

## "HALL OF NIGHT."

DEMON X GN!AMAB!READER | 18+ |  
| CNC, BLOOD, PREDATOR N' PREY, SUB!MC | 1.5K

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*How fast are you?*

The Halls of Night you enter. Pushing aside the heavy wooden door, your eyes have to adjust to the dark, empty hallway. It's not like the other halls. There are no decorations. *How strong are you?* The walls are bare, the tile floors are clean and empty. No sign that anything or anyone is supposed to be here. *How agile?* Your eyes move along the right wall, which is lined with large windows that show clearly into the empty gardens several feet below, and white moonlight filters in through the glass.

You walk forward.

Listening to the sound of your own feet. *Can you hear him?* You don't know who is operating this hall, but if you had to make a guess. Something moves out of the corner of your eye, and you freeze, turning your head to the side, your eyes moving across the wall lined with several locked doors and pathways to other halls. *Feel him?*

There's nothing, and you walk further ahead. *You want to.* There's another door at the end, the exit. *You will.* You quicken your pace and push open the door, but instead of an exit, it descends into darkness. A shiver runs down your spine, and you push the door all the way open. There's no going back.

*Enter.*

You step into the darkness, your hand grabbing a metal railing as you slowly descend, slowly losing sight. He knows the darkness better than you do. You carefully feel for each step before slowly shifting your weight to ensure you don't fall. He can see better than you can. Smell better than you can. Your hands feel along the cold concrete walls and cold metal railing, your eyes slowly adjusting to the dark. He can hear better than you can.

A loud sound of a door closing draws your attention behind you; the light in all the hallways is gone. You feel your heart travel to your throat, and your body tenses in the darkness. You aren't alone.

You force yourself to move down, slowly climbing down the steps quicker. Steps echo your own, stopping when you stop, resuming when you do. You feel your breath quicken, and it mimics it, copying you effortlessly. It's scary. *Thrilling.* You know who's here. Behind you. You can feel his eyes open on your back. You could face him—where he is in the darkness, in a space so restricting yet vast.

You quicken your steps, rushing down several steps at a time. His steps quicken, and a low growl echoes. Your brain moves into survival, feeling your heart pumping as you run down the steps, letting go of the railing, the toes of your feet barely making full contact with the metal floor. He's closer. You can feel his heat upon your back. You feel his hands reach out to grab you, just as the steps disappear beneath your feet. You fall, landing on your side and sliding against cold tiled floors. You groan out in pain. You roll onto your body onto your butt, your hands pressing against cold tiles.

*There's silence.*

Your chest rises and falls, fast and heavy, your lips parted. You try to listen, to hear anything. You press your hand over your heart, feeling it beat against your chest. You try to calm yourself, slowing your breathing and leaning forward. A hand clamps over your mouth and instinctively you struggle, making him tighten his grip on your face.

He presses against your back, presses his nose against the nape of your neck. His right arm wraps around your waist, his hand moving across your thighs and forcing your body onto your hands and knees.

Your hands touch the cold tiles, pushing against his heavy body with a groan. He's much stronger than you. And you know that. Always know that—but to know it is different from feeling it. Feeling your arms bend at the elbow and his lips graze against the skin of your neck. Leaving behind a trail of heat and tingles.

Your feet push against the ground, your hand reaching up and holding onto his wrist and pulling. He doesn't budge. You feel his lips part, and he exhales with a hot hiss, saliva dripping onto your skin. Your legs flinch as his pointed teeth press into your skin. Your voice is muffled as you call his name, feeling his canines break skin. Your brows furrow together in pain, your nails digging into the side of his palm. It's a hot, searing pain. Your hand moves from his to his face, your palm pressing against his forehead. His teeth leave your skin as his tongue drags across the wound, tasting your blood.

Your body quivers, sinking further down, pressing your forearm against the tiled ground. Dante sinks with you, his hand sliding from your waist, placing his forearm right against yours, enveloping your closed fist. It felt nice, really nice. His tongue, hot against your skin, makes the pain of him biting you seem to disappear. You breathe into his palm, your eyes half-lidded, feeling saliva slip past your lips and into his palm. His hand shifts across your mouth, his fingers spreading your lips and sliding into your mouth. His index and middle fingers press against your tongue and you push back, feeling something hard press against your butt. The demon growls, grinding his hips, moving his legs between yours, and pushing them apart. He pulls his hands away from yours, sliding along your body to the band of your pants. His hand slipped past them. His fingers touch the elastic band of your underwear, sliding in between your legs. Your body jolts, and the demon sucks hard on your neck. Your back arches and your voice muffled as you drool on his fingers.

His nails drag against you clothed cock, his fingers touching the tip of your dick. Your precum soaking your underwear. You breathe heavily, tilting your head back, his fingers sliding out of your mouth. Saliva dripping down your chin. You can barely see him—only his gold eyes. He growls, and he pulls from your neck, forcing your head down, pulling down your pants and ripping the fabric of your underwear.

Your cheek presses against the cold tile flooring, your palms flat against the ground. His fingers prod at your ass, spitting a hot glob of spit onto your entrance.

You hear the sounds of a buckle and pants falling, feeling something hot pressed against your hole. You push up, but his hands grip the back of your neck, forcing you back down. He rubs his cock against your wet ass.

*"Relax."*

His voice is gruff and low and your body listens. He slowly pushes his cock against you, your ass spreading, taking his hot dick. You press your fingers into the ground, dropping your head and panting. He glides his cock deeper, groaning as his hand grabs your hips, pulling your back and further onto his cock.

He slides all the way into you and your ass presses against his pelvis. He lets your body adjust. He feels heavy and thick, his cock twitching and pulsing. You feel a hand drag up your spine, making your back arch. All you can focus on is his searing touch. The sounds of his breathing. He slowly rocks his hips. Shallowly thrusting, his tip pressing against your spongy walls. Making room for his cock.

You whine and pant, pressing your face into your arms. He slowly picks up speed, pulling your body against his. You can hear the sounds of skin slapping; it echoes and bounces off the wall. Your body bounces with each thrust, your teeth digging into your bottom lip.

*How fast are you?*

His fingers dig into your skin, fucking your deep and fast. You try to find anything to hold. *How strong are you?* Feeling your walls deliciously squeeze around him, sucking him deeper. How agile? Your eyes squeeze close, pressing your chin against the cold tiled floor. *Can you hear him?* He leans over you. His hands are on either side of your body, breathing into your ear. You feel a knot form in the pit of your stomach, and your body tenses. *Feel him?* He taunts and you shake your head, he doesn't stop fucking you. He knows you're close. So close. So close.

"Aren't you?" He turns your head to face him, kissing you. And kissing you deeply. You're going to cum. His tongue slips past your lips, your body pushing against his. Your eyes flutter, your moans muffled as he deepens the kiss, your body tensing tight as you cum. You feel your cock spurt, your cum painting the ground.

The demon pulls away with a hot groan, sliding his cock out of you. Your body slumps to the cold ground. Feeling his weight leave you silently. But you can still feel his heat and hands fixing your clothes. You can make his form out in the darkness. He is known to you.