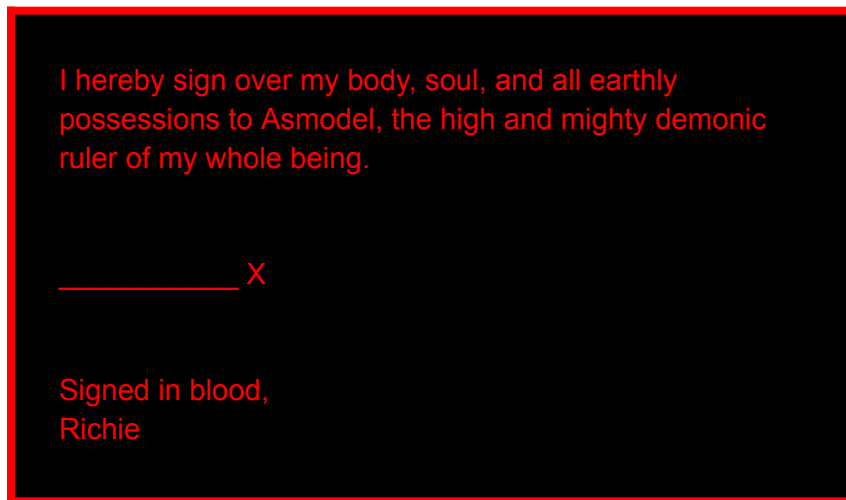


Modern demonitive contracts



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"Again!?"

This has got to be the weirdest virus I've ever had. I don't know how, or why, but every time I print some pages, this jet-black paper sneaks itself among the things I actually want to have printed out. Always the same message, claiming my **everything** to this Asmodel. I don't even know who that is!

I already brought my computer and printer to a computer repair joint. And guess what? They couldn't find anything out of the ordinary! As if that stupid virus detects it's being worked on, and stealths the hell out at the slightest hint of danger! They even switched out hard drives, and the damn printer still spews out that drivel every once in a while!

I bundle my papers and pull the black page out in anger. "Crap, a paper cut."

My index finger drips crimson fluid, the cut stings. "Graaaaah! I don't need this! Now I need to find a band-aid!"

"After ten thousand hours, I have finally awakened!" My tinny speakers come to life. The image of a pair of otters is usurped by a red, pixelated face which smirks at me. *Oh. Great. Now my computer has totally lost it.* The face is talking in some grandiose manner about some contract being fulfilled this, soul sold that. As if I hadn't sold my soul to my work already.

"Do you mind, useless piece of junk? I got a paper cut."

"Ah, I'm terribly sorry! Forgot how painful paper cuts can be to mortals. Please! Do tend to your wound! I'm quite patient"

"Well, that's polite..." I turn to leave my chair and motion to stand.

"JUST ONE MOMENT!!"

The light from the room sucks away as a fiery landscape takes its place. Plumes of lava shoot off into the distance as a horned, naked, humanoid form stands before me. They look like a person without a specific gender identity. Nothing on the chest and nothing between the legs. Just a toned person, clad in red scales. A pair of straight horns shoot out of their head and a tail sways behind them. The demon, two heads taller than me, rages in all their fury before me.

"You signed a contract with me! You have no right to talk back!"

"Woah! How did you do this?!"

"Through THIS contract you signed!" They hold the black document up with glee as if it's the winning ticket from a lottery.

"But my signature isn't on it?"

"Ah, but isn't this your **signature** blood?" They motion to the bottom of the paper. There's a little splotch of red there. Yeesh, is it this easy to set them off?

"It's quite distinctive, you know!"

"Uh... Thank you for your interest in my blood?" I give them a genuine smile. They seem taken aback by my sincere comment.

"You're quite the weird one."

"Says the one who spammed my printer with contracts," I add with an even cheekier smile. "You have taken a particular interest in **me**, haven't you?"

"What do you mean?" For all their bluster, they seem easily taken aback by that comment.

"Well, you could've just spammed that contract to a whole slew of computers, indiscriminately reaching out to anyone you could take their soul from." They stammer to form a reply. Aw... They're cute when they are flustered.

"Is this all an excuse to get a boyfriend?"

"The mere notion of a demon stooping so low to invite a mere mortal only for their companionship is preposterous! First you talk back, and now you insinuate a hellish connection like that! I should incinerate you on the spot."

"But you haven't."

I step in closer and look up at them.

"What is wrong with your face?"

"You're the one who's flustered," I chirp back

"No, I mean, your actual visage is shifting."

"Huh?"

I look down and see that my torso is elongating, my chest rising to meet Admodel's.

"Is this your doing?"

"Well, you are in the realm of desire~"

"You never told me that!"

"I wouldn't have needed to tell you that if you were being an obedient bitch~"

"I'm a guy though."

"Excuse me?"

"I'm male, masculine. A Y-chromosome made its home in my body, and I adhere to that."

"So, what you're getting is that you're a cister?"

"No? How can I be someone's sister if I'm a dude?"

"But you are actively cis, am I right? As in driver, writer, lover."

"That is not how that works. I can **be** cis, but it's not something I do. I just **am**."

"Human gender is a conundrum."

My height overshoots theirs by an inch or two as I now need to look down to look them in the eye. They give me an inviting look and I dive in. My mouth meets theirs, as I let a lengthening

tongue snake down their throat. They reciprocate by coiling my own. They know how to press my buttons; the sensation feels like pin pricks over my body.

Asmodel pulls away from the kiss and addresses that thought: "You do know that that's your fur growing in?"

"Wait, how did you know what I was thinking of?"

"You signed your *everything* away to me." They move in closer and whisper in my ear: "That includes your thoughts." Their hot breath heats my round little ear, the warmth spreading to take over my whole face. "Your form." They feel me down my long and slender mustelid body, their hands flowing like water over my thick fur coat. "And your desires." They finish, as they grab my head and stare intently.

Their adoring eyes reflect my otterly handsome face, but I can't look at their face for long, as a massive migraine kicks in.

"Grah, the fuck is happening?"

They chuckle as I manage to give them a dirty look. I don't know what they're thinking of, but a migraine isn't fun.

"Don't worry, it is a final adjustment to make you fit in. You'll **love** the results."

The head pain gets channeled to two distinct points on my forehead. I squeak in pain, but Asmodel is there to support me, just like a partner would.

"I appreciate you already considering me that."

"It's a pain to think up a witty retort right now."

"It will be over soon, love. Just let the thoughts settle in."

"Thoughts? Gah!"

Sharp pain erupts at the two points, as I feel something sharp piercing my skin and grow from there. My thoughts flood with all kinds of carnal acts, with different demonic entities and mortal beings. Chief among them is with Asmodel and a third person perspective of myself. A long, sleek, yet strong otter who could easily hold his own. The lust and desire reach a peak as I huff, puff, and squeak at the imagery.

"Haa, haa. I uh. I need some rest. Geez, that's a lot, all at once." I put a hand to my head, and brush up on the keratin protrusions. My mind fills with the same images again, as I make the intrusive-

"I thought they were pleasurable."

You're ruining the moment.

"Sorry."

-Thoughts audible with a loud squeak. Damn, how do they put up with it?

"You'll get accustomed to it"

I pant and wheeze for a bit, but catch my breath eventually.

"So, how do you like your new perspective on life?"

"It gives me some kinky ideas we could try."

"Oh, we're going to have a hell of a time, for sure."

"So, why an otter?"

"You think I didn't see all those otter images? Or that wallpaper? It's quite tacky, you know"

"Hey!"

"Tacky, just how I like my boyfriend," they say, sticking out their tongue in jest.

Fuck, their smile is disarming.

"Everything for a cutie like you."

"Would you say you're otterly in love?"

"... Just kiss me, you water noodle."

And that's how I met my boyfriend! Asmodel stands beside me, beaming with pride.

"I'm not *male*, I'd like to let you know."

"Sorry, but we **are** in a relationship. English doesn't have a neutral word that describes a deep love without involving gender."

They put a hand to their chin and swish their tail in concentration. But they have a proposal ready before long: "How about soulfriends? That describes our status much better"

"Oh my sexy soulfriend, that's exactly what we are."

I look into their eyes, and they reciprocate. The crowd woos as Asmodel slides towards me. The crowd goes ballistic as I meet the demon halfway and press my lips to theirs.

"You love narrating everything, don't you, you silly goose?"

They might be right about that.

"But don't we have an audience to entertain?"

"Oh, right.." Asmodel leaves me with a smile before I turn. I regain my composure and face the crowd again.

"If you all are interested, you can find **our** book in the shop! It gives even more *details* about the relationship between me and Asmodel. And the final page is an exact copy of the contract I unwittingly signed with Asmodel."

Murmurs start in the crowd as I follow up on the intentional silence: "It's a fully functional contract, which will activate if it comes into contact with blood! And that includes paper cuts, I don't mind sharing," I include emphasising the cheeky statement by sticking out my tongue.