

The Summoning

By Jester Laughie

Maximus had at long last obtained what he was searching for. The satanic scriptures lay in-front of him on the wooden floor of his room. He'd shoved off all the furniture to make room for the pentagram drawn before him in his own blood. It had taken years of study in various libraries around town just to be able to read the ancient Latin within the scriptures. Sweat dripped from his forehead and from his palms as he read the scripture. It was 3:00 Am on a Friday night. His parents were gone for the weekend. As he finished the last sentences of the ancient scripture nothing seemed to happen. He sat kneeling over the pentagram. His heart was thumping.

What if it was all for nothing? He thought, or what if he'd just made a huge mistake. He knelt, his hands outstretched. He glanced around the room and clenched his eyes tight. Opened them again. Nothing. He began to panic thinking of the years of bullying he had endured. It had to stop! It had to! His hands clenched into fists, he made to pound on the scriptures before him. Then stopped.

He soon came to realize that he could hear his own heartbeat. The sounds that normally filled the house around him, even the creaking of the floorboards no longer made a sound. The air in the room began to become remarkably cool. He could see his own breath, the heat from the room seeming to converge onto the pentagram before him. Moments later the pentagram before him began to glow a reddish pink. Startled, he shuffled backwards, then a smile emerged on his face.

"Yes . . . YES!" Maximus screamed. Although his words seemed muffled somehow, remarkably quiet. A fantastic white light exploded from the center of the pentagram and he shielded his eyes with his hand and grunted in pain. He could hear crackling and he felt a heat wave blast in front of him. As if opening an oven at 500 degrees. He heard cracking and splintering of wood, the floor beneath him began to shake and rumble. As he moved his hand away from his eyes he could now see an orange glow permeating through his eyelids. He inhaled and tasted nothing but thick ashen smoke as he cracked his eyes open.

Had he started a fire? Had he failed? No . . . he'd done everything right. His eyes widened as he saw the horns of a dark figure emerging from his bedroom floor. The wood had splintered and cracked apart almost as if it had aged hundreds of years in mere moments, the wood disintegrated into the portal opening before him. Hot flames licked around the room but seemed not to spread, the corners of his room seemed to darken and the candles lit around the pentagram flared as the figure rose from its fiery tomb. The pages of the satanic scripture began to thrash before him and he realized that his incantation was not yet complete. He began reciting the words again, the verse that would close the gates of hell and prevent more of its spawn from leaking into the over world. *He had to close the portal!*

He recited the spell frantically, but then he trailed off as he noticed that the being emerging from the portal was unmistakably female. The flames began to die as he spoke. The portal was beginning to close as the being levitated through it. The wood of his floor seeming to repair itself in a backwards time flow. He could hear snarling from the portal as it began to close, clawed hands scraped at the edges of the portal as it closed, desperate to escape. Their howls of anger began to form into howls of pain and suffering as hope seemed to drain from their voices. As he finished the incantation and watched the being emerge. The head, the neck, the shoulders. His eyes widened. Her **bare** breasts.

His eyes fixated on her large mounds, her nipples were a maroon color with barbed nipple rings piercing them. He swallowed.

Maximus was a young caracal, just turned 18 last month in August and was beginning his senior year of high school. Maximus had been ruthlessly bullied throughout his time in school, outcast by his classmates for his small stature of only five feet two inches. They frequently made fun of him for another reason he was entirely too embarrassed to even think about. He had blue dyed hair and dark fur, with piercing yellow eyes. Despite his smallness he was quite handsome. Maximus also lived a sheltered life, unable to use the internet at home from his overbearing mother, she also withheld him from classes that taught sex education. Combined with his lack of a single friend, Maximus lacked even the basic knowledge of female anatomy. Let alone had he even bore witness to a woman's bare breasts before. Maximus's jaw dropped into a gape as the female imp floated through the portal. His eyes watched the hourglass curvature as more of her bare body emerged from the portal.

He soon came to realize that she was a *hyena*. The thought of a large hyena frightened him a little as he knew their potential to be quite strong, with deadly bone cracking teeth. He'd only seen tribal hyena folk on the Discovery Channel on TV. Her eyes were closed, as if sleeping. Her fur was black with an ever so faint blue undertone. Her mane that extended from her forehead down the spine of her back was orange and gold, black at the roots. Like charcoal lit ablaze. Golden cuffs latched around her neck, upper arms and ankles. The fur on her breasts, a much lighter shade of grey than the rest of her black fur extended over her belly and her nether regions. Maximus continued to stare at her breasts, unwavering.

Before long the female imp was floating in the air very still and the ground closed beneath her feet. Even after the floor had fully repaired itself, leaving nothing but ash resting on its surface, she stood in the air motionless. He sat like a statue looking at her body. He gulped and began to work up the nerve. He extended a hand as if to touch her, unsure of what to say. But there she floated . . . unmoving.

"H-Hey!" he blurted. Still nothing. Maximus drew his hand back as he looked at her, his eyes began to slide down to her exposed privates. Suddenly her body lurched her chest pushed outward and her eyes popped open exposing orange pupils with pentagrams etched into them. In-haling sharply as if she had been suffocating. She collapsed on the floor on her hands and knees with a thump. She coughed up ashes and smoke as she inhaled the crisp air of the over-world. Maximus shuffled backwards from her. Suddenly the coughing nude imp froze. Her head turned toward Maximus and her eyes locked with his. A smile seemed to crack over her face exposing slightly yellowed fangs and her pupils narrowed. Her smile was completely, utterly, terrifying to Maximus. He shuffled on the palms of his hands and kicked his feet until he made contact with the wall of his bedroom. Afraid she might devour him. The imp began to speak.

As terrifying as her expression had been her voice was silky and very smooth. But something seemed to underlay her words a certain; crackling, as if a flame were lodged in her chest.

"Free at last! Free at last! Hells gates a thing of the past!" She was clearly overjoyed. Her ears perking up high. She began to shuffle toward him on her hands and knees quickly. Maximus froze.

"My goodness gracious you are just an absolutely gorgeous little caracal aren't you! I just gotta give you a little *snuggle*." The word *snuggle* sounding oddly aggressive.

“The only caracals we have in hell have had their bones stripped clean by giant flesh eating spiders! I bet you’ve never seen a cat get its legs tangled up in a web filled spider pit and get mobbed by thousands of acid spitting baby spiders! The way they stumble around while being nothing more than blood soaked loosely attached skeletons filled with spider spawn as absolutely HORRIFYING!” The demonic woman now had her arms wrapped tightly around Maximus’s head. She hugged him nearly throttling him with her hyena strength. His face was pressed between her breasts. She pulled his face from her chest aggressively. Her large clawed hands holding his skull she stared into his eyes grinning wildly. Maximus looked at her, terrified by her words.

“You’re just so adorable I could fuck you to death!” She exclaimed. Maximus looked down at her chest and realized her nipples were now fully erect. He then looked back up into her crazed eyes.

*Does . . . Does she mean **sex**?* He thought briefly.

“By Satan’s massive fucking cock I totally forgot to introduce myself. My name is Phaedra. In my last contract I came back home exactly 2.3 seconds late and the warden strapped me the bottom of his steed and road around our entire district of hell with the fiery animal’s cock up my- “ Phaedra suddenly stopped midsentence.

“What’s your name **boy**?” Her voice was suddenly cold.

“M-M-Maxim- Maximus.” He stuttered.

“Maximus.” She said, her voice now soothing and seductive. She tilted her head stroking his cheek. She smiled and stared at him. Her hellish eyes burning into him.

“Y-Y-You’re naked.” He said nervously.

“You bet your sweet little ass I’m naked, boy!” She snapped angrily.

“I don’t exactly wear clothes in hell, it’s a little hot for that if you ask me. On top of that when The Warden whips my tight little backside with that forsaken lava whip anything I happen to be wearing will get burned into my flesh for weeks!” Her claws now dug into his cheeks forcing him to make a duck face. She suddenly let go of him pushing herself away looking around his room. All at once her demeanor seemed to miraculously shift once again.

“Lord have mercy on my soul, I’m so sorry you must be absolutely terrified of me. I really am sorry, can barely remember the last time I was in the over-world. This is so unbecoming of me. I’m nothing more than a lowly wretched animal!” Phaedra withdrew herself covering herself. She looked at him with big puppy eyes. Maximus stared at her stunned at how strikingly beautiful and terrifying she looked all at the same time. Maximus gulped, his heart beating through his chest. But he managed to work up the courage. With some confidence he said.

“The contract.” Phaedra stiffened and her eyes narrowed at him.

“The contract.” She repeated. Phaedra stood slowly and turned toward him, she shifted her weight with one hand on her hip. Her body was entirely exposed to him now, her crotch at eye level with Maximus just a few feet away. As far as Maximus knew, women only had “different parts” Than men but he didn’t exactly know what those parts looked like. This demonic hyena woman seemed to

have what looked like a penis. It was flaccid currently, with a golden metal band firmly around its base. Maximus was completely unaware of the hyena pseudo-penis anatomy.

Where do I put my thingy? He thought. Maximus suddenly caught a whiff of her. He cupped his hand over his nose. He supposed that they must not have showers in hell either. But he said nothing regarding her scent.

“I-I want to lay with a woman, to prove to the other boys I can do it too!” He said abruptly. Then continued. “I want to be tall! I want all the girls to like me and the guys to admire me! I want to be strong! I want the other boys to stop bullying me.” Phaedra eyed him, she was like a statue. As if his words had cast some sort of a spell on her. Maximus thought that he heard whispers emanating from the shadows, in some form of unfamiliar Latin tongue perhaps something even more ancient than currently existed in the scriptures he had just spoke from. Phaedra’s ears twitched seemingly following the whispers, her body began to twitch as well, her head jerking and her eyes darting around the room. She shifted nervously from one foot to the other bouncing on the balls of her feet. As if waiting for a command. The whispers ceased. It was as if his words were being translated too her in a different, more powerful language. Phaedra burst out laughing.

“In all the nine circles I’ve never heard someone sell their soul for something so inconceivably petty, is that all you need little boy, a tiny bit of heavy petting? I accept your contract, please allow me to show you what it means to lay with a woman.” Her teeth glimmered in the dim candle lit room as she smiled, but there was something that unsettled Maximus in her eyes. Phaedra once again knelt before him, she brought her face close to his.

“Y-y-You mean have sex with you?” He said.

“Well, you don’t see any other women around here do you!?” She slapped him across the face hard. With Maximus now dazed, confused and in pain. She gripped his cheeks and kissed him.