

How to Summon a Demon to Spice up Your Life

Chapter 1: Heavenly Pleasures in Hell

I can't remember the last time I felt happiness, my mind got numb long ago. Everyone around me is smiling and laughing but I just continue to stare blankly at the clouds. Lost in thought and lost in time. A boring regular girl working a boring regular job. Yeah, I met new people, made friends, even started dating this dude. But it's all so boring and fake, just following the steps of life like a video game. Is this all I'm worth, feeling like a bird trapped in a cage called mediocrity.

"Gem? Gemma? Hello. Are you here?"

"Huh? Oh... Um yes."

"Jeez... I swear you're staring at the clouds all the time. They aren't changing."

"Ah I'm sorry Amy. W-What were you saying?"

The event which I was so bluntly ignoring was coffee with a coworker. Amy was a standard happy go lucky woman. Happy to be working a boring job and lucky to have a pay cheque to buy her ridiculous nails. We often went out for coffee at this mediocre café which she called 'cute'. Boring routines like this had rotted my brain to the core.

"I was saying! Some psycho from IT was saying she'd curse me. How dumb is that."

"Oh yeah. I guess so."

“Yeah. I was like. Bite me. How’s a bottom dweller like you going to curse me? Then she babbled something about the libraries occult section is the real deal. Obviously I laughed her out of the building. Stupid nerd...” Amy returned to drinking her overly priced frappuccino with extra whipped cream and syrup.

Looking down at my coffee I sighed wondering if anything in this occult section could spice up my life. Maybe destroy a few enemies or cause a few fires. I know where I’d start the first...

“Well babe. I got to go. My fiancé and I are going cake shopping. Byeee.” Amy took off like the energy fuel gen-z girl she was leaving me with a lukewarm coffee in a crowded café. It wasn’t long before I took my leave also.

My walk home from the café had become so routine that I was on autopilot. Lost in my own head oblivious to the world around me which had grown so stale and repetitive. My mind was focused on this slither of hope which was the occult section in the library. Luckily for me it was on the way back home, giving me the perfect chance to break my regular routine.

Arriving at the library, I strayed off my normal path home for a chance to explore this infamous occult section. Shuffling over to reception, the old lady working the desk looked down her glasses at me as if I was lost... Which was quickly confirmed. “Are you lost miss? This library doesn’t have a computer section. Or wifi for that matter.”

My whole body turned hot, even the way this lady was looking at me had me ready to throw hands. Not that I ever would, that type of change to the norm was well beyond me. Lowering my head to avoid eye contact I stumbled over my words. “Ahh. N-No. I’m looking for the occult section...”

“Huh. Another basic woman wanting to waste her late twenties chasing ghost stories...”

“H-Huh? Basic..? Another woman?”

“Yeah. Some girl around your age. Came in just an hour ago. Looking for the same section. Better not be starting a witch cult...”

“Eh? No. J-Just research. That’s all.”

“Hmm. You a student or something?”

“U-Um no. Just an ordinary woman with an ordinary job...”

“Meh. Down the hall. Take the stairs down to the basement and follow the signs. Don’t get lost down there. Desk girl.” Abruptly, the receptionist shooed me off and returned to her job. A rude but highly effective way to tell me she was done with our conversation.

“Oh... Thank you...” Shuffling away from the reception desk, I sought out the stairs and headed to the basement. Sure enough, at the foot of the staircase was a well categorised listing to all the genres down here. Meticulously and slowly, I made my way to the occult section. A section which had a strange feel to it, as if the books themselves were sucking the light out of room. Which would be crazy, nothing supernatural like that exists. The minutes turned to hours as I browsed as many books as I could. Feeling tired and annoyed I wasted so much time here, I grumbled to myself with a deep sigh. “Well this was a bust. Completely pointless. Guess I was an idiot. To get so hopeful for a change in my life.”

As I turned to leave, I lost my balance and stumbled backwards, bumping into the bookcase. Which caused one single book to fall off the dusty shelf. Leaning over to grab the book I noticed the strange cover and writing. This was unlike any of the books I looked at and trust me, I looked at them all... Well I thought I did, this book called How to Summon a Demon to Spice up Your Life, wasn’t one I looked at. “Huh. Spice up my life with a demon... Sounds fun. Maybe this is what I was looking for.” I grabbed the book and checked it out at reception with the disapproving glares from the old lady. Once done I headed home, curious of what I had found by random luck and chance.

Once home I threw my work clothes to the ground and got comfy in my favourite pink crop top and short shorts. Setting a drink down next to my favourite chair, I clapped my hands and pulled out the book. “Okay! let’s take a look at this book-” As soon as the words left my mouth, my phone began to ring. “Wah! Ah damn. James... How could I forget.” Like clockwork, James, my boyfriend would call every single day at the exact same time. But today I felt like doing something different, something to break my routine. So I didn’t answer it and put my phone on silent, focusing on the book. Flicking through the pages, I soon started to be intrigued by the content. “An actual spell and ritual. To summon a demon. Huh... It’s not difficult either. Just a few household ingredients. Wait! Am I actually considering this.” Slamming the book closed, I placed it on the table beside my drink with a shaky hand. Taking a dry gulp, I grabbed my drink and sipped it slowly staring at the book.

With one swift movement, I slammed the drink down and jumped out of my chair in search of ingredients.

Once collected I place everything into a bowl in the middle of the bathroom floor and stood up. "Okay. Everything is ready. I feel like I'm just creating a weird cake... What's next. Eeeh!?! " Flicking to the final page of the summoning, everything I thought I was doing, now had more gravity than my naïve soul originally thought. The text written on the final pages caused me to tremble as I read them out loud. "T-Take a clean knife and slit the palm of your hand! W-What! Then draw a sigil around the bowl... Afterwards. Drip blood over the bowl and read the incantation. I can't do that... Right..." I had come so far, but this was too much, every bone in my body was telling me to stop. Dispite that, I persisted with my chase to break the mould shaping my life.

Grabbing a clean kitchen knife, I hovered over the bowl and pressed the blade against the palm of my hand. Fear shot up my spine and my breathing became sharp and short. Fight or flight was kicking in and I was ready to run. The pinching press of the blade against my skin was a sharp reminder that this was real. What I was doing and about to do was very real and dangerous. So far out of my normal routine that I felt like I was watching myself from the moon. With one deep breath, I closed my eyes and ran the blade across my palm. With a loud scream and the sound of metal clattering off the floor I opened my eyes.

The bathroom looked like a crime scene. Blood dripping from my palm, the blood-stained knife laying on the floor like a murder weapon. The bowl of ingredients slowly soaking up the blood. Nausea and dizziness set in from the pain and sight of my own blood. With blurry eyes I followed the example sigil, trembling as I painted the floor with my own red visceral liquid. After completing it, I stumbled to my feet and stepped back. Holding my hand over the bowl, I let the final few drops land inside and began the incantation.

At first nothing happened which caused me panic. The feeling of despair as I dripped blood from a self-inflicted cut. However, the lights in the room began to flicker, the air became cold enough to see my breath. Suddenly the room fell into a pitch-black darkness. So dark I could no longer see my outstretched arm and the bowl. In that heart racing moment, I felt something warm grab my hand as a deep sultry voice filled the darkness.

"It's been so long since I've been summoned. By such a cute little lamb too. You lost quite a bit of blood for me. Didn't you?" The bowl suddenly set on fire, returning some light to the room allowing my eyes to focus on the figure in front of me, I realised that the summoning spell worked. Standing on the other side of the bowl in a white hoodie with a

black blazer on top sitting on black trousers. A tall man wearing smart casual clothes, holding my hand. His short black hair and defined facial features were captivating until I noticed his red eyes. But his most obvious and striking physical feature was his right hand. Completely stained red, from fingertip to wrist, an intriguing mystery indeed.

The fear set in with the realisation that an actual demon was standing across from me. “Aaaah! Wh-Who are you? Don’t hurt me!” I tried to take my hand back in an attempt to run but his grip was strong.

“No need to be scared. You did summon me after all. Now. Before we talk business. Let me clean up your hand.” The demon grabbed my wrist tightly causing me to gasp and wince. Turning my palm flat, he leaned over it and slowly opened his mouth. His hot breath tickled my hand as his tongue touched my skin. At first the strange wet feeling was unsettling, but soon became pleasurable, lost in his touch. Once he reached my cut however, the pain was sharp and unbearable. Up to now my body was fuelled with adrenaline causing the pain to dissipate. Wincing with one eye closed, I watched as my blood pooled on his tongue. He caught my gaze as we locked eyes for a few seconds. The bizarre situation had me oddly calm and hypnotised. His piercing red eyes made me blush with a soft shade of red as I looked away.

With a soft playful chuckle, the demon licked his lips and gently bit my palm. The pain caused me to gasp, my eyes watering as my focus was launched back towards his eyes. “Ahh! Ouch. That hurts...”

“Hmph. Just wanted to see those beautiful eyes again. You’re cute when you’re mad. Such a sharp piercing look.”

“W-What. Me? No no. I don’t think so.”

“Thanks. You were a delicious treat. Now. Let’s chat about why you so summoned me. The name’s Orias. What’s yours darling.”

“G-Gem. Er Gemma. But most people call me Gem.”

Finally letting go of my hand, Orias stepped back and leaned against the sink. “I see. Your blood is very sweet Gem. I like it... So why am I here Gem? Have an ex you want killed. Sudden wealth you’d like to consider. Or maybe you need power. So what’s it to be?”

“Huh? What? No I don’t need anything like that...”

“Oh? Something far more malevolent then? Intriguing. Pray tell.”

“Um nope. I don’t need anything at all.”

“Then why on earth would you summon a demon?”

“Well I. Um. I just wanted something different in my life. A change. You know...”

“A change? You summoned me for a change? Let me guess. Oh no. My life is so stable with all these routines. I know! Let’s ruin it by summoning a demon. That sound about right to you?”

“Y-Yes I guess so...”

“You’re lucky I like you Gem. Normally I’d kill the person summoning me for such garbage...” scoffing loudly, Orias shook his head and crossed his arms. He launched forward off the sink and walked closer to me, grabbing my chin with one finger and his thumb from his red hand. It was hot to the touch almost burning my skin. “I hope you don’t mine my hand. It’s a little gift from the king of hell... Anyway. Let’s give you a reason for summoning me. Besides. I’d hate to miss the chance to seal the deal with a girl like you.”

My face went bright red, blushing brightly as he lifted my chin. I winced at the pain, however, his touch felt so intimate and his eyes so seductive. I was lost in the moment wanting more as my heart raced with excitement.

“So darling. What would it be? Ask for anything.”

His gentle grip lifted me so high as I felt my whole world around me collapsing. I was falling for a demon, and I knew exactly what I wanted. “I-I want you! I want you to stay with me forever. Be my boyfriend. Husband. Life partner. That’s the change I want in my life.”

“Hah. That’s hilarious... Wait. Are you serious. There’s no way a human can handle a demon relationship.” Orias seemed confused at first, looking me over like a gallery exhibit. From head to toe, he studied me with a soft grumble before sighing deeply. “Very well. Then that is what you’ll get.”

“R-Really?”

“Yes. You are attractive and I do like your blood. It would also be nice to get away from hell for a while. However. I have my demands too. This is a deal made with two halves after all.”

“Y-Yes. Anything. What do you want?”

“I want you.”

My heartbeat was so heavy and fast that my chest was aching. I awkwardly played with my toes gripping the rug below us as he continued to hold my chin. I wasn't sure what compelled me to say I want him. Somewhere between his looks and being a demon, paired with my boring life, I didn't want him to leave.

“Obviously. I'll take ownership of your soul. But I want more if I'm trading for myself. I want all of you. I want to own you like a pet. You are mine and mine alone. To do what I want with. Those are my terms. Do you accept?”

I was now in a strange position, at crossroads which would determine the rest of my life. I knew nothing about this demon, except for his alluring mystique and intimidating demeanour. Saying yes would be unpredictable at best, allowing a thing like this to live among us. However, saying no would put me back at the same place I was yesterday morning. Also, the same place I'll be tomorrow and the day after that. The same routine for the rest of my life. Very predictable but very boring. Do I want a life with my boring boyfriend doing this boring job with my two boring friends from work. “No! I-I mean yes... Um. No I don't want the same routine on repeat. Yes I accept the terms. I want the unpredictable madness that it might bring too.”

“Hah. Brilliant. That's the spirit my pet. Then with this kiss. We shall be life partners. I hope you can handle the torment this will bring you.” With a soft chuckle, Orias leaned down and kissed me on the lips. Slightly rough, his lips pressed against mine, leaving me motionless. Caught in his control, I melted into his touch allowing him to kiss me deeply. Time stopped as he continued to kiss me which felt like an eternity. An eternity I never wanted to end, as the passion grew with each passing second. A soft moan escaped my mouth causing my eyes to dilate and my cheeks to dye a shade of red. I felt embarrassed at how honest my body was reacting. Expecting him to pull away, I closed my eyes to hold on to this feeling. However, I suddenly felt his tongue pushing against my lips and into my mouth. Throwing my eyes open I looked up into Orais' eyes which were doughy and content. My heart fluttered with an orchestra of hormones. The oxytocin I felt was overwhelming, my body felt light but also ached for more of his touch.

Instinctively, I wrapped my arms around him and rolled my tongue around his, before pushing it in to his mouth. His taste was sweet and slightly sour with an almost

unbearable heat. His body was also hot to the touch, like a permanent fever. His demon blood was no joke, as if everything about him was designed to inflict some level of pain. But I didn't care; the risk, the pain, the fear, it was exciting and a serious turn on for me. A bizarre reaction to such a terrifying concept. But the wetness between my legs, quickly soaking my panties, was telling me this was right. The first out of the ordinary decision I had ever made.

My ecstasy was suddenly cut off as Orias pulled away from my lips as a trail of saliva connect us together. "H-Huh? Oh. Is it over..." I dropped my head speaking softly with a look of disappointment.

Orias grinned playfully and lifted my chin with one finger. "The contact is complete. But nothing is truly over. Unless you want it to be." Placing his hand on my chest, he slammed me into the wall and leaned over me. He pressed his knee against the wall, between my legs and slowly lifted it until I could feel it pushing against my crotch. A squeal escaped my mouth as a spark of electricity shot across my body from the touch of his knee. His lips hovered over my neck before he trailed them up to my ear. My whole body trembled with pleasure, turned on by everything he did. Such as his breath on my ear before he whispered to me. "Are you not scared of me? Being so shamelessly aroused by a demon. Is... New. You might be nastier than I." He caressed my red cheek pressing his thumb against my lips. "Lick your master's thumb. Darling~"

With a slight tremble in my lip, I opened my mouth and wrapped my tongue around his finger. Our eyes were locked the entire time as I seductively explored his thumb. The passion we shared in that moment was electrifying. Melting in the moment, my body wanted to fall to the ground. However, I was pinned against the wall, straddling his leg.

"Good girl Gem. I'm starting to like our arrangement. I think this will be a lot of fun indeed." Pulling his thumb out of my mouth, he trailed it down my neck and chest. Suddenly cupping my breast over my crop top, he gently caressed it while kissing my neck. Pulling away, he removed his knee which was now damp and stepped back. Chuckling to himself, he looked down at his knee then up at my crotch. "My my. Aren't you a messy kitten. So wet already. I can only imagine the water works if I go further."

I threw my hands over my face in embarrassment shaking my head sharply. He was right, my entire body was craving him. I could also feel that my thighs were now wet. The shame was humiliating, I couldn't hide my arousal at all. The other reason I was so turned

on was the fact that I finally felt like I was in control of my life. A feeling like I was on top of the world and could do anything. “I-I want more. I want you to go further.”

With a sharp scoff, Orias rubbed his chin while rolling from one foot to the other. Suddenly he launched his red hand at my throat, holding me against the wall. His grip was firm and raised me off the floor slightly. The heat was burning and the grip was suffocating. Standing on my tiptoes gasping for air he chuckled with a wicked grin. “Are you sure pet? I don’t think you can handle more.” Slowly lowering me back to my feet, he continued to hold me by my neck as his other hand crept under my crop top.

His hand was large, warm, and rough, slowly traveling up my ribs. I gasped sharply as his outstretched fingers brushed my bra. Biting my lip, I took a deep breath accepting his touch. Which quickly became more intimate as his fingertips pushed under the fabric. The feeling of his fingernails gently scratching against my breast as he pushed his hand under my bra was electrifying. Slight pain mixed with overwhelming anticipation and excitement.

However, Orias suddenly stopped moving his hand, teasing me as he came so close to opening my box. “Now devote yourself to me. Say it and I’ll give you all the desire and lust you want. Beyond anything you could ever imagine.”

A strange squeal escaped my mouth, dangling on the precipice of my pleasure volcano, about to erupt. I wanted it badly, needed it, my body was craving his touch. Having lived the same boring life for so many years with my boring boyfriend, I almost forgot what passion felt like. “Y-Yes I devote-”

Breaking the mood, my phone began to ring causing me to jump. It’s comical how fast you can lose your mood thanks to something so small like a phone ringing. Unfortunately, there was no mood left after I realised who was calling. Grabbing my phone from my back pocket, I looked down at it and realised who was calling. “Oh shit! I-It’s my boyfriend... I didn’t pick up earlier. He left me so many messages... Fuck! Let me tell him I’m okay before he calls the cops...”

“Huh. Go ahead darling. Already sounds like a wet fish. Boring.” Scoffing loudly, Orias let go of my neck and walked out of the bathroom.

Sighing deeply, I prepared myself to hide what was happening. My heart was still racing, my breathing still heavy, my legs still wet. Shaking my head I took a deep breath and answered the call. “H-Hey James. S-Sorry I didn’t answer before. I was at the library.”

“Gem! Gemma! Oh god. Thank goodness. I thought something bad had happened...”

“I’m fine... W-Were you crying?”

“Well yes. You scared me Gem... A-Are you okay?”

“Huh? Yes why? Why would you say that? I just said I was only at the library.”

“Did you run home? Why are you breathing heavy? Please tell me if something happened Gem. Do you need a doctor?”

“O-Of course James... Um. I don’t need a doctor. Nothing is wrong.”

“Okay... Good... Well I’m standing outside your door so... Can I come in?”

“Eeeek!-” I dropped the call allowing my phone to fall to the floor and sprinted into the hall. With a loud gasp, I saw Orias exploring my kitchen living room and immediately ran over to him.

“Oh. Hey Gem. You drop the call on that sheet of wet cardboard...? Hey what are you doing?”

“No time to explain. Just move.” Planting my hands in his back, I shuffled him into the bathroom again and closed the door. Managing to lock it from the outside I knocked on the door once and spoke quickly. “Whatever you do. Do not come out of this bathroom. You got that Orias?”

“Hah. Yeah yeah. Go spread your web of lie. I’ll wait here.”

Sprinting away from the bathroom I slammed into the wall taking the corner too quickly. Whipping the front door open, I clutched my side, wincing in pain. “H-Hey James. Come in. Ouch...”

“Gem! What happened? You look awful. We should go to a doctor immediately.”

“No! I um. No no it’s fine.”

“Gem. Look at you. You’re breathing heavily. You’re holding the side of your stomach like you’re about to pass out. Also what the hell happened to your hand?!?” His eyes ran across my body like a firefly to a lamp. He wrapped his arms around me and guided me to the couch. He sat down beside me holding my hand, looking at the cut across my palm. “How did this happen Gem? It looks bad.”

“O-Oh um. I cut it shaving... Um. Cleaning the blade that is... You know my razors don’t have a protective cover.” I slightly squinted my eyes hoping he’d buy my lie.

“That’s bad. That brand is awful. Let’s buy you a better brand of razors. Okay... So why are you out of breath and clutching your stomach?”

“Oh um. I sprinted from the bathroom to the front door. When you said you were here. I hit the wall pretty badly...”

“Aaah. That makes sense why you dropped the call so quickly. Huh... You always were really clumsy.”

As James calmed down from his panicked state and I regain my composure, the room fell into silence. An awkward dead air filled the space as we sat looking down at the table. Suddenly James slapped his knees with a deep breath and looked up at me with a big smile. “So Gem. I’m glad you’re okay. But we should really talk about us moving in together.”

“Oh I. Well um.” Things had been going smoothly with James for a long time. A boring smoothness like peanut butter without nut pieces. James had suggested to move in together a while back and it seemed logical to do so for the next step of my life. However, a small part of me was still holding on to the hope for something different. I had finally found it and now he wants to hasten talks about moving in together. My life had taken a sudden shift to complicated and dramatic. Short on solutions, I did what any introvert would do. I deflected and buried my head in the sand to avoid it for another day. “Yes. About that. Let’s um. Let’s go out for dinner soon and we can discuss it there.”

“Oh... Hmm. Yeah that’s a fun idea. Sounds great. Let’s go tomorrow night?”

“Tomorrow?”

“Well yes. It’s Friday tomorrow. You finish work early on Fridays. So you’ll be free. Right? You will be free right.”

James was sadly right, he knew so much about my life and my boring routine. Friday night was always date night for us, every single week every single month. However, this time I had something else, something exciting to explore. “Oh um. I’ll let you know tomorrow... Er. The office needs to push the numbers... I’ll probably be late...”

“Oh no. That’s a shame. Your company was doing so well too. I thought there routine scheduling was working well.”

“Well it’s not. Um. Do you need anything else?”

“Excuse me?”

“Oh I’m sorry. Just it’s late and I know you don’t like being out when it’s dark.”

“Yeah you’re right. It’s okay. I can stay here. Right?”

“Huh..? Um. No. I um. Not tonight.”

“Why? Is something going on? Why not?”

“Well um. Did you feed your dog before coming here?”

“Oh damn. You’re right I forgot. I rushed over here so quickly. Did I even lock my door? Oh no... Yeah I better go. Thank you Gem. You’re always so caring about me and Biscuit.” Standing up, James sighed and headed towards the bathroom.

My eyes widened in fear, jumping to my feet as he walked away. “W-Where are you going?”

“Hmm? Toilet. Why?”

Sprinting in front of him, I slammed my body against the bathroom door and threw my hands up. “Oh. It’s um. It’s broken... Yeah I didn’t see your messages because I was trying to fix it... Water everywhere. Yeah. Don’t go in there.”

“Are you sure you’re okay. You’re acting strange.”

“There’s shit everywhere... There I said it. It’s embarrassing. I don’t want you to see it...” I wanted to die in that moment, such an awful lie made me feel so humiliated and trampled over. However, it was necessary to push James away from the bathroom.

“Well jeez... That’s a serious run of bad luck. You want me to call for a repair man?”

“No no. I already did... I’m sure it’ll be fixed soon.”

“Well... Alright then. I’ll hold it until I get home.” James walked towards the front door and opened it, spinning around on the spot to look back at me. “Well take care Gem. See you tomorrow... Can I get a kiss or hug. You’re standing so far away...”

“Oh yes. Sorry. Rough night...” Stepping forward I wrapped my arms around him and hugged him. Pulling back, I place one hand on his chest and kissed his lips lightly before pushing him out the door. “You take care too James. See you later.”

With a happy little smirk on his face, James nodded and took his leave, waving to me as he went. “Love you babe.”

“I... Love you too...” Closing the door behind me I leaned against it and slid down to the floor, sighing deeply.

Laughter filled the room as Orias rounded the corner clapping. “Well done Gem. Excellent lying and acting. I could make a brilliant demon out of you yet.” Extending his hand, he reached out and grabbed mine. Using his weight, he pulled me to my feet and hugged me tightly. My face buried in his chest as he gently stroked my hair. “But you can’t keep these lies up forever. He will find out eventually. Even as dumb as he sounds...”

“I-I know. Just not yet. I need some time to process everything.” The deep shade of red returned to my cheeks as I took deep breaths to soak in his scent.

“Well that’s fine with me. We can have a lot of fun with him. Now how about I make my life partner something to eat. You did lose a lot of blood.”

I nodded silently into his chest, the little girl inside me was happy, being looked after like a princess. It had been a long time since I tried someone else’s food. I always ended up cooking for James even though he insists he’s a good cook. I took one final deep breath and sighed, lifting my head to look up at Orias. “Thank you. Orias. You’re something else. You know that...”

That night marked the start of something new in my life. Something so different to everything I ever had, everything that was set in place for me. I was overwhelmed with so many new options and possibilities, scared even. However, with Orias around I felt safe, like I could handle anything. Orias was the thing I was searching for, holding out for. Waiting for a change like this for so long. I found it, and my life was about to be flipped upside down. I could never have guess just how much, but this is what I asked for. So it’s about time I took charge of it, took charge of my life.

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