

Idris felt the fight leave their body as soon as Azriel's hand found the sensitive skin of their backside. They gasped and gripped the sheets, body going completely still, which helped the demon to finally push it against the bed, pinning Idris down with the strong hand that laid between the young person's shoulder blades. They didn't mind, however, all Idris could think about was the burn on their ass, the skin stinging slightly and how it hurt, but also filled their mind with that delicious white noise they'd come to associate with being turned on.

*Of course* they had some fucked up spanking kink. It's not like their sex life wasn't already complicated enough as it was; what with having sex with a demon every fortnight. Idris also needed to figure they liked being hit at the worst possible time.

They only said that because they *knew* Azriel could tell. Azriel could almost always read Idris like a book, like they had just spluttered their secrets all over the bed and the demon could pick them up, go through them calmly and read each and every one like they were a recipe to what made Idris the person they were. He *knew* what Idris reacted like when they enjoyed something, he had gotten to know the crimson-eyed youth that intimately, which was why the demon didn't really pay the human mind when they squirmed and told him to stop and tried to push him away – Idris didn't really mean any of that. If anything, it was a game they both would end up winning. Azriel enjoyed the struggle, enjoyed feeling powerful and feared and strong, enjoyed restraining Idris and breaking their will until they were begging for it; in return, Idris enjoyed how Azriel pushed them, how small and fragile he made them feel, they liked feeling wanted and desired to the point a *demon* couldn't stop himself... and, above all, Idris enjoyed the whole process of being torn apart. Piece by piece, having their facade fall until there was nothing left but their desire to be taken and belong to Azriel.

He knew. He always knew. Just like he knew right now, an amused laughter coming from behind Idris, beyond their line of sight. Oh, how easily Azriel could read them.

— Ha. You *like* this.

It wasn't a question, not exactly, so Idris didn't reply. They knew Azriel *wanted* to hear them saying yes, but wouldn't give him the pleasure. Not yet.

Not a smart choice, either. Azriel exhaled loudly and then tutted, fingers sliding from Idris' back to the nape of his head, threading the digits through his thick black hair and gripping firmly. Before the person even had time to consider what was going to happen next, they were hit again, harder this time, on the other side of their ass. Idris choked out another gasp and pushed their face against the mattress, breathing heavily as the sting stretched down to the top of their thigh.

— Maybe you weren't paying attention, but I said something. Do you have nothing to say back?

— No, I don't.

Not a lie. Far from one. Still, not the answer Azriel had been looking for.

— Is that so? Guess I'll have to word it differently, then.

He brought his hand down on Idris' ass once again, right on the same spot he had hit the first time, and the person cried out, both at the bittersweet pain that bolted through their spine and the wave of arousal that shot down their groin.

— I'll ask you this time: Do you like this? — As if to accentuate his question, Azriel slapped them once more, even harder, hard enough to make Idris' body inch forward and the bed creak. They swallowed thickly, trying to come up with coherent words to give as an answer, but the demon didn't seem pleased by their delay. — You like being hit, like the little whore you are?

Two hits in quick succession, making their skin blaze to the point that Idris tried to pull away, which proved impossible by the fingers gripping their hair and holding them firmly in place. Maybe the words somewhat helped, since Idris didn't enjoy being called a whore – not usually, anyway, because right now the phrasing made them feel downright *filthy*, and not exactly in a bad way. They would've felt bad if Azriel actually knew about their life before... but he didn't. He wasn't calling them a whore because he knew all the things Idris had done and was doing again, but because they were being *his* whore right now. That thought was... oddly calming. Enough to take the weight off the words so Idris could enjoy the degrading name.

— No... — they managed to finally answer, voice shaky and much closer to a pleased mewl than they intended. Idris paid it no mind however, if anything they wanted Azriel to keep pushing, keep hitting them, keep punishing Idris until they couldn't take anymore and they'd end up begging for it. The person wanted to let Azriel know how much they liked it with actions, not words.

Azriel scoffed. — I don't believe you.

— That's too bad.

The sound that came from the demon's lips could only be described as feral. A growl, showing that Azriel wasn't pleased with the answer *at all*. Idris knew what that kind of answer would result on, so they just waited for

it, closed their eyes and waited for the impact; but instead of being hit what they got was the man's fingers digging into the hurt flesh of his backside and squeezing it hard, fingertips sinking into the scorching skin like claws.

— Watch your mouth, you minx. Don't think talking back to me will get you what you want.

Azriel tugged at Idris' hair, nails scraping against the sensitive skin he had just spanked. The person whimpered softly, tilting their head back, unsure whether to arch into or away from the touch. It hurt, terribly so, but the pain was borderlining the pleasurable, tipping into something that made Idris' thoughts swim inside their head. All they wanted was to push back against the grip on their ass, relish into it, into everything that Azriel was giving them.

— You get off on this shit. I don't need you telling me to know. I can *see* it. I can prove it.

He let go of Idris altogether – their hair, their ass – and allowed them a moment of uncertainty as the words seeped into their brain. The witch dared to look back at the demon over their shoulder, curiosity in their red eyes, and found the man smirking down at them. The heat that flared up their neck indicated that Idris was blushing under the gaze – which was absurd, considering they didn't even flinch while being on their hands and knees and having Azriel slap their ass.

— Sit back.

Idris glanced briefly in the general direction of their backside and then back at Azriel. — But my--

— I don't give a fuck. I told you to *sit back*.

Obedience came naturally. Idris pushed themselves up and gingerly sat back against their heels, frowning at how uncomfortable it felt to have their feet digging into the upset skin.

— Good. You're supposed to feel uncomfortable.

The person had no idea of how to reply, so they didn't. Azriel didn't seem bothered by it this time, considering he didn't try to hit them. He just hummed softly and traced along the curve of Idris' hip with his fingertips.

— Am I using any kind of charm on you right now? — Azriel asked, pulling his hand away.

Idris shook their head. — No... I can tell you're not.

— Does that mean you're consenting to this out of your own volition?

The raven-haired witch hesitated, but nodded. — Yes, I am.

They could hear the smile on Azriel's tone. — Very good. Then lay down on my lap.

Idris only heard the shuffling of fabric as the demon moved, but knew what he was doing – sitting down on the edge of the bed – and why he was doing it – so Idris would lie down on his legs and *keep getting spanked*. It would have ashamed them how fast they scrambled on the bed to position themselves across the other man's legs, if only Idris *gave a flying fuck*. Right now, all they wanted (craved, actually) was the feeling of Azriel hitting them again, the spark of arousal that shot through their body, the sound of skin slapping against skin.

Instead, what they got was a soft chuckle and the demon's fingers knotting in their hair, gently tugging at the thick locks. His other hand rested on the small of Idris' back, pinning them down gently and stroking the skin just above their ass. The darker-skinned one moved a little, trying for a reaction, but Azriel didn't even budge.

— You see it now, Idris?

The person blinked slowly, looking back over their shoulder at the demon. — See what...?

— You like this. You want it so bad that you laid down on my lap, knowing fully well what I'd do to you. No charm, no persuasion. I didn't force you. You did it because you wanted to.

He pulled Idris' head up, tugging them by the hair, and placed his lips against the human's ear.

— So if I ask again, will your answer have changed?

There was no hesitation before Idris nodded. They felt Azriel smiling against the shell of their ear.

— Do you like this, Idris?

— Yes. Yes, I do.

— Do you want more of it?

— *Please*.

Idris felt no shame in how needy and desperate their voice came out. As long as it worked to get Azriel to hit them again, they would be more than glad to beg and whine as much as needed.

The demon chuckled lowly in the back of his throat, a hoarse sound that went straight to Idris' groin.

— I'm more than happy to oblige.

He pressed his lips to Idris' ear, a rushed kiss, and proceeded to shove their face down. In response, almost automatically, the red-eyed person pushed their hips up, earning a satisfied laugh from the demon, who ran his palm down the sensitive skin of their backside. He nearly touched the wetness between their thighs, so, so close, but not quite *there*, and Idris couldn't help but let out a breathy whine. Once again Azriel laughed, but this time moved his hand away. Idris groaned, frustrated.

— Think you can handle being hit ten times, sugar?

Idris bit back a scoff. Honestly, who did Azriel think they were? *Of course* they could handle being hit ten times. They had been through worse, on the demon's hands, actually.

— Yes, I can.

— I won't go easy on you, Idris.

— Oh, you better don't.

Azriel did scoff, opposed to Idris, sounding honestly amused by the other's words. He exhaled slowly and pulled both of the person's arms to their back, holding their forearms firmly just below their shoulder blades. Something about the restraint made Idris eerily... uneasy. They wouldn't be able to hold on to anything.

— Count them out, sweetie.

Oh, how quickly Idris came to regret their words.

As soon as the first hit made contact with their skin, the person practically *squealed* – quite loudly, much to their own shame. Idris had forgotten that, well... Azriel wasn't human. He didn't hit like a human. He was much, much stronger. And he, definitely, was not holding back right now. Idris could clearly make out the outline of his hand by the burning of their skin alone, by how hot their ass felt and how pins and needles seemed to travel across their nerves as their muscles twitched involuntarily. And, hell, it *hurt*. It was worse than the three hits they had gotten earlier altogether.

Being hit ten times, suddenly, seemed much more of an ordeal than before.

— Forgot how to count, love?

Idris swallowed hard. Their voice came out low and shaky:

— One.

Azriel didn't move for a while afterward. He let the feeling settle, let Idris' skin get used to the feeling and the pain fade to a low buzzing in the back of the black haired person's mind. Then, faster than Idris' senses were capable of perceiving, his hand came down again, ripping out another loud sound from the human. Their eyes squeezed shut, their toes curled and their nails dug painfully into their palms. Still, the only thing filling Idris' mind was white noise and how their skin was alight with pain.

— Two — they choked out, the weight of the word much more humiliating than the act of being hit itself.

From there on, Azriel just stepped it up. Idris had no idea how he could muster up so much strength, but he did and each time he hit the person on his lap, he did it *harder*. His hand felt heavier and sturdier; he seemed to come faster and somehow hit Idris at a slightly more painful angle than before.

By six, there were tears in their eyes and running down their cheeks. The numbers came out in ragged sobs that Idris hardly recognized as their own voice.

By eight, Azriel said they could scream if they wanted to. Not like Idris had much choice, because the last two hits came so hard and so fast their vision blurred at the edges and they went limp on the demon's lap after shouting the numbers.

They felt... well, they didn't feel a lot, besides *pain*. Honestly, it didn't stop at their ass, it spread down their highs and up to their lower back; small jolts of white-hot pain that radiated from the bottom of their body. Idris couldn't even feel their ass properly, could just make out a pulsating, aching part of their body that felt completely disconnected from everything else. It hurt so, *so* bad that it almost didn't hurt anymore. They felt numb. They felt thoroughly abused.

And, as much as they'd never want Azriel to go as hard as that again, they felt *amazing*. The pain blended in with the pleasure, with how light-headed the whole experience had made Idris feel, both overwhelmingly intense. They *knew* Azriel could tell how much wetter they had gotten from that, if not from hitting that close to their pussy, at least from the way Idris had desperately pressed their thighs together as some point. Somehow, the witch felt no shame at all. If anything, there was an odd sense of relief in their body, like the experience had purged them of any negative feelings.

He felt the demon run his fingers through the sweaty locks that stuck to Idris' temple and push them out of the way. Their head hung low, out of his lap, so the human had to turn their face around slightly to meet the man's gaze.

— Still kicking? — Azriel asked, releasing Idris' hands from their back. They let them flop to their sides, unwilling to move any muscle right now.

— Not so sure, to be completely honest.

The blond rolled his eyes. — You did well, Idris, considering I got carried away. I couldn't help it, though, you just... press my buttons. That smart mouth of yours, how you always act up. Thought this would be a good lesson, but never expected you to *enjoy* being hit.

Idris thought about a dozen replies that would definitely get them in trouble again, but ended up settling for one that was honest and quite innocent:

— I'm, uh... sorry?

Azriel studied them for a long minute, uneven icy blue eyes scanning every inch of the magician's face. Idris felt themselves slowly starting to blush underneath the intense stare, especially considering it came out of nowhere and they didn't know what Azriel was looking for. They licked their lips and swallowed nervously, holding the demon's gaze until he blinked and sighed.

— Yeah. You were really, really good, Idris. You deserve to be rewarded.

They arched their eyebrows questioningly. — What does that even m— *oh*?

Their question was cut short as Idris felt a hand sliding down between their thighs and nudging them apart. The witch couldn't help but hiss at the burning sensation in their skin when Azriel's fingers dragged against it, but the blazing trail the digits left behind just served to work them up even more. Not that they needed much more right now, considering how easily the fingers slid down their wet cunt and found Idris' neglected clit.

A soft gasp escaped their mouth and their hips pushed back, searching for more. Azriel gave it to them, fingers circling the bundle of nerves a couple of times before he started rhythmically massaging it. Idris finally, *finally* let out a relieved moan, tilting their head back and shamelessly grinding back against the demon's fingers.

— Oh, God, *yes*.

Azriel chuckled somewhere above them.

— I do love how blasphemous you humans turn when you're getting fucked.

— Shut *up*.

As soon as the words left their mouth, the stimulation ceased. Idris whimpered at the loss and was about to look back at Azriel over their shoulder, when they felt the fingers sliding back up their sex and one of them pushing inside of their opening with ease.

— *Excuse me?* — Azriel asked, crooking his finger and pressing it exactly against the spot that got Idris seeing stars. The witch whimpered, knees threatening to buckle as pleasure washed over their body, and the demon yanked their hair back harshly. — Do you want me to stop, Idris? Is that why you're talking back to me?

— No, no! I'm sorry! — They cried desperately. — I didn't mean to, I'm sorry! Please, *please* don't stop.

The demon huffed and let go of Idris' hair, letting their head fall back forward. The magician breathed heavily and swallowed the lump that had formed on their throat, eyes closing slowly as they tried to regain their composure after pretty much losing it at the mere mention of Azriel stopping. Honestly, it should've been pathetic, but after being thoroughly spanked to the point of not being able to form words, Idris didn't care all that much. They just wanted to be fucked and they would *beg* for it, if need be.

— I'll let this one pass just because you were such a good boy for me earlier — Azriel practically purred, free hand sliding down the human's sweaty back. — Can you lift your hips for me, love?

Idris wasn't entirely sure that they could get their legs working right now, but they did their best to push the tip of their toes against the wooden floor and raise their hips. The new position caused their chest to press flush against the demon's thighs, and that was when Idris *felt it*. Sure, it had been there for a while now, pressed against their stomach as they got hit, but Idris just registered what it was now. Azriel's hard cock was straining against his jeans, the bulge in his pants seeming uncomfortable.

— Does doing this turn you on? — asked Idris, before a low hum exited their throat as Azriel's free hand slid around their waist and down between their hipbones.

The demon chuckled lowly, tugging gently at Idris' sparse pubic hair. — Of course it does. Why else would I do it? Seeing you in pain just. Gets me going.

Idris parted their lips to reply, but the words were cut short as pressure was applied to their clit once more, by the fingers that had snaked their way between their thighs. Instead of talking, the raven-haired person let out a soft moan, rolling their hips against the hands that provided them so much pleasure. Azriel hummed, seeming satisfied, and tentatively thrust the finger that was inside of the magician. Idris choked a little, gripping the man's thigh and tensing around the digit.

— Seeing you cry on my lap was easily one of the most wonderful things I've ever seen. I wanna get you crying again, Idris. I want to hear you saying my name while there's tears running down your face.

As if the words weren't enough, the demon pushed a second finger next to the first one, unceremoniously scissoring them apart and rubbing against Idris' sweet spot. Azriel's name fell from the person's lips in a drawn-out moan, like an answer to his words, and their eyes nearly rolled back into the sockets as the speed picked up. Idris wanted to hold on to something, to *anything*, as Azriel fucked into them, hard and fast and with his fingers crooked

*just* in the right angle, but there was nothing they could grab, so all they could do was uselessly press their hands to the floor as wave after wave of pleasure washed over their body.

Maybe they had already been close, maybe Azriel was just *that* good when it came to fucking them, but Idris could feel as each stroke to their clit and each deep thrust melted into a pooling heat at the back of their stomach; a knot being pulled by the edges and getting tighter and tighter with each movement. Their noises were growing louder, their thighs were starting to shake and their whole body felt just like an overflowing recipient. It was too much, too much, *too much*...

— Az — Idris mumbled urgently, tongue suddenly too thick for their mouth. They swallowed hard, trying to make themselves coherent — Please, Az, if you keep going like that I'm gonna come.

— It's okay — The demon replied, voice rough with what Idris knew to be arousal. It almost made them whimper, how they could *taste* the desire in Azriel's words. All the magician wanted was to be able to grind down against the hard cock pressing against their chest, rub a hand against it, get Azriel moaning, even if he was always so fucking quiet and controlled when he did so.

— I wanna get you off — they whined, trying to move their hips away from the merciless grinding, but Azriel pushed his fingers in deeper and rendered Idris' legs useless.

— Don't think for an instant that you're not blowing me after this, Idris. But I'm going to take care of you first. It's your reward. Enjoy it, baby.

Idris wanted to say something back, wanted to try and bargain and ask nicely for Azriel to actually fuck them with his dick instead of only using his fingers, but their voice was replaced with a throaty moan as the demon picked up the same pace as before. His fingers dragged against the most sensitive part of the witch's cunt and the other hand worked their clitoris experiently, reminding Idris how fucking *close* they actually were to coming. There was nothing they could really do, except let themselves go and truly *enjoy it*.

It didn't take long at all. Soon enough the heat in their lower body got too much to handle, their muscles were too tense to be comfortable, their stomach seemed to be tied in such a tight knot that it was hard to even breathe. Idris pushed their face to the side of Azriel's thigh and cried out a wordless sound, fingers digging painfully into the wooden floor as they came so hard their vision whitened out. The demon slowed down their pace, keeping his fingers still as he stroked Idris through their climax, and once the witch started to feel oversensitive, he pulled out and removed the hand that had been underneath their body.

There was hardly any time for Idris to slump down and regain their breathing before Azriel was shoving two fingers past their lips, forcing their mouth open. The magician nearly choked on the sudden invasion, but managed to relax around the digits as the demon thrust them deep into their mouth. The taste was somewhat familiar — it wasn't the first time Azriel had made them do that.

— You've made a fucking mess — He pointed out, pressing down against Idris' tongue. The person obediently licked and sucked at his fingers, knowing exactly what the man wanted. They had made a mess, so they should clean it up. — Honestly, you probably stained my jeans. How do you even get so wet?

Idris pulled away from Azriel's fingers and slurred: — 'm sorry. You just really turn me on, I can't help myself. — They licked up the palm of the demon's hand, which also needed cleaning, before sucking his fingers back into their mouth and going at them willingly.

Azriel let out a noise that sounded dangerously like a growl. — Fuck — he breathed, visibly strained, and Idris could swear they felt a jolt of arousal going down their groin again. — You're fucking *filthy*.

His hand met one of Idris' buttocks and squeezed, and the person seemed to, suddenly, remember that they had been spanked out of their senses just minutes ago. The memories returned along with the burning of the skin Azriel was squeezing, digging his pointy nails in and dragging down. It burned, it ached, but it also... aroused Idris. The more the demon ran his fingers down the abused skin, the more Idris wanted him. The more touches they desired, the more they felt like begging for Azriel to fuck them, even if they had had an orgasm seconds ago. Idris would go at it again, Azriel needed only give the order.

The demon pulled his fingers out of the witch's mouth and pushed them through their black hair, pulling Idris' head back enough so that they could see each other's face. The magician blinked their red eyes, hopeful, needy and willing, and met Azriel's icy blue ones, clouded with lust and desire and the need of something they couldn't exactly pinpoint, but looked animalistic.

Finally, Azriel grabbed Idris' ass firmly with both hands before pushing them to the floor. There was a lot of pain in all those movements, from having their still tender backside squeezed to being pushed down on the hardwood floor. Still, Idris didn't seem to mind, considering they just rolled over and looked up at the demon, eyes wide and expectant.

— On your knees for me, you little *slut*.

Idris obeyed immediately, kneeling down in front of Azriel and looking up at him, expectant eyes as the demon stood up and popped open the first button of his jeans. The dark-skinned person couldn't help himself and leaned forward, hands reaching out to help him free himself from that uncomfortable tightness, but the attitude wasn't welcome. Azriel hit one of their hands, hard, and shot Idris an irritated look.

— Where do you think you're going with those filthy hands of yours? — He spat, stilling the fingers that had been working his pants open.

The witch nearly cried out with frustration. — I wanna help. Please. Let me do this.

Just to reaffirm what they were saying, Idris reached out for the man again and held his pants waist firmly, yanking him close enough that the heat of his body was right against their face. They gently placed their hands over Azriel's, taking over the task of unbuttoning and opening his jeans, and allowing their fingertips to gently move along the bulge in the front as they worked on the buttons and the zipper. Once those were out of the way, Idris felt somewhat more emboldened and slid their palm against the covered length of Azriel's cock, trying for a reaction. The demon just grunted softly, fingers threading through Idris' thick, dark locks.

— No teasing. I'm not in the mood.

Idris' reply was merely a hum. They ran their palm down the front of the blonde man's underwear once more, feeling him up, getting a good idea of just how hard Azriel was before proceeding.

— You sure about that? — the magician asked, pushing the demon's pants down to his ankles and running their hands back up his thighs, nails dragging gently against the skin, a caress that seemed almost out of place. They knew Azriel liked it, however, if not by experience then by the way goosebumps ran down his legs and put his hairs on edge.

— Yes. I've had enough of waiting when I was getting you off.

— You've had enough of me, Az? — Idris asked, knowing the answer they'd get. They just wanted the praise and the attention, just wanted Azriel to look down at their face as the witch parted their lips and pressed their mouth against his erection, still covered by the thin layer of the boxer briefs.

— Oh, never. I'll never get enough of *this*, — he breathed it as he stared intently down at Idris, who was still working their mouth over his clothed cock. Slowly up and down the shaft, their tongue just briefly flicking against the covered head, one of their hands rubbing down against his balls. Enough times with Azriel's cock in their mouth had taught Idris how the demon liked it. — I could, hah... do with some more of my cock in your mouth, though. That pretty mouth of yours. You can't convince me you weren't made to suck dick, Idris. Not when you look so fucking good doing it.

The praise always got to the human. They stopped for a moment, whimpering softly, and then pulled the briefs down, releasing Azriel's thick cock from the underwear. Once free, the member stood fully erect, bowed down slightly under its own weight, feeling as familiar as ever as Idris wrapped their fingers around the thick base and slowly started pumping. Azriel huffed softly, a light flush spreading up his neck and cheeks.

— Order me and I'll do it — Idris said simply, mouth so close to the tip that it was hard not sticking their tongue out and licking up the length in their hand.

— Just fucking get on with it, Idris. Jesus fucking—

He stopped himself once the words gained meaning, but it was too late. Idris looked up at the demon, smirking, and the chuckle that followed couldn't really be helped.

— Jesus fucking christ, Az?

Perhaps teasing wasn't the smartest thing to do right now, but they couldn't stop themselves. Not when Azriel was so on edge he was calling out for the one that kicked him out of heaven. The demon's icy blue eyes practically bore a hole through Idris' skull as he stared down at them, and it didn't take more than two seconds for the human's mouth to be forcefully pushed open by the fingers that were on their hair just now.

— You try my patience, Idris — Azriel muttered, voice low and dangerous. After prying the person's fingers away, the man's free hand got a hold of his shaft, stroking it obscenely slow, right in front of Idris' face. The witch made a noise around the fingers in their mouth, not even trying not to sound needy and shameless, knowing Azriel knew them better than that. — Maybe we should use your smart mouth for something other than being a little shit.

It didn't come exactly as a surprise when the demon, unceremoniously, pushed his cock past Idris' lips. No warning, no anything, just went straight to it and ripped the air right out of their lungs. It was so fast that they couldn't taste anything, couldn't enjoy it, couldn't do anything but relax their jaw and take it in. The magician tried to breathe through their nose, but the intrusion was too sudden and Azriel's dick was *too thick*, and they choked on it. The demon didn't seem to mind; actually, he seemed pleased, if the lopsided grin on his face was any indication — and it was, Idris knew, Azriel liked to see them choking and gagging and struggling to breathe.

Hands moved to the back of their head and gripped the hair on the nape of their neck. The demon moved, hips slowly rolling back, his cock sliding against the person's tongue and giving them enough room to breathe again. It was short-lived, however, because soon enough he was thrusting back forward and the tip was hitting the back of Idris' throat again. Instead of complaining, they let out a low moan and gripped the man's thighs, digging their fingers in like they were the only thing grounding them to the present.

Azriel seemed thoroughly pleased, both with himself and Idris, as he continued to fuck into the person's mouth. There was no rhythm to it, he wasn't doing it to get off and the witch knew it. It was their punishment for being petulant, for talking back to him when he was already being so generous. Idris wasn't supposed to enjoy it, but they couldn't really help but get into a trance as Azriel pulled their head in and pushed his hips forward, again and again, deeper each time, his little noises getting louder bit by bit. Idris actually felt so *good* to be able to please Azriel like that, even if they could tell they'd have a terribly sore throat the next day. Their eyes threatened to close, eyelids drooping slowly, but Azriel hit them in the cheek and yanked their hair.

"Don't you look away from me."

Idris' moan turned into a cough when the demon buried himself down their throat and held them there, his eyes trained on the magician's face as they struggled to breathe and keep their own eyes open. Once again, tears welled up on Idris' eyelids as they tried their best to accommodate Azriel's girth in their mouth. It was an useless effort, the person already knew it, but they did know how to put on a show as well.

All too soon the pressure was gone and so was the cock in their mouth. Idris inhaled deeply, still coughing, feeling both drool and precum dripping down their chin – it made them feel so absolutely *debauched* and, God, it felt so *good*. They licked their lips, tasting the all too familiar salty sting on their tongue, and finally let out the breath held in their lungs.

Azriel's hand was still on the human's hair as he looked down at them with an unreadable expression. "No. This isn't doing it for me."

They weren't known for being the most expressive person around, but Idris could just *feel* their face falling at those words. It felt like a punch in the gut, worse than being hit in the face a couple of seconds ago – they had failed to please Azriel, when that was the only thing they needed to get done. A sudden, painful urge filled the magician, the one to make themselves useful and not lose the demon standing in front of them. (Even if that was impossible. They had a contract, a pact, and Idris was the only one who could end it. Still, their urge to please had nothing to do with contractual obligations.)

Idris was about to ask what they could do to make the man happy when Azriel softly ran his fingers through their hair, bunching up the strands at the back of their neck and tilting the person's head back. Their gazes locked and now there was a wicked grin on the demon's pretty mouth, one that Idris knew all too well and filled them with anticipation.

"Say, Idris," the man started, voice low and hoarse, the way that always worked like a charm for the magician's thighs to press together in arousal. Azriel was holding his dick right in front of Idris' face once more, stroking the leaking member just inches away from the human's mouth (which felt like torture because Idris wanted to lick off the stream of precum running down the length, wanted to properly feel Azriel in their mouth). Idris even part their lips, offering yet again their mouth for Azriel to use, but the demon finds it amusing to hold Idris back and watch them struggle with the desire to suck his cock. "I know you're such a nice boy and so eager to please. What if I said I just want a hole to fuck? What if I didn't want to look at your desperate teary eyes as I got off? Would you give it to me?"

Idris nodded vehemently. "You can fuck me however you like, Az."

"Is that so." That's said with Azriel sliding the head of his cock along Idris bottom lip, tainting the skin with precum.

"Yes." Idris breathes heavily, holding back from sticking their tongue and licking the gland right in front of their eyes. "I won't mind. I just want you to use me however you seem fit."

Azriel scoffed, visibly enjoying their little game. "Why should I care about what you want?"

Idris shook their head. "You shouldn't. It doesn't matter. All that matters is that you get what you want from me and I'd be happy to do it."

Azriel smiled softly, dangerously, fingers letting go from their hair to now gently caress the side of Idris' face. "Like I said, such a nice, obedient boy." There's affection in his tone as he pulled away from Idris. "Turn around, face to the floor and hips up. Hands where I can see them."

Idris followed the instructions immediately, crossing their arms and hiding their face between them. Their knees were spread apart, keeping their hips up, like Azriel wanted them, and the witch heard the clinking of metal as

the demon removed his remaining articles of clothing. He was probably naked now, which meant he was going to actually fuck Idris. The human felt ecstatic with the thought.

"Just look at this fucktoy I got for myself," Azriel purred, voice coming from somewhere Idris couldn't really see, but working to get them needy regardless. Hands rest on Idris' lower back, so so close to where the bruises from the spanking were, and the magician whimpers like a needy little puppy. "I bet they'd do anything I asked of them. Isn't that right?"

Idris nodded. "Yes, my lord... anything at all."

"Would you beg?"

"Yes."

"Would you humiliate yourself just to get fucked?"

At each new question, Azriel moved his hands lower, closer to the bruises, and Idris feels like sobbing when the demon's nails are dragging against the abused skin. It's such a bittersweet pleasure, the pain in such sensitive area. Idris whimpers and nods to show approval.

"I would do more than that, if asked of me. I'd let you parade me naked through the corridors of this building, if you'd like. I trust you. I want to please you."

Idris' brain-mouth filter is officially gone again. That's their desire to please acting up, the necessity he has right now of getting fucked by Azriel's cock, to have the demon inside of them, fucking them until they can't come up with a single decent thought.

"Your words already please me quite a lot, dear one. But seeing you take my cock will please me much more. And you would like that, wouldn't you?"

The witch nodded enthusiastically. "So, so much, sir."

Azriel chuckled darkly, fingers sliding down Idris' bruised backside and then up toward the person's needy cunt. The demon slid two fingers along the folds, testing for how wet Idris was, and the person nearly lost their mind as those warm digits caressed their most sensitive part. They wanted that so bad it was almost painful. If Azriel didn't fuck them *now*, Idris would positively lose their shit.