

# Catch & Release

By Abe E Seedy

The curling purple smoke began to clear as the demon lord Zantharis stepped into the room, looking down at his newly-minted servants. On the floor in front of him were the two adventurers that thought they had conquered his carefully prepared dungeon. Now they were looking up at him in reverential awe, taking in every inch of his 7 foot, demon lord body with an appropriately worshipful expression.

One of them was still holding the intricately cursed sceptre that had lured them here, while her other hand lay atop her forgotten axe. The other looked to have been in the process of attempting a counterspell, but that too had been left behind as their transformations completed. Now they were each nothing more than succubus pets for him to play with, their eyes filled with endless lust and appreciation. Little more than traces of their previous forms remained - their red and pink-coloured hair respectively stood out a little against their devilish purple skin, and their formerly feline features influenced their new appearance, but overall they... huh. Zantharis narrowed his eyes, taking a closer look at his new subjects, as well as their discarded equipment. It all seemed a little... familiar.

With one hand he peeled the closest succubus off of his thigh, and with the other he summoned a scroll from the common collection, comparing the picture on it to the faces in front of him. Even with how they'd been transformed, it was impossible to deny that it was a match.

SABRITH & TAYELLE, the scroll read in urgent, block letters. SUPREMEY DANGEROUS ADVENTURERS. AVOID AT ALL COSTS.

That last part was underlined several times. Zantharis blinked as he struggled to understand, and then once again had to distractedly shake one of his hooves to free himself from an unthinking worshipper. Eventually he gave an angry snort, then stepped backwards. "Excuse me for just a moment ladies", he mumbled, their faces falling as he hurriedly closed the door of his hidden sanctum.

He composed himself at his desk, then brought forth a communal conversation parchment. Summoning a quill with a snap of his fingers, he wrote a quick general missive at the bottom.

"I believe I've trapped and corrupted the famous Sabrith & Tayelle adventuring duo. Is there anything I should look out for as I put them to work?"

Mere moments later the first response appeared. "Lol, rip", it read. "Fs in chat everyone."

Rolling his eyes, Zantharis sighed. "Thanks Cassandra. Does anyone who is not unbound from space and time care to answer, so I can actually understand it?"

"I think she's saying you're in trouble", someone else chipped in.

"More than in trouble", another added. "He's done for."

He frowned. This must be a misunderstanding. "No no", Zantharis countered, "I don't think you get it. There's no threat here. I've already captured and converted them."

Now the responses were coming thick and fast. "Yeah, you and every devil, forest spirit, werewolf or competing alchemist out there. It doesn't stick."

"Agreed, they always break free."

"And normally wreck up the place on the way out."

Zantharis struggled to write clearly. "But... I've already bound their souls to mine! It's impossible for them to break free! That spell cannot be undone!"

There was a brief pause for him to stew in his disbelief, then a more comprehensive answer appeared. "do you all remember the demon lord Kal'Krakor? He *devoured* their souls apparently, left nothing of their individuality to be regained. Lasted about a week before they not only broke free, but destroyed his whole lair so thoroughly that he got busted down to being an imp."

A chorus of confirmations echoed throughout the conversation, but Zantharis barely registered them. It was hard to focus on anything beyond the story of Kal'Krakor. He'd heard that too, but could have sworn it had come from failing to defeat some challenging adventurers, not being beaten by them after he thought he'd won. And here he was, walking into the exact same mistake!

Steadying his hand as best he could, he wrote simply "what can I do?"

There was what felt like an hour-long gap before anyone replied. "I think they tend to go easier on their would-be subjugators if they have a good time with them, at least. So just, show them a good time?"

"I don't know how to do that!", Zantharis wrote hurriedly. "I didn't become a demon lord to think of what other people want!"

A series of small pictograms of people shrugging that Cassandra somehow added to the conversation captured the mood perfectly. "Well, I guess you'd better learn fast", someone summarised.

With a choked cry of despair, Zantharis dismissed the parchment. He pushed his chair back from his desk, staring with unseeing eyes up at the ceiling above him. This... this was bad. He had to think fast. After a moment of hesitation, he swallowed hard and made up his mind. It was time to consult the forbidden tomes.

It took a much more complicated flourish to pull this book from the very depths of his demonic library, especially given that he'd barely looked at it before. One glance as it appeared in his hand was enough to remind him why that was. The design of the cover was bad enough, given how aggressively bright and garish it was. But the real horror lay in the title, which read simply, "Communication, Care and Consent - the Three C's of being a Good Sexual Partner".

With aching reluctance, he opened it up and began to read.

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Some time later, the door back to the main chamber opened slowly, with Zantharis timidly poking his horned head out from behind it. "Hey so, how are we doing in here?"

The two fledgling demons stopped what they had been doing, immediately switching their attention to focus purely on him. After a moment Zantharis realised they must have been passing the time by having sex with each other, with the demonic Sabrith revealing a glistening cock as she pulled herself out of her partner and crawled towards him. He could have sworn he hadn't added that feature himself, but a quick click of his fingers brought their scroll back to his hands, and on closer review of the supplementary details he found stuff like that just sort of happened with them anyway. Still, it showed they could still alter their own forms when completely under his thrall, so it spoke to how powerful they truly were.

Sabrith's demanding motions towards his crotch pulled back his focus, and he distractedly dropped the scroll on the floor beside him. Swallowing heavily, he put a hand on Sabrith's head, keeping her politely but insistently at bay. "Uh, so, I wanted to ask - what would you both like to do?"

"Worship you master!", came her instant response, echoed quickly by Tayelle, who had only refrained from climbing his body herself because she was still recovering from their previous exertions.

He steepled his clawed hands, crouching into a squat to bring himself to their level. "Yes but, can you really consent to that, given that you're completely under my spell?"

In return he received only blank stares. Eventually Tayelle broke the silence. "Can... can we have your cock now, master?"

They each looked up at him so longingly, and for a moment he was truly tempted to just take them as they were and show them as much of a good time as he was traditionally used to. After

all, wouldn't they *enjoy* being his unthinking, worshipful servants? But just then, there was a gleam in Sabrith's eyes, and Zantharis could think of nothing other than a cat baring its belly to be scratched, while at the same time holding its sharp claws out in the promise of payback.

He recoiled, visions of becoming a powerless imp like Kal'Krakor rocking through his mind. This wasn't going to work, he had to try another approach.

Crossing his legs and sitting down, he tried one more time to bring himself to their level. He held his hands out in front of them to keep them at bay for a few moments, then posed them a question. "If I was not your master, how would you want to interact with me?"

Both Sabrith and Tayelle stopped in their tracks, their faces scrunched up as they worked their way through complicated concepts. Eventually though Sabrith went "ah!", startling Zantharis as she clapped her hands and stood up. "I know exactly what you mean."

"You do?", he asked. "Huh, this Communication thing is easier than I th-"

He was cut off as pressure on his back pressed him onto all fours. Sabrith had moved so quickly he hadn't seen her go behind him, but the force of her high-heel-shaped foot on his spine was unmistakable.

"You want us to take charge", she finished.

Zantharis' eyes were wide as he scrambled for purchase. "Oh, uh, no, I, er..." His stumbled protests were squeezed out as she put more weight on him, and he found himself gasping for breath. She let up a moment later, but even though he could breathe freely again he was still kept firmly on the floor.

His mind spun. Every instinct in his body felt like it was firing at once, and the combination of uncontrolled fight and flight was leaving him paralysed even as his heart thundered in his chest. But it was more than just being held in place, in a way he couldn't entirely define. What was this?

For their part, Sabrith and Tayelle had no hesitation. He could feel Sabrith shifting around behind him, no doubt preparing some next step in her suddenly aggressive plan. For the moment though, Tayelle occupied his attention, as she cupped his head in her hands atop her folded knees.

"You can just relax, and let us take care of everything", she purred, her fingers slowly curving inwards to press her claws into his chin. A moment later and her grip was *tight*, and he couldn't move away from staring deep into her piercing eyes. "After all, perhaps what you deserve is to be in *our* power instead, just a helpless little creature to be pushed around exactly as we wish."

Zantharis opened his mouth to answer, but whatever words he had were brushed aside as Sabrith suddenly moved into him from behind. This time it wasn't his foot on his back, but her cock pressing into his ass, and the unexpected sensation left him gasping. Had he *ever* felt this before? Of course not, why would he, he was always the one in charge, the one pressing others down and feeling their heat beneath him, but now instead there was this, and it felt... good. Whether it was just the newness of it, or the confidence with which his partners carried this off, or some deep well inside himself that had simply never been tapped before, he couldn't long fight against the truth of how it made him feel.

Struggling weakly in Tayelle's grip, he stiffened further with every inch that Sabrith pressed inside him. Soon he was panting for breath, grinding at the floor beneath him with his own impotent cock, helpless against the heat and pressure that was bearing down on him. Tayelle threw more fuel on the fire as she shifted her grip to hold his curved horns like handles, pulling him close as she stood and brought his face to her crotch, his flailing tongue pressed into her waiting slit.

Against all of this, Zantharis' mind went blank. After so long of being the great demon lord, master of minions and always unquestionably the one in charge, to have all that power and agency taken away was, somehow, a release. He didn't have to make the plans anymore, didn't have to be the one in control of what was going to happen. He could just lie back and enjoy what was being done to him. And one thing the scroll was correct about - these two knew *exactly* what they were doing. Before long he was a mewling mess, shuddering between the twin attentions of his erstwhile subjects as their combined heat and lust poured through him.

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Time passed distantly. It wasn't Zantharis' responsibility to think about that anymore, so accordingly, he didn't. Eventually even their demonic stamina wore out, and he was dimly aware of all three of them passing out quietly in the corner of the room. He slipped into a sleep so deep it was almost a hibernation, and by the time he was fully awake again it seemed like days had passed.

The first thing he realised as he reluctantly resurfaced into consciousness was that he was alone. His subjects appeared to have left, and given the fact that their previously discarded equipment had been gathered together and removed, he could only assume that whatever magical contingency allowed them to revert to normal must have taken effect. That realisation prompted a tense moment as he hurriedly ran his hands over himself, checking to confirm that he was still a demon lord, and not, say, an impotent imp. Thankfully, he appeared to be completely unchanged. He exhaled heavily, shaking his head as he slowly staggered to his feet. So. He'd gotten away with it then. Despite everything he'd... had to go through, it had been sufficient to allow himself to escape the desperate mess he'd found himself in. One that he would be smart enough never to repeat.

His eyes fell on the pedestal in the centre of the room, finding it once again held the cursed sceptre he'd used as a lure. It looked weird, and as he walked towards it he realised it was because a scroll was wrapped around the haft. Presumably they'd used that to handle it safely as they replaced it, but why would they bother putting it back like this? The curse was no problem for him, so he lifted the fake treasure curiously and peeled the parchment from around it.

It was the scroll that had the information about Sabrith & Tayelle, which he realised he'd never remembered to dismiss after summoning a second time. Now though there was a drawing in fresh red ink towards the bottom, depicting simplified versions of the pair in their original feline forms. They were waving happily, but their claws and fangs were clearly detailed as sharp and powerful.

"See you again sometime?", they said in a speech bubble, pointing towards a rendition of the sceptre in his hands.

Zanthesis swallowed heavily, his heart beating notably faster. That was... something to try not to think about.

...for now.