

Jack-o'-nahole

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Chapter 2: The Show Begins

The lower floors of the old manse were throbbing, portable speakers pumping out sounds which had never before disturbed the stern isolation of the forest valley.

The guests made for a remarkable sight too, as they danced by candle-light in their impressive outfits, erotically-unwrapped mummies bumping hips with vampires in lingerie, shirtless werewolves, and zombies who seemed to have died mid-BDSM session. All were merrily imbibing impressive volumes of alcohol, and many were partaking in more stimulating substances too, as the almost-orgy intensified towards that inevitable conclusion. Were Jack not observing near-nude from the end of Bhelen's leash, he would have been quite thrilled with the fruits of his labors.

"I thought you were summoning a *succubus* for us?" Felix asked, the were-cat casting an admiring eye over the near-nude duo, descending the stairs.

"We had a slight... mixup," Jack muttered.

Barely recognizable under thick layers of zombie makeup, Yusuf snorted. "Hah, ordered a femboy instead of a woman from the escort service? I've been there. Didn't get anyone as pretty as this though...."

"Yeah, you hit the pot, Jack! This guy's as gorgeous as a succubus at least, and I should know!" Hazel chimed in. "I think being collared and kept on display rather suits you too!"

He could feel a stirring in cheeks and loins alike, as the deliciously-underdressed demoness tossed her fiery red hair and leaned in to caress his exposed chest. He'd been hoping that tonight would be his chance to impress her, but not in so humiliating a fashion.

"Doesn't it just?" Bhelen agreed, openly clutching Jack through his panties, playing with the half-exposed shaft of his erection. "In fact my pet here has volunteered to take over as your entertainment for the evening!"

So saying, the demon pulled at the lead, forcing Jack to kneel by a chair. Fingers slipped into his mouth, as the incubus sat and pressed his own erection against the human's back.

Jack knew he should have pushed him away – or warned his friends, that this was no mere costumery – but the haze of lust had settled in across the landscape of his mind, gathering in thick swirls about those more prudent of rational regions of thought. He was sucking needily on the fingers against his tongue, even as his hips bucked against Bhelen's other hand with wanton, shameless passion, pleading to be touched.

“Ah-ah,” the demon murmured, fingers retreating, “my feet are more than good enough for a pervert like you to get off.”

So saying, those petite pressed soles to Jack’s sex, peeling away his panties to reveal the full, throbbing phallus.

The human groaned, bucking his sex into that hellishly soft touch. Bhelen responded by trampling and teasing his shaft, toes gripping, twisting at his head, sliding his foreskin back between them to draw ever-more anxious cries from his plaything.

As the partiers gathered, Jack’s eyes met those of Hazel, and he shuddered at the surreal, degrading exhibitionism of all his friends, of the girl he liked, assembled to watch him being used by another man, desperately grinding his erection into the demon’s feet.

A moment later he felt the pressure of the incubus entering him. Writhing, Jack tried to pull away, groaning in his rejection, his refusal of that degrading intrusion... yet he was only pushing himself down on his captor’s cock with each writhing twist.

The rod massaging his innards drove deeper, while skillful toes teased up and down his own erection. Jack cried out in shock and pleasure, clutching at the coffee table. He was humping like a dog at the valley formed by the femboy’s flexing soles as the aching flesh within him was pressed just right by the demon dick. His ring was clenching around the shaft, the depths of his sex being squeezed against Bhelen’s cock, searing with supernatural stimulation.

The fingers filling his lips pulled, turning his head, and over his shoulder he met the beaming gaze of his tormentor. His body had betrayed him utterly, for the only strength he could find was to kiss those thick, succulent lips, making out with the man who had so deeply degraded him in front of all his friends.

Inch after inch of sweet, supple tongue explored his mouth, while the cock buried in his rear likewise expanded in reward.

At the same time, he could feel his skin tense, something ineffable being leeched away, drained from his form. His beard was falling away, a swirling dust of fine follicles. His body was squeezed all over, as muscle and bone seemed to constrict and reduce. He felt his frame slim, shoulders narrowing, tone fading. The skin around those shrinking muscles was softening too, growing supple, silky, just like his tormentor. Jack was sucking the demon’s tongue even as his very masculinity was being slurped out of him.

Around that thickening phallus, his pucker too was reshaped, swelling up into a plush new ring, a bulging sphincter like that of a sexdoll, the erogenous new donut just as sensitive as his sex, reflexively clenching and twitching at the demon’s cock.

Jack shook, arching, straining to try to pull away, yet kept in place by the brutal assault of pleasure, as the incubus pumped hot, gooey cum into his body.

Smooching at those intoxicating lips, thrusting against those silky feet, squeezing and shaking his sextoy-anus around that rod, Jack too was on the verge of climax, of an orgasm beyond anything wrought by mortal hands.

“Good boy,” the demon murmured into his mouth, “but we can’t have you cumming.”

The demonic toes about his glans gripped tighter, soles pressing to his shaft, and as he screamed in bliss, he felt them *twist* and *pop*.

With a shock of impossible sensation, Jack felt his penis go numb.

For a moment, as his hips continued to buck and strain, the human was sure he was hallucinating. Cocks couldn’t just *come off*.

Bhelen held the detached dick up in his foot.

“Who wants a dildo? Could make a good strapon if you don’t mind the size!”

Jack gaped at the sight. Six inches of smooth, shiny phallus, a perfect recreation of his own, yet totally lifeless and inert, formed of hot pink silicone, wobbling comically in the air.

“Woah, you didn’t tell us you got a magician too!” Felix exclaimed.

“The real magic was making Jack this hungry for any dick but his own,” Hazel joked.

His friends burst out laughing, oblivious to the cruel reality of the kinky ‘joke’.

That couldn’t be his penis... yet there was certainly nothing to be seen of a shaft between his legs. His balls hung forlorn, over a round pink spot, still aching as his body continued in fruitless efforts to orgasm.

“My cock,” the human whimpered, reaching for the plaything.

“Don’t worry, toy,” the demon purred, “you were never going to use it again anyway, so I merely made it into something more useful. Another shall enjoy it for you, from now on.”

So saying, Bhelen tossing the dildo out, into the audience.

Then Jack felt those skillful soles, squish and sculpt the aching remnants of his genitalia. Flesh flowed like clay as his quivering loins were remodeled, his balls melting down into the mass swelling up, riddled with tender new nerves and a bizarrely soft interior, wholly absent anything resembling erectile tissue. Instead, the new protrusion being formed where his shaft should have been was even more erogenous, yet impossibly, appallingly blank.

A rounded null bulge the size of a grapefruit, wobbling on his crotch.

The incubus finished by etching a strange tattoo into the front with his foot, making Jack strain and writhe, body desperately trying to cum from the incredible pleasure of that mere caress of nails, inscribing his new nullge with a glowing null sign.

Finally released, Jack's fingers sank into it, and the human howled, as he kneaded the impotent blob of jiggling nothingness, his body trying over and over to climax, yet lacking any anatomy capable of the act.

"Try all you like, but it's totally impossible for you to orgasm now," the incubus announced.

His foot came down once more, and Jack squealed with the sensual overload, as his nullge deformed around the demon's foot, squishing and bulging up between his toes as he so casually trampled his plaything.

It was impossible to resist, as those demonic lips closed in, and Jack returned the kiss desperately, pleading silently for release, for mercy, as he made out with his tormentor, and humped the demon's uncaring sole.

"Dude, I can't believe you got some gigolo to come nullify you," Neva exclaimed, shaking her head. "You're a nasty little pervert, huh Jack?"

Yusuf chortled along with the rest at that. "He's probably been dying for a chance to get properly dommed and denied by a hot guy. Look at how they were making out – I think he's in love!"

"In love with being a dickless, impotent fucktoy maybe," Hazel remarked, as she scooped up his fallen phallus. "Should have asked, Jack, I could have hooked you up for free! Kinda disappointing that I'm never gonna fuck you now, but hey, at least I got this cool new dildo!"

Jack's head was spinning, from humiliation as well as arousal, but still he was aware enough to realize something was very wrong with his friends, for no-one could think that this was the work of a mere adult entertainer. His guests were teasing and judging him, mocking him for his absurd degradations, yet his monstrously-attired friends were also making out, or even masturbating openly at the sight of him.

As they did, pleasuring one another and growing ever more libidinous and brazen, their bodies too seemed to change. Fake fur grew into real pelts. Plastic fangs turned to true dentition. False tails curled and wagged. Before his eyes, his friends were becoming their costumes.

They too were ensnared in that true monster's magic.

Brandishing her prize, already pushing the head into her bared sex, Hazel, the crimson-skinned demoness groaned in rapture, her tail wrapping about her thigh as she fingered her succulent new nipple-lips, and groped at her increasingly-puffy original mouth.

"Wait," Jack groaned, "stop! Give me back my dick!"

“Mmmmh, nahhh,” she murmured through her right tit, “this thing feels amazing! And if you’re such a kinky weirdo that you wanted to be a nullified sextoy then I think I’d prefer fucking a dildo instead. A memento of what could have been... if you still had a penis, cutie.”

Loathsome as Bhelen was, that moment brought a greater anguish than any the incubus had inflicted, as his crush giggled with glee, watching his hapless attempts to orgasm with an utterly impotent, sexless crotch.

The disgust and shame of realizing how much this was turning him on, as he moaned into that gorgeous mouth, sucking greedily at Bhelen’s tongue.

Finally, the incubus released him, stepping off his crotch.

Lips separated with a wet smack, a full foot of tongue slowly pulling back out of the human’s throat, to leave him panting and shaking.

“Hell of an opening act!” Felix said, snorting through his snout.

“It’s not-” Jack began.

Not an act. Not safe. Not *possible*.

But the words wouldn’t come.

The same enchantment which had bewitched the others, leading them to imagine that any of this could be normal, was blighting his mind every time Jack tried to fight back.

“Please,” he whispered, “let us go... give me back my... my cock....”

The incubus grinned, eyes flashing with hungrily glowing hearts.

“I love it when they struggle... and of course, it wouldn’t be fun if you didn’t have a chance. That’s why we’re going to play a little game, toy.”

Jack’s head was oddly clear, at least for the moment, but that only made him all the more uneasy. “What *sort* of game?”

“Oh, the only sort worth playing!” the other announced, tail swishing with delight, “your challenge, my plaything, is to pleasure every person at this party to completion before the stroke of midnight, using *only* the new anatomical elements I grant you – that is to say, your plush new anal pucker, and that deviously delicate, squishy null sex.”

Jack shivered at the mere thought, setting both anus and nullge jiggling, but the demon ignored his moans as he went on.

“If you should win I will turn you all back to normal – you even get your adorable little dick back – and I’ll be on my way, to go find another foolish summoner to defile.”

It was impossible to trust this creature, he knew that much, yet those words were the first light of hope to shine through the fog assaulting his mind.

Jack swallowed a lump in his throat.

“Okay... but... if I lose?”

“Well then, in that case *all* of you humans will be mine, reduced to mere sextoys for eternity.”

The man stared up, aghast and disbelieving.

The demon smirked down at him.

“You will make a *wonderful* onahole.”