

Gifts and portals

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Summary

Ozzie is a demon not used to boring days at his club, today was one such day; for him at least. Patrons of his club and its services thrived throughout the day as the king bored and suffered. Across the ring a concert by none other than the queen of hell herself was slated, yet he could not attend and enjoy her company.

Luckily for Ozzie a gift would arrive just in time to end his day far better than it began.

Notes

Here's another lewd for you all. Typical rules apply, please read the tags. I have plans for a potential add on to my Valentino's special pet story; but before that I wish to release the first chapter for a longer project.

Ozzie's was a club that never slept, never tired, never slowed in its hustle and bustle. The owner was not quite the same, though you could be mistaken or fooled. Asmodeus, Ozzie, was adorned in his equally high society, slutty, and comfy nightgown as he strode to his personal chambers. He let out a soft yawn as his hand pushed open the double doors, the heads floating within his flaming mane yawning alongside him. It had been a boring, uneventful day compared to most, and it was those days which tired him out the most.

A concert was being held across the ring by none other than the queen of hell herself. Ozzie would have liked going, if only to indulge himself in the queen, but time passed him in the weeks leading up to it and he had many less than exciting duties that required his presence. Now he was tired, so much so that even the queen couldn't stir his libido enough to rush across the entire ring to meet her. Every time Lilith visits Lust, Ozzie ends his day tired and drained, only today it was nothing more than tired and grumpy. Not even his darling Fizzarolli could bring him out of his current mood, at least not on his own.

"Oh Ozzie!" The slight scratchy voice of the jester echoed out in the hall behind Oz, the sound of rushing feet being carried alongside it. "You got some late mail! Shipped express right here to the club. I'm amazed the jackasses didn't try and open it."

It didn't surprise Ozzie in the slightest that by the time he'd turned to face his darling that the little demon had already rushed into his room and slithered up onto his bed. Fizz quickly wrapped his mechanical arms around the large package, one that was almost as large as him, into the shape of a bow. Paired with Fizz sticking out his tongue in such an adorable manner it was hard for Ozzie not to chuckle and swoon. Reaching out a large hand he gently took hold of one of Fizz's arms and pulled, unwrapping the faux bow and pulling the much smaller demon up onto his shoulders. A pleased smile spread both their lips as they brushed their heads against one another.

The lord of Lust pushed the package to the side as he sat down upon the foot of his bed, still nuzzling against Fizz all the while. He only stopped to look over the box sitting next to him. It was unmarked from where or who delivered it, and wrapped plainly in pink wrapping paper. He turned to look at Fizz, who simply shrugged his shoulders. With hesitation Ozzie tightened his gaze on the package and pursed his lips.

"An unmarked package delivered right to my doorstep, and so late in the day after all the prides and bores I had to deal with. What say you Fizzy, do you think it's a bomb?"

Fizz wrapped his arms around Ozzie's neck thrice over as he peaked at the package while resting on the king's shoulder. "If it is, it's pretty shit. Driver was getting a blowjob the whole time I was talking to him, and definitely before that. Plus I did sorta run with it the whole way up here. So it really shoulda gone off by now."

Ozzie reached out and grabbed the box, holding it relatively easily within one hand, and brought it in closer. A sweet smell idly drifted into his nostrils once the box was close enough. A mountain of tension fell from his shoulders as he hummed in delight. A series of swift chuckles left him as he purred. Understanding covering his face.

"I could never mistake that sweet smell of ambrosia." Taking a finger to the top of the package a heatless flame quickly consumed the wrapping paper, leaving nothing but a small card and plain box behind. He grabbed the card and flipped it open, a wide, excited grin on his face. "Lily, you spoil me. I should have known you'd send me something since I couldn't give our normal exchange on your visits."

Fizz leaned over to eye what was written upon the card, nothing more than a short message to Oz from queen Lilith herself.

. A slight look of bewilderment formed on Fizz after reading it. A moment later the look faded.

"You think she sent this expecting it to arrive after she left? That's what it reads like anyway. The one time those greeseballs do their job correctly, and it gets here early."

Ozzie joined Fizz in a small bit of laughter as he set the card aside. In the same manner as the wrapping paper, a small flame consumed the tape holding the box closed with Ozzie reaching in to pull the contents of it free. From the box came a large tubular object, with a wider end on one side than the other. It took very little time for the pair of demons to recognize what it was. A fleshlight, and an extremely plain looking one at that.

While Oz pushed the box aside and looked over the pleasure tool Fizz leaned in close to look it over as well. It held no external form of excitement in terms of looks, nothing to catch the eye except for its size, which only confirmed it was intended for Ozzie given it was nearly the size of Fizz in his entirety. Even turning it over to look at where the king of Lust was intended to sink himself into looked plain and uninteresting. The only notable point of difference was a knob toward the bottom, a knob which had multiple grooves to turn too. Four grooves in all, the first looking like a small engraving of the toy itself and what the knob was turned too at present, with the other three seemingly left blank.

The two look on in utter bewilderment, not in the type of gift received but, at how plain and uninteresting it appeared. Perhaps the knob was a vibration setting, or something other involving the inside of it, but even that seemed plain compared to what Lilith could have given. The queen had a veritable unending wave of rumors involving her and Lucifer's sex lives, though most revolved around her in solidarity. Ozzie knew first hand, as well as Fizz, not all of the rumors were simply rumors, her proclivity to swinging was one such rumor he had confirmed first hand whenever she came to Lust, and came on him. So for a woman of such exotics, explicit, and kinky nature to send something so bland was an oddity of the highest order.

Fizz dived under the toy, then over, and then all around it and Ozzie's arms as he inspected it; going so far as pushing a speculative arm into the hole only to be disappointed with the results. "The thing isn't even a mold of her snatch, nothing special going on inside. What do you think, Oz? She had to send this to you for a reason, and no way did she make it this shit on purpose. That knob on the bottom has got to be the thing that really let's the fun get started. Turn it over one, I wanna see what it does."

Ozzie waved at Fizz somewhat dismissively to calm him down, the Jester rolling his eyes and splaying himself out over Ozzie's shoulder in response. The king of Lust looked over the toy a few more times, doing the same as Fizz, in a way, and pushed two fingers into the end to no

sudden surprise. He couldn't accept there was nothing more to this than the knob at the bottom, but more and more it seemed to be the case. Twisting it in his grip he lowered a hand to the knob and gently clicked it over one. The thought of the queen's loins heavy in his mind, causing his own to stir and hoping greatly in the hopes the toy was not a disappointment.

The instant the knob switched over, and Ozzie's thoughts traversed his mind, runes burst to light along the ring of the fleshlight. Dark energies encompassed the head of the toy, before the colors changed into a vibrant pink in shade. King and jester alike watched in intrigue as the pink ring was pulled away, and a very real pair of labia came into view. As the ring parted in entirety the rubber, faux pussy was now replaced with one that looked very much real. The lips looked as fresh as an unspoilt virgin, yet as eager as the sluttiest whore, and held a scent which Ozzie knew all too well. When the alluring aroma met his nose he all but melted into the bed, a long lustful groan sung from his chest as his lap began to stir in anticipation.

"Lily, you spoil me far too greatly." He chuckled and brushed a finger over the smooth skin surrounding the labia, imagining with great detail the noises it would stir from the queen. "I just hope you realize the kind of trouble you put yourself into by giving me this. With how much you tease me though, I don't think you'll mind."

Fizz listened as Ozzie spoke to himself, taking the opportunity to lean over and get a closer look at the fleshlight as well. A low cackle was his response as he stretched out an arm and ran a finger along the folds, before slipping it into his mouth and pulling it free with a pop; the distorted size of the vagina in comparison to his hand a comical sight. "I'd know that taste anywhere, seems you recognize it too don't you Oz. Want me to help you undress so you can have some fun? You know I love helping you get off~"

Despite it all, Ozzie was hesitant to say yes, he wanted to test something, see if this was what he truly thought it was. Snatching the remote he turned on his television, and began the process of scouring through the hellternet for the object of his desires. A livestream of Queen Lilith's concert. She'd streamed her concerts for some time now, having seen how popular other demons doing it had become, and set it up so the camera would follow her the entire show. Finding what he wanted and tuning into the stream he waited for it to load before he began. The queen was in the middle of a verse when he eagerly sank his fingers into the toy and spread it open as wide as it could go, his eyes focused heavily on every action the queen made.

It was subtle, even in person it would be hard to spot much less being viewed from a camera mounted above the stage, but Ozzie watched as Lilith made the slightest pause in her steps as he spread her open. Evil, blissful glee covered his grin as he pulled his digits free. They were soaked in the lustful fluids of his queen, and he licked each drop up with glee. "Our grateful queen has given me quite the gift Fizzy. Unrestricted access to her snatch, and if these other two positions on the toy are anything to go by, her other two holes as well."

The same evil grin worn by Ozzie found itself on Fizz's features in a matter of seconds. He didn't need to be told to start undoing the gown Ozzie had on. The jester's tiny, delicate hands wrapped themselves around Ozzie's chest before they sank lower on the king's form. Fizz couldn't bother going all the way to the gown's hem, taking great handfuls of it and pulling back toward himself. Fizz already knew that Oz was wearing something else beneath the

gown, as a massive tent hadn't been pitched in it yet, but such a lovely pair of panties almost surprised him.

Oz only ever put nice underwear on when he wanted Fizz to take them off, something the jester loved to do greatly. Fizz placed a deep kiss to the side of Ozzie's face, right upon his cheek, before his arms unwound themselves from around the king and slipped his way down onto the floor. As quick as Fizz was gone from Ozzie's shoulder he was now between the Great demon's legs, a sly smile and flick of his tongue adorned his countenance. The panties he was set to remove were strained with the cock trapped beneath them, the bulging cloth stirred Fizz in just the right way as he stretched out his arms. In an act of deliberate teasing Fizz slowly hooked a single finger under the hem of the panties one at a time.

Just before Fizz was going to slip the panties free one of Ozzie's hands placed itself on one of the jesters. "Fizz baby, you sure about this? It's not the same as when she's normally here, or when we have guests. You can't join in like normal, I'm worried you'll be left out."

Fizz looked up at the king, who wore a concerned look upon his face, with a sly grin; and with a kiss pushed the blocking hand away. "Trust me Oz, I got all I need to have fun down here."

With a firm yank Fizz pulled the panties from Ozzie's lap. A notably human phallus, though Oz could always change it if he wanted, began to stiffen and harden once it was free from its confines. Fizz had himself all but wrapped around it in moments, peppering kisses to the mushroom shaped tip with a lustful growl rising in his chest. That was almost enough for Ozzie to forget about the fleshlight entirely, but it did not last. As quickly as Fizz had wrapped himself around the cock that was almost as large as him he had dived down between Ozzie's legs.

The same kisses that danced across Ozzie's cock now embraced his balls. The king of Lust could bask in that feeling for ages when Fizz was the source of the pleasure. His desire would not let him as the scent of Lilith's loins met his nostrils once more. Groaning from both the aching in his cock to the tender affections upon his balls Ozzie quickly moved the tube above the head of his shaft. He was too focused on wanting to sink into the queen, and answer another question that tickled the back of his mind, to care about changing the shape.

With a lick of his lips Ozzie turned his eyes to the livestream as he brought the toy down so just his tip was teasing at the folds. When he spotted no reaction from Lilith he pressed it down further, and at a painfully slow pace to match, so just his head was enveloped in her velvety embrace. It would be so easy to just push the toy down to his lap, to jerk himself using the queen's honeyed hole, but his focus was on the screen, on her. A devilish grin stretched over his face as watching her falter in her steps and dance, but more so at the growing bulge he spotted forming in her lower naval. It pleased him deeply that just because the toy was his size, she still very much wasn't.

It was with great disappointment then that he watched her hands become enveloped in a magic glow and the bulge he made in her disappear. It was a seamless spell, mixed in with the wave of her body upon the stage; not a soul in the crowd noticed spell or bulge alike. That alone could not sour his lustful mood. It only made sense that Lilith would wish to hide the

predicament she was finding herself in. It came with plenty of upsides as far as Ozzie was concerned.

Still wanting to watch how his actions would impede the queen's concert he sank himself in further. Lilith's velvety walls were always eager to please her partner, the slick depths squeezing around his cock tightly. Nothing could compare to the queen except himself in terms of raw sexual pleasure, to Ozzie, Fizz was the superior in how good it felt to be with on all other levels. More and more his cock vanished into the toy. With every painstaking inch he gave the more her pussy seemed to mold itself around him.

The song she was singing was one he knew well, it was coming up to a part where she playfully moaned out for the crowd; but he wanted to ensure it was as real as could be. He hovered the toy just barely an inch from the entrance to her womb, his eyes and ears focused on the screen in front of him. Fizz was watching the screen as well, darting from it back to Ozzie as he wondered what the king would do. The moment of truth was fast approaching as the queen finished her verse. Ozzie forced every remaining inch of his gargantuan cock up into the fleshlight then and there.

Lilith all but collapsed on stage as she let out a very, very, real moan to the crowd before her; her legs shaking slightly as she forced herself to stay standing. Silence didn't befall the crowd, instead it was a deafening roar of applause. Lilith played it off, lifting her arms into the air and encouraging them to scream their elation, giving herself a moment to adjust to what she was feeling. Her eyes shot a glance up to the camera, a sly and wicked grin on her lips. To many it would be nothing, a symbol of affection to her fans, but Ozzie knew fully well who the wink and kiss were intended for.

Ozzie could never get enough of that woman's body, in another life he would have been the one to take her as a bride instead of Lucifer, and she loved to show she felt the same about him. Ozzie gave Fizz a nod to continue, the Jester eagerly diving down to lick and suckle on the king's balls, and turned his attention back to the toy. With a firm hand he slowly pulled the toy off of his lap, groaning in delight at feeling Lilith's walls try to keep him within their lustful grip, his meaty length covered in a layer of her fluids. With just his head still within he flexed his shaft, the mushroom shaped flaring for a moment. He could hear Lilith's moans, even though she wasn't here to share them.

As her moans could only echo in his head and her body was not available to play with, Ozzie was left with one clear option. He never liked fleshlights for this very reason, but this one was special and worthy of an exception. He was going to use the toy, and Lilith by proxy, to cum and nothing more. She gave him the toy to use. So he would use her.

With not a hint of passion and only raw, untamed desire he slammed the toy down to the base of his cock, and pulled it back up just as fast. His pace was fast, rough, with the goal of cumming his only focus. His mind put an image to the act, a Lilith barely the size of Ozzie speared onto his cock; considering she already looked as though he was too big for her to handle, somehow picturing her even smaller made his chest puff in delight. Every few jerks of the toy along his cock he'd send his gaze to the TV and watch how she was handling it. Despite moving faster than either of them could reach naturally in person, she handled it well.

It almost frustrated him that her face was not one of unimaginable pleasure. That she had not collapsed at her knees onto the middle of the stage, drooling and panting like a dog in heat. It fueled him to do more, be faster, rougher, cave in to his base desires. If she would not acknowledge him then he would make sure to leave an impression. A few bellyfuls of his cum would surely suffice. If only he was so barbaric.

His hand and wrist moved with fluidity at a rapid pace, too fast to fully enjoy the hole he was using with only its firm grip granting his pleasure. He slowed his rampant jerking as he came to his senses, steadying in a pace that let both himself and Lilith enjoy the sensation. He flexed his shaft in time with the motion of his hands, every other jerk downward being met with a flex of his rod. He closed his eyes and basked in it all. Groaning softly as he edged himself closer and closer to release.

Fizz was given a deluxe view of Ozzie going from a wild fuck to the more deliberate pacing he had slipped into. Fizz personally would have loved to watch him go wild, but he knew Ozzie preferred some lusts over others. Watching the king sink into a fleshlight was an enjoyable sight, but the jester had an equally enjoyable view right in front of him. Ozzie's balls covered in his saliva.

Fizz kneaded at the weighty orbs from below with his hands, rolling and massaging them with utmost care. At the same time he peppered them in wet, sloppy kisses. It never took long before kissing turned to sucking, despite the impossibility for Fizz to actually fit one in his mouth. He took as much as he could, moaning into them all to make it feel better for Ozzie. If he did good, maybe he could have some fun with the magic fleshlight as well.

The king of Lust could try and fool himself all he wanted but the more he mindlessly jerked the toy up and down his length the more bored he became, Fizz's attention to his balls being the greatest factor in him still going. He needed more than just a hole to truly indulge himself, he needed to hear their moans and watch as their face twists into one of pleasure. His mental claim of filling all Lilith's holes was shattering quickly around him. Lifting the toy up along his length led him to simply pulling it free entirely. A defeated sigh leaving him.

Pursing his lips he reached toward the bottom and turned the knob over another click, his thoughts turning to the queen's perfect behind. The runes flared to life just as before and soon the slick labia was replaced with a perfectly shaped pucker. Ozzie brought the toy to his maw and eagerly licked at the tight rim, lubing it up as much as his tongue would allow to aid with how slick his shaft already was. There was not a hint of worry as he slipped his tongue inside, pushing past the tight ring and exploring. Lilith always knew how to keep herself clean.

Slipping his tongue free with a wet smack of his lips Ozzie had the toy back above his cock shortly thereafter. Stretching his fingers and tightening his grip upon the tube he began the slow penetration of Lilith's ass. Inch after inch deep groans rattled from his chest as he had his shaft squeezed by the queen. It was so much easier to tell that the queen was moving with his length buried within her. Every step she took was an extra squeeze around his head.

Getting all of his dick into the queen's backdoor, in the current situation, would be impossible and left Ozzie with little more than a third of his rod getting embraced by her warmth. The bore of mindless jerking was returning quickly, but the extra grip and focus on the most sensitive part of his length aided in his longevity of use. His eyes watched the screen with

exquisite interest as jerked himself with the toy, finding every subtle twitch on her face delicious as he pushed and ground the head of his shaft against her. Every step, stretch, and pose squeezed at his cocks head like she was trying to milk him. He would happily deliver in that false wish, but not where he was currently shoved into.

The current song she was performing was one he recognized from past concerts in Lust. It had a long instrumental segment toward the end, a healthy minute or so of no vocals. Ozzie had been working himself up to a single orgasm since he'd tuned into the show three and a half songs back. A minute was pitiful compared to how long he could last, but he was on the brink already; and Fizz's attention to his dangling orbs was helping him along. He just needed to seize the opportunity when it arrived.

With what almost sounded like a pop he pulled his tool free and twisted the nob over one last time, the runes coming alight as they had done before. A succulent pair of glossed lips formed upon the toy, just as Ozzie had expected. Lilith was still mid verse when he started teasing those lips against the tip of his shaft. He wasn't looking at the screen anymore, the only attention it was given was his ears as he waited. It was a single word, derived from deep in the queen's breast, that would singal him plunging down into her throat; and until then, he teased and tempted her with the foresight of what he was about to do.

Like a call from the heavens down into these decrepit depths of hell Lilith's voice rang out across the stage and stadium. She held it out with passion and fire, yet Ozzie wondered if she held the note so long on purpose. Perhaps to delay him in his final act of debauchery? It mattered little, as the show must go on and her voice must soon silence. He was kind enough to wait for her to raise a hand and turn off her microphone, an added kindness to waiting for this portion of the song at all.

The lips of the toy parted for his tip and it was like they had been changed a second time over. He watched as they began to suckle upon his girth as he pushed himself in deeper and deeper. A tongue, Lilith's tongue, greedily licked at the underside of his shaft before it slipped free from the pair affixed to the fleshlight. He groaned as though he were frozen for centuries at what could only be the queen moaning around him, the sound of it almost driving him mad. At last that extra connection he so desperately craved.

He did not have long to enjoy it however, and needed to move quickly. Much as he wanted to sink every last inch down her maw and feel her choke on his girth, he wanted to paint her insides white before she needed to sing again. He pushed halfway down his length at most before pulling it away, yet made up for it with speed. The muffled sounds of her suckling and slurping on his shaft through the toy were a delicious treat. The feeling of her tongue actively licking and coiling around him like she needed his cock to survive was the missing piece he needed.

"Fizzy baby, come up here and join me. Once I'm done with Lily here I'm gonna need that pair of hands you got. Our night is just getting started." A strained chuckle left Ozzie, the tension in his voice like a signal to the jester he was close.

It didn't take Fizz long to jump from his place between Ozzie's legs, wrapping his arms and legs around the section of cock still free. With an evil chuckle Fizz went to pepper the unused length with affections, driving Ozzie that much closer to release. Flustered moans drifted

from the king's lips as he watched his dearest toy and tease at him. Ozzie just needed to hold out a few more seconds, then he and Fizz could enjoy one another. Until then, he was the queen's.

Lilith, despite her situation, couldn't help but enjoy the moment. The salty taste of dick, pre, and more coated her tongue and throat as the king used it like a fleshlight, which the queen would never deny it being in the first place. As she spun and danced from the glistening silver pole upon the stage her thoughts were on the dirty meat pole she was tending to. With how quickly Ozzie had switched holes she knew he would only give her one moneyshot. She would have preferred if he came in all of them; there was always her next visit in Lust to make up for it.

The routine was almost finished, and so was Ozzie, but Lilith wanted more than just half a dick and a cumshot; she wanted every inch of him. With muffled words and motion of her tongue she moaned out as clearly as she could; and then began to pull him in. She forced the fleshlight to go down, inch by inch without delay. She half choked and gagged as she was stretched open by such a gargantuan cock, not that she hadn't done this very act before under different circumstances. She could've sworn the touch of cool metal brushed against her lips briefly, but it was gone as quickly as it arrived.

Not a moment after the feeling of metal against her lips past Lilith had at least eight inches of remaining cock meat shoved down her throat. It happened right as she let herself fall back, hanging from the top of the pole by just her legs. She felt his head flare and knew she had only seconds to prepare. She closed her eyes and breathed in what little air she could. The last action she took against him being her hands tracing down her neck as they pressed into the girth within.

Ozzie all but crushed the tube as he held it to his lap, groaning and twitching as he clenched his hands and feet. In an instant a wave of sudden relief washed over him as his balls clenched. With how tight Lilith's throat was he felt the rush of seed glide upon the underside of his length before spilling out the tip. Heavy, thick spasms of spunk came flying from his shaft like a hose, pooling deep within the queen. The hungry throat he was buried in tried to pull him deeper all the while.

He had maybe ten seconds before the show would continue, but as those seconds ticked onward they seemed to drag onward into eternity. It was not the heaviest load he'd ever made, nor the most intense, and not even the stakes could match his highest. It still felt as though the breath had been pulled from his chest. Slowly he felt himself be pushed out of the queen's maw, just as he had been pulled in mere moments prior, and fell back as the used tube clattered to the floor. Satisfaction all but burned into his being.

"After the day I had, I needed that. I'll have to keep that toy locked away for those days when I need a quick boost." Ozzie reached out a hand to cup Fizz's head, one of his thumbs needing the jester's cheek. "So when we wanna have fun you don't gotta worry about building me up to perform. We can let Lily handle that for us."

The hand upon Fizz's head pulled him in until the two demons were locked in a loving kiss. Fizz wrapped his arms around Ozzie's neck as they embraced, loving silence turning into muffled moans as his legs worked over the still erect cock. Mindlessly Ozzie shut the TV off

so he could devote his attention to Fizz. Ozzie's cock was a mess, covered in saliva and loose beads of excess cum. A mess he couldn't wait to watch Fizz clean; all so he could dirty it again with the jester himself.

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