

# Belrye and the Summoner

Book 164  
(version 202406)



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# Important Note

This book is part of a multi-book choose-your-own-adventure series and is not intended to be standalone. If you are reading this book, you should have been directed here by another book as part of a playthrough of *Belrye and the Summoner* due to choices you have made.

If you have stumbled across this book by accident, you're in luck! You can find the first book at <https://magicfoxgames.com/> to start your own adventure! A demo that is *only* the first book can also be found under the user DaveTheFoxMage at FurAffinity.

# Disclaimer

This story is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to actual people/places/events is entirely coincidental. Also, this story contains acts which should not be attempted in real life and does not constitute advice, suggestion, instruction, etc.

This story contains material suitable for adults and should not be read by anyone who is under 18 or for whom it is illegal to view adult and/or sexual material.

Finally, this story contains a wide variety of kinks and fetishes. Given that it is a choose-your-own-adventure style book, not all of these will come up on any given read through. Your choices could lead to a perfectly tame story with lots of hugs and hand-holding. However, be aware that some content may be extreme, unusual, or downright bizarre depending on your choices.

# Belrye and the Summoner

Well, since your curiosity has been piqued by her dick, that seems like a great place to start. As your hands slide down her body, it feels a bit strange to be groping someone covered in fur, but you imagine that will fade with time. As your hands glide past her flat belly, a finger bumps against the side of her sheath. Slowly, you start to feel around, working your way up the hard shaft that is sliding out further by the second. It feels strange, almost like a mix between human and equine. There is a blunt head, as opposed to the more rounded, human variety.

Only a few days ago, you weren't even aware Belrye's species existed. You were familiar with demons as a concept, but here in the flesh? And here you are, reaching down and touching the dick of one you just summoned. You briefly wonder how your friends or family would react if they knew, but push the idea aside. That's a problem for future-you. And who knows—some of them might *not* want to burn you at the stake.

As you explore, you feel one of her hands brush your side, wrapping around and pulling you closer. You feel the claws of her fingertips against your back. They are just resting lightly against you, but their tips feel quite sharp. You feel the palm of her other hand brush your cheek as her lips meet yours.

Her lips part slightly, and you feel her tongue slide between yours. As the two of you share a French kiss, you are surprised to find the sharpness of her teeth not unlike her claws. Despite her goatlike features, you remind yourself that she isn't really a goat. You give her cock an experimental squeeze, and the demoness whimpers softly against you. You pull away from the kiss and tease, "Mmm, you like when I do that?"

"Uh-huh..." she replies, needily. You give it a long, slow stroke up, then back down, and you feel her wrap her legs around you. Her hooves are pressed against the back of your calves, their hardness contrasting with the soft fur of her legs. "Seems like you like it, too."

As you reach the tip and run your fingers over the head of her cock, she

asks, “So, Summoner, it sounds like you’ve maybe never been in a relationship before. But there’s a whole wide world of ways to have one. Anything from a romance between two people, to more of a bondage thing, to the outright bizarre. What do you think you would like most? I promise I won’t judge or laugh at you, so you can tell me anything at all.” In your hands, she seems to have fully extended from the sheath. Her length and girth feel quite impressive, if a touch intimidating.

Your hands pause as you think for a moment. “Um. . . I guess I never really thought about it? I just want to find someone who’s into me. Like at this point I would take anyth—”

You are interrupted by Belrye’s finger pressed against your lips. “You’re love-starved, Summoner, just as much as I have spent my life lust-starved. We’re gonna get through it together. But let’s talk about it, if you have never thought about it before. I think I know just where to start, too. I’d like you to think back to stories you’ve read, movies you’ve watched, porn you’ve enjoyed, anything at all. Can you think about that for me?”

“Y-yeah,” you reply.

“Okay, this is the part that might be a little painful. Try to picture them in your head. What kinds of things made you feel a bit extra lonely? For that matter, what types of scenes or stories made you feel a little extra horny?”

You think for a moment. A story that caught your interest, a movie that made you feel an empty longing inside, various things scattered throughout your porn collection, a beautiful song whose lyrics you were certain had been written for you. . . You feel Belrye’s hand rubbing on your back, reassuring you to take as long as you need.

You take a deep breath. Well, if you are going to open up about what you are into, you can’t really imagine anyone more receptive than a lust demoness, especially one who seems so reassuring. Besides, you can’t imagine ever getting another opportunity like this one, and you would kick yourself for the rest of your life if you let it slip by. You give Belrye’s cock a final, firm squeeze as you finish psyching yourself up, feeling her arch her back in pleasure.

If you’re being honest, you are into. . .

Stat	You	Belrye
Species	Human	Goat
Aspect	N/A	Lust
Gender	Male	Female
Height	5'9"	5'6"
Build	Average	Average
Breast Size	Flat	C
Nipple Length	0.3"	0.5"
Nipple Thickness	0.3"	0.5"
Penis Length	5.1"	6"
Penis Thickness	1.5"	1.8"
Flare Thickness	N/A	1.9"
Ball Size	1.4"	1.5"

Option	Page
Vanilla and romantic	0 <a href="#">Dead End</a>
Friends with benefits	0 <a href="#">Dead End</a>
Dominant Belrye	0 <a href="#">Dead End</a>
Submissive Belrye	0 <a href="#">Dead End</a>