

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

Poll Winner

Themes: Dom/Sub, Rough Sex, Fucked Silly

Summary: Part 3 of [Physical Therapy](#). Eric finds himself in the middle of a kidnapping plot by Lady Brimstone, Princess of the Demon Realm. The sometimes heroine and other times villainess had always felt Eric was something special, having been at the same sidekick training all those years ago as the lonely nerdy girl he helped step out of her shell. While she'd not directly admit a crush, she did want him in a very specific way.

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As he's dragged into the hellish throne room by a chain connected to shackles around his wrists and ankles, Eric valiantly resists the urge to sigh. He's pulled along until eventually being brought to a stop a few dozen feet before the throne and its occupant.

"You will kneel before Lady Brimstone, mortal!"

Eric looks to the guard who just spoke, thoroughly unimpressed. Then, he looks to the Half-Demon Princess currently sitting upon her throne, aka Lady Brimstone, Princess of Hell. And he arches a single brow at her.

To her credit, 'Lady Brimstone' maintains her composure admirably enough. Sitting on her throne with one leg crossed over the other and her head resting on a fist, the half-demoness gestures with her free hand before things can escalate further.

"Leave us."

The guards all straighten up at that.

“But... Princess...”

“Did I stutter? Do you think me so weak that I can’t handle a single human in manacles? LEAVE US!”

Eric’s other eyebrow raises to join the first at the volume. She’s gotten better at projecting over the years. And ultimately, it works. Everyone scurries out of the throne room, closing the heavy double doors behind them. In mere moments, he and ‘Lady Brimstone’ are left entirely alone.

Only once they have privacy does Eric break his silence.

“Angelica...”

In an instant, the Demon Princess is up off of her throne and halfway to him, hands clenched into fists at her sides.

“T-That’s Lady Brimstone to you, mortal! I do not go by that n-name any longer!”

Suddenly, without a proper audience, the cracks start to show. With it just being the two of them, her façade is staring to... well, falter. Eric gives her an unimpressed look and lifts up his arms, shaking the manacles she’s had him put in.

“Sure. Lady Brimstone... why am I here? Specifically, why am I here like this? You could have just asked if you wanted me to visit you know.”

Scowling angrily, Angelica stomps forward, further closing the distance between them. Of course, this in turn shows the difference in their relative heights... she’s a full head shorter than him when they’re this close to one another, forcing her to peer up at him.

“Would that have worked, Eric? Or would you have turned me down? After all... the rumors s-say that you’re no longer single... is it true?! Are you taken?!”

... That's what he'd thought this might be about. See, Angelica, aka Lady Brimstone, aka Princess of Hell... had sort of always had a special relationship with him. They'd both been in that same sidekick training all those years ago and Angelica had been the lonely, nerdy girl that he'd helped step out of her shell.

They'd kept in touch over the years, even though Angelica had become something of an anti-heroine. The more that Hell and her father's lineage pulled at her, the more she'd had to turn to 'making hard choices'... the sort of villainy that had a purpose to it, in the end. She kept the forces of Hell mostly at bay so that Earth wasn't overrun, but at the same time she was still part of the whole evil apparatus.

Eric had never blamed her for that... but obviously, this wasn't going to work. Or rather, if it was going to work... then it was going to have to work a very specific way.

"Yes. Solara and I are dating now."

Angelica freezes in place for a moment, her eyes widening as he just bluntly admits to it. After a moment, a low keening wail leaves her compressed lips, like a tea kettle boiling over. Then, she spins away, covering her red face with her palms and muttering under her breath.

"... should have been me... it should have been me!"

Sighing, Eric steps forward and reaches up, using what limited room he has to maneuver to grab Angelica by her shoulders and spin her back around. The Half-Demon Princess freezes up at this as well, staring up at him with wide eyes at the sudden physical contact.

"It still can be you too, you know."

That gets her attention. Her mouth opens and closes like a goldfish, prompting Eric to grin slightly.

“Solara is an alien, remember. She has... different sensibilities than most humans. She doesn't mind sharing... not one bit. We've already had a threesome with Absentia.”

The Half-Demoness' eyes widen even more, bulging as Eric chuckles at her reaction. Then, he looks down between them, at his chains and manacles.

“Of course... if Solara arrives here to rescue me and finds us like this, I can't promise it will go well for you... that said... release me, Angelica. Now.”

It's a bit of an educated guess, him injecting as much domineering and controlling tone into his voice as he possibly can. He orders her to free him... and Angelica squeaks, immediately doing as she's told and rending the shackles around his wrists and ankles asunder.

It's evidence of just how strong she really is, truth be told. She's definitely one of the toughest women he knows, beat only by Solara and a couple of others maybe. And yet... and yet.

Once he's free, Eric steps out from the remains of the chains, his hands still on Angelica's shoulders and making her step back as well. She stares up at him with wide, expectant, hopeful eyes... and he's not one to disappointment. Slowly, he applies more pressure to her shoulders... while giving another order.

“Kneel.”

Angelica might as well have dropped her panties while she was at it with how fast she drops to her knees. The infamous Lady Brimstone falls like a stone, landing hard on the floor of her own throne room so that she's face to crotch with him.

“You want to show me how bad you want me? Then show me that you can be a good girl for me 'Lady Brimstone'. Pull out my cock and put it in your mouth.”

The Half-Demoness doesn't need to be told twice. She quickly pulls open his pants, reaches into his boxers, and drags his cock out of its confines. Panting

needily by the time she has it in front of her, the Princess of Hell goes cross-eyed just staring at his member. Then, she opens wide and lets her elongated demon tongue trail out, wrapping around his dick and drawing it into her mouth and past her lips.

“Mmmm~”

She looks so happy and content like that, nursing away at his cock and suck him in nice and deep. Her eyes flutter shut as she descends over halfway down his member, either repressing her gag reflex entirely... or simply not having one thanks to her half-demon physiology.

Either way, the end result is an experience like no other. Eric groans, tossing his head back in pleasure from the dual sensations of Angelica's mouth and demon tongue. Fuck it feels good... but also, they really should get a move on. He needs to have her firmly put in her place before Solara shows up or else there will almost certainly be consequences for the demon girl kneeling before him.

And while she definitely shouldn't have kidnapped him and dragged him to Hell like this... Eric is willing to forgive her. More than that, he's willing to give her everything her heart desires... so long as she submits~

Reaching up, Eric grabs hold of the curved demon horns atop Angelica's brow, making her eyes snap open again and stare up at him as he grins down at her.

“Here we go, milady.”

With that, he starts to properly fuck Angelica's face, thrusting away harder and faster and pushing far deeper into her throat.

“Mmm! Nngh! Hnn!”

As before, she has no gag reflex... but that doesn't stop the Princess of Hell from making cute little noises as he skull fucks her right there on the floor of her throne room. Luckily nobody else is around to see their Princess debase themselves in such a way... though he doubts Angelica would care if they did

anyways. Especially not with how her hands have come up and grabbed at his buttocks, holding him firmly so he can rail her throat all the harder to his heart's content.

Using her demon horns as handlebars, Eric doesn't let up, not even for a second... though he does offer a warning at least, right before he's about to cum.

"Fuck... getting close! Swallow it all for me, show me how much of a good girl you can be!"

Angelica does as she's told, her throat convulsing as she starts to swallow well in advance of his release. When he finally does cum, she drinks down every last drop, guzzling his load like she was born to it. Eric groans as his balls are drained, his entire body shuddering as he holds her to the base of his cock by his grip on her horns.

Finally though, it's done and he pulls her back, slowly sliding her off of his member as she stares up at him with a glazed look in her eyes. Grinning slightly, Eric enjoys the way her tongue continues to wind along his cock, stroking him and keeping him nice and hard... for round two.

"Strip and then go use your throne to present yourself to me."

Angelica doesn't need to be told twice. She immediately rises to her feet, her tongue rolling back into her mouth as she frees herself of her vestments and exposes her pale red demonic body in full. She strips naked in mere moments before turning and sashaying her way over to her throne, her tail whipping through the air behind her, her pert posterior on full display.

Eric follows after her... and as soon as she climbs onto her throne, kneeling in the cushion and pressing herself into the back, he's in position behind her, grabbing her by the base of her tail and lifting her ass higher into the air before she can react.

"Eep!"

Smirking, Eric lifts her up so her cunt lips are level with his cock. Then, he teases her entrance with the tip of his dick, playing with her slippery wet fold until he has her moaning and begging.

“P-Please... please just fuck me. I need it. I need it so bad, sir~”

It's the addition of 'sir' that keeps him from teasing her further. In the end... even if she's 'Lady Brimstone' to everyone else, even if she's a Princess of Hell... she knows her place. Gripping firmly at her tail, Eric thrusts forward into Angelica from behind, piercing her nice and deep and making her cry out as her back arches and her head is tossed in the air.

His other hand comes up and snatches hold of one of her demon horns as that happens, giving it a solid tug along with her tail as he begins to fuck Angelica right then and there, right up against her throne.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

The throne barely moves, but then it is carved out of some sort of black stone that almost seems to be fused with the floor. Regardless of how much of a symbol of oppressive power and might its supposed to be... right now it's simply a piece of furniture that Eric is using to fuck its usual occupant.

And Angelica is loving every last second of it. Her pussy squelches and her moans fill the air as he fucks her from behind with all his might. His cock plunges into her depths over and over again, even as her inner walls tighten and grip and squeeze around his dick. He fucks her like there's no tomorrow... which there might not have been if she hadn't chosen to submit to him. Solara would not have been happy if she'd arrived to find him in chains.

But luckily for Angelica, Eric knew exactly what would make Solara happy... he knew precisely how they should greet the incredibly powerful alien heroine when she finally arrived to save him.

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When Solara does finally show up a half hour later, Eric and Angelica are still fucking. Namely, as the alien flies in through the ceiling, an angry scowl on her face, said scowl drops away when she sees the state of things. Eric is sat upon the throne, one hand resting on an arm of the carved piece, while the other is holding a chain leash... connected to a metal collar wrapped around Angelica's neck.

The Princess of Hell has been collared and tamed, her naked body bouncing and jiggling as she rides up and down Eric's cock with cute little mewls and loud wanton moans alike.

Seeing this, Solara begins to smile, floating over to the two of them to get a closer look.

"I see you've been busy, Eric... sorry I couldn't come sooner."

Eric chuckles and shakes his head, even as he invites Solara closer to share a passionate kiss with her. When they break apart, he's all smiles.

"You're fine. 'Lady Brimstone' here was never going to hurt me. She just needed a proper talking to. And now that she's had it... we have an understanding with one another."

Angelica won't meet Solara's eyes... until Solara forces her to, grabbing her by the jaw and turning her head properly while Eric continues to fuck her from below.

"Is that right? Do you understand your place now, Lady Brimstone?"

Whining, the Princess of Hell hurriedly nods.

"Y-Yes... yes I do... Mistress~"

Solara's eyes widen slightly at that address... before her grin becomes all the sharper.

“Mm... that’s a good girl.”

Angelica immediately cums on his cock at that, prompting another chuckle from Eric. From there, Solara leans in and kisses Angelica domineeringly and things quickly devolve into yet another threesome.

Eric just hums with satisfaction. All’s well that ends well.