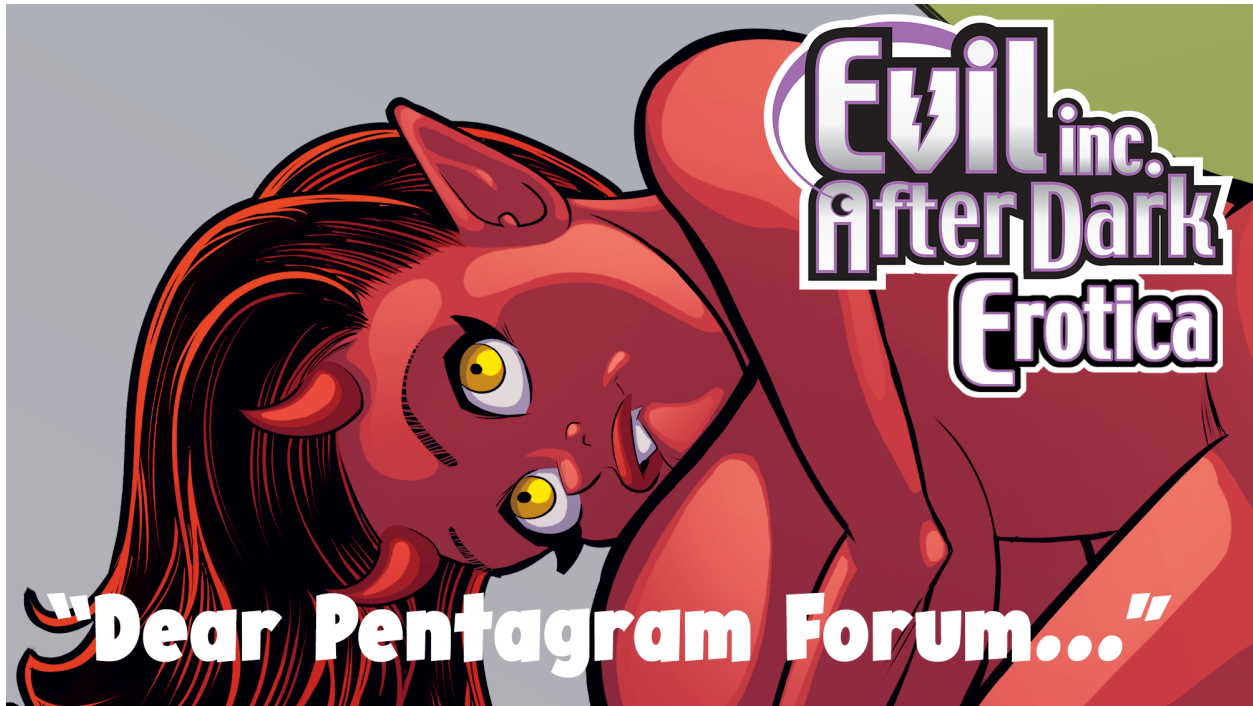




Dear Pentagram Forum

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I never thought something like this could happen to me — mostly because, after dating a devilgirl, I had learned to stop underestimating “something like this.”

The first text arrived while I was still at work, pretending to review zoning documents. It was simple enough: Come home early. The second text was less simple. The third made me knock over my coffee. By the fourth, I had abandoned my desk, my dignity, and at least two workplace safety protocols.

By the time I reached the apartment, I was moving so fast I briefly considered billing myself for property damage. I opened the door expecting trouble.

I found it.

Desi was in the middle of the living room, bent forward in a pose that suggested she had planned every inch of it, from the wicked little glance over her shoulder to the slow curl of her tail pointing me exactly where she wanted my attention.

Her pendulous breasts swayed slowly under her frame, like a pair of forbidden church bells tolling for my last shred of self-control.

She looked pleased with herself. Of course she did. Desi never set a trap unless she intended to enjoy watching someone walk into it.

“Early enough?” I asked.

Her smile sharpened.

I was already halfway across the room when I noticed the details: the rumpled cushion on the sofa, the flowers

knocked slightly out of place, the faint scent of brimstone and cologne that did not belong to either of us. Then I saw the unmistakable evidence that the third member of our little arrangement had already been invited in.

Way in.

Desi followed my gaze to the viscous pearl that glistened between her legs. She gave me her best innocent look.

To be fair, she hadn't had much practice looking innocent.

“Surgat came earlier,” she said, suppressing a giggle.

Surgat — a tall, handsome deshrouter demon with shoulders broad enough to land a small aircraft on — was the third member of our throuple.

“He stuffed me full,” she whispered. “Now fuck me until I can't tell which of you is dripping out of me.”

I was standing behind her in an instant, sinking my hands into her firm hips.

“Does this count as an exorcism?” I growled, letting the swollen head of my cock fall against her pussy lips with a wet thump.

“Only if you make my head spin.”

She started laughing at her own joke, but the sound vanished the moment I pushed into her. What came out instead was a tight, breathless gasp that made her hips buck in my hands.

Surgat’s thick release gushed around my shaft, running down my balls and falling in large, wobbling drops.

“Such a greedy little pussy,” I grunted as I picked up my pace. In the mirror across the room, I could see her round tits swaying with the rhythm of my pounding.

She started a sassy response, but her eyes lost their focus as I finally stuffed my full length into her well-used snatch. Her response came in the form of helpless whimpers.

I slid a hand around to cradle her belly as I continued to plow into her round hips.

“Clench for me,” I growled. “Squeeze him out while I put myself in deeper.”

She started convulsing, and that sent me over the edge right along with her.

My balls drew up tight as the first hard spurt emptied deep inside her. The first spurt hit deep, and then the rest came in thick, pounding waves — each pulse hotter than the last, emptying into her as she clenched and trembled around me. There could be no doubt whose seed had claimed the swelling curve of her belly.

“No room left for the demon,” I growled. “Not after that.”

Desi’s smile widened.

That was when two enormous hands closed around my waist from behind.

A shadow fell over us both.

“Oh, little dragon, you misunderstand,” rumbled a voice from somewhere above my head.

His grip tightened.

He leaned closer, hot breath washing over the back of my neck.

Surgat purred. “I brought enough for both of you.”



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