagging that terrifyingly enormous prick – she has to admit she feels a blush heat up her ears and cheeks when he does it – but he's moving forward as fast he can at all times. She feels certain he'd have closed the distance at a sprint if he could.

But she's ready for him. “So, you're choosing the hard way,” she says as she decides on the appropriate spell and whisks her hat off her head. “Well then, Velos, I guess you can call me your worst nightmare.” Bringing her hat in front of her with its open end pointed at the oncoming demon, already less than fifteen feet away and kicking a broken pew out of his path, she taps the brim with her baton and says: *“Eof ym kaos, retaw yloh!”*

The hat trembles for a moment... and then unleashes a fountain of water at Velos! Consecrated water, which steams like acid as it strikes his demonic flesh, coursing out and drenching him almost like a water cannon, setting him shrieking in horrible agony! Holding the hat steadily on target for several seconds as it soaks him from head to foot, Zatanna can feel those hideous screams piercing her eardrums.

The heroine's expression is grim. She gets no pleasure out of torturing anyone, not even a demon. But she needs a surefire spell to take him out and keep him out so that she can press the banishing circle back into use, and no minor demon could hope to shrug off this kind of attack. After another long moment, the water shuts off, and with a sigh of relief Zatanna prepares to step forward and assess the unconscious body of her fallen opponent.

That's when she gets her first real shock. Still screaming as he emerges from the cloud of steam, his visage even more pitted and scarred than before, she realizes belatedly that Velos isn't down at all: he's still on his feet, still coming at her! *What the Hell...* Clumsy with sudden fright, she tries to backpedal, realizing he's upon her, hissing his delight in the foul Hellspawn tongue!

♂ (*He.*)

He's nearly within striking distance when he hears her speak a few curious words and gesture with her hat... and the world seems to turn to liquid fire around him.

Velos is barely aware of his own screams. He can feel the holy water pounding into him, setting his carapace smoking, scorching his eyes and his throat and his member. The onslaught is shocking in its power and ferocity. Most Hellspawn would have crumpled before it, or even been melted cleanly away.

But in his fragmentary memory, he can remember encountering consecrated water before. He had been great, then, in the fullness of his power. And consecrated water was itself ultimately a cantrip, the borrowing of a scintilla of power from the Foe in Heaven. It is no match for higher magic, for the profounder powers of the Netherworld. To such as he had been in the old days, it had no more power to harm than ordinary water. Even now, he can sense that the damage it's wreaking is superficial... and as for pain, well, he's floated in a sea of that for a thousand years.

So he keeps his feet, keeps advancing, fighting through the searing agony, screaming his defiance into the teeth of her magical attack. And as he moves, he holds on to another fragment of memory, diamond-sharp, a glittering piece of knowledge that's decided him on how to approach this foe. For the words she'd spoken... he recognizes the style of magic. Another sorcerer had used it, long ago and on another plane of existence. *Mnemonic incantation*. The chap had been protecting his daughter from an incubus' unwanted advances and had seemed practically untouchable... until a shattered jaw had robbed him of his voice.

Finally, the torrent of holy water ceases. Now only a few steps from the sorceress, he grins at the way her face goes pale with shock to see him still on his feet and coming for her. She begins to backpedal furiously even as he hisses: "*My turn.*" And he lunges, battling through the pain to unleash the fury of his accursed strength against her torso, his misshapen fists lashing out. He wonders if he still has the speed to catch her...

♀ (*She.*)

Zatanna trips and falls as she's backpedaling... and it's the only thing that saves her. The demon's fists would have struck her full on in the chest and the solar plexus. As it is, his ragged talons merely slice and tear through her shirt and vest with sound of ripping fabric and popping buttons before she hits the floor, the air whooshing out of her lungs: "*Whuughhh!*"

She sees stars briefly but knows to a certainty that she's done for if she doesn't keep moving. Rolling to one side, she barely escapes a stamping foot. Gasping and scrabbling awkwardly to her feet, her hat and baton abandoned now, she lunges toward the pews and lets out a squeak of terror as she feels the demon's talons catch the collar of her jacket. She frantically shrugs out of it and stumbles away just in time to escape the grip of the fiend's other hand, which sets four grooves of fiery pain down her back as it slices through her shirt but fails to catch hold of her.

As she goes sprawling into the pews, hauling air desperately into her lungs, every cell of her aware of the urgent life-or-death need to regain her voice, she casts a terrified glance over her shoulder to see Velos looming over her, that horrid tongue spraying great ropes of slimy drool from his open mouth, his eyes burning like twin coals of hate set into the pits of his misshapen skull. She needs to delay him, to buy some time to retreat and regroup, her mind whirling in a frantic search for the right spell...

Got it! Sweeping her right arm up, she manages to croak out: “*Mih ekohc, tsud!*”

The demon hesitates as the accumulated dust of centuries suddenly begins to coalesce into a dark ball in front of him. He seems to realize what's happening, tries to lunge at Zatanna as if to forestall it... but the dust is already forming into a funnel... and rushing straight at him! Letting out a strangled cry, Velos reels back and clutches at his face as the dust invades his nose and mouth, the ball and funnel growing ever larger as more and more dust is sucked into the vortex!

Zatanna doesn't waste time watching the spectacle. She knows she can't afford to underestimate him again, and seizes the opportunity to scramble toward the entrance, keeping low in the pews. There's no time right now to wonder about what this creature really is, or how to defeat him; the immediate priority of the moment is to keep moving, keep moving, *keep moving...*

♂ **(He.)**

He feels a dark exultation pumping through his veins as he stalks her, presses the attack against her, giving her not one moment to rest and recover, his blows coming within inches of her curvaceous body. No, he's not as fast as he once was... but fast enough. Strong enough, despite everything. Clumsy in his foreign, broken carcass, yes, but despite clearly being trained and experienced in fighting, she's scrambling to avoid him, unable to strike back. After nearly catching her, as he closes upon his prey as she tries to crawl clear, Velos savors the thought of what is to come... and then draws up short in alarm as he hears her manage to force out another incantation.

There's a split-second of terrible realization as a great floating mass of dust begins to coalesce in front of him – and then it's rushing it him, a blast of fine particles plugging his nose and throat, stinging his eyes and ears as he flails and clutches at his head uselessly! “*Khhhaaaghhhh!*”

Going almost mad with desperation as the too-familiar feeling of suffocation begins to descend on him, the demon flails for a few moments more before he grits his fangs, clasps both hands together and brings them jackhammering down on the floor in a mighty *whomp*, sending a shudder through the structure around them and setting a huge rift running through the rotted floor that opens into the darkness below. His best hope is for the crack in the flooring to catch his opponent and send her tumbling into the remains of the church's catacombs, distracting her so that she can no longer sustain the spell.

And indeed, the miniature dust storm abates as swiftly as she'd conjured it, the dust ceasing to be a living weapon and simply roiling thickly in the air as the church continues to shudder with the reverberation of his attack. He waves at it, hacking and spitting out great mucus-gobbets of the stuff as he scans for his opponent, and finally notices that something is still caught on the jagged talons of his left hand. Lifting it up to inspect it, he realizes it's her tuxedo jacket.

Well, at least that's something, he thinks wryly. But he casts the garment aside quickly as the dust begins to settle, disclosing the great dark rupture that now bifurcates the floor between his position and the cathedral's doors. Velos' senses scan urgently for his foe, knowing that fractions of a second will determine whether he prevails or she does. He will not underestimate her again.

♀ (*She.*)

The rift had come very close to claiming her; as the fleeing heroine had felt it open up beneath her feet, she barely had time to fling her body to one side, managing just barely to grab the jagged edge of a rotten floorboard as the ground collapsed into darkness beneath her.

For long seconds Zatanna had dangled by her fingertips, gasping from the strain on her muscles and the stinging pain of the shallow scratches on her chest and belly and back. Her shirt and vest fluttered in an updraft that stank of death and decay, the garments hanging in tatters around her and the black leotard beneath them shredded too, one of its straps cut and the material flapping down to expose one of her pale, succulent breasts. The light brown nipple had hardened in the cold air as her shapely legs had kicked uselessly beneath her, her grip weakening by the second.

Finally, she'd made a decision, looking upward at the vault of the ceiling and letting go of the dust-attack spell as she had pronounced another: "*Em etative!*" As soon as she'd said it, her body had tumbled, not downward but upward until she was nestled gently against the cathedral's rafters, looking down on the battle zone as Velos hacked and spluttered out the choking dust – another attack that had in the end barely fazed him – and clearly began scanning the church for his would-be victim. He's looking now, waving away the dust as he steps forward and peers down into the rift... she can only pray he doesn't look up.

She watches the deformed giant of a fiend, torn between two options. Attack him from above... or pull herself hand over hand toward the hole in the roof, clamber out and escape? She looks at the hole, some forty yards away above the altar, looks down at the demon again, chews her lower lip in hesitation.

Just what is he? It's obvious that he can't be a minor demon, but she isn't sure yet just how deep his power runs. She's loath to just flee and leave him here now that she herself has released him... but doubt and, if she's honest with herself, pure cold terror are twisting in her guts as she thinks of fighting him. She can hear her pulse throbbing in her temples, feel her heart rabbiting in her chest as she floats there, frozen between two equally unacceptable options.

But finally, there is only one decision. Retreat isn't an option: if she loses him here, he could wreak untold havoc in the world, havoc which would be her fault. Gathering and steadying herself, her blue eyes flashing with determination, Zatanna focuses on her foe, drawing breath for another incantation.

♂ (*He.*)

It's as he's searching the darkness of the rift with his eyes that Velos senses her: hears a rapid, frightened heartbeat thumping, somehow, *above* him, way up in the cathedral's mighty vaulted ceiling. *Another incantation*, he realizes, fighting the urge to look up at her, trying to maintain the fiction that he's still scanning the depths of the catacombs as he takes one cautious, shuffling step to his right, then another. Trying to get a better position.

He has only moments to work out where exactly she is. He can hear her trying to steady herself... no doubt concentrating, readying another of her nasty surprises. The demon isn't eager to find out what she has in mind. Bending close to the rift, he surreptitiously picks up a broken chunk of a pew as he listens intently to her heartbeat... tries to place her, thinks he has it. But is he sure?

As he hears her draw a deep breath and begin to speak, he realizes that his best guess will have to do. "*Eofym ezeerf...*" The first syllables of her incantation are ringing out in a high, slightly quivery voice.

Velos abruptly turns – and praying to the Almighty Lord of Hell that he connects, bellowing out the pain of his movements, he torques his body and hurls the chunk of heavy oak up at her with all the strength his warped sinews can muster!

♀ (*She.*)

"*Eofym ezeerf, wolb sndiw --*" The Mistress of Magic has almost pronounced the last word of the 'cold winds blow, freeze my foe' incantation when she sees Velos suddenly contort like a grotesque parody of a discus thrower and send something hurtling up at her! Her voice dying in her throat, she barely has time to register what it is before she realizes it's going to hit her square in the midsection – and her muscles lock in a split-second of pure panic as she realizes there isn't time to dodge, as time seems to go into a horrid slow motion as the ragged chunk of solid wood comes at her and --

WHAMMM! "*Uuuughhhhh!*" The hunk of wood hammers into her, making her contort in pain around it as the world goes white. The levitation spell flies out of her suddenly blank mind... and for a moment she feels as if she's floating, but no wait, she's falling, falling, tumbling head over heels as the floor rushes up to meet her and...

THUDDD! The sickening sound is her body hitting the ground, and the world abruptly goes from white to black. Lights out.

Round Two.

♂♂♂ (*They.*)

The rustic little cottage is nestled deep in the woods, the road running past it little more than a dirt track. A black Mercedes is parked in front, gleaming in the pool of light thrown from the building's windows and porch. Standing in the kitchen and looking out at it is a handsome Frenchman with a muscular physique clad in black jeans and turtleneck, sporting harsh, hawk-like features and a magnificent head of white, wavy hair. Pierre Lamont's expression is pensive. Impatient.

A lifetime of planning and dreaming has come down to this one night. The lifelong pimp and pornographer had happened across the incredible find one night among his father's papers: the obscure legend of a Lord of Hell so horrifying, so powerful, that even the authors of the *Necronomicon* had blotted out his name. A Lord of Lust mightier, it was hinted, even than fell Asmodeus himself. A being

who could make his loyal followers into mortal Lords of Lust in their own right... if their offerings pleased him.

The possibilities had gripped Pierre, inspiring years and years of searching in the most obscure collections of occult literature the world had to offer. He had killed for some of those secrets. He had assembled a secret society of the most perverted and depraved pimps and porn stars the world had to offer, and they had killed, too. The Cult of the Nameless One, they had called themselves – half in jest at first, but as the years passed and it became clear that the object of their search was very real, it had ceased to be any species of joke.

And it all comes down to this. Half an hour since the call had come from Paris. The network had been kidnapping girls across Europe and the United States, hoping with the occult trappings of their crimes to attract the attention of their chosen offering... and it had worked. Claude's voice thready and pained on the other end of the line, calling from a police station in Paris: “Goddammit, she turned my necktie into an *anaconda*, can you fucking believe it?” The flunky had laughed unsteadily, clearly shaken up. “Damn near choked me to death. For a second I thought she was gonna kill me before I could even get the words out.”

“But you got the words out,” Pierre had said harshly. A statement of expectation, not a question.

“Yes, yes,” Claude hastily affirmed. “She tied me up and left me for the cops and she was gone. She'll be heading there soon if she's not there already.”

Pierre's hand had shaken, holding the receiver. “Good,” he'd finally managed to say. “Good. Very good.”

“Thanks, boss,” said Claude, clearing his throat nervously. “Hey, so, this is my only phone call, okay? You, uh, think you could get one of the lawyers over here? I'd really appreciate it if you—”

But Pierre had already stopped listening to him, clunking the receiver back into its cradle, already thinking: *This still might not work.* He'd offered up a prayer to Lucifer, promising to corrupt a thousand virgins in his name if this gamble paid off. Just now, he's offered up a quiet revision of that prayer, upping the number to two thousand. He's so close to his dream, he can taste it... if he can just survive this infernal *waiting.*

Suddenly, shouts begin to echo from inside the house. Elated shouts. Running footsteps. Pierre turns as his two bodyguards – also two of his biggest pornstars – come running into the kitchen. Yves, pale and skinny and ugly with his weak chin, bulging eyes and scraggly whiskers; Renard, mahogany-dark and handsome as a mainstream movie star, his hair shaved close to the scalp. Good men, both of them, but too excitable by half. Pierre's intense eyes quiet them as they both start to speak at once, and they quickly lapse into a charged silence as he looks at them and finally gives Yves the nod to speak.

“It's happening,” reports the skinny henchman eagerly. And he holds up an amulet in one hand: a silver chain with a ruby pendant flashing on it. “The circle is breached. He is free... the Nameless One is free!”

“Saw it just a second ago,” Renard can't help putting in. “Thought it might be just a trick of the light at first, but no way, man!”

Pierre can feel his heart soaring, but he keeps his expression cool as he holds out his hand for the pendant. He'd strangled an occultist in Belgium for that pendant. As Yves hands it to him, he examines it closely. There is indeed no doubt of it: the light that had glowed inside the gemstone while the demon remained bound is gone. Utterly gone. The circle *has* been broken. *We're that much closer!*

“Alright,” Pierre says with a decisive nod. “Yves, get the car started. We'll head out right away.”

As his men cheer and go piling back out the kitchen door, he continues to look at the ruby, not daring yet to let his hope show. *We are so very close now... Almighty Lord of Hell, grant our wish and let us serve you!* Gripping the ruby in his fist, he too turns to leave the kitchen, switching the light off as he goes. *Let us serve you... let us be your Lords of Lust on Earth!*

♂ (He.)

Velos looks down at the heroine's crumpled form, kicks her onto her back. He grimaces angrily: he'd thrown the pew too hard, crushed her ribcage with it, and she'd broken most of the rest of her bones in the fall. Her heartbeat is faint, her breaths gurgling just this side of a death rattle, bright arterial blood bubbling and streaming from her mouth and nose.

The hate, the overwhelming and all-dominating lust for vengeance, swells in him. “*You think you're getting away that easily, do you?*” he rasps at her. “*You think to take refuge from me in death? You will not. You will live. You will suffer.*”

Grunting painfully as he crouches next to her, the demon thinks quickly, grasping at a thread of fragmentary memory about mnemonic incantations. *The voice can speak... and blood can speak.* He takes one of her hands – small, warm and soft in his desiccated claw, like a child's hand – and dips its forefinger into the bright blood coursing down her chin. He'd heard the patterns of her spells and worked out that it was a simple matter of reversal. *It won't matter what language the spell is written in,* he thinks – he hopes – as he takes the finger and traces two words, backwards, in the tongue of the Hellspawn. In her language the words would read: *Em laeh.*

Her body gives a mighty jolt, then begins to thrash and quiver as a pale, nacreous glow gathers around it. He marvels at the power of her magic as he watches her wounds close, her bones beginning to knit themselves back together, her shattered organs and shredded sinews and snapped tendons weaving their way toward wholeness. It must be taking an awesome toll on her abilities... but the healing spell, very nearly a resurrection spell at this point, is working. Evil thoughts chase each other through his mind as he watches, transfixed for a moment, before he shakes himself and begins to make his own preparations.

She is not the only one with sorcery at her command. The demon gropes through the shattered pieces of his recall, trying to work out the enchantments of Lust he had once used. When he had been a beautiful and all-conquering incubus, he remembers he had been able to weave pieces of himself into bindings for

recalcitrant maidens. His tears, his spit, anything that had been part of him could be so used: transformed into cords as fine as gossamer, as hard as diamond. He sees an image of himself reaching into his mouth and spinning out a cord like that, like a spider spinning silk, its threads beautiful and terrible and inescapable. Living silk that would obey his commands.

Velos concentrates, tilts his head back, and works up a thick goblet of slimy mucus from deep in his throat. He holds that image of himself as a silk-spinner in his mind, feels the slime begin to reshape itself in his mouth as he reaches in and begins to pull... pull... pull. Like unravelling a ragged ball of yarn, a coarse cord emerging from his maw as he pulls and pulls, closing his eyes as he focuses on the task, until he has several feet of something wet and slimy in his hands.

He snarls as he opens his eyes and looks down at what he's produced: a thick cord of something noisome and green and filthy, three feet long and hideous to behold and to touch, like impacted seaweed or the intestines of some rude snot-monster from the lower circles of the Nether Realms. Tears burn his eyes at the disgusting proof of how far he has fallen: but snapping the cord taut in a spray of slime, he finds it strong. Very strong. More than strong enough for the purpose. The horrid length wriggles like a blind earthworm in his hands as it awaits his bidding.

His features twisted in distaste, he lifts it up and whispers some instructions to it... then releases it. As the slimy cord-worm plops wetly to the ground, one end of it waves blindly, reaching out toward the warmth of the young beauty's quivering body. Slithering over to her, beneath her, the revolting worm begins to wrap itself around her forearms, pulling them behind her and crossing them over each other, elbows to wrists, her back arching in the throes of the healing spell as it twists itself into a fiendishly complicated series of binding knots until finally it lies quiescent, its purpose accomplished.

That leaves one other problem to solve: the problem of her voice. Velos briefly considers simply stuffing something into her mouth and tying it off... but as he contemplates those enormous hoop earrings, a better idea occurs to him. Carefully pulling each earring free of her lobes, the demon strips away their accessories, puts the hoops together and prises the unconscious beauty's jaws open wide, painfully wide, as wide as they'll go... just managing to wedge the pieces of denuded jewelry in between her perfect pearly teeth. He can't help but grin at the beginnings of an improvised ring gag that results, his member twitching at thoughts of what he can force that vulnerable mouth to do.

But the earrings themselves won't be strong enough. He can already see them beginning to bend at the pressure of her jaws. Making a quick decision, he concentrates again, reaching up with one broken talon to dig into his nasal cavity... and pulling free another green, slimy cord-worm, smaller than the first, the length of it wriggling as if in eagerness to do its duty. At his whispered instructions, the filthy little horror plops onto the ground and promptly wriggles itself around behind her head, its waving ends questing up around the sides of her face until they encounter the earrings wedged in her mouth. Whereupon each end of the worm commences to knit itself in a complicated tracery through and around the hoops, binding them together and pushing them wider, reinforcing them with steely strength until the ends meet each other and merge. The cord-worm's slimy body hardens and stiffens... and the ring-gag is complete, unbending and unbreakable by any ordinary means.

As this operation comes to a close, the glow around his enemy's body fades. Marred by blood, she is otherwise now whole, healed, as pristine as when she'd walked into the church. Velos admires her bound and beautiful form, his pus-oozing, sore-speckled member stiffening rapidly as he realizes she's entirely at his mercy... not that he has any mercy. He can't resist the urge to reach out and fondle her bared breast, warm and yielding, its fleshy perfection the first truly pleasurable sensation his groping digits have encountered in centuries, the nipple hardening into a protuberant nub against his palm. The unconscious beauty gives a faint moan. Drool begins to leak around the noisome ring-gag.

Panting with lust now, the demon proceeds to rip and claw away the shreds of her clothing, careful not to cut the skin beneath... not yet. His cock grows iron-hard, jutting up from his immense and pendulous balls like a fifteen-inch yardarm as he strips away the clinging pieces of her shirt and vest, cuts away the black leotard underneath... until she lies before him bound and entirely naked but for her fishnet hose and black boots. Her big breasts rise and fall with her deep, steady breaths, their stiff nipples pointing skyward.

Drool drips from the demon's maw as he leans over her helpless form. *I must taste her.* His warty tongue slops out of his mouth, extending over her body like a foot-long tentacle, slithering over her delicious, slightly salty skin... tasting the coppery traces of blood on her chest and belly, twisting and slopping its slimy way up over her breasts which he sucks and savors like a human delighting in an iced treat. She lets out another moan, her skin flushing, unconsciously arching her back to present those firm and fleshy mounds to his awful maw as he suckles them, licking in a spiraling pattern from their broad bases to the rubbery points of her nips. Coating each mammary thoroughly in mucus and spittle, he finally leaves them to lick his way up and over her face, relishing the flavor of blood again as he licks it off her throat and chin and lips and nose, dipping his tongue to enjoy the hot well of her mouth and probe at her quiescent tongue.

It's at that moment, as his noisome spittle drips into her throat, that he sees her eyes flutter groggily open... and then go wide in horror!

♀ (*She.*)

Zatanna emerges slowly from the dark fog of unconsciousness. The first thing she's aware of is a horrid, gangrenous stench that fills her nostrils, making her gorge rise. The second thing she's aware of, as she tries reflexively to clap her hands over her nose, is that her arms are bound hard behind her with some kind of horrible, slimy and immensely strong rope that seems to wriggle as she tugs against it. She feels cold air all over her skin, realizes she's almost entirely naked, feels a clammy wetness on her taut belly, her big breasts, all over her face, as if something huge has blown its nose all over the front of her body.

“What the *Hell?*” she tries to say, but all that comes out is: “*Nggggg-hmmphhh!*” Thus, she discovers her jaws are propped open by some kind of ring gag... and something horrible and foul-tasting and slimy is sliding into her mouth, playing over her tongue! As her vision comes into focus, her stomach gives a dreadful lurch and bile floods the back of her throat as she realizes that Velos is crouched over her in all his deformed and twisted glory... raping her mouth with his tongue!

“NNNMMMMPHHHHHH!” she squeals in sickened rejection as she tries desperately to turn her head away: but a powerful clawed hand grabs hold of her jaws, holding her in place as the demon locks its black and burning eyes with her terrified baby blues, savoring her reactions as he probes her oral cavity, exploring every inch of it with the enormous warty *thing* that protrudes from his fanged maw, wriggling into her like some demented eel! Her body thrashes, her swollen breasts jiggle and jounce and her feet kick as she tries to resist him, but she's helpless to stop the revolting violation as his sulfurous spittle floods into her mouth, into her throat, forcing her to choke it down as she sobs in horror: “NNNNMMMMPHHHH! NMMMM-HMMMMPHHHHH!”

Nausea rises irresistibly within her, she feels her guts convulse and a wave of vomit rising. Choking as his tongue probes deeper, sliding around and over hers to slither back to her tonsils, she convulses again and feels her guts try their best to empty their contents in a hot, bilious flood. But Velos' tongue doesn't budge, the violation doesn't cease, and there's nowhere for the burning, disgusting mouthful of puke to go but back down her gullet in a freshly sickening wave. “Ngggghhhnnnghhhh...” she moans weakly as she chokes down her own vomit, her whole body shuddering.

It's something far worse than any nightmare. She was sure she was dead... and would have preferred death to this surreal degradation, to being helpless at the hands of a noisome creature from the depths of Hell. Her body feels leaden and weak, her strength sapped... as if she had just cast a spell of some extreme power. But how can that be? Her mind whirls in confusion, reels from the horror... she can feel gibbers of madness and hysteria starting to well within her as the sickening indignity seems to go on and on. Another wave of vomit tries to force its way up... only to be choked down again with loud gurgles of suffering as big tears well from her eyes.

I never should have come here, the despairing thought flickers across her mind as her jaws ache around the pressure of the ring gag. Oh my God, I never should have come... never should have tried to face this evil thing... how do I get out of this? How do I get free?!

It's that last thought that takes hold of her with frantic force. Velos has underestimated her if he thinks she's only a sorceress; she's also a magician. An illusionist... and an escape artist. Seeming to cease her struggles as his enormous tongue makes deeper and deeper forays into her throat – making her head spin now as it periodically gags her, cutting off her air supply as she writhes helplessly – she bends her every conscious attention to getting her hands free of her bonds. With her hands free, surely she can get the ring gag out... and despite the dreadful leaden weakness weighing her down, maybe she can manage some kind of incantation then, something to push him off her and give her a chance to make a break for it. Her only thought now is escape. *Escape.*

But as she twists her hands, dislocates her thumbs and her wrists, employs every escapist's trick she knows, she finds to her horror that the wriggling, slithering bonds over her forearms seem to adapt to her every move, keeping themselves firmly locked in place. It's almost as if they're re-tying themselves again and again on the fly, adapting to her tactics, out-thinking her reeling and periodically oxygen-deprived brain. She whimpers around Velos' tongue as the long seconds stretch into longer minutes, as all the trickiest of her escape techniques go for naught while the bindings leech and squeeze themselves ever tighter around her arms, growing brutally strict until her bones begin to shriek with pain and her hands

begin to tingle from lack of circulation. Only when she eases her efforts does their grip relax and the feeling comes back. And a fresh wave of despair and nausea hits her as she realizes they are sorcerous bonds, begat by some high magic, immune to normal escapist techniques.

Fresh tears sting her eyes as the hopelessness of her situation hits her with full force. *I'm his*, she realizes with a deep, soul-searing sense of damnation. *I can't get free... I... I can't!* “NNNGGHHHH...” she gives out a loud moan of despair as the raping tongue retreats and then wriggles inward again. The horrid, flexing length of it plugs her throat, thrashing deeper than before, right down into her esophagus as her body writhes and her breasts jiggle with her involuntary convulsions.

It's now that she notices something new and strange. She can feel a heat rising between her legs, the lips of her tight pink pussy starting to swell against their scant fishnet covering... her passage starting to tighten and grow wet, her swollen breasts pulsing as her nipples harden almost painfully, her pulse racing.

She realizes with shame that she's growing aroused... her body is betraying her! It has to be his doing!

♂ (*He.*)

As Hellspawn of the Realm of Lust, his bodily fluids had in times past carried with it the distilled essence of his Realm's stock-in-trade: Temptation. Velos has fragmentary memories of maidens who'd struggled against him at first – then looked up at him in helpless adoration after he'd kissed them.

He'd wondered what the years of agony and hate had done to those abilities. Now he's learning. Raping her mouth with his tongue, he feels her shudder underneath him, her gag reflex triggering as he probes deeper, periodically plugging her throat and cutting off her air with the slimy, wriggling intrusions. He laughs inwardly as he tastes the vomit welling up around his tongue, watches her choke in misery as he forces it back down her gullet. He keeps his eyes open, fascinated by her reactions: disgust, nausea, rejection, defiance... and then a tell-tale softening, a tinge of shame as her body begins helplessly to respond, her back arching, those magnificently puffy areolas on her firm breasts swelling, her nipples stiffening, her hips writhing, her flesh growing hotter as her blood races.

But her mind is still hers, he realizes. *She is not beguiled! She still hates what I'm doing to her... still feels it as an outrage!*

The realization sends a thrill of unexpected and perverse delight through him. Perhaps he'd been missing out, in all those seemingly charmed centuries. Perhaps the Almighty Lord of Hell had permitted his deformation, the better for him to understand what it was to truly revel in evil and suffering. *I am humbled, Mighty Lord!* he prays inwardly with perverted glee, wriggling his monstrous tongue down her esophagus as she thrashes beneath him. *I am heedful of Your Sublime Lessons!*

He sees an unmistakable glistening wetness growing in the puffy pink lips that peep out of the neatly trimmed, dark thatch of her pubic hair. A throb of lust pulses through him, made sweeter by her unwillingness. He feels stronger as he feels the enforced and unlooked-for passion rising within her. He withdraws his tongue at last, slathering it up over the side of her lovely face, then down her neck, over her

collarbone, up to one shoulder and then the other in an obscene, beastly mockery of the attentive kisses of a lover.

There is something else I must taste. Unceremoniously, he reaches down to rip and shred away the crotch of the fishnets that form the last, fragile protection of her cunny from his slavering tongue and swollen member.

♀ (*She.*)

Despite his obscene licking of her face and neck, Zatanna still hauls air into her lungs with sweet relief as that vile tongue finally leaves her throat... but the relief is short-lived. She whimpers as she feels him ripping away the fishnet barely covering her dripping, throbbing cunt, whimpers as she feels his infernal hands stroking and groping her hot breasts, her flanks, squeezing her soft buttocks as he moves down to position himself between her thighs. Despite the horror of it all, her body responds as eagerly to him as if he were a lover, her clit swelling and sweet nectar dripping from between her lips. She's flush, her recesses tightening and throbbing in anticipation.

How desperately she wants to escape this humiliated body. She wants to dream that she's a stone, so that the touch of the demon's rough, twisted hands doesn't send such confusing tingles through her weak, soft, vulnerable flesh. She wants to dream she's a bird, so she can fly away from the evil hate and mockery in his eyes, the vengeful violence in his every deformed sinew, the incomparably and impossibly gigantic *fact* of him. She wants to dream she's a will o' the wisp, so she can slip intangibly through his claws and flit off into the woods and not be so very, very afraid of that most tumescent of all *facts* between his legs, the organ of such terrifying enormity that for a brief moment had throbbed hotly against her flank, rubbing its slimy way downward and leaving an impression of terror on her soft skin before he moved away from her and downward... *downward...*

But the air is thick and cold in her lungs with the knowledge that this is no dream. The full humiliation of her nudity under a demon's gaze hits her like a body blow as he drinks in her naked flesh admiringly. There can be no hiding from herself the fact of what he intends to do to her with his huge, twisted body... with that monstrously hard, obscene organ that's almost half again as long as her forearm. Her heart palpitates as the dreadful moments slide by toward that unthinkable, horrible, inevitable event that will surely kill her.

The Mistress of Magic closes her eyes tight as he leans inward. His horrid, taloned hands grip her firm thighs, lifting them up and apart with such a steady, sure strength that she doesn't even try to fight him anymore; the preternatural strength of those hands makes it feel as though he could crush her thighbones to splinters at any moment.

She's spread before him, helpless, unable to stop the shameful whimpers escaping her drooling, ring-gagged lips. He draws out the waiting sadistically... but what she's least prepared for is what happens next. His hot, heavy breath feathering over her slit. The air tickling her fleece. The heat rising as she can sense his mouth opening... and then the tongue, long and warty and hideously agile, sliding very gently and slowly along her soft pink cleft, savoring the taste of her, until it reaches the top. The slippery and

mysterious little nubbin at the top, more precisely, where it exerts just a *touch* more pressure, circling around, and around, sending confusing waves of sensation all through her as it makes that button stiffen and swell, makes more sweet nectar begin to break out in beads on the lips of her tingling cunt.

“Nnnnaahhhh...” her breath is coming in rapid little gasps. *What... what is he doing to me?* Her eyes shut even more tightly, she thrashes her head back and forth as that teasing tongue makes the journey back down her juicy slit, then back up, lashing mercilessly her sensitive love-bud again. *No... he can't make me... it can't feel... no, this is unholy, what is he doing... ohhh GOD...*

♂ **(He.)**

As he begins to work on her delicate slit and swiftly stiffening clit, Velos enjoys the confusion and terror in her moans.

He takes it nice and slow. As he feels her hips begin to jerk and jolt shyly, unconsciously thrusting her slit up to meet his maddening licking as her pleasure begins to build, he switches tacks, letting her cool down a bit as he cups his hands under her big, soft, cushiony buttocks, tilts her up and spreads them wide and lets his attentions wander down to the tight pucker of her arse. That most intimate of violations brings fresh cries of *“Nnaahhh... NNNAHHHH...”* from her throat, cries of denial that dwindle into gasps and sobbing moans of humiliation as the tip of his wicked tongue slips past the resistant ring of her sphincter.

The moans of denial are mingled with building frustration as her dripping little pussy is left twitching on the threshold of desire while unfamiliar, corrupting sensations radiate from her tightest place. He teases her this way for a while, then sweeps his tongue back up to her sweet pussy again, licking the length of her juicy slit and lapping at her stiff little clit faster each time, bringing her closer and closer to the climax she's so desperately and hopelessly fighting.

After several rides around this carousel of carnal temptation, his morsel's resistance is crumbling. She's flushed and writhing before him with almost open wantonness, her moans transitioning from rejection into pleading, a desperate begging to be allowed to come. He prises her wet pussy lips apart, spreading them wide – and grins in delight to see that the healing spell had worked better than he'd imagined, rendering her in all probability even purer than she'd been before she came to him. For he's feasting his eyes on freshly restored virginity: the pale membrane of a hymen rings the mouth of her pussy, glistening, its aperture too tiny to admit of any part of his gnarled and massive body without tearing away the whole. Even his pinky finger could do the job.

Until now he's been using the tip of his tongue only. But now, he takes her by the hips and rears back, lifting her body as she gasps in surprise. Soon he's partially reclined with one arm folded across his victim's waist to hold her curvy body in place, her dripping pussy at the mercy of his mouth and her nude, bound form draped down his torso to his belly... where the ominous mass of his noisome, pus-oozing prick pressing against her pretty face. She's perfectly positioned for feasting – and the meal now starts in earnest!

“Naaahhhahhhh...” she moans as she feels the pressure of Velos' tongue begin to steadily increase at the mouth of her cunt, determinedly pressing at the elastic gateway to her reborn innocence. She wriggles, horrified by her close encounter with his pus-oozing prick, desperate now to get her pussy out of the line of fire, but it's no use. His mouth and his horridly dexterous tongue track her movements unerringly, the pressure building, her gasps growing rapid and panicked again as she suddenly realizes that his oral organ is as muscular and irresistible as every other part of him. *“Naaahhhhaahhhh... NAAHHHHH...”*

Oh yes, sweet little morsel, he chides her mentally. *No denial can save you now. You are mine!* Aloud, he says: *"In our Realms, child, the blood of a maiden's virtue is considered a fine beverage. I have tasted some excellent vintages in my time... let's see how yours compares."*

He feels her tense with fresh terror as his long tongue slithers out once again... and this time he resolves to shove it deep into her tight tunnel, to rip through the wall of her magically restored virginity and taste her welling blood. Pushing mercilessly with his tongue, he feels the aperture of her hymen slowly widen, its walls stretching and tearing and finally, abruptly giving way – yielding a shrill cry of agony from her and a flavorful, coppery rush of vital fluid as the fiend's thick, warty tongue slithers inward, claiming and deflowering her cunt!

This invasion of her tight, sweet hole is carried out by a tongue so long and thick that it's literally the size of a huge human cock – but infinitely more flexible and subtle. Feeling her sugar walls flex and shudder around him, he relishes the exploration of her savory depths, his fanged maw clamping down on the aperture of her twat as his tongue flexes and wriggles into her like a diabolical eel, probing the full length of her love tunnel right to her cervix... but encountering that point much more subtly and teasingly than his cock would.

He rhythmically begins to tongue-fuck her, the pain of deflowering almost instantly giving way to the devilish pleasures of having every nerve ending in her elastic sheath stroked and pampered by the bumps and protrusions on his tongue... her cries of pain fading into moans of anguished lust as she begins to writhe in time with the internal stimulation, her head tossing, her channel stretching and claspings irregularly around him as the tongue flexes and twists one way and then another in a constant, unpredictable assault on her senses!

“NNNAHHHHH... NNNNAHHHHHAHHHHH...” Her cries are clearly those of building climax now. She jolts and shudders as he begins to swirl his tongue around inside her, stirring her honey-pot into a froth of lust! Reaching his free hand down across her body, he cups one and then the other of her big, hot tits in his rough fingers, moulding them, squeezing them as he feels her heart flutter like a dove caged inside her ribs! Her hips are jerking, wriggling in a circle that mirrors the motions of his tongue within, her spine arching as every muscles in her body goes rigid, her moment of crisis approaching as the tongue fucks and fucks and fucks her cooze until... until... *until.. “NNNNAHHHHHH-AAAHHHHHHHHHH! AHHHHHHHAAAHHHHHH! AIEEEEEEEEEEE!”*

She caterwauls in the full shock of desire, shuddering as if struck by lightning, her pussy claspings and her juices bursting sweetly over his tongue, overflowing around his ravenous mouth to squirt and spatter and drench her soft inner thighs and her lower belly! Relentless, he draws her pleasure out and out, keeping

up the vigorous swirling, tongue-fucking assault on her spasming hole as she cums over and over and over again, her cries fading into delirium as he spies her eyes rolling back in her head, the storm of orgasmic pleasure washing over her in waves and nearly capsizing her conscious mind!

Finally, the demon withdraws his tongue, letting it slither out of her violated slit and make one last sweep of her outer lips, his mouth suckling her clit and drawing one last sharp, squirting orgasm from the voluptuous little wanton, one last throaty cry of passion: “*NAAAAAAHHHAAAAHAAHHHHH!*”

As he lifts his mouth free of her twat, the bitch is panting in the aftermath of a pleasure she can hardly comprehend, her wide blue eyes bewildered and horrified as they meet his. Helpless, she quivers like a plucked string as he laps up the sweet juices of her orgasm from the delectably soft and sensitive flesh of her taut inner thighs, her body writhing languidly as his play on her breasts goes on, as he flicks a hard nipple with one of his jagged talons.

For Velos' part, the demon feels stronger, feeding delightedly on her lust, his spine beginning to straighten, the pain in his twisted limbs starting to fade, his cock growing harder and longer and thicker as it smears its byproducts of pus and slime all over her perfect features. He twitches, flexes and stretches his free hand, feeling its bones and digits shifting closer to true as the ambrosia of desire nurtures him. He slaps her big breasts playfully, making them jiggle like jellied puddings... and then kindles a new terror in her eyes as he reaches down and claims her throat!

♀ (*She.*)

Her mind had reeled as she'd found herself flipped, her head smacking against his belly and her guts churning with disgust as she'd found his hot, reeking, slimy prick pressed against her cheek. But even the awkwardness and discomfort of her situation had been fully driven from her mind by his masterfully manipulative oral rape of her ass and cunt... and by the horrifying discovery that her hymen had been regrown while she was unconscious. The implications are terrifying – it can only mean that somehow Velos had worked out how to use her blood to force her to cast a healing spell, which means he understands mnemonic incantation and can use her own magic against her – and the sheer fact of it, the pain of having her virginity ripped away again by this vile beast, somehow deepens her shame.

And what came before that, and after it... the delirious explosions of rapture have left Zatanna seeing stars in their wake, her clit throbbing, her pussy pulsing, every inch of her body thrilling with sensation as if she's been born into another flesh. Her hot breasts send delicious shivers through her as his rough hand slaps them. She can feel the defiance leaching out of her as she looks vulnerably into the demon's black and hateful and implacable eyes, seeing the glint of triumph there as he savors the mixture of blood and juices that he's licking off her inner thighs. That she knows the lust growing wilder inside her by the moment is artificial doesn't make it any less a fact, and the strain of trying to mentally resist it is taxing her will to its breaking point.

But the ordeal is far from over. She sees a new, harder edge come into the twisted creature's expression now, her heart thumping in sudden fear. *No, oh God...* her mind babbles as his hand suddenly moves to

her throat and she senses a black shift in his intentions. Then his hand clamps around her windpipe and forces her head backward! *No no no no NO... "AGGHHHHHHH..."*

He hauls her further upward on his torso, presses her chin painfully upward and compels her to arch her spine. She gives a whimper of terror as she realizes why: the huge, blunt head of his cock is right there, night-black and oozing green slime from sores on either side of its tip! He's going to force it into her mouth!

"NAHHHHAAAAHHHH... NNNNAAAAHHHHH!" she wails in helpless horror... but her attempts to wriggle free are futile. The pressure is inexorable, her head forced back and back until she's looking topsy-turvy at the impossibly long, slimy topside of his shaft where it runs down to join his crotch! She whimpers with pain, and her neck strains in an effort to shift one way or another, but she might as well be a toddler wrestling with a bear. She sees his shaft *flex* in anticipation, feels the hot blunt head brush against her lips and the drooling opening of her ring-gagged mouth, and then... *"NAAAAHHHAAAA-NGGGHHH!"* The immense organ *shoves* its way in!

She pants through her nose in panic as the vile, pungent head of his dick strokes across her tongue. Even just the head of him practically fills her mouth! She can feel tears leaking from the corners of her eyes, drool flooding in her mouth as he starts to force his shaft deeper. With just a tiny flex of his hips, the immense, all-conquering demonic meat-stick slides across her tongue to the cusp of her throat, making her convulse as her gag reflex sends a shudder of painful nausea through her and her airways are nearly cut off!

"GLLLLCCCKHHHHH!" Her choked gurgle of alarm brings a low, rumbling laugh from the evil Hellspawn, and her tears start to flow freely as she realizes there will be no mercy! Her eyes are saucer-wide in horror as the shaft shoves its way a little further, sending another jolt of nausea through her and this time cutting off her air completely: *"GGGLLLLCCCKHHHHH! NNNGLLCKHHH!"*

Her head spins and her whole body shudders with the sick feeling of horror as her drool begins to leak around his shaft, the head of his dick forcing its way painfully into her throat. As the spittle mixes with her tears and begins leaking painfully into her nose and eyes, she swallows desperately around the massive intrusion, drawing a rumble of approval now from her demonic rapist as he enjoys the feeling of her throat muscles working around the head of his cock. She can taste sulfurous slime all over her tongue from the sores and boils encrusting his brick, and a viscous fluid at the back of her throat. Her stomach churns as she tries to swallow it all down with her spit but finds more and more if it leaking into her mouth and flooding it, bubbling out from her lips to join the mess of spittle flowing down her face as his cock keeps shoving in... and in... and *in...*

"GGGLLLLCCCKHHHH! NGLLHHHCKHHCKKHH!" Her gagged moans grow more and more desperate as her vision dims, her lungs screaming for air. Does he mean to kill her this way? Literally suffocate her to death with his hard cock? He could do it easily, she knows now, and cold fingers of terror stroke her mind as the agony in her lungs seems about to burst... *"GGGLLLLAAAAHHHH!"* Finally, the cock pulls back, clear of her mouth, the reeling heroine gasping in great lungfuls of air as fast as she can, her head still spinning. But he gives her only a few seconds' respite before the monstrous organ *rams*

back into her throat, convulsing her again in pain and nausea around it!

“NNNAAAAGLLLLLACCCKHHHH! NNGLLLCCKKHHHH! CCCCKHHHHHHH!”

The world has become nothing but nightmarish unreality as he rapes her throat with vicious, unforgiving thrusts, her lovely face dripping with a slimy cocktail of tears and spittle and the gluey, horrid secretions dripping from his prick, her body jolting and writhing in pure anguish now as she swallows painfully around the plundering fuck-stick as though her life depends on it, the pain in her jaw unrelenting, the repeated bouts of air deprivation breaking down her mind and will with brutal efficiency. There seems no limit to his cock: with each thrust it goes deeper, deeper, deeper, but her dim and lurching vision can still see an impossible amount of fuck-meat left to go... surely he doesn't mean to make her swallow *all* of it?

Even as the alarmed thought skitters across her brain, her predicament deepens: she can feel the warm wetness of his tongue rasping along her tingling sex again! *“NNGLLCCKHHHH!”* she squeals around his cock in misery as the merest touch of that tongue sends a wave of unwanted pleasure through her to mix confusingly with the nauseous torment radiating from her throat. *No no NO please NO I couldn't take it I CAN'T TAKE IT...* But that wicked tongue is flickering and lathering up her hot little clit with the same expertness as before, dipping down to tease her puckered anus and dip into her honeyed depths... and finally that whole slippery, wicked, eel-like muscle is invading her tight cunt, raping it, her body betraying her utterly as her hips buck up to meet as ravenous mouth even as her head spins from the pain of the cock embedded in her throat! *“NNGLLCCCKHHHH! NNGGLCCCKHHHH! NNNGLLCCCKHHHHH-GLLACKHHHHHHHHH!”*

The first orgasm hits Zatanna like a brick wall, a thousand times more intense than her previous climaxes – as if the air deprivation, the fear, the disgust, the humiliation, the pain were all combining to enhance the pleasure. Her eyes roll back in her skull as she thrashes helplessly and squirts the copious proof of her submission into her rapist's mouth, losing all track of time and all understanding of what's happening to her as his cock and his tongue strain into either end of her body as if working to meet in her middle. She almost passes out as the second orgasm erupts inside her, right on the heels of the first, making her moan pitifully around his penetrating meat it shoves deeper and deeper and her hell of erotic torment begins to spin out of control.

She can feel herself on the brink of total surrender, the point of no return. But through all the degradation, through the inferno of lust searing her body and soul, a last vestige of the heroine remains, the instincts of her training and her desperate desire to escape still working inside her. *If I let him make me cum again,* she realizes with dread clarity: *It will be over. I won't be able to fight him after that...* And there isn't much time. She feels the next climax rising already, the waves of pleasure building swiftly toward another crest.

With that realization, a last frantic urge breaks through the pleasure and agony swamping her senses, as with her thighs splayed around his head and his prick pounding her sore throat, a burst of inspiration flashes across her reeling mind. He thinks her utterly broken and he's almost right, but she still has one last weapon: the sharp six-inch stiletto heels on her boots, on the feet arrayed out wide to either side of his ravaging head! Even as most of her conscious mind is gibbering with the horror of the tongue up her

clasping cunt and the prick lodging itself further and further into her throat, the mixture of inspiration and atavistic, battle-trained reflex manages for just one moment to cut through the onslaught... and *act*.

Scissoring her legs abruptly inward, Zatanna flexes her knees, torquing her muscles with every ounce of her remaining strength to send the points of those heels hammering at Velos' ears – praying that somehow, she'll manage to hit some vulnerable part of him!

♂ (*He.*)

He had thoroughly savored the rush of her virginal blood over his tastebuds – his eyes rolling back at the overwhelmingly rich flavor of it, a fine vintage indeed – and is enjoying the sensation of violating her at both ends, her warm mouth and throat working wetly and wonderfully around the nine inches of prick he's so far been able to force her to swallow. The slimy secretions of his prick should be far more powerful than his spittle, and indeed he can feel her lustful writhing growing wilder and wilder as the bitch begins to lose all control. Her muffled squeals are music to his ears as she tenses up and helplessly squirts one orgasm into his domineering mouth, then another, with a third clearly coming quickly in behind it: the beginnings of multiple orgasm, a powerful will-breaking weapon in the arsenal of an incubus.

But she isn't broken yet. At first, when he feels thighs clamp tighter around his head, he thinks it's just a further manifestation of the molten lust taking over her body. But then white-hot pain suddenly explodes through his head as something hard and pointy slams into both of his eardrums simultaneously!

"AGGGHHHHH!" The burst of agony prompts him to drop her unceremoniously, his body going rigid as he clutches at his ears. He throws back his head and *roars* with a rumbling fury that shakes the rafters of the decayed structure around them... but he can only feel the roar in his throat. He can't hear it.

He gets up, staggering, roaring his pain out again, shaking his head back and forth as if in an effort to dislodge whatever she'd done. Gradually, the pain begins to fade, his hearing starting to return with a popping feeling in his eardrums. Like every other part of him, they're tougher than the mortal equivalent: she must have somehow contrived to drive the heel of her boots right into his ears, but she hadn't done any permanent damage, hadn't ruptured them.

By the Almighty Lord of Hell, he can't help thinking with a hint of admiration as the pain begins to ebb... and a dark amusement wells up to accompany it. *What a woman!* To find a way to fight back against him in those circumstances, with the evil power of his fluids wreaking havoc inside her, bespeaks true warrior mettle. His body judders with silent laughter... and he finds his lust for her not diminished but sharpened. *Whetted*. To utterly break that slut will be the sweetest of balms, the conquest of a truly worthy prize. His member throbs and his balls churn with the need for release. His grimace of pain begins to alchemize into a maniacal grin of delight.

He's rising, his demonic senses questing for her, swiftly locating the lusty scent of the wet and throbbing cunt between her firm thighs. The gorgeous, bound and naked wanton is trying desperately to flee. Awkward with her bound hands and profoundly disoriented state, she's scrambling her way through the

church's shattered pews toward the entryway. Her skin and hair is slicked with sweat, her soft ass bounces and jiggles enticingly with her movements, her face – a pretty, tear-streaked mess of spittle and slime and demonic pre-cum – eloquently testifying to her terror as she flings a glance back at him, her eyes widening with horror as she sees how easily he's recovering from her desperate blow.

The demon just watches her at first, his lumpy head cocked almost playfully as she comes stumbling to the edge of the huge rift bifurcating the floor – the rift that runs right up to the church's entryway. She'll have to jump it to get outside... he watches her legs shudder with fear and doubt as she looks down into the darkness. But the fear of what's behind her is far more powerful, and after a moment's deliberation she gathers herself, and with a last terrified glance back at Velos, commits herself to the leap.

Without her arms to aid her, it comes very close to ending badly: she lands just on the verge of the entryway and finds herself teetering alarmingly backwards, nearly falling back into the catacombs below! But somehow, tensing every muscle in her sore and exhausted body, she manages to pitch herself forward and out!

"Ahhhhh..." the demon sighs luxuriantly in admiration as he watches her go, and as the last of the sharp agony bleeds back into the background pain that's been a constant companion through the last thousand years. He decides to give his quarry a little added motivation, his voice eerie as he calls out to her: *"Well done, little morsel... Run now, little rabbit, run as fast as you can before I come for you... I will have more of your suffering... more of your LUST... MORE of your FEAR... MORE... MOOORRRE!"*

Her lust has nourished him. As he prepares to give chase, he stretches and notes that his spine feels straighter. He can feel the lame wings on his back open further than he'd thought possible. He looks down at his hands: wrenches both of his twisted wrists closer to true and flexes his claws. He will never be beautiful again, he knows it... but he will grow stronger. He will be even more fearsome than ever.

"HAHAHAHAHAAAAAAHHHHH! MMMMMOOOOORRRRRE!" Letting out a shrieking, utterly mad laugh that would chill the blood of the most fearsome cacodemon in the lowest circles of the Realms, Velos leaps into pursuit of his prey.

Round Three.

♀ *(She.)*

Zatanna's head is throbbing. She's still half-stunned from when Velos had dropped her to the ground directly on her head, unable to throw up her arms to break the fall. The demon had been roaring in pain over her for some time before she'd managed to slither away on her belly and finally somehow gain her feet, to begin fleeing from him.

As she emerges from the confines of that terrible, desecrated cathedral, she's shocked to realize that the scene outside the church has hardly changed at all. It seems like an eternity of pain and horror and

defilement has passed since she strode so confidently up to the doors – but in reality, it's probably been less than an hour.

And what a difference an hour can make, she thinks miserably as she looks down at what's become of her: her voluptuous body shivering and sweat-slicked, naked but for her boots and the last shreds of her fishnets, her arms bound with that horrible slithering cord, her proud breasts out-thrust and stiff-nippled and throbbing with the same foreign and unwanted lust that pulses in her slick snatch and all through her sensitive flesh, her aching mouth ring-gagged and drooling and her pretty face slimed and fouled by the vicious, soul-wracking throat-fuck that Velos had inflicted on her. She'd come to this place thinking to routinely dispatch a minor enemy... and now the only thing she can hope to do is flee with her life, leaving pride and dignity far behind her.

A wave of shame and regret washes through her, but she fights it down. She's got to keep moving. Feeling her wet breasts bounce and jounce with her awkward steps, she moves as fast as she can through the broken flagstones and treacherous ground of the churchyard, the relatively short distance seeming to stretch out to an eternity as she hears Velos' voice behind her, calling out bone-chilling threats. There's a path – or the faint echo of a path, leading from the churchyard down to the rustic road below. Her only hope is to make it down there somehow, maybe hide in the woods beyond or follow the road and pray it leads to some kind of nearby help.

“*Ahhhhaahhh...*” she whimpers as she hears Velos give out a mad, blood-curdling laugh somewhere behind her. Her guts watery with fear, the luscious heroine picks up her pace, finally clearing the courtyard and running as fast as she can down the hill... praying all the while that some miracle will let her get free...

♂ **(He.)**

Though Velos has grown stronger, he's not up to either running or flying – but by combining awkward, shuffling hops with short bursts of gliding on his partially healed wings, he can almost match the running speed he'd once had. He bursts from the cathedral's front doors moments after beginning his pursuit. *There she is...* Her lungs laboring, her legs pumping, her heart bursting with fear, nude and beautiful as she flees the courtyard and makes for a road at the bottom of the church's little hill. Perhaps she hopes to lose him in the woods beyond.

It doesn't matter. She won't reach them. He steps out, the mighty, throbbing staff between his legs pointing the way as he grins, really beginning to enjoy himself now, and lets out an awful *howl* to affright the souls of every living wolf. *"I'm coooooiiiiingggg..."* he intones theatrically as he sees her desperately try to redouble her speed. He admires the jiggle of her soft buttocks, the panic in the blue eyes that cast another glance back at him as she runs headlong.

That backward glance is as bad a mistake as her flat-out pace in those heels. Two steps later, one of those heels digs into the turf, turning her ankle as she goes sprawling with a cry of “*Naaaaahhhhh!*” She's still twenty yards shy of the road.

Velos chuckles with amusement, glide-loping after her in leisurely fashion, letting out a shrill, eerie laugh as she wriggles on the ground like a landed fish, sobbing in terror as she desperately tries to regain her feet. A few yards from her he stops, watching her futile struggle for a moment... and then he descends on her, the nightmare ready to reclaim her. He lets out his awful mock-lupine *howl* again as he takes hold of her by her bound arms, the bitch squealing with fright -- "*Naaaahhhaahh! Ah Gaaad NAAHHHH!*" — kicking and struggling helplessly as he drags her back up the hill.

He knows the lust is a volcanic, unstoppable force in him now. His rampant member must have its way, and soon. There will just have to be a couple of quick preparations first...

♀ (*She.*)

The air whooshes from her lungs as Velos tosses the helpless heroine on her back amid the courtyard's broken flagstones. A sprained ankle thrums pain up her left leg. She quivers in terror as the demon looms above her – hideous and reeking as ever, but taller, more menacing, stronger than he'd been when he'd first emerged. She wonders briefly if it's a trick of perspective that makes his disgusting thing look ever bigger, thicker and longer as she gazes up at him, almost hyperventilating with fear, wondering what fresh horror lies in store.

And she tries to ignore the way her wet pussy aches and her clit swells, as if the prospect of what's to come makes it yearn to be filled.

She expects him to be on her right away... and looks at him with trepidation when instead he crouches a few feet from her, tilting his head back and making grotesque hacking noises deep in his throat. As he reaches into his mouth, she watches with a kind of ghastly fascination as he pulls out what seems to be a long, thick cord of slimy material, pulling and pulling, the thing seeming to wriggle with a life of its own as it comes free of his mouth. She feels her gorge rise as it suddenly occurs to her that something similar must be wrapped around her arms right now and holding the ring gag in place in her mouth... that this is where it had come from. The sense of instant revulsion tempts her to struggle against her bonds afresh, until their painful tightening warns her into desisting while tears of helplessness leak down her face. "*Nggahhhh...*"

As the cord wriggles in his hands like a blind worm, Velos holds it up and whispers to it. She jolts with sickened horror as he abruptly tosses the thing onto her belly, gyrating her body and bicycling her legs in a frantic, tit-jiggling attempt to simply get the slimy, horrid thing off her. But the cord whips around her waist, refusing to be dislodged, corkscrewing it slimy way up her torso as she desperately rolls on the ground and twists and fights to dislodge it.

"*Lie still and let it do its work, child,*" says the demon after a moment of watching this panicked display. "*I would hate to have to strike you.*"

The word "strike" — and the associated memories of painful defeat — freezes her with a whimper of despair. The old Zatanna would have laughed and outfaced a threat like that, but now the heroine's tears flow freely as her terror of him quickly wins out, and she meekly rolls onto her back again... panting

through her nose as she watches the horrid green cord-worm resume its progress. Unwrapping from around her ribcage, it slithers up now until one questing end reaches her heaving breasts – and then the cord begins to coil itself around and around and around those swollen, fleshy mounds, pushing them up high and squeezing them together as other parts of the cord wind themselves around her shoulders, binding themselves in a fiendishly complicated pattern into a harness. Zatanna watches in disbelief as her breasts are bound strictly and put on perverse display.

She knows a thing or two about magic. The sorcery she's just witnessed – the animation of bodily waste into near-sentience – might appear simple, but in fact it is no mean feat. It's a subtle combination of summoning and spirit-synthesis with sophisticated transmutation thrown into the mix: high magic indeed. Witnessing it makes her last lingering hopes of somehow getting the bonds off her arms flicker and die... for a terrible truth has become inescapable now.

Watching Velos stand over her, his eyes burning into her with gleeful hate, his diseased manhood standing proud and ready for violation, she realizes that not only is this no lowly denizen of Hell... he can only be one of its Lords, some previously unknown member of the Hellspawned peerage. Even in his weakened state, she is no match for him. A sense of doom weighs her down as she realizes that she was in over her head from the very beginning, that she probably never could have beaten him.

“Now,” Velos says. “*Where were we, my little morsel?*” The demon steps forward and kneels, straddling her ribcage and pinning her to the earth, her air growing labored. She quickly discovers his reason for binding her breasts as his spongy, slimy hard-on slaps down between them, sliding into a tight, warm channel now formed by her slippery mammaries, the cord-worm tightening and squeezing them even closer together for its master's pleasure. Gripping her by the hair, he hauls her head up at a painful angle that strains her neck, and she finds herself staring straight at the bulbous black head of his cock once again, rearing up almost a foot from between her breasts. “*Nahhhaahhh...*” she whimpers helplessly as she realizes he plans to fuck her tits and rape her throat simultaneously... and he has more than enough meat to do it with!

Guiding his noisome cockhead into her mouth, Velos wraps his fingers around the back of her head and holds her in place as he *thrusts*, his prick sliding forward between her wet tits until almost nine inches of it are buried in her mouth, plugging her throat. “*GGLLAKKHHHH!*” she gags and retches around the slimy cock-meat, the now familiar taste of the pus oozing from his sores as sickening and horrifying as before. He holds his position, blocking off her airway, watching as she struggles, her big blue eyes silently pleading him to stop. After a few seconds he lets her pull away until only the head of his cock remains, allowing her a couple of breaths before he rams it back in, making her choke on him, her throat convulsing around his thick shaft. Again, he pulls back, again shoves back in and begins to move in a steady rhythm, fucking her pretty, tear-streaked face.

♂ (*He.*)

Velos is beyond words. Focused intently on the task of fucking the slut's warm and yielding tits and raping her throat, his breaths come in heavy rasps, his tongue lolling out and the occasional snarl emerging from his throat as her works his way into a rhythm, the bitch's lovely features quickly coated

with a fresh mask of tears and dripping drool and second-hand slime from the sores on his cock. Her eyes start to grow glassy, to lose focus as her airway is regularly choked off by his solid prick.

Occasionally he pulls out and smacks her sharply in the face with one hand -- or spits in her face, or scoops up a helping of the drool and noisome slime slopping down her chin and feeds it to her, or just slaps her with his heavy member -- before shoving it back down her throat. Every act now has the purpose of further disorienting and terrifying her, reinforcing her submission and the demon's dominance. He savors the desperate, horrified gurgling sounds she makes as he has his way.

He can feel the urgency inside him beginning to rise. He has a thousand years' worth of lust churning in the enormous, bulbous testicles slapping wetly against her chin. His paramour will have plenty of helpings of it this night... but savoring the warm, wet velvety feeling of her breasts and mouth and throat around him, he knows he'll be pumping the first load straight into her stomach.

A veritable river of drool, slime and pre-cum is slithering down between the slut's chin by the time he reaches crisis point. Even as he takes hold of her ears and begins to pump his weapon rapidly, he feels the energy of lust thrumming through him, strengthening his body and swelling his cock even larger... building even more pressure in his tightening balls. *Yes... yes, it's time...*

"Grrraaaghhhhh..." he rumbles, throwing his head back as he rams himself deep inside her throat a final time, feeling her convulse around him as his prick begins to twitch. *"So good, you filthy little bitch..."* The pleasure thrilling his shaft finally breaches the dam, and the lustful pressure in his balls explodes in a geyser of horrid, sulfur-flavored demon-sperm down his victim's gullet!

♀ *(She.)*

Zatanna is barely aware of her surroundings now as the demon skull-fucks her senseless, going at her so hard that her ears are ringing. Her throat is on fire, her stomach in a constant state of boiling nausea as the sordid taste of his cock overwhelms her. She gags and suffocates every time he rams his length in, her mind reeling when he pulls himself from her mouth just long enough for his heavy hand to slap her face hard, leaving an angry red mark across her cheek before he slams back in. This makes the torment even worse: he builds a rhythm, and she starts adjusting, then he stops and smacks or degrades her, pulling her out of her daze so that when he's jamming his length down her throat again she feels every inch of it.

Worse yet is the almost painful ache of lustful yearning in her cunt, the thrills of unwanted pleasure from her bound breasts as his prick slides between them. For all her suffering, the shameful desires in her wanton body are growing further and further out of control, fracturing her mind as her inward attempts to write the feelings off as unnatural, as not really hers, start to seem increasingly hollow.

Just when she thinks she's about to pass out, she feels his member swell and pulse against her lips and tongue, and he drives himself deeper into her throat as he begins to flood her mouth with vile seed, his cum bursting down her throat, threatening to drown her if she doesn't swallow fast enough. On and on, spurt after spurt, he pumps out the foul fluid in a seemingly endless torrent... until he finally gives one last spurt and stops.

Her guts churn as Velos finally releases her hair and his weight comes off of her. Frantically, the heroine rolls onto her side, just in time for her body to heave and violently retch, his sperm, a bellyful of swallowed ooze and pus, and several previous waves of sick flooding their way back up her throat to form a puddle in the grass. Her chest is heaving, her body shivering by the time she finishes, and a little bit of leftover fluid dribbles down her lower lip while she slumps to the ground in misery.

In a way, it's the last kind of resistance left to her: the refusal to meekly swallow his spunk. The thought that this is all that's truly left to her now makes her want to wail to the heavens... but she knows the heavens won't hear her. Not without power. Not without her magic.

♂ **(He.)**

Looking at the poor creature shuddering, defeated and miserable on the ground before him, Velos knows even the vilest of mortal souls might feel some kind of pity. Such is the downfall of mortals: they are never entirely good nor entirely bad. It is only for angels or Hellspawn to be pure, in one direction or the other... and for all his damaged state, he is pure.

"A shame you weren't more welcoming of my gifts to you, little morsel," he tells her, gesturing to the pool of vomitus in the grass as he moves to claim her again. *"They would have made it easier for you to bear what's coming... but so be it. All the more fun for me..."*

He can feel her body almost vibrating with fresh fear as he pushes her fully over on to her belly. *"Nahhh... nnaaahaahhh..."* She sobs exhaustedly, plainly trying to convey that she can't stand any more. Velos simply smiles. *But you will, little morsel... whether you can or not.* Bending down over her, he whispers a short instruction to the cord-worm binding her wrists... and can sense her surprise her right hand abruptly comes free, the vine-like binding releasing it and slithering in more snugly to keep the left hand bound.

Her hand isn't free for long, of course. Velos' far more powerful claw quickly captures it. She puts up no resistance, merely looking on anxiously as closes most of her hand into a fist, leaving only her index finger free as he moves it over a nearby fragment of flagstone. Reaching over with the talons of his other hand, he presses one of their sharp edges against the tip of her finger and pricks it, looking on with satisfaction as the blood wells out.

"Ahhh... aaahhh naahhh... Naaaahhhh..." The slut's body goes rigid with terror as she suddenly realizes what he's about to do, and now she does try to fight, to yank her hand away, to get up and get free. But it's a simple matter to disabuse her of such notions: he simply squeezes his hand around hers until she cries out in pain, her bones on the edge of breaking, and for good measure reaches over with his free hand to the rearward peep of her sopping sex and gives her swollen clit a single, painful *flick* with one of his talons. *"NGGGAAHHHAHHHHH!"* She squeals in pain, breaking into desolate sobs as she subsides, shuddering, her eyes full of dull horror as she gives up the struggle.

“*Good girl,*” Velos rumbles approvingly. “*That's a good little slut...*” As he speaks, he's using her forefinger to write a series of Hellspawn runes on the flagstone. Mnemonic incantation. He can see her eyes go saucer wide as she watches it taking shape: clearly, she can read Hellspawn, perhaps even recognizes the spell. The notion of it had jumped into his head with another fragment of his memory, and he seems to remember he had once been able to cast it himself... but he's not sure how, except that he hadn't used this method. No matter, however; at the moment, he can simply use her magic to do it for him.

As he traces the last word in the magic sentence, his victim's eyes roll back in her head as she seems to go into a trance. It's a powerful spell, and her abilities have already been heavily taxed; Velos suspects she won't have any more spellcasting in her for a long while after this. But it's worth it. A blue glow begins to rise inside her, emanating from her mouth, shining through the skin of her belly, moving down to light up her groin and emanate from her ass and pussy as she writhes in something equidistant between pain and ecstasy.

Velos licks his chops in anticipation. Bits of memory tell him that the one problem for such as him in dealing with mortal women had always been their frailty. He was large enough to damage them, even remembers accidentally killing a few in his earliest excursions. Sometimes, to enjoy himself to the fullest, he had used a spell like this one to magically alter their sexual orifices: a dimensional trick making them larger inside than out, just as was normal with his sister-colleagues the succubi. In fact the mnemonic incantation written on the stones would have read, in his victim's language: “*Subuccus a sa peed em ekam.*”

The slut thrashes now as the spell works in earnest, transforming her for his use. And oh, what use he's going to make of her...

♀ (*She.*)

The horror of realizing that Velos is about to use her own blood to make her cast a spell against her will is bad enough. But after being broken to the inevitability of it with the agony in her hand and then in her vulnerable clit, Zatanna realizes what spell she's being made to cast... and knows both that it will sap the last of her energies, and that it portends far worse things yet to come. She's almost jellied with fear as it begins to take effect... and then awareness fades as the power goes to work.

The world seems to go blue-white as a powerful force cores its way into her, burning her mouth and throat, her viscera, her womb, the parallel channels of her pussy and her ass. The sensation is bizarre, as if her innards are being rearranged and put back together by a blind puzzle-maker with a perverse sense of humor.

As the feeling subsides, leaving her weak as a kitten, she emerges back into full consciousness to find herself still on her belly, both her hands bound again. Her body feels unnatural, poorly put together, as if there are things inside her inhabiting the same space and time against all natural laws. Despite this, though, the lust in her pussy and the throbbing in her breasts hasn't subsided... if anything, it's worse. She

whimpers, her hips writhing as if of their own accord as the implications of what she's been forced to inflict on herself start to sink in.

Then Velos grabs her by the hair, making her mewl in pain as he hauls her up on her rubbery legs. From there he kicks her thighs apart, hooks his powerful arms underneath them and lifts her up into the air, the heroine feeling a whine of fear rise in her throat as she feels herself fall back against the cracked and scabrous carapace on the demon's chest. Her thighs are splayed wide now as he hooks his arms through them, and then reaches up, and up, folding her body and splaying her legs almost painfully wide until his forearms cross over her shoulders and his hands clasp hold of the back of her skull... and the horrified heroine finds herself in a surreal full-body Full Nelson, looking down at a foot and a half of iron-hard black demon cock, its business end aimed at her vulnerable fuckholes!

"Nahhhh... NAAHHH!" Looking down in wide-eyed horror and disbelief, she moans an incoherent plea for mercy, her voice hoarse and ragged from her hard throat-fuckings. Spell or no spell, she's vividly certain in this moment both that he plans to use the full length of his manhood on her, and that it will kill her. But the demon has no pity; she can feel his grip bear mercilessly down on her head, forcing her to watch as that twitching prick begins to line up and pick a target...

♂ **(He.)**

He finds he's in no mood for her whining now. Snarling wordlessly at her, Velos sinks his teeth into the soft flesh of her left shoulder... and as she cries out, he rears back his cock, lines it up with her tight little slit, and... he strikes!

"AUUUUHHHHHAUUUUGHHHH!" The slut wails as the first thrust hammers home in her tight pussy, stretching the sensitive pink flesh painfully taut around Velos' massive girth. She gives a sobbing moan as her sugar walls contract around the hard black demon-meat, shuddering with desire, that single thrust claiming the whole length of her love tunnel and pounding painfully against her cervix.

"NNAAAHHHAUUUGHHHHHH!"

So tight... He marvels at how her sex clasps his flesh – tight and vise-like, almost virginal – as he begins to pump in and out, moving his hips to provide both of them with varied angles of stimulation and pleasure, the slut moaning wantonly as her greedy cock-socket sucks at the pounding pole, already rising toward orgasm. Just shy of nine inches of his prick are buried in her cunt, a little less than halfway now given its growth since his emergence, but he takes the time to savour this step, watching her snatch liberally soak the front half of his member as he pounds it home, her cries rising and rising and her snug fuck-hole clutching tighter and tighter and tighter as her crisis approaches, until finally she tenses up and squeals as her pussy begins to rapidly spasm and squirt her copious juices around his plundering prick!

"AGGGGGHHHH-AUUUUGHHHH-AAAAUUUGHHHH-AHHHHH-AIIIIIIIIII!"

Velos keeps up his thrusts and the twisting motions of his hips, drawing out the pleasure for her as one climax blends into another. The time is coming to explore the bitch's magically extended capacities now... for the spell, *if* it's worked, will have turned the whole channel of her pussy and womb into a single, elastic, pleasurably penetrable fuck-sheath reaching right up to her diaphragm. If the spell hasn't worked,

of course, what he's about to do will in fact mean an agonizing death for her... but nobody's ever accused demons of empathy or guilt.

As he draws back for his next thrust, the sex-addled slut is now so lost in lust that she doesn't fully realize anymore what's coming. The stroke that skewers deep into her, spearing through her cervix and into the dank wetness of her womb as he rams in, draws a choked scream of shock from deep in her throat: *"HHHHAAAAHHHAUUUGHHH!"* Velos grits his teeth as he sinks thirteen full inches into her, her body going rigid and her cunt continuing to clasp wetly at his prick as she spasms. Savouring the sensation of burying himself deeper and deeper in her wet, welcoming interior, he pushes down *hard* on her head as he forces her down to meet his thrusts, her wild eyes watching in disbelief the extremity of the penetration her sweet pink pussy is taking. The demon saws his prick further and further in, drawing screams of mingled agony and ecstasy from his nearly swooning fuck-toy as she seizes up in a confused mixture of desire and rejection. Unstoppable, his weapon thrusts in, and in, and in until he's buried to the hilt in her helpless little mortal body, his balls slapping heavily against her clit as the head of his cock nudges her diaphragm!

"WHHHUUUUUGHHHHHH!" The air whooshes out of her lungs at that final impact, the tensing muscles of her midsection adding to the clasp and clutching of her hot, vastly stretched pussy. Her bound breasts jounce and jiggle dramatically with every thrust. The bottom nine inches of his member thrill to the continued orgasmic milking of her fuck-hole, the climaxes redoubling as the whirlwind of pain and pleasure descends on her and her clit explodes at the repeated impact of his hot balls, her juices bursting around his gargantuan shaft as the sores and boils speckling it touch her quivering nerve endings in unexpected ways. Desperately, she draws in another breath... and another thrust of his cock promptly hammers it out of her! The process repeats again and again and again! *"WHHHUUUGHHH... UHHGGHHH... UHHHHUUUGHHHHH... WHUUGHH!"*

"Take it all, you slut... take it all... TAKE IT!" Velos growls in savage pleasure as he fucks her hard, savouring the feeling of being fully sheathed. As her tight body works at him, he can feel the telltale signs of his own climax starting to build, but holds out as long as he can to enjoy the moment. Utterly overwhelmed by the cock that has become her whole world – right down to mastering the rhythm of her breathing with its raping thrusts – the bitch's head has begun to loll in a half-swoon. The demon, rutting with maximum brutality now, finally finds he can hold out no longer. He tenses up, hammers his prick home a final time, and lets out a bellow of delight as his potent Hellspawn seed erupts inside her like a geyser, his balls jumping and flooding her with spurts after spurt as she twitches and shudders like a pinned butterfly. The sticky fluid is overflowing around his shaft before he gives a hoarse snarl of satisfaction and finally pulls his massive cudgel out of her, releasing her to collapse in a swoon at his feet as his load bubbles out of her abused hole and he decorates her back and ass with a final few splashes of spunk.

♀ *(She.)*

Zatanna can only sob brokenly, shuddering as she lies ass-up on the ground at her conqueror's feet, her mind reeling at the unnatural enormity of what's just happened to her, at her body's traitorous and ecstatic

reaction to it. There is nothing left of her fire, her resistance. She knows there's nothing she can hope for now but for the demon to leave her alive when he's finished defiling her every orifice... whenever that is.

“*Ahhhahhh...*” she moans defeatedly as she feels his hand on her shoulder, the demon yanking her backwards and forcing her cushiony rump higher into the air. She tries to brace herself for what's coming, but as she feels a goblet of his horrid drool anoint her sphincter and his massive cockhead start to probe at her back passage, she can't help moaning in pain and fear. And then...

“*NNNAAAHHAAA!*” He tears the cry from her throat as his cock finally breaches her tightest hole, stretching her wide to accommodate him. Though her entrance is slicked with his spit and the slime from the abscesses decorating his shaft, she's still so tight and small that can only shove inward an inch at a time. She gasps and shudders, her anal cavity gripping him as if to prevent him from any deeper trespass. Even with only the first couple of inches of him inside, the pain is knifing up her back, terrible enough that she doesn't want to believe he can force her to take his entire length...

♂ **(He.)**

Velos grits his fangs as he presses himself deeper, corkscrewing his prick as he forces his way inward inch by grueling inch. He's careful not to rush it, savoring the dank heat and deliciously tight grip of the dumb bitch's inexperienced poop-chute, reveling in her gasps and full-body shudders of agony as she struggles to endure the hideous violation. The effect is intoxicating, and by the time he's halfway home, an ache of lust is rising in his testes as his shaft begins to throb with urgency.

He leans forward, spattering drool up her spine, and takes her by the hair as he croons into her ear: “*Enjoying yourself, little morsel? I can feel you shivering with pleasure... you must like it this way, hmm?*” He extrudes his tongue and slathers the side of her face with spit as he reached his other hand underneath her, his twisted fingers exploring her soft pink folds and drawing fresh shudders from her. “*You'd make a fine toy for the phallusoids in the Nether Realms... perhaps I'll send you there when I'm done with you, so they can ravish you just this way through all eternity... you'd like that, wouldn't you... slut...*”

With that last word, he picks up the speed of his frigging at her cunt and draws his hips back for a fresh assault on her rectum. He's lodged deep enough inside her now to abandon the inch-by-inch pushing and probing for a more brutal approach; with its dimensional trickery, the spell will have created more than two feet of tight anal pleasure to explore, and it's time to enjoy it. He snarls as he pulls his slick member several inches back... and then hammers it home, pounding himself deeper and deeper into her ass with each long withdrawal and fresh inward thrust, reveling in her exhausted cries as he continues to manipulate the wet flesh of her pussy in rhythm with the anal ravaging, grinding himself in down to the hilt, her soft ass jiggling and her breasts swaying with each brutal thrust as his massive balls slap wetly against her tingling cunt-lips.

As he feels himself fully sheathed inside her, he can already feel his lust beginning to build toward another crest. Throwing back his head, his snarls choking themselves off inside his throat, he begins to pick up the pace of his jarring thrusts, sliding a pair of misshapen digits up the tight channel of her pussy

as he accelerates toward crisis point. He can feel the slut's pussy begin to clutch and squirt in ecstasy, her squeals echoing through the courtyard as he pounds her faster, harder, deeper, until:
“GRRRAAAGHHHHH!” The demon slams his cock in one final time, anointing her ensorcelled innards with another prodigious load of boiling jism as she mewls helplessly in his grip!

♂♂♂ (*They.*)

The Mercedes jars and thumps over the pits and potholes in the crude road as the three cultists approach their destination. The last light of dusk is fading away, the clouds beginning to part overhead to admit the silvery light of a full moon. That light limns the outlines of the sinister, decrepit church on its lonely hilltop, making it look almost picturesque. Like a place where dreams might come to fruition.

Watching avidly from his seat in the back of the car, Pierre feels like a kid on Christmas day, desperately eager to get to the opening of the presents. There's a curious feeling in the air, one that only experienced occultists who've stood in the presence of demons would know: a feeling of something terrible having been let loose. The chief priest of the Cult of the Nameless One taps his fingers impatiently against his knees as Yves slows the car to a halt at the base of the hill.

Renard can feel the presence too, says: “The Nameless One *is* free. And he's still here.”

“I know,” snaps Pierre impatiently. “Come on. Let's go. Let's go!”

As the trio climbs out of the car, faint sounds reach their ears. Sounds that would make most other men turn tail and run. The growls and snarls of something bestial and unearthly, and beneath them, the clear sounds of feminine suffering: gagging and slurping and choking, muffled squeals of helpless protest. *The plan has worked... it really worked!* There's wonderment in the thought for Pierre, standing now on the threshold of meeting the dark deity to whom he's dedicated the better part of his life. Looking up that hill, his men hesitating alongside him, he finds himself smoothing his hair and reaching for a breath mint, for all the world like a teenager on his first date.

Lucifer's balls, man, get a grip, he chides himself, stilling his hands and forcing his expression to its customary harsh serenity. Looking at his men, he gives a nod. “Up,” he says, and then cautions: “Slow and easy.”

They give answering, anxious nods. In unison, the trio begin the climb up the bare, overgrown echo of a path. The horrible sounds of what can only be a demonic violation of a mortal woman grow louder and louder as they approach the churchyard... and as they come to its edge, as one, they stop and look on in awe.

He is there. In the flesh, right in front of them. The Nameless One looks much the worse for wear – his carapace pitted and broken, his skull malformed and lumpy as if pressed out of shape, his magnificent horns broken off into stubs, his face and body hideous and twisted as if all the underlying bones had been shattered over and over again and healed at the wrong angles. Nevertheless, his power is unmistakable. His twisted limbs radiate a terrible strength. An aura of sorcerous power rolls off of him in waves. His

wings spread out and flex behind him, looking slightly *off* but still essentially like what Pierre had seen in the obscure occult manuals that described him.

And his mighty member has lost none of its power either – as can clearly be seen from the awesome length and girth of it as the Nameless One hammers it repeatedly into the salivating mouth and distending throat of the naked beauty bound and helpless at his feet. Hers are the muffled squeals and gagging sobs: naked but for a pair of slutty stripper boots and shredded fishnets, her mouth held wide by some kind of ring gag, her pretty features fairly dripping with slime and spittle, her arms and breasts bound by some kind of wet green vine that looks as if it's alive and squirming, her blue eyes streaming with tears as she looks up at the mighty demon with glazed hopelessness and utter submission, her hips wriggling and viscous fluid dripping from the wet pink gash that periodically peeps out through her big, soft buttocks.

Zatanna, Mistress of Magic, thinks Pierre, his heart pounding in exultation as his cock goes painfully hard. He's dreamed of seeing her like this, has hated this bitch for years: for more than once, her self-appointed righteous “heroics” in the field of the occult have unwittingly thwarted him and delayed his schemes. Choosing her to be the offering had been risky, but what he's seeing now makes it clear that the risk paid off. Something about the scene looks particularly strange: and Pierre realizes that there shouldn't be room in the superheroine's gullet for the sheer amount of cock the Nameless One is savagely cramming into it. But no matter. One expects the Lord of Lust to have sorcery at his command.

He wonders if the Lord has noticed him and his compatriots, but he needn't wonder for long. “*Mortals,*” he rasps in the Hellspawn tongue, pronounced with the accent of an ancient speaker. He doesn't pause in his vigorous thrusting as he addresses them: “*Might I ask why you come to disturb the tender and romantic moment I'm sharing with this little morsel?*”

Yves and Renard shiver at hearing the Nameless One's voice but can't understand his words. Pierre can, though, and can even essay an answer in Hellspawn, albeit rather poorly-pronounced: “Mighty Lord, we are your humble servants. It was we who sent this offering to you.”

At this, the Nameless One pauses, his balls slapping wetly against Zatanna's chin as he leaves his member buried to the hilt, the heroine convulsing with suffocation while he looks curiously over at the little band. “*Really,*” he says at last. “*You arranged this? You three?*”

“There are many more, Mighty Lord,” Pierre says with a humble bow. “We merely have the great honour of greeting you, and welcoming you back into the world. Our order felt your imprisonment was unjust.”

“*Did you, now.*” The Nameless One sounds wryly skeptical. “*So you did this all for 'justice'? I suppose you don't want anything in return?*”

“Only to be remembered and counted among Your Lordship's loyal vassals,” replies Pierre smoothly, with another humble bow. It's a common mistake among demon-worshippers to demand “the cheddar” too quickly. Lamont has rehearsed this moment in his mind for years; he doesn't plan to make any mistakes.

"I see." The demon muses for a moment more, then belatedly seems to notice the increasingly desperate mewling of his suffocating fuck-toy, and pulls out to let her gulp in some much-needed air. *"Well, I can't deny you gentlemen have done me some service."* Promptly resuming his balls-deep plowing of the heroine's gullet, he adds: *"I can... rrrggghhh... certainly meditate... gggrrraaghhh... on the issue of service and vassals... unghhh... agghhh... as I'll have need of both... agggghhh... hhhrrghhh... uggghh, excuse me for a moment... agghhh-aghhh-aghhhh-aghhhhh-grrraaaghhhh..."* The demon is suddenly heedless of them as he closes his eyes and speeds up his merciless skull-fucking of the bound beauty, who gags and coughs and splutters as he finally drives his weapon home, closing his terrible eyes, his nuts jumping against her wet chin as he pumps a load of jism down her gullet. Pierre and his men watch on with dry mouths and painfully stiff pricks straining at their jeans as the demons finally pulls free and spurns the bitch unceremoniously away with one scaly foot, the naked Zatanna slumping to the ground and whimpering quietly, looking pathetic, defeated, utterly destroyed.

Dusting off his hands, the demon turns to them again and picks up the thread of conversation as if nothing had happened, his immense and diseased-looking prick – it must be at least nineteen inches long – slackening slightly. *"Yes, I'll have need of both... but you may want to consider that I've changed a little."* He gestures down at himself, indicating his misshapen body. *"I would hate for my vassals not to know what they're agreeing to."*

"Your Lordship is as mighty in our eyes as ever," Pierre assures him obsequiously, bowing again. "We truly live but to serve."

The Nameless One grimaces at this, as if thinking: *Laying it on a little thick, aren't you?* But he says nothing for a moment, the black pits of his eyes inscrutable. Eventually he rumbles: *"Well, we shall see. Time enough for all that later. In the meantime,"* he looks around him in dissatisfaction, curiously like an embarrassed host with no wine to offer his guests: *"In the meantime you should have some immediate reward for your services. This little morsel you sent along not only freed me, she has most admirably revived me. Put up a pretty stimulating fight, too."* Looking down at her – there seems to be some kind of blue mist emerging from her mouth and nether orifices, or is Pierre imagining it? -- the demon quirks his mouth and seems to come to a decision. *"I've little enough to offer at this point... but perhaps you three would fancy a turn with her?"*

Pierre struggles mightily to keep from somersaulting with evil joy. To get to share a woman with the Lord of Lust *and* rape the hated Zatanna all in one package? He translates eagerly for his comrades, who waste no time in nodding their assent. "Mighty Lord, your generosity humbles us," he says to the Nameless One. "We're delighted to accept!"

"Ah. Good, good," says the demon, looking down at the heroine's slumped form. She can understand what he and Pierre are saying, and the Nameless One gives a malicious little smile as he sees her head come up in bleary, exhausted fright, a shiver going through her flesh at the sight of the three athletic newcomers with well-endowed bulges at their crotches. *"Do as you please with her, just so long as you don't kill or mutilate her,"* the Hellspawn says matter-of-factly. *"I have some... business to attend to inside. Enjoy yourselves. I'll be rejoining you shortly."*

With that, the demon turns abruptly on his heel and limps with a shuffling, awkward gait back toward the ruined cathedral. Pierre and his henchmen exchange looks, repressing the urge to break into titters like teenagers who've just met their favorite celebrity. "What did I tell you?" Pierre says in excited *sotto voce*. "I knew it would all be worth it one day... and this is that day, brothers. I mean, that night. Whatever, you know what I mean."

"Do you... think he liked us?" asks Yves, watching the Nameless One's back as he disappears into the church. "It didn't really seem like he liked us."

"Demons don't 'like' people, Yves," Renard reproves him scornfully. "You ought to know that by now. They just sometimes find us useful, as we sometimes find them. I think he's found us pretty fucking useful, wouldn't you?"

"Speaking of which," adds Pierre. "Time we claim our reward, isn't it?"

Breaking into broad, gloating grins, all three men turn on Zatanna. The naked, beaten heroine is on her knees and shivering, her black hair gleaming in the moonlight, her baby blues wide with fear and full of tears, her bound breasts dappled with bright spittle and presenting themselves proudly to the men as they advance on her, unzipping their pants. "Nahhhh... *nnaaahhhh*..." she pleads weakly with them, trying to shuffle back and away... but the cultists would sooner put out their own eyes than miss an opportunity like this. Her pleading moans grow louder as, in unison, they descend on her.

Final Round.

♀ (*She.*)

As Velos had stood over her and forced her to suck the pungent flavour of her own raped ass off of his reeking cock, had pounded it into a gullet weirdly distended by the spell he'd made her cast on herself, Zatanna had thought herself numb to horror. At first, she hadn't even noticed the other men who had come on the scene, her reeling brain preoccupied only with enduring the impossible violation of her pharyngeal tract, her body writhing in lust as suffering and degradation became her whole world.

But then she'd heard Velos talking with the men, had belatedly begun to understand that they were his cultists – from the same group that had led her here, led her straight into a trap from which there's no escaping – and heard him offer her to them. And she's discovered that she's not so numb after all.

Being overpowered and violated by a demon was one thing. If nothing else, there was at least the minimally consoling knowledge that he was a creature of power, that he'd beaten her in a straight fight. But to be *handed over* to common human scum like this... it's a new low, an even deeper shame, the tawdry shame of being taken by men she should have been able to scatter like gnats with her power.

Her power, though, is all faded. Leached away by the battle, the healing spell, and then the final Succubus-spell that had allowed Velos to enjoy the deepest recesses of her body without killing her. Even

without the ring gag, her magic would be useless to her. The Succubus-spell had expired as Velos and his flunkies had spoken... her innards returning to normal, the weird dislocations inside her fading. But it's no consolation: as the three men advance on her, they're unzipping to reveal ten inches of hard dick apiece, more than enough to make her suffer in all the mundane and ordinary ways that will hammer home how completely she's been overcome, how utterly she's been overthrown.

They're predictably unmoved by her pleading moans of denial, their enormous porn-star cocks wagging and tumescent as they reach for her. With her sprained ankle, she can't get up and run. Exhausted and defeated, she's beyond fighting or struggling. All she can do is weep as the white-haired one, wearing a strangely personal look of hatred, grabs her and shoves her mouth onto his salty dick, the bound heroine's eyes rolling as he shoves it down her throat. “NNNGGHHHHH!” she squeals as one of his friends, the black one, crouches behind her and with no further ado, *shoves* his hot, thick meat up her tight ass, her soft buttocks jiggling as he begins to thrust, the enforced lust swelling like molten honey in her pussy as he reaches underneath her and jams four thick finger into her twat: “NNGGGGHHHNNNGHHHHH!”

Even for these mortal douchebags, the spell of lust the demon has forced into her is making her body respond, her cock-socket clutching eagerly at the invading fingers as the white-haired man's tall, lanky and ugly companion comes to stand alongside him, proffering a crooked, skinny penis to be sucked. Sure enough, after fucking her mouth with a few more thrusts, the white-haired man grins, pulls her up off his prick only to have her mouth slammed wetly down to the root of his companion's cock, the ugly man moaning loudly as her nose is buried in his stinking pubes and she swallows helplessly around his meat. “GGLLLLLCKKHHHHH!”

“Yeah, nice tight ass, you dumb bitch,” grunts her anal rapist in French into her ear as he hammers her hard and deep. “You fucking love it, don't you, whore? You *love* it in that tight fucking ass...”

“Sucks a mean dick, too,” comments the ugly one as he comments to fucking her pretty mouth. “Ohhh, that's nice... *suck* it, you fucking stupid *slut*...”

The white-haired one is slapping his stiff dick against her cheek, watching avidly as she's force-fucked by his friends. Her blue eyes look up at him in horror as he says to her: “This is what you deserve, you silly whore. Try to interfere with my plans, will you? Guess who gets the last laugh, hey? It's time you learned a woman's true function. *This* is what you're good for, you fucking dopey cunt. *This* is what you are... how do you like that?”

She feels herself descending into a deeper well of despair than she'd even suspected was possible as the insults ring in her ears, and as she realizes that ultimately it was these cultists – these crude, tawdry lowlife men – who got the best of her, who led her by the nose into this infernal trap that defeated and broke her. *I can't believe I was so stupid... God, I'm such a stupid slut... dumb bitch... silly whore...* “NNNGGHHMMMPHH!” she mewls sorrowfully around the savory mouthful of cock as the humiliating anal rape begins to send waves of dark pleasure out from her stuffed rectum, adding to the unwanted pleasure in her finger-fucked cunt as she writhes under the pounding, helpless to hold the rising tide of orgasm at bay. She gives a shrill squeal of unwilling ecstasy as the combined sensations sweep her over

the edge, her fuck-hole clutching and squirting around the invading digits as the vile and common men bring her off hard and nasty: “NNNNGHHHHNNGGHHHHHHNNGGHHHHHHH!”

“Hah, I *knew* all you needed was a good fucking, *slut*,” says the white-haired man gloatingly as he yanks her mouth off his friend's dicks and rams his prick down her throat again. “Ask me nice and I might let you be one of my porn sluts... we'll make some serious money fucking that whore ass of yours to kingdom come... we'll make you *really* famous... the dirtiest little bitch in the biz...”

She shuts her eyes tight, trying to control the horrid lust wracking her body, trying to shut out their vicious words. But she knows that it's exactly what they're reducing her to: one of the world's greatest heroines, now mere “fuck meat” in porn parlance, her holes up for grabs to any man with a dick big enough to stretch them on camera, the lowest and most contemptible grade of porno slut, the kind of whore who spends a short life fucking for cash and winds up dead in a dumpster, forgotten by all and missed by none, only scattered clips of her perverted defilement on the Internet to let anyone know she'd existed at all. She feels the hot cock in her ass starting to thrust harder, faster, deeper as she writhes and mewls and feels her sugar walls quivering around the black man's fingers, her slutty little pussy getting ready to cum again... and again... and *again*...

Stupid slut... Silly whore... Dopey cunt... Dumb bitch... Dirtiest little bitch in the biz... the words echo in her fracturing mind as the cultists use her hard like the fuck-toy she is...

♂ (*He.*)

Fury boils in Velos' guts as he glides into the cathedral's ruined nave. His furious hatred of the entire mortal world, of all of these pewling monkey-spawn who run it, is incandescent. He seems to remember he had always despised the mortals who professed to worship him: felt contempt at their impositions, their squalid and infantile and inconsequential ambitions and dreams, their attempts to make him feel somehow *indebted* to them. *Ridiculous! Ludicrous! Fools and cowards all!* The contempt of old lives in him now a thousandfold, fueled by a millennium of agony.

The rage is sharpened by the inescapable fact that he really *is* indebted to those oily, obsequious lickspittles now slaking their mortal lust on the slut, *his* slut, out in that courtyard. It's an unavoidable fact... and one he resents to his core. '*Vassals*', he thinks disdainfully. *They think to be my 'vassals'!... think to be 'remembered'!... those gibbering little apes! Those insignificant fucking maggots!* Well, let the halfwits enjoy their little 'reward.' There's after all no denying their offering had freed him, had made him strong again. They'll be duly recompensed for those services, and after that, he'll deal with them as they deserve.

First things first, though. As he alights on the rickety floor in front of the shattered altar, approaches the pentagram inscribed there – and gives a nasty smile of recognition to the bones of the perverted Satan-worshipping bishop who'd managed to trap him, all those years ago – his infernal mind bends itself to more urgent considerations. The denizens of Hell will soon learn he's free... and he knows that in some capacity, he'd once been important there. They'll be uncomfortable at the thought of him loose in the world, beyond the pale of the Almighty Lord's authority, unless he offers them someone in his place.

And he has just the someone.

He pauses for a moment, his eye alighting on a discarded object nearby. It's a top hat, the same hat that the slut had used to attack him in the first feints of their encounter. He realizes that beyond thinking of her as "the slut" and "the bitch" and his "little morsel," he'd never actually gotten her name. *But mortals do have a habit of inscribing their names on their belongings.*

Reaching down, he picks it up, turning it over in his hands, looking inside the brim. *There. Letters.* The power of lust and conquest thrums through him now. The sorcery needed to activate the fullest extent of the Hellspawn Gift of Tongues is scarcely an effort. The letters glow as he concentrates on them, reforming themselves into the ages old Hellspawn glyphs, and he reads them. They spell a name: 'Zatanna Zatara.' *Hello, my little morsel... very good. Excellent.*

Limping over to the pentagram, he crouches down with a grunt of pain and studies it, looking for the gap she'd made in the circle. It's very small, but easy to identify... *there.* Stretching his own hand over that small break in the bishop's dried blood, he takes the sharp edge of a talon to his palm. His blood wells out, black and foul, beads and drips down, splashing into the little groove in the wood. As it does so, he concentrates, focuses, groping in the fragments of his memory for the lurid and fiery images of Hell... of *Home. Yes... there it is... there!*

Power sings and rushes through him as the pentagram begins to glow with red light. The spectral image of a head takes ship in a glowing mist above it, snaps into focus: the exquisite and delicately beautiful face of a succubus, her red skin flawless, graceful horns curving up on either side of her skull from her dark, luxuriant hair. Her expression is thoroughly bored, absent-minded.

"Please state the nature of your banishment request..." she starts saying in the tongue of the Hellspawn, but then as she looks up and sees him, her expression suddenly changes, transforming into wide-eyed startlement, her obsidian eyes glistening. "*Hey, what the Heaven... this isn't a Hellspawn channel!*" Squinting now as she searches his face and adds: "*You look familiar, guy... do I know you?*"

Maybe you do, he thinks, but his shredded memory contains no traces of her. He hesitates for a moment, then falls back on a phrase he does remember: "*I wish to transact Infernal Business of a Banishment nature with your nearest relevant Lord.*"

"*Oh you do, do you?*" She frowns in irritation... but there's curiosity beneath it. "*You do know you're breaking about a hundred different protocols by using a mortal-made gate for this, right? What if my nearest relevant Lord doesn't care for that kind of loose-cannon shit?*"

"*Let me worry about that.*" Something *does* seem familiar about her, he feels it now. But he still can't place it. Shutting his eyes for a moment, he gropes among his bits of memory for a more important bit of memory. In Hell, you always needed a name. Someone the flunkies feared, someone they'd hop for. A face pops into his mind... a face associated with the kind of lies and betrayals and double-dealing that are second nature to demons, and most especially to demon *siblings.* A face that had been the twin of his

own. He grimaces as the memory of the slipperiness and subtlety of its owner comes back to him, more in impressions and feelings than images... but still, it's what he needs. *"I've an idea. Forget the nearest relevant Lord. Connect me with my brother."*

"Brother?" The curiosity is in the open now. *"What brother?"*

"Asmodeus."

The succubus' face changes again, cycling from disbelief to suspicion, to wariness, and into awe. *"Lucifer's balls,"* she breathes. *"Syphadeus... is that really you?"*

He pauses blankly. He feels like he should recognize the name... had that been his name? He can't tell, so all he says is: *"Just connect me, if you'd be so kind."*

Her mouth compresses as she gives a nod, and a moment later, her face vanishes. After a long pause, it's replaced by another: a tremendously fat face, looking preoccupied, sporting the magnificent sweeping upturned horns that are the family trademark. No longer the twin of his beauty of old, but traces of that beauty are still discernible under the blubber. *"This had better be good,"* he starts to say in a rumbling, *basso profundo* voice... but as he registers the face, he swiftly masks a reaction of startlement. So swiftly that a non-demon would never catch it. *"Ah,"* he says. *"Sypha. Good to see you, brother, it's been a while... you're, uh, looking great."*

"Of course, I am," replies Velos wryly. *"Give me another six months and the broken-horns look will be all the rage. I guarantee it. It's good to see you too... you conniving bastard."*

"Hah. Same old Sypha." Asmodeus imitates wistful affection pretty well, but his beady eyes are already searching, calculating, assessing... a look repeated in many fragments of Velos' memory. His attention flickers down to something near him, and he says: *"Okay, so Lilith says you're apparently using a mortal gate to negotiate Infernal Business. Want to tell me what's up with that?"*

"Call it poetry. I just broke free. This is the same gate that little monkey-spawn used on me."

"No shit." Asmodeus looks pensive. *"Well, can't begrudge you that, I guess. Although, you know, kind of a dick move, letting one of them outsmart you like that."*

"You truly have no idea how much I agree with you." Velos says it with feeling.

"No, I guess not. Okay, so what's up?"

"I'm planning to stay on this plane for a while, to wreak some extreme havoc," Velos says bluntly. *"That is what I want to negotiate."*

Another flash of startlement swiftly masked. Asmodeus hasn't lost a step and doesn't miss a beat: he doesn't start talking about "loose cannons" and "protocols" and the various other shibboleths that Velos

senses a Lord would normally bring up. Instead, he simply says: *“Perfect, sounds fine, we can talk about that. Tell you what, why don't you come down for a visit and I can set up a face-to-face with the Old Man? I'm sure we can work something out.”*

Velos gives a twisted grin and shakes his head. *“I think not. But I do have a counter-offer.”*

“Shoot.” The tone of voice is still conversational, unperturbed.

“I've some mortal flesh up here that might interest you.” Consulting the top hat's brim, he says: *“Does the name 'Zatanna Zatara' sound familiar?”*

This time Asmodeus can't hide his startlement... and knows he can't. His eyes go wide in their surrounding folds of fat, and his look is suddenly intense, utterly focused. *“You serious? You have her?”*

“I see that you know her.” Velos can't help but feel smug. He has a feeling there haven't been many occasions when he's put his brother on the back foot like this. *“She's here, indeed. I've been making her acquaintance. She's quite docile now.”*

Asmodeus gives a low whistle, impressed despite himself. *“Leave it to old Sypha. I should have known you'd come back with a bang. So to speak.”*

“So, then, you're interested.” A statement, not a question. Velos feels elation rising in him as he can feel the deal beginning to fall into place.

A pause, then: *“Yes. We could do business on a brood-mare contract, I think; your freedom topside for the duration of her service.”* There are few things rarer or more precious in the Nether Realms than living mortal flesh... and especially a ripe, living mortal womb. But Asmodeus' expression grows suddenly suspicious and he adds: *“Only, I'd better not find out you're sharpening me, here. She gets down here and turns out to be a clone or a doppelganger or some shit like that, and all bets are off. The Old Man will decorate his study with your spinal column. You get that, right?”*

“If it were otherwise, we would not be speaking now,” says Velos soberly.

Asmodeus nods. *“Alright. Stay in contact and give me a few minutes. I'll have Lilith draw something up.”* He begins to turn away, pauses, then turns back and says: *“It really is good to see you out, Sypha. We'd pretty much given up on you.”*

The deformed demon shakes his head. *“Lovely to be out, but a few things have changed. You know, I hardly even remember this 'Syphadeus' any longer? You had best just call me... Velos.”*

“Velos. Hmmm.” Asmodeus gives an agreeable nod. *“Okay... mister 'Suffering.' I'm on board with that. And good luck with the havoc, by the way. Make sure and spread around some suffering to those fucking monkey-spawn for me, will you?”*

Velos gives a terrifying grin in response. “*Oh, I will, brother. You can bet that I will.*”

♂♂♂ (*They.*)

“Ahhhh, fucking whore, you're so *tight*...”

Pierre grunts the words out as he pounds his cock home, reveling in the slick, dank heat of Zatanna's bowels as he fucks her ass like a rutting baboon, smacking the jiggling globes of her soft rump with one hand and then the other like some perverted conga player as she mewls around the big black dick in her mouth. He can feel Yves' prick jostling against his own through the thin membrane separating her ass and her cunt, the two of them hammering away in an alternating rhythm as Renard grimaces, doing his best Nameless One throat-fucking impression. All three of them are naked now but for their shoes, reveling in the helpless flesh of their prize as she writhes under their triple-pronged onslaught.

“*NNNNGGLLCKHHHH! GGGLLACCKHH!*” squeals the stupid bitch as her juices comes squirting out from her stuffed cunt, announcing the fourth time this position that she's cum all over Yves' cock. The ugly young man groans as he fights to hold out... just like all of them, battling the wet seduction of the slut's holes to make their victory fuck last just a little longer... just a little longer...

But Pierre can feel his balls tightening, his prick swelling. There's no more holding out now... he's coming to the point of no return. The whore whimpers as she feels his thrusts starting to pick up pace, his throbbing meat getting ready to burst, to turn her shit-chute into a sloppy cream-pie. He grits his teeth, groaning as the moment of truth comes hurtling closer.

“Aww fuck, I'm gonna cum, bitch,” he announces joyously, grabbing her by the ears and ramming her head brutally down on Renard's thrusting prick and furiously plunders the depths of her tightest place. “You ready... gonna spunk up your fucking ass... take my spunk in your fucking ass, you *whore*... *take it...* *AAAAHHHGGHHHHHHH...*”

Tensing up as he pumps his weapon home, right down to the hilt, Pierre can already feel the endorphin high starting to hit as his balls start jumping, his cock swelling and his jism splattering deep up inside her, bullet after bullet of his slimy spunk filling her up as she mewls helplessly and starts squirting again. That clutching, juicy cock-socket is too much for Yves, who rams it home in his turn and fills the fuck slut's sloppy snatch with his hot load, Renard hollering as he starts to empty his balls all over her mouth and then pulls out to wank off a nice, sticky facial all over her perfect face.

“*AHHHAHHHHHHH! NNGGAAAHHHHHAHHHHHH!*” she caterwauls in helpless passion as the multiple loads of spunk set her to squirting and writhing yet again, the multiple orgasms making her voluptuous body shudder and quake as she wriggles in utter, degraded submission to the hard cocks of her masters.

Finally, Pierre and his boys pull away from her, leaving the slut slumped face down and whimpering weakly on the ground as her loads slops out her holes and down her chin. “Fucking *awesome*,” certifies Renard with satisfaction, and the others can only nod in agreement.

“I almost wish I could take her with us,” Pierre adds. “The way she just can't help cumming all over the place... dumb slut really *does* belong in porn.”

The others are grinning at this when the sepulchral tones of the Nameless One intercede, speaking in the tongue of the Hellspawn: “*You will not be taking her anywhere.*”

The cultists jump guiltily, their hands inadvertently moving to cover their nakedness as they see that the demon has emerged from the ruins, his pitiless eyes studying them as they all move quickly to bow to him. Pierre answers: “Of course, of course not, Mighty Lord. A mere jest. My apologies.”

The demon studies the slut's shuddering, quiescent, spunk-soiled form and then regards him blankly for a long moment and then says: “*I trust you gentlemen enjoyed yourselves.*”

“Yes, absolutely, very much so, Mighty Lord.” Pierre is scanning around, trying to remember which of the shirts and jeans and underwear strewn hastily around the yard are his. “We thank you again for your munificence.”

“*It is the least I could do.*” The Nameless One shrugs. Looking down at Zatanna again, he abruptly bends down, picks her up, and slings her over one shoulder like a sack of potatoes, her legs kicking weakly. Turning to the cultists, he informs them: “*I require the morsel inside for a moment. If you would kindly dress yourselves and wait for me here, I will return to discuss... the question of your further service. And further rewards.*”

Pierre's elation overcomes his chagrin, and he's beaming from ear to ear as he replies: “Of course, Mighty Lord! Thank you, Mighty Lord!”

As the demon turns again and vanishes back into the cathedral, the trio start to pick up their clothes, Renard still shaking his head and marvelling about “that quality piece of tail.” Yves starts going on again about how he still doesn't think the demon likes them, and Pierre shushes them both.

“We're his vassals now, remember that,” he tells them sternly. “Time we start acting and thinking like it. Let's make sure we're ready for when he comes back. We'll need to comport ourselves with dignity.”

Granted, it's something he feels a bit ridiculous saying as his spent prick flops around between his legs while he searches for his boxers. But still... it needed to be said. *All my dreams are coming true*, he thinks solemnly. *Now is the time to keep our eyes on the prize. We're almost there... almost there!* Just a little more time, and he knows the demon will be back to give him his true reward for all the years of dedication. And until then... the warm memory of raping the asshole of the Mistress of Magic is an ample down-payment. *And to think... just to think that all of this is just a prelude to something truly great!*

♀ (*She.*)

Zatanna had quite simply blacked out in the wake of her degrading gang-bang at the hands and cocks of the lowlife cultists. She stirs back into consciousness to find herself being slung over Velos' shoulder, the demon's stench filling her nostrils as she kicks weakly, too exhausted even to muster a squeak of protest.

Her brain is sluggish with confusion and the dull weight of despair. She had been sure that Velos was going to give her over permanently to those horrible men... and in a bizarre irony, feels something almost like relief at being back in his claws and out of their hands. But it's a crushed echo of relief, something more like a familiar weight of doom returning to blot out hope, a rabbit feeling stupidly relieved to be eaten by a superior grade of wolf.

At least, she thinks: I'm finally numb to it all... at least I'm past caring. Velos can go on doing his worst to her now. She'll bear it, quietly, passively, and pray for release, knowing there's nothing more that she can do.

But if that's true... then why does she feel twinges of alarm running through her as she realizes Velos is carrying her back into the church? Why does the sight of the yawning pit of that rift in the floor strick cold knives into her guts as the demon floats over it?

She feels a slight jolt as he lands again, recognizing the lay of the church and realizing he's in front of the altar. And then, abruptly, he tosses her back to the ground on her belly, jolting the air out of her with an "Ugghhh!" as her mind goes blank again for a moment. As she shakes the cobwebs out, she realizes he's crouched over her, whispering something: he's talking to his cord-worms! And suddenly, she feels an unthinkable, true relief as the bindings slither away from her arms, away from around her sore and swollen breasts... away from around her jaws, the ring gag coming loose and falling from her mouth! Her jaw has been agonizingly stretched for so long that she can almost hear the hinges creaking as she works her mouth, looks down at the big rings that had held her open for so many depraved and vicious plunderings... and blinks as she recognizes that they're the silver hoops from her earrings!

Kneeling before him, looking up at him with the hoops in her hands, she looks up at Velos in puzzlement, not yet daring to believe he's letting her go. Silver moonlight from the hole in the roof, and a hint of red coming from somewhere, bathes his twisted form. "Why?" she asks simply, her voice a weak whisper.

The demon's eyes are as black and horrible as ever. He says: "*You have entertained me. But now our time together is done, Zatanna Zatarra.*"

Her baby blues go wide. A dazzling ray of long-lost hope seems to shine in on the defiled heroine's soiled and broken soul. *Can it be? Am I really going to live through this?* She swallows, hesitating, at first not daring to ask the question aloud. But she has to know, her voice fragile and almost childish in her own ears: "Do you mean... y – you're letting me go?"

"*I suppose you could put it that way,*" says Velos after a moment, seeming to choose his words carefully. "*There are... others who would make your acquaintance now.*"

"Others?" she repeats stupidly. Suddenly she realizes that he used her name. *How does he know my –*

“Yes, many others,” Velos affirms. The bleak and terrible look he gives her makes her heart pound in sudden terror, not so numb after all. “I’ve just spoken to them. They know of you, apparently. And they’re quite eager to meet you in person.” And he casts a pointed glance at something behind her.

Her heart in her throat now, she slowly turns, looks. Sees the pentagram on the floor glowing with red sorcerous power... and understands.

Oh God. Oh, my God.

Soul-deep horror far beyond anything she's suffered so far tonight – or ever in all her life – swallows up the short-lived hope. Pure desperation takes hold of her. She's seen Hell in her adventures, in her studies. She knows what can happen there. And as for what can happen to living mortal flesh... *female* mortal flesh... confronted by the unthinkable, before she even knows she's doing, the naked beauty has literally thrown herself at the demon's feet, babbling, begging.

“No, please, please, you can't send me there, please oh please I'm begging you I'm *begging* you don't send me there, they hate me, they'll *destroy* me,” the words rushing out in a torrent, her mind hunting frantically for some way to move him, to shift him, looking up at his pitiless countenance and realizing that of course he's a demon, appeals to pity are the wrong way to go, self-interest, gratification, got to try that, “you've *got* to believe me I'll do anything you want I'll be your bitch I'll be your slave I'll be your personal dirty whore your pet I'll do *anything* I'll suck your big beautiful cock and give myself to you every day, I'll find other girls for you to fuck too, you'll see, I'll bring you lots of them and I'll be your good little slut I'll be your little morsel all my days on this earth just *please* don't send me there *please... pleeaahheeaase...*” the panic growing as his expression doesn't budge, tears streaming down her face now, bending down to kiss those scaly feet, one and then the other, kissing her way up his legs, planting kisses on his horrid dangling cock, try it, try *anything*, “please let me show you master, *please* let me show you master, I'll suck it right now for you if you want just let me suck it and prove that I'm your slave I'll be your *slave* just don't send me there *don't send me there...*”

The rush of words dies in her throat as she sees Velos' mouth quirk into a smile, his prick twitching and starting to stiffen again. But the smile is hateful and sadistic, and she feels her doom closing in on her as the demon says: “You know, little morsel... I do believe I'm almost going to miss you. But the deal is done, there can be no backing out now. The Hellspawned are very persnickety about contracts.”

She shudders, the words hammering into her soul, worse and more final than coffin nails, her tears streaming as she slumps back in utter shame and self-loathing at the way she just abased herself, the things she was just willing to promise... and all for nothing. Looking up at him bitterly, trying to salvage some last remnant of her discarded dignity, she says: “Then... will you at least kill me? Please. At least just... kill me.”

“I am afraid the contract specifies delivery in the living flesh,” Velos says, shaking his head, clearly enjoying her despair. “Killing you would be a breach. Come now, let's not drag this out any longer.”

Her scalp bursts into pain as he reaches down and grabs her by the hair, yanking her to her feet and walking her slowly backwards, step by step, the heroine sobbing as each step takes her toward her ultimate fear. Her mind is still racing, searching for something to say or do, some way to at least make the beast murder her. But there is nothing. Her mind is blank, racing in place like a hamster in a wheel, as Velos rasps out his final farewell.

“There is something you should have kept in mind,” he tells her, “before you came here to engage a demon in battle. We Hellspawn, you see, acknowledge just one law of war. Do you know what that law is?” He stops, holding her suspended just at the edge of the circle, and whispers in her ear: “Woe to the vanquished. Goodbye, Zatanna Zatara... I’ll see you in Hell.”

And with that, he shoves her back – into the circle – and the red aura of power blazes up all around her, swallowing her wail of horror as Zatanna, Mistress of Magic, is banished from the earthly plane!

♂ **(He.)**

Velos emerges from the church with a broad grin on his misshapen features. The full moon is bathing the hillside, he's free and powerful with a whole world around him waiting to be plundered and corrupted and despoiled... and if he's ever in his long life dispatched an enemy with more poetry than “Zatanna Zatara,” it's lost to his memory.

Yes, oh yes, let the havoc begin! His grin broadens further as he sees the trio of buffoons, dressed now, waiting obediently for him in the churchyard. *Oh yes! The idiots! I almost forgot!*

“We stand ready to serve you, Mighty Lord,” says the leading buffoon with that grating, false sycophancy that had made Velos want to pulp his skull at first sight.

“Yes, gentlemen,” he rumbles at them merrily. “About your further services! I’ve decided that they will not be required. And as for your further rewards, well... I am pleased to inform you that I have them right here. Who shall be the first to collect?”

The buffoons' expressions shift from confusion to fear... but too late, far too late, to save them. As he savours the music of their dying screams, Velos is already planning for the future, looking out into the world... and wondering which of the pewling monkey-spawn should be made to suffer first.

He knows there'll be no shortage of deserving candidates.

Coda.

(Six months later.)

♀♀ **(They.)**

The pile of rubble sits atop a barren hill that juts above the surrounding woodlands. The two heroines come floating down toward it from the sky, their beautiful faces set in determination. Supergirl's blonde hair forms a golden nimbus around her head in the sunlight, her red cape and tiny red skirt fluttering in the breeze as the mighty Kryptonian girl – deceptively petite and delicate in appearance – alights near the stone pile. Coming in beside her is the tall, muscular and busty Amazonian known to the world as Wonder Woman, her star-spangled bikini hugging her firm glutes, her legendary golden lasso looped into her equally legendary golden girdle, her wristbands and tiara gleaming in the sunlight as her blue eyes scan her surroundings.

Six months since the disappearance of Zatanna, the trail has finally led them here. It was a tip from an obscure thug named Claude, a kidnapper rotting in a Paris jail who said his “order” had cut him loose, that they could all screw themselves for all he cared, and who had hinted darkly that “something that would change the world” had already happened here. He'd recited the same story even under the power of Wonder Woman's lasso, so it's clear he believes it to be true... although that doesn't rule out his being simply crazy.

But it's the last lead they have to go on, and the truth is, they're desperate.

“What do you suppose that was?” says Wonder Woman as she looks askance at the crumbled pile of stone.

“We'll need to take a close look, for sure.” Supergirl looks around, finds herself giving a little shiver despite the warmth of the day. “This place already gives me the creeps.”

“Don't let that nutcase back in Paris get to you,” the Amazon reassures her. “He probably has a certifiable mental disorder.”

“I hope not. That would make this another dead end. Come on, let's get to it.”

As they float over the rubble over the next few hours, Supergirl scanning it with her X-ray vision and both of them pitching in to shift heavy chunks of stone where needed, a picture begins to come clear... a strange and confusing picture. The building had been a church, a cathedral, built to a truly improbable scale for a structure in the middle of nowhere. Amid the jumble of fallen stone, Supergirl's sight detects what looks like a basement level, maybe catacombs, housing lots of bones neatly tucked onto shelves. But in the building's southeast corner, there seems to be a weird depression in the rubble... as if someone had already cleared out rubble from just that particular area? But no, it's just that rubble there had collapsed deeper... into a vast pit somehow *beneath* the catacombs.

Neither of them knows quite what to make of that... or of a jumble of human remains that they turn up elsewhere in the catacombs, a selection of crushed and splintered femurs and pelvises and ribcages and splintered skulls that seems to be more recent than the mouldering bones of the crypts' original tenants, and to belong to at least three people. They're just puzzling at that, however, when another object catches Supergirl's eye, and everything else stops as she calls it out urgently and they both start digging, the Maiden of Might working with even more vigour than usual, almost frantic. As they go deeper, straining

together to lift a chunk of archway and throw it clear of the church's perimeter, the Kryptonian beauty suddenly says: "There it is... *there*."

Stepping over, kicking a few more large stones out of her way almost casually, Supergirl bends down, roots in the dust and debris... and lifts something into the light.

Wonder Woman gasps. It's a baton, amazingly still intact. A magician's baton. "Zatanna."

Supergirl nods. "It looks like she *was* here. I think we have to start taking the rest of Claude's story a bit more seriously."

The Amazon shudders as she looks over at the sunken part of the rubble pile. Claude's story had included nameless horrors emerging from the depths of the earth. *What had Zatanna encountered here?* "We'll need to bring French law enforcement in. And we'll need Doc Fate."

"Definitely." Supergirl says. "And then we'll need to track down whatever did emerge here, if anything did." The way she says that last makes it clear she thinks that *something* certainly did. "We'll need to track it down... and stop it cold. Suppose you'd be up for that?"

Wonder Woman gives one of her dazzling grins. "Absolutely," she says. The mighty Amazon has never shrunk from an adventure or backed down from a fight in her life. Supergirl answers the grin with her own... but they both go sombre again as they look back down at that discarded baton. The Mistress of Magic had been powerful. Wonder Woman can tell that her fellow-heroine is thinking the same thing she is:

Zatanna, where are you? And where, and what, is that nameless thing you found?

♂ (*He.*)

It's a Friday night in Bordeaux: loud rock music blares through the streets from car windows and apartments, and the sidewalks outside the Rock School Barbey are thronged with the young and hip... many of them coming from the Auberge de Jeunesse hostel from down the street. With hot bands in town and the hot summer weather in full swing, the clothes are skimpy and libidos high, young hormones mixing with copious alcohol and a kaleidoscopic range of illicit chemicals to make the wildest things seem possible.

And as a matter of fact, a pair of the wildest things in town are flouncing out the front door of the hostel right now. The petite Australian surfer girls – Anna and Jenna – are a study in contrasts: one sandy-haired and the other brunette, one tanned and the other fair and freckled, one busty and the other small-breasted. But what the nineteen-year-old babes share are pretty faces and sunny smiles, a love of life (especially shoes, rock & roll and cute boys), taut bodies, a pair of big, soft and round hoochie-mama asses... and just now, matching sexy-schoolgirl outfits with tiny white tops knotted between their breasts, tiny pleated skirts the size of belts that don't even begin to hide the racy thongs and juicy rumps underneath, knee

socks and demure pumps that ring out on the pavement as the chattering cuties stride saucily along with hip-swinging, buttock-bouncing confidence.

He watches them unnoticed from a nearby rooftop, a cloak of sorcery around him guaranteeing that no mortal will see him unless he wills it: in the months since his escape, he has recovered much about his powers of old, learning a vast arsenal of tricks to carry out his campaign. He will never have it all back, but he has enough to match his power against any mortal in this strange, bustling new world... even, he feels certain, against the so-called “super” mortals.

But corrupting the ordinary ones is almost as rewarding. He keeps his eye on his selected prey, gliding silently from rooftop to rooftop to follow them. He listens to their inane conversation: apparently this is going to be “the best night ever,” but if someone named “François” doesn’t try to “get to first base” with Jenna she will “just die.” And he smiles as he watches the girls walk past a shop with televisions in its front window: televisions playing a news item, ironically enough, about the “Lost Girls” mystery, the thousands of unexplained disappearances of young girls from across Europe. (He never ceases to find those news items amusing. Most of the relevant authorities are still chasing that insect Pierre Lamont’s defunct “Cult of the Nameless One.” Not one cop, not one superhero has yet shown any sign of guessing the truth.)

Finally, they’re in position. Concentrating, he mentally broadcasts the message: *Slave Mathilde, engage masquerade and approach the targets.*

The reply comes instantly across the mind-link: *I live to obey, Master.*

Another little trick he’d recovered from his memory, in fact one of the first: that any female who had swallowed or been impregnated by his seed can be controlled. The trick has made it easy to ensure that the number of “Lost Girls” mounts and mounts, for there’s nothing that lures and disarms a naïve girl quite as easily as another, seemingly friendly, girl. The slaves are like a gorgeous suicide squad that can be made to do anything at all: stripping and porn and prostitution, pick-pocketing and house-breaking and drug dealing, sadomasochistic torture and lesbian rape, even murder.

Mathilde has certainly done it all: one of his first, and still one of his best. She emerges from her innocuous waiting spot in a phone booth across from the Barbey, her tanned and toned body shown off by a bikini top and a pair of Daisy Dukes, her short black hair fashionably coiffed in a pixie cut and her snub-nosed face looking as fresh and innocent as the day he’d first sighted her. Her acting is flawless as she affects distraction and contrives to “bump into” Anna and Jenna “accidentally;” and as always, she effortlessly parlays the faux-random encounter into animated best-friends-at-first-sight chit-chat. It works best on the tourists and backpackers in European cities, eager to feel at home among the natives and have someone on the inside of the local scene to show them around. By now, Mathilde has played “natives” in six different countries but is extra-confident here in Bourdeaux where he’d originally acquired her.

He glides across to another rooftop, getting into position as the three teens chatter animatedly, the Aussies so engrossed that they’ve almost forgotten they’re on their way to a show. It’s Mathilde who asks them

where they were headed, and of course she just happens to be headed there, too... but maybe they'd like to smoke a quick joint with her before they head out?

There's an awkward moment of hesitation from the backpackers. By now, even the most ignorant of tourists has begun to hear that the "cult" stealing the lost girls has reputedly been approaching them in just this way. But hearing it in theory is different from *believing* it about a person in front of you: especially a girl as friendly, as open, as innocent, as obviously confident and popular and all-around cool as Mathilde. The Aussies' hesitation lasts only a moment before they give each other a let's-not-be-silly glance and agree that of *course* they're always up for smoking a joint.

They're not alarmed when Mathilde selects a dark, narrow dead-end alleyway for their diversion... nor even when she insists on leading them right down where it ends in the brick wall of a tenement. He hardens with anticipation as he watches his slave lead them right underneath them, then begins the process of affecting to search her pockets for the nonexistent joint.

He glides down from above, landing behind them, his cock beginning to throb with the evil pleasure of what he's about to set in motion. He licks his fangs, waits a moment more, then gives Mathilde the mental command: *Slave Mathilde, cease masquerade.*

I live to obey, Master.

This part isn't strictly necessary... but he loves the raw fear it instills in the targets. The backpackers get their first chilling signal that something is terribly wrong when Mathilde abruptly stops talking and moving, all the affect dropping from her pretty face, like an automaton that's been switched off, her eyes looking past them as dead as a porcelain doll's. Laughing uneasily at first as they think she's joking, the Aussie beauties quickly become seriously creeped out and turn to beat a hasty retreat back to the lights and noise of the public street.

That's when he opens the curtain of his sorcerous glamour for the two of them, revealing himself blocking their path in all his twisted glory, his long tongue slavering and his twenty inches of tumescent prick brandished in one of his clawed hands like a weapon – the other hand already reaching for them, his coal-black eyes burning into their young flesh with hateful lust. As always, they go dead-white and open their mouths to scream... but for all his ungainly looks and gait, he's far faster than any mortal, now. Not one of his targets has ever managed to get a scream out before he took her...

... and it turns out that Anna and Jenna are no different.

♀ (*She.*)

A black spire towers over the landscape of Hell's second Realm. Massive, unyielding despite the constant winds that buffet it, it's ancient in the extreme but now bears a glowing sign down one side, a more modern innovation in Hellspawn glyphs that reads: "*LustCorp – a Division of Infernal Industries, Inc.*"

That sign was the first thing she'd seen as she'd come flying out of the banishment field, caught by the searing winds of Hell and thrown head over heels like a leaf ripped from an autumn tree. She'd screamed and screamed as she saw that black spire approaching, recognizing it: the center of Asmodeus' fiefdom for thousands of human years, and still so in its "modernized" guise. The wind had borne her straight into the grip of one of the stone-skinned demons perched around the tower's ramparts.

As it had clasped her to its stony chest, impaled her cunt on the end of its immense rock-hewn phallus as she squalled, and anchored her in place with a massive granitic digit shoved up her arse as it took wing and brought her to her appointed destination, she'd gotten her first taste of Hell's plans for her. But it was nothing, really. Nothing compared to what has followed.

There are no days or nights in Hell. She had always known this. Time itself is warped in Hell, as too she had always known: a year passing in the Infernal Realms for every hour passing on the earthly plane. She had at the very least hoped that her mortal body might finally age and break down and die in a space of time roughly equivalent to an hour and a half on Earth. It would seem a lifetime... but at least not longer than a lifetime. She would find release then. Maybe even escape as a soul into Heaven, or at least Purgatory.

She'd been wrong.

At the peak of the tower, the voluptuous beauty is suspended in a fiendish Hellspawn apparatus of black bars and cables and chains – manacles clasped around her wrists and ankles, currently holding her bent-over and spread-eagled with her tits swaying underneath her, a collar clasped at her neck to hold her head high, a spider-gag buckled into her mouth. The apparatus is in fact itself a demon, and one that thoroughly enjoys experimenting with new positions and new torments: at the moment her big buttocks present evidence of the latest experiment, thirty deep red welts from a lightly electrified whip.

She's suspended over a dark, oily pool. Her breasts right now are swollen and dripping with milk, her belly distended as something horrible wriggles inside her womb... and all the while, coming up from that black pool are an endless scrambling horde of black, shiny penis-shaped demons, coming in and endless variety of ribbed and whorled and spiked designs and measuring anywhere from five to ten inches in length. Their bodies sticking straight up and waving in the air and ambulatory on masses of vile tentacles, with hateful and inhuman clusters of glowing red eyes dotting the "testicles" at each base, the phallusoids scrambled up and over the bars of the apparatus, jostling endlessly with each other for the honor of positioning their business ends at one of her holes, wrapping its tentacles around either her hips or her neck and pistoning hard, fucking her until it slimes its aphrodisiac seed down her throat or up her poop-chute and drops away back into the pool of its brethren... to be replaced by others... and then others... and then others...

The variety of the phallusoids ensures that she feels each and every violation, the aphrodisiac ensures that she cums hard several times a fuck. And she's eventually worked out that there must be some other kind of elixir or stimulant in the horrid little creatures' spunk as well... something designed to keep her always awake and to prevent her mind from fleeing into madness or catatonia, into any place where suffering could no longer touch it.

Zatanna has undergone this punishment constantly, contorted into a variety of positions and sometimes folded into a pretzel and forced to watch the evil little creatures fucking her pussy or pounding her ass, for just over forty three hundred Hell-years. The apparatus-demon, whose name is Harrow, has made a point of marking each anniversary with an extra-brutal full-body whipping. And she doesn't know how many Hell-years are left to go. To match a long human lifespan in the earthly realm, the lifespan she could have had, it might run to over a million.

Her body will not die. Her magic is still intact, and Velos has told her captors about the trick he developed of using her own blood to cast spells. Harrow uses it to heal her every few months, each time rendering her body as fresh and young and supple and ready for abuse as when she first arrived. The day of healing comes every nine months, in fact... the anniversary that Harrow calls Baby Time... which is right now.

She has gone through the process thousands of times by now, but never knows what to expect. Each one is uniquely horrid. The current abomination thrashing in her womb has a combination of spidery limbs and tentacles. Where some had forced her to push them out like passing a stone, others preferred clawing their own way out... and she whimpers through her gag as she realizes this is one of the latter.

"How's our proud Mommy doing?" Harrow's mocking voice is combined from metallic creaks, coming from all around her. *"Ready to give birth to another bouncing Soldier of Satan? I hear your next Daddy is on his way..."*

She thrashes as the creature inside her forces its way brutally past her cervix, the wriggling mass of tentacles slithering out through her tunnel to stretch the mouth of her cunt as wide as it can go. Her baby blues wide in horror, she squeals and pants and shudders as the horrid thing *rams* itself at the channel of her quim again, again, *again* until finally its bulbous head breaches with a scream of triumph!

Shutting her eyes and whimpering, she tries not to see the thing as it clammers its sticky way free of her twat, the tips of its spidery limbs digging into her skin as it moves over her naked body, questing for those milks-swollen teats. She feels a lamprey eel-shaped mouth clamp over one of her nipples, the thing sucking greedily as the phallusoids carry on their relentless fucking of the new mother. Being driven to multiple climaxes while a horror like this drinks milk from her huge breasts is, she has no doubt now, one of the worst torments of all.

Finally, her breasts drained, the new "baby" moves away – Hellspawn learn independence early – and Harrow says, as always: *"Well done, proud Mommy? Let's make you beautiful again, shall we?"* And he lays a cut into one of her fingers with a sharp-edged cable, using it to trace the words of the healing spell on her skin... and the familiar glow begins to gather, her distended tummy and drained dugs regaining their original shape, her wounds and cuts vanishing, her pristine state restored.

"Good work, Mommy!" Harrow tells her brightly. *"And I've got good news... your new Daddy is here!"*

Another demon steps onto the tower's roof – one of an endless procession of Hellspawn who've signed onto the list to impregnate her. Her blood freezes as she sees that he's one of the worst kind: an

enormously fat Gluttony demon whose reproductive organs are a mass of wart-speckled tentacles extruding from his crotch!

“*Naaahhh!*” she wails as the blubbery creature lumbers grinning toward her: “*Naaaa-hmmphhh!*” As usual, her cries of suffering are cut off by the vile, oily flesh of a phallusoid fucking her mouth!

Her eyes roll back in her head as she prepares to get knocked up again, for the terrible cycle to resume... to go on and on and on and on... and all she can do now is pray in the ravaged depths of her soul.
Someone, please save me... please help me... please...

It’s an empty ritual, though. It’s been four thousand years since she gave up hoping for an answer.

END.