

“Hell’s Brothel” Draft by TROGDOR297

The wind whistled high, blowing the red sand of Lucifer’s Desert across the hard stone path. A lone cowboy rode along it, worn leather stetson pulled low to keep the grit out of his eyes. His black horse snorted and slowed to a stop. The rider kicked his spurs in, but the horse merely shook its head and grunted. It would go no further.

The cowboy lifted his head and let out a grunt of his own. There in the distance sat the only structure within 100 miles, a great sprawling wooden mansion, the colour of pitch. Behind it the sun was dipping towards the horizon, casting the front of the house in shadow. The normally bright red sky was turning crimson as the afternoon neared its end. With a sigh the cowboy swung himself off his stubborn steed, leaving it behind as he began the walk towards Lady Lillith’s House of Ill Repute. His horse sauntered over to join the dozen or so other horses that took shelter under a nearby cliff face, animals belonging to the other patrons that also refused to go near the building.

The house loomed larger and larger as he neared. His eyes shifted back and forth taking in the odd location. Nothing but desert for miles and miles around, and then this place. It hadn’t been too hard to find, once you knew who to ask, and now he was here.

There was a palpable hum of magic in the air as he stepped into the shadow of the building. It’s what kept the horses away, as well as any other natural wildlife. It didn’t keep away the *unnatural* wildlife though.

On the eaves a pair of imps tittered at him. Hells varmints, they were, an unholy mix between a bat and a chihuahua. He ignored their mindless cackles as he walked up the broad wooden steps and pushed open the saloon doors.

No one paid him any heed as he stepped inside, brushing the sand and dust of the desert off of his shirt and pants. The place was fairly unsurprising for an afternoon. Within a few hours it was likely this little parlor would be packed with customers, both fae and human alike.

He scanned the room, taking in the scene. Most of the noise in the space came from a group crowded around one of the center tables. Four men playing poker with a goblin. The cowboy knew that goblins were notoriously crafty and conniving creatures; if these men were willingly gambling with one they were either stupid or blind drunk. The green skinned fellow had a wide toothy smile on his face as he sat behind a small mountain of chips.

In the back corner an ogre sat by himself, its expression stony as it nursed an entire keg of ale. A pair of men sat at the far end of the bar top, heads down deep in quiet conversation with one another.

A pair of female fawns pranced about the room each carrying a serving tray; the parlor’s waitresses. The two females, that the cowboy quickly noticed were twins, wore matching skimpy red dresses that barely fell below their hips, and were slit on the side up to their waist. This put the fawn’s most famous feature, their thick furry legs, on full display. These

two were putting additional emphasis on them, swaying their hips back and forth as they walked far more than would be necessary for their natural gait.

The cowboy walked past the tables and sat at the bar on the stool closest to the door. A few feet away stood the bar tender, a hulking devil, with skin the same red colour as the midday sky, and a pair of massive black rams horns emerging from his temples. He wore a pristine white shirt and black vest, the clothing tailored perfectly for his massive form. He had his back to the bar and hadn't noticed the cowboy approach, too busy cleaning glasses with a cloth.

The cowboy cleared his throat, and the bar tender was before him in a flash. Many found the unnatural speed of the nonhuman to be unsettling, but the cowboy had been around them long enough for it to not faze him.

"What'll it be, human?" The devil asked with a raised eyebrow, his voice low and rumbling like the blaze of a wildfire.

"Whiskey" He replied.

The devil chuckled "I'll need you to be a little more specific, pal. We've got whiskey from every species that roams these lands. Dwarf Whiskey, Centaur Whiskey, even Angel Whiskey if you'd believe it. It's not even half bad...shocking that those goody two-shoes bright feather fuckheads can make a good batch of liquor...Sorry, I've got history with angels. So, what do you say?"

"Just plain Whiskey" The cowboy clarified.

The devil nodded, though he rolled his eyes as he turned to fetch the bottle. Typical human; can't handle the strong stuff. The cowboy noted the devil's disapproval but didn't care. He was here for a specific purpose.

The devil swung back around filling a tumbler with the amber liquid of plain old human whiskey. Before he could walk away to return to his cleaning the cowboy spoke. "I need to see Lillith"

The devil froze midstep, head turning to address the cowboy over his shoulder. "You sure about that, partner?"

The cowboy lifted his glass, downing the whiskey in one swig. "Yup"

The devil nodded, then let out a sharp whistle. He then returned to cleaning his glasses, shaking his head and muttering something along the lines of "Your Funeral".

A small blue flash whizzed down the stairs and then alighted upon the bar top before the cowboy. Before him stood a female faerie, her delicate lace wings soundlessly flapping behind her. She was tiny, as were all faeries, barely a foot tall. She hailed from the ocean realm, her baby blue skin a dead giveaway. Her white hair was cut short to chin length, curling up and away at the bottom. She wore only a short leather skirt and a matching

leather brassiere that barely contained her assets. The cowboy had never seen a faerie so endowed; each of her breasts were the size of a clementine, which on her miniature frame looked enormous. He suspected some magical enhancement had been at play here, and recently, as the faerie had to use her wings to help her maintain balance as she stood before him.

“Good afternoon, sir. My name is Amelia and I’m here to assist you.” She said with a smile and a curtsy, the motion causing her bust to bounce noticeably. Her voice was high-pitched and small, typical of faeries.

“Ma’am” The cowboy replied, tipping his hat.

“Ooo, a gentleman! So rare in these parts” Amelia cooed. “Does the gentleman have a name?”

“He does not” The cowboy said, voice serious.

“Ah, a runaway outlaw? Those are *not* rare in these parts” Amelia said with a smirk, placing her hands on hips.

“I’m here to see Lillith” The cowboy said, finished with small talk.

The smirk on Amelia’s face fell. “Yes, so I’ve heard. Are...are you sure you wish to meet the Madame? There are plenty of lovely ladies who would be eager to please you in any and every way possible. No desire is too extreme, no lust is forbidden. You could even have me if you desired?”

The cowboy raised his eyebrow at this last point. “You? Begging your pardon miss, but aren’t you a little small for such things”

She winked at him. “Small, but stretchy. I assure you I’ve taken much larger beings than you. It’s quite a sight, seeing my body stretched out over their cocks. I’ve never *not* had a satisfied customer”

The cowboy shook his head. “And that feels good for you?”

The faerie blinked. “For...me? No one’s ever asked me that...”

The cowboy grunted, signalling to the bartender for another whiskey. “Maybe they should” The devil brought over the bottle and left it, exchanging a look with the faerie.

“No, little lady, I won’t be needing the company of anyone beyond Lillith. Though you are quite lovely” The cowboy said, pouring himself another glass of liquor.

The faerie regained her composure, blushing at the cowboy’s compliment and nodded with a smile. “As you wish, sir. Unfortunately, Lillith is busy at the moment, and will be for some time. Perhaps I can show you around, and maybe persuade you to make a more

reasonable choice of companion? Lillith doesn't often take customers...and never more than once, if you catch my meaning"

The cowboy smiled as he sipped at his drink. "I do. I still need to see her, but if that old grouch-" He nodded towards the bartender who was eavesdropping nearby "-doesn't want me sulking around here, then fine. I'd hate to be a bother while a guest of your establishment. Lead the way, little miss"

The faerie beamed at him, charmed by his polite demeanour, as her wings buzzed to bring her aloft once more. The cowboy downed the last of his whiskey, tossing a handful of cash on to the bar for payment. Then he set off behind the faerie, making their way through the mess of tables to the wide staircase on the other side of the room.

The faerie floated before him as they ascended the staircase. Her flight was noticeably erratic, as she struggled to maintain a stable flight path.

At the top of the first landing the cowboy cleared his throat. "*Ahem*. Ma'am?"

Amelia spun in the air to face him, the motion jostling her oversized breasts. "Yes, sir?"

"Would you like to sit?" He asked.

Amelia gave him a confused look. "What?"

He patted his right shoulder.

She waved her hands before her refusingly. "Oh no, I couldn't, it'd be incredibly disrespectful. You're a customer, sir!"

The cowboy gave a slight smile. "You disrespect me by denying me, do you not?"

Amelia bit her lip, trying to sort out the contradiction in her head. The cowboy jerked his head to the side towards the shoulder he'd indicated. With a huff, she flew over, and perched herself upon his shoulder, legs gently dangling down on to his chest. She let out a tiny sigh of relief as her wings came to a stop.

"They're heavy, I take it?" The cowboy spoke, his voice low so only she could hear him.

"Sir?"

"Your breasts. I noticed you struggling to fly and to stand upright down at the bar."

Amelia blushed, deeper this time, thankful that the cowboy couldn't see her face. "I wasn't struggling! I...yes, they're heavy for me. Do you like them?" She purred into his ear.

The cowboy said nothing, his mouth twitching to a slight smile. "So, which way are we going?" He asked, not answering her question.

Amelia pouted, annoyed at his refutation of her invitation. "Up another floor. Second floor is where the support staff live, the cook, the bartender, everyone who's not..."

"A whore" He finished her sentence without looking at her.

She nodded soberly. The cowboy had said the words without malice or judgement. Just stating a fact; the females, both human and nonhuman, who stayed here sold themselves for money, including herself. Still, for a moment Amelia had thought that perhaps this man was different than the rest, but of course she was mistaken. He looked down on them, like all the others.

"Let's start with room number...12. Down the hall on the right" She said, her voice still high and chipper, but a little colder than it had been moments before.

"Hmm, And what, pray tell, is in Room number 12?" The cowboy asked as he walked down the hall. His walk was smooth and steady, making it easy for Amelia to hold her place where she sat upon his shoulder.

"Well, since we've met your attention has obviously been focused upon my luscious ta-ta's, so it was rather easy to peg you as a tit man. So I picked the room that would most entice a man who is fond of the busty" Amelia said feeling rather proud of her deductive skills.

The cowboy chuckled "Oh, is that so?"

"Mhm!" Was Amelias confident response as the cowboy closed his hand around the knob of Room 12 and pushed it open.

"Oh, well *Hello!*" Came a musical voice from the bed before them. "Aren't you the handsome one? Oh, and you've got Amelia with you! It costs extra to have us both, you know, even if she is just a tiny little thing"

On the queen bed before them, a female elf sat with her back to the headboard. She bore an easy smile, her heavily make-upped face leering at him hungrily. Her bright red hair was done up into a large loose bun on the back of her head, making her long pointed ears visible. Her body was slim, or at least that's what one would assume based on the build of her shoulders, neck and arms. The rest of her body was completely covered by a massive pair of breasts.

They sloped away from her chest slightly, before sloping back up to reach the peak of their full round bottoms piled high upon the mattress, easily two feet deep at their highest. Each of them nearly reached the end of the bed, and easily covered it from side to side. Her nipples sat at the outer ends, pointing up and toward the cowboy. Each was the size of the whiskey tumbler he'd drunk from downstairs and was surrounded by a wide delicate pink areola the same size around as the brim of his hat. They trembled visibly, an expression of her desire manifested. Her skin was impossibly smooth and soft, as was typical for elves. Her hands rested atop each breast, gently rubbing and pawing at them, as if she couldn't keep her hands off of them.

Once again the cowboy tipped his hat. "Ma'am. Pleasure to make your acquaintance"

The elf cackled. "Ah ha ha ha! Where did you find this one, Amelia? You're in a whorehouse, darling. There's no need to be gentlemanly here. We both know what you're here for, so come on in and enjoy it" With her hands she reached into her cleavage and spread it apart slightly, the invitation obvious.

If the cowboy was impressed, aroused, or even mildly amused he didn't show it. "This is Gaia" Amelia said, surprised at the cowboy's restraint. Most men would have dove in head first after an invitation like that. "Does she suit your preferences?"

The cowboy rubbed his chin. "Gaia...named after the goddess of nature?"

The elf nodded with a sharp grin "That's right. Mother nature herself. Do I not look motherly to you?" With each hand she squeezed her titanic breasts together and shook them, though due to their sheer size and mass, they barely moved, only the faintest of jiggles reaching their far ends. "Now, why don't you take those clothes off, and let Gaia show you true pleasure" She crooked a single finger at him, beckoning to come hither.

The cowboy shook his head, holding a hand up in refusal. "I appreciate the offer, but I'm here to see Lillith, and only Lillith"

Gaia looked at him and then to Amelia, confused. Amelia just shrugged. Gaia looked back to the cowboy studying him. "Huh...Well...alright then...You sure? I'm more than just my tits, you know? I give some mean head..."

The cowboy laughed at her claim. "I'm sure you do. Though...can I ask you something?"

The elf crossed her arms, resting them atop her bust and shrugged. "Alright, shoot"

"When's the last time someone did something only for you, just to give you pleasure?"

Amelia turned to look at the side of the cowboy's face trying to discern his expression. What the hell was this cowpoke playing at?

Gaia scrunched her brow as she stared at the cowboy with confusion. "What...? I...I don't know?"

The cowboy nodded then stepped into the room. Smoothly he reached up and plucked Amelia off his shoulder, setting her on a nearby sill. "This'll only take a moment, little miss." He said as he gently set her down.

The faerie watched with silent confusion from her perch upon the windowsill as the cowboy walked over to the end of the bed, then got down on to his knees. Doing so put him out of view from Gaia, his entire body hidden behind the immense twin mounds of her breasts that rested upon the bed.

“Hey?! What are...what are you doing!?” Gaia yelled, her confusion building as she struggled to push herself up to look over her breasts and see what indeed the cowboy was doing. “Amelia! What is he...Oh?! Ohhhhhhhh...” Gaia’s head tilted back, her eyes squeezing shut as she moaned with ecstasy, waves of intense pleasure emanating from her breasts.

Amelia’s jaw dropped involuntarily as she watched the elf writhe in the throes of sexual stimulation. Her shoulders tensed, her hands desperately clawing at the mattress for purchase, her breathing intense and fast, and those moans... Amelia had witnessed Gaia perform with customers a few times, watched her fake it to stroke their egos and be a good little whore. This was nothing like that. This was real.

She craned her head to try and make out what the cowboy was doing to her friend, to turn her into putty in his hands so easily. It didn’t seem to be much; his hands delicately tickled and teased her enormous nipples, dancing across her skin. His face hovered before the right one, eyes closed gently while his tongue deftly licked at the tip, each moment of contact bringing renewed moans from the impossibly busty elf.

“Mmmmm...Fuuuuck...How...how are you doing that?!” Gaia cried, her whole body beginning to quiver from the onslaught of sensation. The cowboy didn’t answer, nor did he stop. His hands and tongue just continued to move across her, touching her exactly where she needed to be touched, continually building and building the well of pleasure inside her.

Watching the display of foreplay, Amelia found herself becoming flustered. Her own breathing became a bit heavy, as her mouth went dry. On her chest she felt her nipples stiffen and began to rub against the inside of her leather top. Whatever this cowboy was doing...she wanted some.

“Oh god! Oh god! Oh gaaawd! Oh!” Gaia’s moans paused, as her face scrunched and her teeth clenched until...

“GUUUUUUHHHHH”

Release. Gaia’s eyes rolled back, and she let out a series of wordless guttural moans as the reservoir of pleasure that he’d built within her broke like a dam and raced through her body. The cowboy continued to tease and play with her nipples, until he saw them shake and tense outward. He quickly shuffled back, just barely avoiding the spray of milk that erupted from both nipples. He stood then, and stepped over to the side of the room, silently observing her ride out her climax while her breasts continued to add to the two large puddles of milk on the floor.

After a minute it was over. Gaia laid in silence on the bed, just breathing heavily as she recomposed herself. She managed to push herself back up to sitting, before she spoke again, her voice now hoarse. “What...the fuck.” She managed to get out. She turned to look at him. Tears ran freely from her eyes, ruining her previously immaculate makeup. “How did you do that? You...you made me let down. I haven’t done that since...”

“Since you’ve been here, I reckon” The cowboy said from where he stood.

She nodded silently, settling back against the bed. She said nothing for a while, then she laughed. "Holy shit...Wow..." Another shiver passed through her body. "Who are you?" She asked after it passed.

The cowboy shrugged. "Just a lonesome traveler"

Gaia wiped tears from her eyes and laughed. "Oh, I don't think so. Nobody, and I mean *nobody*, can just do that, and not be someone special"

The cowboy said nothing.

"So...how long are you here for?" Gaia asked, biting her lip seductively.

"As long as it takes to see Lillith. C'mon little miss, time we move on" He said as he lifted Amelia back onto his shoulder.

"Hey wait!" Amelia said as they began to leave the room "You have to pay!"

The cowboy stopped on the threshold, and reached into his pocket, when Gaia called after them from her bed. "Oh no, Amelia darling. That one's free of charge" A deeply satisfied smile formed on the elf's face as she settled back against the headboard, nipples still gently trickling milk. "Come back soon, handsome!" Was the last thing they heard as they left.

The cowboy closed the door behind him. "Is Lillith available now?" He asked.

Amelia said nothing, still in shock, when at last she collected herself, pushing up off his shoulder to flit into the air in front of his face. "Who the fuck are you?!" She demanded.

The cowboy just stared at her, waiting for an answer to his own question. Amelia stared him down, her own eyes locking with his. His gaze was surprisingly intense for a human, his irises the colour of a storm cloud. She felt compelled to look away after a few moments.

"No...she's not" She said, voice quiet. "Why...why did you do that?"

The cowboy gave her an easy smile. "Why? Do you think I shouldn't have?"

Amelia shook her head. "No...I...*Sigh*. You're a very strange man"

The cowboy patted his shoulder again, having noticed her flight beginning to waver once again. Amelia floated over and settled herself upon him once again, thankful for the relief.

"Mayhaps, I am" The cowboy said, his voice taking a slightly softer tone. "You want to know why? I've been to more than a few places like this one. Too often I see the same story, someone whose life for too long has been about pleasing others, they've forgotten what it feels like to be pleased themselves. I got a sense from that Elf that she'd been in such a rut, and so I thought I'd give her a little...reminder. A reminder that she deserves happiness too"

“Why are you here? Really?” Amelia asked from her spot on his shoulder.

“I told you, I need to see Lillith” The cowboy said, his voice becoming stoic once more.

Amelia sighed. “Are you sure you need to see her? I tried to be subtle before but...men who go to Lillith...they die. You seem like a good man, and I wouldn't want to see you die”

“What I need to do has got nothing about being good or not. Now, where are we going?” He said as he began to walk down the hall.

Amelia stared at the side of the cowboys face for a moment. “I don't know...”

“Alright then, let's go in here” He said, abruptly turning and opening a door on their left. The number on the door read 23.

“Ack, no! Not in...Shit” Amelia cried as they walked through the door.

“Who the fuck are you?!” Came the angry yell from inside as they walked through the doorway. This room was larger than Gaia's, and most of it was filled with a large basin filled with water. Within a female face protruded from beneath the surface, her smooth rubbery skin dark blue. Her face featured a number of golden stripes that started from where her nose should be and expanded outward. Her eyes were pure black and were focused on the pair of them with a look of pure distaste.

“A Mer?” The cowboy said. “You're a long way from home”

“No shit, fuckhead!” She yelled her voice rising with anger. She then noticed Amelia on his shoulder. “Amelia, what the hell?! You know I don't take walk ins, get this fucking chump out of here”

Amelia winced. “Sorry, Morgan. He's not a walk-in. He's just waiting to see Lillith and he just walked in here before I could stop him”

The merfolk blinked, her black eyes narrowing. “Is this true?” She asked him, voice tense.

He nodded. “Very. I'm just here passing the time until Lillith. We just met your friend Gaia and now...”

The merfolk interrupted him. “Firstly, Gaia's not my friend, stupid stuck up tree lover. But secondly...that was you?”

Amelia cocked her head to the side. “Oh? You heard that?”

Morgan nodded “Pretty sure the whole building heard that. Never heard the elf make so much noise. Sounded like she really enjoyed herself...” The merfolks expression shifted, from anger, to curiosity, and then excitement.

“Well...while you’re here...care to show little old me some of your tricks?” Her voice had become sultry and sweet. She swam forward in her tub and rested her arms upon the rim, before resting her chin upon them and looking up at him.

“No, thank you” The cowboy said with a polite nod, before he turned to leave.

“Hey! I didn’t say you could leave! Come back here!” She stood up with a start, causing water to splash over the edge of the tub. The cowboy stopped and turned back to face her. She stood with her fists curled, pressed against her waist, a pout upon her lips. She wore no clothing, not uncommon for a merfolk. What was uncommon was the size of her ass, now visible above the water.

Merfolk naturally developed thick legs and hindquarters, as the muscles in their lower body is the main way they traverse their waters. Morgan’s body was beyond that, her hips and butt flaring out from her thin waist by over a foot in each direction. No doubt magically enhanced, just like Gaia and Amelia.

Her pout turned to a triumphant grin as she stepped out of the tub and onto the floor. “I knew you wouldn’t be able to leave after you saw my rump.” She swung her right arm out and behind her, windmilling until her palm collided with one massive ass cheek. The hit sent her entire lower body into motion, her plump flesh jiggling from the impact.

The cowboy watched her, face impassive, as she strutted toward him, each step causing her three foot wide ass to wobble delightfully until she stood before him. Though she was several inches shorter than him, she still looked up at him with a look of control. “I always get what I want, cowboy.” She gripped the front of his shirt and pulled him towards her. “Now come be a good little boy, and do for me what you did for Gaia”

“Morgan, he played with her nipples, I don’t think...” Amelia spluttered, trying to explain, before Morgan cut her off. “Shut up, faerie!” She looked back at the cowboy with a devilish grin. “Come on, cowboy. Let me see what you got”

The cowboy stood his ground. “No, ma’am, I will not. Good day”

The merfolk snarled. “Oh no, I don’t fucking think so!” She tightened her grip on his shirt and pulled hard. “Give me what I want, now!”

The cowboys eyes flashed “Get your hands off of me” He said his voice low.

Morgan laughed in his face “Ha, or what? You’re gonna hit me? That’s a one way ticket to the bottom of our dungeons! Hope you saw enough of the sun before today, because you’re never gonna see it again if you end up there!”

The cowboy moved in fast, stepping up until he was only inches in front of morgan. His hands whipped out like a viper. His left got a handful of her corresponding ass cheek, squeezing it hard. His right darted between her legs, where he found her special spot. For a moment in time that seemed to last for a year, he held this position. Amelia couldn’t see

what his hand was doing between her legs, but from the muscles tensing in his forearm she could tell it was moving quite a bit.

And then he released her, stepping back through the threshold. Morgan released her hold on his shirt out of surprise. "What the...What the fuck? Was that it? You're kidding right? That's-" Morgan's face froze mid sentence, her mouth agape, cheek muscles twitching.

Amelia cried out. "Morgan?!"

Morgan said nothing as she collapsed to the floor, her legs buckling beneath her as every muscle in her body spasmed. Low primal grunts emanated from her chest cavity, as she writhed on the floor.

The cowboy nodded, then closed the door, leaving the merfolk within her room.

"What the fuck was that?!" Amelia yelled. "What did you do to her!"

"I gave her what she asked for. " The cowboy said nonchalantly as he walked back towards the staircase.

"She wanted you to make her cum!" Amelia squealed.

The cowboy nodded "And I did...50 times at once"

Amelia said nothing as she let what the cowboy said sink in. "WHAT?!" She screamed at last. "How?!"

The cowboy shrugged. "I've picked up a few tricks here and there"

Amelia was dumbfounded. "Ok, seriously, who the fuck are you?"

The cowboy stopped at the foot of the stairs to the next level. "Is Lillith ready to see me yet?"

"No!" Amelia said. "And I'm not going to take you to her even if she is ready until you answer my questions!"

The cowboy said nothing, as he stared up towards the 4th floor. He put his foot on the first step, as Amelia pushed herself off of him. This strange man was being unreasonable, and was refusing to listen to her. She had no choice but to up the ante.

She flew over to a door at the end of the hallway, labelled 50. Amelia flew down and grabbed onto the handle then heaved, slowly inching the door open.

"*Helloooooooooooooo?*" Came the otherworldly voice from inside. Amelia gritted her teeth as she resisted the mental influence the sound of the voice tried to wrap around her. As a female she would be less affected by its power, but any male's that heard would be done for.

Down the hall the cowboy stopped his ascension. Then he turned around and walked back down the stairs, slowly making his way towards Amelia and the door she'd opened. He walked past the faerie who now lay on the ground, and pushed open the door.

Inside he found what appeared to be a young woman sitting upon a simple bed. She wore only a simple silk robe of purest white, that struggled to hide her curvacious figure. Not nearly as busty as the elf Gaia, but far above average, with breasts easily larger than her head. Her bright blonde hair flowed from her scalp like a waterfall, to where it pooled on the bed around her. Her face was young, and innocent, bright green eyes above a pert little nose.

"*Oh, hello! Won't you come in?*" She said, her voice echoing in Amelia's mind. She fought the urge to enter the room herself, as the cowboy stepped in, his mind no longer his own.

"Ma'am" He said, tipping his hat to the blonde who sat before him.

"*Aren't you lovely! Won't you come stay with me?*"

"Yes..." Amelia found herself saying. "I will...stay..."

"You are quite lovely yourself, miss, but I'm afraid I cannot stay"

"*What?!*" The blonde's face fell into a look of despair. Amelia felt it in her very essence, that deep sadness of rejection. She nearly was drawn to tears herself.

"I've got business to attend to with the Lady of the house. But besides that, I don't think you really want me to stay" He said with a calm smile.

"*Oh, but I do!*" She said, eyelashes fluttering, as she got up on to her knees. She ripped open her robe, revealing her stupendous bust that sat perkily, high upon her slim frame, defiant of gravity. Her nipples, like two thimbles, stiffened after being exposed to the air. "*Come play with me, and my lovely breasts! We can make love for hours on end, and I will always love you, just as you will always love me!*" Out in the hall Amelia felt her heart tear in half with the feeling of unrequited love that thumped in her mind like a drum.

The cowboy shook his head. "No, my dear. You don't love me, you don't even know me. I think what you really want is someone who wants to be with you, *despite* your hexing song."

The blonde siren opened her mouth to speak, hoping to try and entice the cowboy further with her voice, but found herself speechless. "...I...Oh my god..." She said at last, the eerie reverberation of her voice gone. Then she put her head into her hands and sobbed.

The cowboy closed the door, leaving the siren to her feelings. He walked back down the hall and began to climb the stairs. Amelia, her mind suddenly clear, flitted into the air and zipped after him. "Stop!" She cried. "I can't let you see her!"

Grabbing onto his shirt she tugged, trying to pull him back, but he moved on steadfastly, ignoring her. "Please, you have to listen to me!" She switched her grip onto his belt, pulling

back as hard as she could. Her pulling on his belt caused something that had been clipped to the inside of the leather strap to fall of. It made a heavy thud as it bounced down the stairs, to where it landed face up on the bottom landing. With shock she stared at the silver badge in the shape of a star that sat on the floor.

“You’re...you’re a lawman!” She gasped.

The cowboy nodded “I am, and now I’m going to speak with Lillith”

Amelia flew before his face, voice pleading. “Please, don’t go. I don’t know who or what you are, but it won’t matter. She’ll kill you and eat your soul, it’s what she does.”

The cowboy gave her a simple smile “Thank you Amelia. You’ve been a wonderful guide. Now if you’ll excuse me, I’ve got business to attend to.” Then he stepped around her, reaching the top step then opening the double doors.

The staircase opened up to a massive room, the entire top floor of the mansion made into one enormous hall. Windows lined the walls, painting the room in red from the setting sun. Various artifacts and wonders filled the room, a collection of rarities displaying both opulence and power. Directly ahead of the entrance to the floor was a collection of furniture that created a small living area. A large plush bed, a desk piled high with papers and cash, and a tall mirrored vanity, that the lady herself sat before now with her back to the cowboy.

The cowboy stepped forward, carefully. He knew Lillith to be a demon, and therefore incredibly dangerous. She made no indication that she’d noticed his arrival, though he knew that she was very well aware of his presence. She sat the vanity, applying makeup while she sat in a simple pair of black bra and panties. Her skin was bright orange, the colour of iron fresh from a forge. Her hair was black as coal, its shiny lengths tied into a thick braid that ran down her back just past her butt. A pair of thin horns stuck straight up from just above her temples. He took another step and at last she spoke to him, without turning around.

“Give me one reason why I shouldn’t erase you from this world where you stand” Her voice was light and cheery, as if she’d asked him why he’d forgotten the milk. But he knew her to be deadly serious. Lillith’s threats always came with a promise.

“Hello, Lily” He said, his voice low, as a grim smile formed on his face.

“Lily?” She questioned, putting her makeup brush down on the vanity before her. “I see that you instead wish to suffer a slow painful death instead? You see there’s only one man in this world that would dare call me Lily and get away with it, and I know...” She turned around in the chair to face him, and stopped, her eyes widening with recognition. “...that...you’re not him...Jonah...”

Jonah removed his hat, nodding toward her. “It’s good to see you again, Lily”

Lilith stood and walked toward him slowly. She was devastatingly beautiful, her face sharp and angular, as if carved from glass. Her frame was slender, almost no curves whatsoever, though Jonah knew that wasn't always the case.

"I never thought I'd see you again after you left..." Lilith said as she approached.

Jonah nodded "I'm sorry about that. I had to leave...had to make things right"

Lilith cocked her head to the side. "And did you?"

Jonah let out a long tired sigh. "No, not yet"

Lilith frowned "Why are you here, Jonah? Surely it's not for just a friendly visit? I'm a busy demon, so if all you're after is a catch-up, then be on your way. I've got a brothel to run."

Jonah held up his right hand. From down the stairs the silver badge flew through the air, punching a hole through one of the wood doors, zipping directly into his hand where he clutched it between two fingers.

Lilith's face twisted in fury at the sight of the sheriff's badge.

"I'm here to take you in, Lily" Jonah said, his voice hard as steel. "It's time for you to let these girls go"

Lily hissed "Why, Jonah? Why not just stay away. I've got a good thing going here. Nobodies getting hurt, so why come and ruin things!"

"That's not the way I saw it. I could smell your magical contracts hanging over the heads of these girls as soon as I walked in the building. Saw what you've done to their bodies. These girls deserve a life, their own life, not one serving you"

The colour of Lillith's skin deepened as her temper rose. "It won't bring back those people you killed, Jonah. Nothing will"

Jonah nodded "I know. I was just a young kid in love, eager to impress a pretty lady demon. When the dark prince Lucifer himself offered me a path to earn your affection, I jumped at it. And I've spent every minute since I left you trying to right that wrong"

They stared at each other in silence for a few tense moments. In the hall Amelia watched through the hole in the door that his badge had made, anxious and afraid.

"So what now?" Lilith asked, breaking the silence. "You going to cuff me and lead me away? Because I think you may find that not going the way you want it to" Her eyes flared with fire at the threat.

Jonah tucked his badge back in his belt and shook his head. "Of course not. I'm here to make you a deal. Option one, I leave and return with a whole posse of lawmen. We storm

this place and we gun you all down. Option two...I do something for you, and then you come with me quietly, letting all these girls free”

Lilith barked a short laugh. “And what on earth could you possibly do for me, that would make me agree to that ridiculous deal!”

Jonah smiled. “I’ll make love to you Lillith, one last time”

Lilith rolled her eyes at him. “Really? That’s your trump card? You know you weren’t *that* good. I’ve had better since”

Jonah’s smile didn’t waver. “No you haven’t, and yes I was. And I’ve only gotten better. Those unholy gifts of lovemaking that Lucifer gave me have only matured with age, like a fine whiskey. When you had me I was just an innocent young pup. Nothing compared to what I’ve become...”

Lilith huffed at him. “Please. Don’t make me laugh. This whole thing is laughable!”

“Then why are you thinking about saying yes?” He said.

Lilith jolted upright, shocked. “What! No, I’m not!”

The cowboy shook his head, exasperated. “I was with you for ten years Lily, I can tell when you’re aroused”

Lilith dropped her arms and looked down at her body, cursing. Her slender frame was slender no more. Her non-existent breasts had puffed up to full handfuls, stretching the cups of her fabric bra. She now had a visible figure, her body flaring out beneath her waist to a lovely pair of hips supporting a juicy tight ass. In front her black panties were now soaked and showed ridges from her swollen pussy lips pressing into them from underneath.

“So, what do you say, Lily?”

Lilith eyed him suspiciously. All the while her body continued to swell. Her ass grew thicker and plumper, her cheeks now swallowing the backside of her panties. Her breasts grew rounder and fuller, the underwire of her bra now several inches off of her rib cage. Her pussy had soaked fully through her panties, the outer lips having grown out over the edge of them.

Then suddenly she grinned “Ok, here’s my deal. It’s not enough to make love to me. You make me cum, like *really* cum. Like I’m seeing the heavens open before me, type of cum, and I’ll come quietly. That should surely be achievable for someone with skills as legendary as yourself.”

Jonah smiled “Sounds fair”

“But! If you cum first, or you can’t make me cum...then I get your soul” She extended a hand toward him. From the door Amelia could do nothing but watch in silence as Jonah took her hand and shook.

Lilith’s grin turned beastly as she let go of Jonah’s hand. “Imbecile. Your soul is mine!” She snapped her fingers, and instantly they were both nude, their clothes vanishing to a different plane of existence.

Author’s Post-Script – I really liked the idea of this one, a righteous lawman in a magical brothel, full of mythical beauties, here to clean red from his ledger. I just didn’t know how to end it. The showdown with Lillith was leading up to be something legendary, and I just didn’t have it in me to put something to paper. I just knew it would fall short from what I wanted it to be.