

Jack-o'-nahole

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Chapter 3: Deal with a Devil

Satyrical revels went on unabated, the antique house still shaking with the music and dancing of near a hundred metamorphosed friends.

Gripped with horror, Jack stared, at the demon holding his leash, and around at the transformed guests. They appeared as oblivious to Bhelen's dire ultimatum as they were to the changes to their own bodies, orgy breaking out in earnest now, the carousal of all forms monstrous a celebration of unfettered carnality.

"You'd best hurry," the incubus said, releasing Jack's lead. "You have only four hours left, after all."

Stumbling unsteadily to his feet, Jack grimaced as he felt his thighs squeeze the outrageous null bulb between his legs, his buttocks similarly squashing his engorged, erogenous anus.

With minimal steps he wobbled over to Neva, just a few paces away.

The horsewoman was holding her detached head against her sex, the blue flames of her neck above flaring up with each lap of her tongue against those netherlips.

"Hey, can I... help?" Jack asked. "Get you off with my... n-nullge I mean?"

Even as pent-up as he was, the question was immensely embarrassing, yet his dark-skinned dullahan friend seemed unphased.

"I don't know," she said, pausing her self-pleasure, "how can you get me off with this useless thing? I mean you can't even put it in me, let alone *fuck* me!"

Squeezing his aching bulge between her fingers, she giggled at how Jack writhed, gelded hips bucking into her touch rather pitifully in his desexed delirium.

"B-but I have to," he whimpered back, shaking in her grip.

"Hah! All dressed up and no way to blow, huh? Alright then, it'll be fun feeling you squish against my slit, trying and failing to cum.... And it's hardly cheating with a gelding like you, impotent and dickless.... If anything it's more like using an especially soft and needy dildo."

She wrapped her leg around his, moving her head up, to attend to her tits instead.

"Show me what you can do with that pathetic little squeezeball, toy!"

Jack did, grinding his neutered mound against her mons in his desperate craving.

It was bizarre, to hump and thrust himself against Neva of all people, feeling her swollen and sopping netherlips against his similarly engorged yet supremely dysfunctional crotch. His every push showed him her shape in perfect clarity, each crease and fold of her pussy imprinting into his nullge as he struggled, pathetically, to push inside her vulva. He succeeded only in squashing himself flat against her hips, and making the woman cackle and shake in pleasure as she alone enjoyed the fruits of his futile rut.

“You have to do better than that to get your dick returned, dude!” she brayed. “If this is how you go about winning it back, you must not even want a penis!”

As she spoke from the space between their chests, head mashed into her own cleavage, her hands were roving his body, pulling him against her, and probing at his aching new rear opening.

Neva’s fingers probed that balloon of gaping plush donut playfully, pulling and tweaking the silken ring. The added stimulation pushed Jack to new heights of erotomania, as his toyified anus was masturbated along with his nullified crotch, both pressing pleadingly against her.

That too was deeply degrading, but he was far beyond rejecting the pervasive, intoxicating pleasure of Bhelen’s temptations.

“Oh gods, oh fuck,” he groaned aloud, as he clutched her back, hands kneading, groping at her chest, and her own less-elastic rear.

“Good boy,” she purred, “your useless squishy ball is so soft and tender... I’m almost there!”

“Ahhhhh, Jack, you naughty toy!”

The demon’s voice swept through their coitus like a river of silk, words washing over the emasculated young man amid his frenzy.

“Did I not say you were only to use those new articles of anatomy I provided? I can’t recall permitting the use of *arms* in this game!”

Jack stared at the incubus, aghast.

“B-but you never said I couldn’t even touch people with my hands! Besides, I was just- I- I got carried away!”

Those gorgeous green lips curled into a deep, devious grin. “And for that, you shall be punished.”

“That’s not fair!” Jack whined.

"*Exactly*," the demon purred.

His phallus pressed into that aching ring at Jack's rear, and the human groaned with desire, pushing himself down upon the hot flesh of that sensual, feminine body, even as he turned, head pulled around on his leash, to half-face his tormentor.

Jack felt a pang of disgust, not at the demon, but at himself... as he kissed the smirking monster responsible for all his suffering. Ridiculous as it was, his body longed to feel the incubus unload into him still more than he desired the sweet embrace of Neva's pussy around his own abstracted phallus.

His conscious anguish, that scorching sear of shame, couldn't stop him.

He couldn't help it, couldn't resist that cruelly charismatic being. Couldn't keep from kissing him, from submitting to him, from *yearning* to feel the demon unload more hot sticky cum into the human's trembling body.

His hands reached up, fingers intertwining with those of Bhelen as the demon used him like a sextoy, thrusting into Jack's ass and fucking his face with that immense tongue, *drinking* the lingering dregs of masculinity from his form.

"Damn Jack, seems like you'd rather get creampie'd by some incubus twink than plow my needy pussy," Neva said, with a dramatic sigh.

The dick around which Jack's mind was stretched grew with each slap of their hips, penetrating deeper each time, spreading him ever wider, far exceeding a foot already.

Soon, it was pumping searing-hot semen into Jack's twisting body too, cum squelching and slopping from his anus with every push, the slurps and squirts making him convulse in absurd euphoria, grinding his useless nullge all the harder against the half-forgotten dullahan woman to his fore.

Their hands clutched together tighter, Bhelen's eyes flared with pleasure, a wave of magic flooding into the human, along with that accursed ejaculate.

It throbbed within his arms, Bhelen cackling as the energy crackled through defenseless flesh.

With a *pull*, Jack felt that surreal, shocking sensation of release once more.

Not the relief of climax, but the still more taboo feeling of *dislocation* at his joints.

With a rush of pleasure beyond even climax, the incubus pulled Jack's hands right off his body.

A sensation as intense and erotic as it was outrageous, he stared in disbelief, as his extremities came away.

His right, still locking fingers with those of Bhelen, was no longer an appendage. It was a latex plaything, a *buttplug*, shaped like his former bodypart.

The left was cast aside, reduced to a mere string of coiled fingers.

The anal beads bounced off the nearest wall, yet Jack felt nothing.

Lifeless and numb, both toys were pure rubber, no more a part of the man than his purloined penis.

Like that lost phallus, these toys too were soon set upon by his friends, the horny hordes eager to indulge themselves with the former pieces of their ill-fated host.

Jack felt only the burning ache of two throbbing stumps, the remains of his limbs rapidly withdrawing into his chest, melting into impossibly tender, plush balls of shoulder, matched corners to his torso that shook and wobbled much like his nullge.

“What did you do to me?!”

“Why isn’t it obvious, toy?” the demon asked, still casually squirting into his aching rear orifice, “this is your punishment. No more arms to try to cheat at the game!”

Yet that excess mass was still inside him, and even as he stared in horror at his own smoothly blanked sides, feeling, twitching those useless nubs which were once limbs, he watched too as fresh forms bulged out at his smooth, soft, oddly feminine chest.

Nippleless though they were, the shapes of Jack’s new breasts were unmistakable, as Bhelen sculpted the swelling mammaries, endowing his ever-more girlish boytoy with a huge set of tits, the match of any woman present.

They, like his shoulders, were groped and teased, emblazoned with new glowing null tattoos that pulsed with his pleasure.

“There, now you have four new bodyparts to play the game with! How kind of me, to so severely handicap myself in our little competition!”

The unfairness of it all ate at him, even amid the intoxication of this merciless monster, but the sight, the sensation, the humiliation, all were too much.

As the incubus fondled Jack’s jiggling breasts and shoulders the human arched against him, kissing the demon anew, shaking with the sheer depravity of this fresh degradation, wracked by the orgasmic overload of a *quartet* more squishy, null, appallingly erogenous nerve clusters, each so smooth and soft and sensitive that they put any sex to shame.

“Fuck me this game rules,” Neva gasped, giggling breathlessly as she groped his nullified shoulders, making out with his tits and squeezing his crotch tighter against her pussy.

Left with soft, wobbling breasts and shoulders, incapable of holding his friend – or gripping the demon back, as they shared that degrading kiss – Jack could only gyrate his body against them both, anus rippling with want as it masturbated the incubus, null sex and chest thrusting into Neva, to grind and rub and slap at her body, until she too was screaming with bliss.

Jack dearly wished he could join her in that release, all the more, now that he had her hands massaging his horrendously sensitive stumps, but the perverse bliss of being held like that, helpless in the demon's grip, was nothing next to the twisted orgasm which stuck the dullahan.

Her scream froze, mid-note, as her head seemed to flatten between their bodies.

A moment later it was forced out, squirting from Jack's cleavage with a squeak, and rebounding off the wall behind her.

A buttplug fell back down, and Jack just caught the sight of Neva's face, contorted with orgasm and shock, printed on the smooth, featureless surface.

The next thing he knew, the woman's arms and tits fell away too, her legs following, a pile of rubber horsecocks and breasts slapping against the floor where they landed.

Finally, her torso flattened, her upper half collapsing down into her expanding hips and crotch.

Reflexively Jack tried to catch the disembodied buttocks which had been his friend, but he succeeded only in waving his shoulders uselessly in her direction, as she fell atop the pile of her own disembodied parts.

Neva was a silicone ass, twitching and drooling from her oddly-lifelike pussy and anus, as she throbbed atop a heap of lifeless sextoys.

"Woah, awesome, Neva's a fuckhole!" Yusuf exclaimed.

The others were quick to help themselves to the various parts of the ill-fated former human, only Jack remaining aware that there was anything untoward about the situation.

With immense effort, he pulled himself away from Bhelen.

Cum running down his thighs, anus and nullges wobbling and aching, he glared at the demon.

"What did you do to her?!"

"Me? Why I am blameless," the demon murmured, "but you, my little onahole, you are highly *infectious*...."

"I never agreed to *this*! Turn her back!"

"I will of course," the incubus affirmed, "as soon as you have won our little game. Otherwise... well, as I said, you, and all your friends, shall be my toys for all eternity, whether you do it to them yourself or not."

Jack felt faint, but lust kept him upright, swaying on his legs, as he tried, despite himself, to grope at his captivating new breasts with his shoulders.

"Better get fucking, my little cocksleeve; the clock is ticking."