

The Demon in Her Bed

A Demon Entanglements Encounter

Alexa Piper



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After her recent demon encounter, Kiara discovered a few truths: jam sucks. Witches exist, and they also suck. Demons exist, and sometimes they come with suckers, with tentacles. Also, demons are much preferable to both witches and jams, so Kiara has moved in with her kraken demon, Fian. Time to break in the new apartment. Make sure to keep track of all the tentacles!

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Kiara was tired. The demons had done a wonderful job of moving her back to the city. Into the new apartment that they had -- somehow -- found. For her. And Fian.

"So I guess we're living together now," she told her kraken demon who was busy putting her books on a shelf with one hand and two tentacles.

Fian froze, books in hand-slash-tentacles, and at the sight of him half-shifted and stunned by her attention, Kiara grinned. Fian cleared his throat, put the books on their shelf, and turned to face her. "I guess? I mean, I'm not crowding you, am I?"

They had closed the door to the other demons about five minutes ago, and all Fian had done was put things away and clean. And he was effective, what with having tentacles. He now shifted those back to the regular human configuration.

"You're hot when you're tidying up," Kiara said. Her ex had never done any housework. She was glad he'd had that boating accident.

Fian smiled, and took a step toward Kiara. "I'm not sure anyone ever told me that, but thanks. So, uhm, could I hug you?"

Kiara chuckled. "Why'd you ask me -- oh, do you mean, like, with all the tentacles?"

Fian shrugged. "I love tasting your skin with my suckers, so hugging you is really nice."

"Go ahead," Kiara said, and Fian's arms shifted to sucker-studded tentacles that reached for her and wreathed around her even as Fian followed. He soon held her close to his chest, and Kiara felt his tentacles band across her back and legs, even as far down as her thighs.

"This is nice," Fian said. "This is really nice. You know, I'm glad I found you."

Kiara breathed in his ocean scent, salt and a fresh breeze. "So you said." She leaned into his chest, which was firm and warm, and from experience, she knew it was

smooth as well, delicious. "Fian, I think we should lie down. I'm tired. And also, I think we should break in the apartment properly, if you know what I mean."

Fian's light grayish blue eyes met hers. "You mean you want me to make love to you," he said with a demonic grin. "Here, rather than in the Morpheus-Realm."

"And possibly again once I fall asleep. Can you always find me in the Morpheus-Realm?"

He nodded. "Yes, if you are dreaming, I can, but humans really only dream for a few hours each night. I'm looking forward to holding you while you aren't dreaming. Of course, only if you don't mind. I don't want to make you feel uncomfortable, and when I said that I can squeeze into really small corners before I meant that, so if you need --"

"Please take me to bed and show me all the things you can do with those tentacles, Tickle," Kiara said, and at the use of his nickname, Fian's head turned crimson.

"You should have never met my brother. But very well, you are the current that moves my will." And with that, her demon picked Kiara up as if she were but another book. She giggled as his tentacles held her and then again when Fian gently popped her on the bed, which one of the other demons had taken great care to make.

Kiara found herself responding as Fian's suckers became more targeted in their exploring, caressing her nipples through the fabric of her T-shirt and reaching under the hem toward her skin. She watched Fian taking off his own clothes in fascination, because he shifted between arms and legs and tentacles as he did so. It was a mesmerizing magic dance, and Kiara, watching him and being watched by him in turn, felt herself grow wet from just the thought of feeling him use this rhythm of his limbs to bring her to her climax.

"I can taste your desire on your skin, Kiara," Fian said. "You want me."

"Yes," she said, and started on her own clothes.

Fian helped her, and just as he had managed with the books and everything else, he made short work of it. Kiara found herself naked, and her demon lover ready to take full advantage of that.

One of Fian's tentacles reached between Kiara's legs as Fian lay down next to Kiara on the bed and bent to kiss her. Kiara gasped, and Fian's tongue dipped into her mouth while his tentacle dipped into her pussy. "You're so wet already," Fian said, briefly pulling out of the kiss. "You're pretty damn hot yourself, you know."

"A demon... whispering into my ear... while... ah... tickling my g-spot..."

"I don't tickle," Fian said, but kept up what he was doing, actually added limbs.

Kiara felt her breasts squeezed and sucked, felt one tentacle around her midsection, and one more -- or the same, it was difficult to tell -- working away on her clit.

Fian kissed her. She felt his lips on hers, behind her ear, felt his tongue tasting her skin.

But she couldn't focus on the demon in her bed. The best she could do was bury her fingers in his soft hair and arch her back. This felt as close to heaven as she would ever get.

"I want to be inside you," Fian whispered into her ear. "Kiara, may I?"

"Yes, just -- yes, please. Fuck. This is so good." She felt him on top of her, their bodies close, entwined. His tentacle pulled out, but it was soon replaced by his cock. Kiara wanted to whimper. This felt too good, too perfect.

"Oh, sweet cresting waves, Kiara," Fian said.

Fian had a swimmer's body and a demon's stamina, and he rocked Kiara with the force of the moon-drawn tide. She felt her body dissolve into fractals, unspooled by the pace he set, and with all his suckers working pleasure into her, Kiara soon exploded into orgasm.

She drifted gently, eyes falling open for a moment longer as Fian pounded into her, then came himself. His skin shifted colors quickly, blue, gold, red, before he kissed her again.

Kiara had sometimes found the pulling apart from a lover this soon after awkward, but with Fian, there was none of that, mostly because he didn't so much pull apart from her as shift, his tentacles still holding her quite close. He pulled her to him until Kiara's head rested against his neck. She put her hand out to rest it on his chest, and one of Fian's tentacles rested on her arm and hand, his suckers gentle on her skin.

"So this is how you break in an apartment," he said.

"Absolutely. It's the law."

"Humans are so weird," Fian said. "I mean, not you of course. You're like an oyster with a perfect pearl huddled near your heart."

"Tickle, did you just call me a mollusc?" Kiara asked, pushing herself up so that she could look at her demon.

Fian flushed red, then blue. "It was a compliment! And don't call me Tickle."

Kiara gave him a wide grin until he rolled his eyes, then laid back down against him. "Tell me it's a black pearl that's growing next to my heart."

"Black as an orca's hunting mask."

"Oh, now that sounds badass."

His tentacle brushed over her head and back. "You are pretty badass."

"Mmh. You can tell me all about it later. I think I'll go to sleep now. You're very comfy."

A rumbling laugh rolled through Fian. "I will. See you in your dreams, Kiara."

"See you then, Tickle," she said and kissed her demon goodnight.

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