

When Summoning Goes Wrong - Part 4

For Eb18

By TheSpiralledEye

Robert tapped the pads of his fingers against the sell out of time with the beat of the music. His skin felt itchy, his whole body was restless. Here he was at a wild party with people drinking and throwing themselves at one another left and right; and he was standing by the corner alone. It was like telling an Olympic swimmer to stand by the edge of the pool and stay dry. His body yearned to be touched, and to give touch in return, but he'd promised to wait till Felix returned.

How long did it take to give a blow job? Surely he couldn't still be looking for a partner, with the allure Sariel's magic gave them Felix could have his pick of any man in the house. Then somehow, despite the din of voices and loud music Robert felt his ears prick. A soft moan somehow floated about the noise and into his ears; Felix. The pleased sound sent tingles down Robert's spine and his whole being ached with jealousy. He could even feel the tattoo on his shoulder prickling, almost as if it was eager to grow.

He couldn't help it, he followed the sound of Felix's moans as they mixed with a strangers. Logically he knew there was no way he should be able to hear them over everything else, but he could and it drew him to a cupboard on the second floor. Inside he could hear the unmistakable sound of lovemaking; not a blowjob or handjob but full on fucking.

Robert felt his temper flare, after being so high and mighty here Felix was breaking the rules the second they got here! Felix wail in pleasure behind the door and Robert swore he could hear the wet sound of the man he was with thrusting into him. His new pussy quivered with jealousy and want and Robert swore he could hear Sariel laughing.

Unable to bear listening to the sounds anymore he stalked away yet they seemed to follow him; even when he returned to the first floor where the music was loudest he could somehow still hear the that cock sliding up into his friend's passage and the bliss filled moans he made in response.

His jealousy turned to bitterness, then anger; he'd been tricked. Felix was always acting so put upon, like a kicked puppy. Yes, he had indulged first but that wasn't his fault! It was Sariel's magic forcing his body to want essence! Now that they had decided to indulge together he had been fully prepared to play fair. But it seemed Felix was not. This was his

plan, Robert was sure he would come back, pretending he only did what they agreed on and then, at the end of the night, Robert would be the one transformed into Felix's dream girl!

Well, there was no way he was letting that happen. A loud, sinful wailed told him Felix was cumming and it honestly shocked him that nobody else seemed to be noticing it. He could barely hear the music over the sound of that fucking upstairs, how was nobody else bothered like him? Maybe they just assumed it was another couple getting freaky; they didn't understand the stakes the way he did.

He looked over to the patch of wall where Felix had asked him to wait and snorted; no way. If there could be only one winner for this bet, it was going to be him. He set off into the party, his body craving essence and his mind no longer fighting the urge. A shiver ran down his spine as adrenaline flooded his system and a smile formed across his face. He could feel the way his full lips stretched and moved ever so slightly upwards. It felt nice, more than that, it felt right. He was a lion on the prowl for prey, no, a *lioness*.

Call it feminine intuition of fledgling succubus instincts but all of a sudden he found himself turning, locking eyes with a thin, reedy looking man leaning against a corner of the room alone nursing a red solo cup. Once his eyes landed on him Robert couldn't take them away; he could tell this was the sort of nerd who spent most of his time locked away in a dorm working on computers. He'd probably been dragged here by a roommate who had long since abandoned him. He never lucked out with women, his hand his only lover. He would be an easy mark.

He took a step toward him, intentions fully solidified in his mind and Robert felt something...shift. His mindset was part of it but there was also something physical. The way his body moved seemed to change; his hips took on a natural sway, he felt his ass rise and fall in a way it never had before and his shoulders swing back and forth in such a way that eyes would naturally go to his, still admittedly small, chest.

The result was his allure doubling so that by the time he reached the thin man his target's eyes were wide and staring right at him. It was almost too easy; he hadn't spoken a word and this man was already wrapped around his finger.

"Hey there, why are you standing all alone in such a crowded party?" Robert smiled, resisting the urge to giggle when the man swallowed twice before responding.

"H-hi, I'm Nigel, uh, yeah sorry my roommate was with me but he sort of disappeared."

"How rude." Robert pouted, "Friends shouldn't split up like that at parties. You know what? My friend did the exact same thing, it's like we were meant to meet, huh?"

Where was all this natural charisma coming from? On second thought, it didn't matter; Nigel's eyes were already blown wide with lust and that was the thing he cared about most.

"Why don't we keep one another company, at least for a while?" He suggested, leaning forward enough that his breasts brushed against Nigel's chest just for a moment. "Maybe...in the garden?"

"A-are you...talking about sex?" Nigel gaped, like a horny fourteen year old who'd never been kissed and this time Robert did giggle.

"Yes silly, the garden has plenty of bushes we could hide behind."

"Oh, I don't know about having sex in...public."

Robert swore he could feel the hesitancy and temptation emanating off Nigel in waves; all he needed to do was push him a little bit further. He stared right into the man's wide, dark eyes and for a second there was a jolt; a sort of spark of electricity that passed between them and that new instinct seemed to take charge, He knew, somehow, that Nigel had a thing for dominant women. He wanted to be told what to do, but he would never dare admit it for fear of being seen as less manly.

Robert leaned in, grabbing Nigel by the wrist gently but firmly and lifting it to his hip. He then took the other hand in his, threading their fingers together and leaning in so that their lips were only an inch apart.

"Come on, Nigel. I won't chase you long I promise." Robert batted his eyes, "I'm lonely, you're lonely, why not indulge ourselves? I'll tell you exactly what to do and then I'll make sure people see us leaving the bushes together, with me looking thoroughly ravished. You'll have all the bragging rights in the world."

Nigel's mouth opened and closed like a fish; his eyes going impossibly wider as he tried to process what was happening.

"You can tell people anything you want, you can tell them you made me beg for it. That you held me down and took me hard. Whatever you like."

"B-but your reputation? You won't care if I make you sound like..."

“A slut?” Robert laughed, “No, fuck my reputation, fuck me Nigel, maybe I am a slut. I don't care, now...”

He tightened his grip a little and Nigel sucked in a breath.

“We're going out to the garden, and you're going to let me fuck you, where people can overhear and you'll like it. Understand?”

Nigel nodded enthusiastically.

“Yes...”

“Roberta.”

“Yes, Roberta.”

Dopamine flooded his system as he led Nigel through the party and out the back door. Robert's heart was racing not just in anticipation for finally, finally, feeling a man inside him but also something more. He was riding high on his own powers of seduction. He had known exactly what words to say in order to coax this man into bed and he'd never felt so powerful. That power was intoxicating, alluring even and Robert realised that was turning him on almost as much as the idea of finally getting to have sex was.

The garden had a smattering of people mingling but not nearly as many as there were inside. The area was large, clearly designed for sorority barbecues and such in the summer but right now all the pretty trimmed hedges and flower patches made for the perfect secluded getaway.

Nigel blushed as the two of them pushed past the people into the darker part of the garden where only the faintest of lights reached. If any of those people watched them go, Robert didn't notice, or care. He pulled Nigel down behind a large bush of blue flowers; he didn't know the name, it didn't matter.

With a simple, strong movement he pushed Nigel down to the ground, landing atop him in the grass and straddling his thighs. He could feel the bulge in his trousers and it made him shiver. He let his eyes flutter closed for a few seconds and just...savoured the feeling. Somewhere, inside the party, Felix was probably looking for him; the traitor.

No time for foreplay, having him take charge would only get Nigel harder anyway. A theory that was swiftly proved correct as he reached for the man's fly and unzipped it in one quick motion. Nigel was watching him and moaned a little, cheeks going red in response.

"Don't worry, darling." Robert cooed, "Let me take care of you.

'And myself.' He added mentally.

He unbuttoned his own shorts and shimmied them off, making sure to give Nigel a little show before dropping them on a branch from the bush, along with his panties. Nigel took the time to get out of his pants entirely so that his cock was free and sticking straight up, practically begging to be mounted.

Robert bit the inside of his cheek to stop himself from moaning in anticipation as he crawled up his body and raised his hips up. He could feel the tip of Nigel's cock resting against his new entrance; it was such an alien feeling compared to what he was used to. For a second he let himself savour the experience and then, he sank down. It was...he didn't have words. He could feel his inner walls parting, wet and rough against the cock as they parted and it felt exquisite.

His mouth hung open in shock and his eyes rolled back, leaving him blind and deaf with only the sensations to focus on, at least for a moment. Before he knew it, Nigel was fully buried inside him and the young man groaned. Robert smirked; this guy wouldn't last long, he was going to have to be careful if he wanted to cum before him.

He experimented, rolling his hips slightly and being rewarded with delicious waves of pleasure that coiled in his core. He could feel the precum that had gathered at the head of Nigel's cock being absorbed into him, the small amount of essence making his skin tingle as it prepared to change. He wanted that; fuck did he want that right now.

He bent himself over Nigel, rolling his hips slowly as he mashed their lips together almost painfully. Their tongues mingled and Robert swallowed down the sounds Nigel made with gusto. He could feel the saliva passing between them, giving him more of that delicious male essence and causing him to groan in satisfaction as he felt his breasts grow in response. He could feel the skin and muscles shifting, stretching and growing as his small chest began to fill out. The tight shirt stretched with it without warping, impossible normally but thanks to Sariel's magic he didn't need to worry about spilling out of his shirt.

His hips began to work a magic all their own, rising and falling easily as he began to ride Nigel in full. As tempting as it was to keep kissing him, the angle meant he was trapped only doing small bounces and that was frankly unacceptable after a few minutes. He leaned back, bracing himself against Nigel's legs and curving his spine so that his tits were raised to

the sky. He could watch them as they grew. They started to bounce just as much as he was; now that he could rise all the way up to the tip and back down again.

“Oh God, fuck...Roberta I'm...I'mmm-I'm-!”

He couldn't even get the words out, it was almost cute. His neediness sent Robert tumbling over the edge, cumming hard as he felt wet seed spill into his new womb. His body absorbed it all; hips widening and lips plumping further as he continued to transform. He could feel the burn at his shoulder as the tattoo continued to grow and somehow, that almost felt as good as the orgasm itself. Unlike Nigel he came silently, but no less hard. Of course, it was a drop in the ocean when it came to true satisfaction. He wanted more, needed it even. He would have happily kept bouncing on that cock if it wasn't already going soft.

With an annoyed groan he hoped Nigel mistook for pleasure; he slipped off. He tried to focus on the pleasant stretching sensation that still lingered between his legs rather than the hunger his body was already exuding but it was difficult; why wouldn't Nigel have more stamina? That's what he got for picking the reedy little nerd though, he supposed.

“That was amazing.” Nigel said, sounding almost dazed, “I'm actually a little light headed.”

He chuckled and Robert noticed the glazed look to his eyes; he looked almost high. High on the pleasure Robert had given him.

“Well, as promised, I'll make a show of walking out of here.” Robert winked, pulling on his panties and shorts reluctantly, “Come find me again if you want round two, darling.”

The word 'darling' rolled off his tongue and left a slightly strange, bitter then sweet taste on his tongue. He realised his voice had a new feel to it; more naturally feminine and somewhat similar to Sariel's. That made him pause for a moment behind the bush; how did he feel about becoming more like a demoness? A true succubus? He wasn't sure.

His fingers found the tattoo and he twisted, trying to see it better through what little light could finger through the leaves. He could see vines and petals all twisting around one another, the design was becoming more intricate as well as larger.

Either way, the instincts her magic gave him were all that were important right now. He was still horny as all hell and he needed another man, preferably one who could cum more than once before being spent. And he knew exactly how to show off that he was available, that way they would come to him.

He stumbled out of the bushes, breathy laugh on his lips as he raked his fingers through his suddenly much longer hair. He looked up to notice several people staring, obviously having heard his and Nigel's little tryst. He blushed, pretending to be embarrassed.

"I guess I wasn't too subtle huh?" He grinned, putting out just the right amount of wild energy to show that he was embarrassed but not ashamed.

Already he could see one or two of the men present thinking, considering if maybe this clearly wild and sexual woman would be up for another partner. He smiled at them widely, making himself look as open and friendly as possible; available and ready for ravishing.

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Felix stared at the empty wall for a long time. He could almost feel the gears in his mind turning and as they did they began moving faster and faster; bringing with them a torrent of emotions. After all that, their talk, the agreement; Robert had betrayed him again. For the second time in one night. His hands curled into fists and he felt his now long nails pressing into his soft palms.

"Looking a little bitter there my dear."

He spun around to see a woman with flaming red hair the same colour as her ruby lips smiling at him. Her teeth had a slight point to them and while she was fully clothed and indeed, fully human, Felix could instantly tell who she was.

"Sairiel?"

"The one and only." She beamed, "I must say, you are developing very well darling, if only you didn't have that ugly look on your face you'd be a real beauty!"

"Where is Robert?" He asked through gritted teeth.

"Oh I can't be sure." Sairiel lied casually, "But I did see him talking to a delightfully desperate young man before leading him outside."

Her eyes were alight with mischief; she was loving this, tormenting them. Like they were her little play things.

“Did you do something to make him leave this spot?” He asked, secretly hoping that was the case but deep down, he knew it wasn't true.

“Why my darling, you did that. Not me.” She said with mock hurt, “How could you ever accuse me of cheating at my own game?”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, he did walk upstairs for a moment, and you were being awfully loud.” She said, “Perhaps he realised you were breaking that little promise you made and decided to get ahead?”

Felix's cheeks burned, okay yes he had slept with a guy when he was supposed to just give a blow job but...Robert betrayed him first! There was no way he was letting that bastard get ahead of him again. Already his body was craving more orgasms, more essence; and his tattoo burned and ached wanting nothing more than to spread along his arm.

And he was going to let it. But not before giving Robert a piece of his mind.

“I'll see you later.” Sariel said in a sing-song voice, obviously feeling her time was up. She disappeared in a flash of fire that nobody else in the room seemed to notice and Felix felt his determination solidify.

He headed through the rooms, scanning each couple he passed looking for Robert; instead all he found were temptations. There were so many hot guys here he wasn't sure where to start, could he perhaps tempt more than one into fucking him at once? He wasn't sure. He could feel something buzzing beneath his skin, similar to when his body changed but different somehow.

“It's your instincts.” Sariel cooed, appearing over his shoulder like the proverbial devil. “My magic gives you the same talents my succubi possesses, all you need to do is let them out. Use them to your advantage. Lure men in.”

Her tone was hushed, tempting, so silky smooth it was hard to even remember why he'd fought her influence in the first place.

“Feel it, use it. Seduce, Robert figured it out all by himself, he’s such a talented boy, at least for now, no wonder he had no troubles tempting that young man into the bushes.”

Once again she disappeared and Felix felt his temper flare; how did Robert always get so ahead in everything they did? Well no more. He focused, letting his body move in the most alluring way possible as he stalked through the house. He felt men’s eyes on him and his body responded in kind, his pussy getting wet in anticipation. He was about to select one, enjoying the power that came from having his pick of partners and knowing he would have no trouble coaxing them into bed when he saw a woman that made him freeze.

No not a woman, Robert. His body now fully feminine and beautiful, just like him. His hair was tousled, his lips red from kissing and he stood with his hands behind his back as he twisted on his toes. The picture of cute and available as two men approached him.

There was nothing but a pane of glass from the sliding door between them now. How many times had Robert fucked while he was busy in that closet? How far ahead was he compared to Felix?

For the first time since either ordeal began Felix could think of something other than lust; blind rage. He slid open the door, letting it shake against the frame as it slammed and all eyes turned to him. He surged forward, fully intending to punch Robert in the face but instead slapped him hard across the cheek.

“You bitch!”

Robert held his cheek and sneered.

“You’re one to talk!”

“You’re not winning this game.” Felix hissed, “I’m done going along with your ideas, the only person they ever help are yourself!”

“You’re the one too weak to stand up for yourself. Or I guess you were till now, all it took was you losing your balls.”

People were gathering round now, trying to hear their hushed argument. One guy started chanting;

“Cat fight! Cat fight!”

Robert was tempted to give in and smack Robert again, but that wouldn't solve their problem, fucking would.

"I'm going to win this bet, just you wait and see." He hissed, "Then, when you're my perfect woman we'll see who has the last laugh!"

"You wish." Robert hissed, "I'm ahead, I can only widen the gap."

Felix scoffed, flicking his hair over his shoulder before turning back to the party.

"I need to blow off some steam." he announced loudly, "If any of you fellas are up for some exercise, feel free to follow."

He let his ass jiggle as he went, making sure all eyes would be on him leaving, not Robert's thunderstruck face.

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Sariel laughed with utter glee watching the argument unfold; she knew their little truce would break down but she hadn't guessed it would happen so quickly. It was almost too easy, she didn't even need to suggest much. A small nudge here was all it took and now they were at each other's throats and collecting essence like their lives depended on it. Then again, in more ways than one it did.

"They are doing well, mistress." one of her succubi sighed, leaning up against her, "Such glorious entertainment."

"Yes, I wonder just how far they'll go before sunrise." Sariel mused, running her hands down the demoness' back and enjoying the shiver it caused.

"Some of the others have started taking bets as to who will win."

"At the moment they are almost even. Almost."

The smaller demoness hummed with approval and Sariel smiled, watching her crystal ball with rapt attention. It was anyone's game but no matter who came out on top; she would win.

