

Jack-o'-nahole

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Chapter 1: Summoning

The forest swayed and shook in the darkness, boughs dancing with the winds, as if in primal exultation of a power which long presaged the gods of the human world.

All the valley moved as one in that phantasmagorical celebration, save for a single point, at the eye of that strange storm.

Far younger than any of those ancient oaks, the house looked the more decrepit, lights flickering weakly against the weather as rain and gale beat at the windows, setting the structure creaking and shuddering in the gloom.

Jack was oblivious to all that, however.

In the top-most bedroom of the old manse he knelt, in stern focus, a young man with a neatly trimmed beard and short-cropped hair, the dark follicles contrasting with his pale skin even in the guttering illumination.

The candles were burning low, but there was no electricity in his late grandmother's home.

Such was fitting, for a witch's lair.

Especially now, as Jack knelt chanting, at the edge of a pulsing circle of runes.

It would have been too much to ask, that Grandma embrace the 21st... even the 20th century, by modernizing her antique abode... or translating her arcane journals into anything approaching a human tongue.

The parchment at his side was covered in scribbled annotations and amendments, carefully prepared for the moment, but still Jack felt far from certain of his scheme, as he read the final lines.

Would the magic really work?

Glittering smoke erupted from the runes, coiling and condensing, flowing into a shape, a figure.

Jack's heart leapt, as he drank in the supple body taking shape, eyes roving over smooth skin forming curving hips.

He'd really done it – he'd summoned his own succubus.

Only... she was *remarkably* flat-chested, for a demoness of carnal desire.

Her forming body was still feminine as it took on corporeality, but there was an element of athleticism, where Jack had imagined voluptuousness, her figure less hourglass, more limber trunk.

"Did it work?" Jack blurted out, uncertainly, "are you a succubus, bound to my will?"

Eyes gleamed from the clearing haze, red pupils glowing with a playful heart outline, lush green lips beaming a predacious smile.

The demonic visitor stepped forward, through the bounds of the circle.

"Almost," the otherworldly creature purred in answer, voice rich and indulgent.

Jack saw a modest bulge, contained within elegant seafoam lacework, the lingerie wrapping the being at the chest, and encircling the neck, ankles and wrists, like a series of decorative collars.

"You're a- an-"

"Incubus," the young man finished for him, brushing back a lock of unruly mint hair. "You didn't think your dear old grandma was a lesbian, did you?"

Jack blushed, as the figure looked him up and down, seeming to see right through his robes.

"I, *Bhelen*, was always her favorite," the feminine male went on, "the most beautiful of her many demonic lovers, perpetually eighteen and *achingly* beautiful. Now it seems you too wish to sample my... delights? You would look most charming, wrapped around my cock."

Already the panties were bulging, doing nothing to conceal the demonic dick inside.

Jack stepped back, his blush deepening, as he felt his own body reacting to this... confusing presence.

"Hey, I may have made a mistake or two in the summoning," he began, "but you still have to obey me. And I'm not into guys, so no I definitely won't be wrapped around... that."

His eyes flicked back to the swelling rod, perhaps five inches, just a little shorter than his own.

"So, anyway... even if you're not exactly what I expected, I still have work for you to do. You see, I'm hosting a Halloween party. A sexy Halloween party, with tons of alcohol, erotic costumes, sextoys, the works. Since it's my first year in Grandma's place, I really went all out. My friends are already here, downstairs, drinking and making merry, but *you* are going to be the centerpiece of the whole thing, a real demon – not that anyone else will realize that – who can make sure things get suitably... sensual."

“How delightful,” Bhelen murmured, six inches of tongue slithering out to lick his lips. “But you’re mistaken about one other thing.”

His hands encircled Jack’s cheeks, as the backpedalling human bumped up against the wall. Jack’s heart was racing at gaze of those strangely beautiful, dangerous eyes, shining so close to his, and at those softly smiling lips, whose breath was already caressing his own.

“Hey, get off! I order you to obey me!”

The incubus burst into mirth, eyes aglow with amusement, even as Jack felt a fleshy tail curling up under his robes, to wrap around his thigh.

“I see you learned nothing from your grandmother,” the incubus declared, “not even the perils of trifling with demons.”

Lips met, and Jack shuddered as he felt that soft, sensual kiss, flooding his mouth with an infernally alluring flavor.

He couldn’t pull away, even as that powerful tongue slithered around his own, teasing and fondling his mouth. At the same time Bhelen gripped Jack by the back and butt, holding the human against him, hands probing his body as their crotches pressed together.

The human was trying to fight that surreal, supernatural compulsion, but the pleasure, the allure of that mouth, those eyes, glowing with heart-pupils as they stared into his mind, it was too much.

The incubus could feel Jack’s erection twitch, with each passionate kiss.

Robe melted away, baring Jack’s modestly toned body, squarer and larger than Bhelen, yet wholly under the command of that feminine youth.

Magic wrapped Jack up, concentrating at his throat and wrists, his ankles, his crotch... taking shape into new attire.

A band, enclosing his neck. Cuffs and anklets, binding arm and leg. Straps, holding a bra to his flat chest, and wrapping his twitching cock in fabric. Finally, as his lips released, Bhelen clipped a leash to Jack’s collar.

“Perhaps you like boys after all,” the demon teased, as he pulled his prize in again, for another kiss.

Jack shuddered, as their lips met.

He thought of dismissing the spell, and sending the demon back... but the order to return could only be given once the *demon* was bound.