

# Jack-o'-nahole

<https://www.patreon.com/ralwatt>

## Chapter 4: Playing Unfair

“Wow Jack, you really went all-out on the show tonight,” Felix purred, his feline ears twitching. “Can’t believe you’d even turn yourself into a fleshlight just to entertain us!”

“Oh, I think he’s plenty entertained himself,” Gouyen murmured, “although you’re taking so long I think you must *want* to stay a dickless fucktoy!”

The arachnid girl gave her disarmed host’s shoulders another twist with her extra hands as she rode his twitching nullge. The others were playing with his quaking, clenching donut of a butt, and fondling the breasts Jack himself was so cruelly denied touching. Both those on her chest, and those on his.

“Yeah,” Hazel gasped between thrusts, the demoness riding her new dildo hard. “You gotta work all those toy-parts, Jack! Get going with your stumps and tits, and put that plush fuck-hole between your legs into action too!”

Like all the guests, she, Gouyen and Felix remained oblivious to their own transformations, and wholly unperturbed by the recent reduction of Neva into a quivering rubber ass, now being used to pleasure Felix’s feline phallus.

Gouyen grinned. “Great idea! Hey Kai, get your sweet ass over here, and help Jack with his!”

She pulled Jack over to the middle of the room, laying back on the coffee table and perching her armless plaything atop her, where he could put all his weight into fruitlessly grinding his nullge into her womanhood.

As he did just that, her mottled, aquamarine amore squished over on the bundles of tentacles now serving as legs, the man-made-kraken rapidly ensnaring Jack’s own more ordinary appendages in their slimy hold.

A shudder ran through the human, setting anus and breasts jiggling anew, as he felt the other male grip his defenseless flesh.

It was a tremor of perverse, humiliating lust, at the thought of being used.

He told himself it was just pragmatic – a necessity if he was to save himself and the others.

But as that thick, ribbed and rubbery whale of a penis pushed inside his O-ring ass, Jack *gurgled* with pleasure, grinding himself down against the enticing lips of the spider, and bucking back against the slapping thrusts of the kraken.

His true goal was forgotten, as Jack struggled desperately to try to make love to that gorgeous, surreal beauty of a woman, and felt the shameful, degrading thrill of denial, at being unable to even enter her with his bulging nothing of a sex.

At the same time he was shuddering, gasping and grinding against the man as his back, as he made love with his asshole instead, being fucked like the sextoy he was becoming, his whole ruined body writhing with want.

More guests were gathering around too, and in his frenzy of denial and degradation, Jack reached out, not with arms, but with the paltry stumps of his shoulders, to press those achingly tender bumps of flesh against more cocks and pussies. Massaging, kneading his friend's genitals with his amputated shoulders, he felt fully the depth of his debilitation, unable to grip or hold, capable only of pressure and awkward, clumsy rubbing, yet driven to despair by the sheer intensity of the sensations so created in his squishing nubs, each as erogenous, as appallingly, intoxicatingly arousing, as his nullge itself.

"Holy shit, he's giving out *stumpjobs*!" Hazel guffawed.

"Don't forget to fuck his tits too!" someone called amid the throng.

A moment later, Jack's breasts were speared around a huge, musky werewolf cock, humping his delicate bosoms and squirting tart precum all over his face.

When the wolf responsible finally came, splattering Jack's face and hair with pungent semen, the bestial party guest seemed to ripple, then his cock fell away, a mere rubber chewtoy of a penis, dropping beside the plush, fuckable wolf-toy to which it had until recently been attached.

Kai soon came too, the tentacled former human reduced to a transparent pooltoy companion, buxom and voluptuous, inflated tentacles twitching as the rubber fleshlight at its crotch clenched and winked.

More *flesh* phalli were already lining up to take the playthings' places. Every guest present was eager to have a turn with the sole animate toy among a growing sea of immobile former people.

Even Gouyen, underwhelmed as she was by Jack's lack of penetrative power, finally climaxed from pure friction, disintegrating under Jack into a collection of extra-squishy anus-models, puckers decorated with cute cobweb patterns that seemed to shimmer as they twitched and winked.

All the while, Jack kept rubbing and grinding, squashing aching sextoy parts against every set of genitals in reach. As his own arousal grew without limit his clouded mind was only able to perceive the humiliation and the lust; that dire, dreadful ache in his nullified anatomy, forcing him to move, to seek desperately for any hope of climax, no matter how faint.

Thus far he had remembered not to use any *human* elements of his tortured form in that vein quest, but as the gorgeous catboy Felix gripped his shoulders, and rammed deep inside his asshole, the eager onahole was overwhelmed.

He needed this gorgeous young man, yearned to taste his lips and feel his tongue, *ached* to hold and be held by him, and to masturbate and milk his cock with that plush donut ring which was his only sexual organ.

But Jack had no arms to grip him.

Instead he wrapped his legs about the beautiful twink, gripping ass and back.

For a moment they pressed together and Jack kissed the man, deep and hard, groaning into his friend's lips, grinding his breasts and nullge against the flat chest of his lover in pure rapture.

Yet he tasted that sweet kiss only for that moment, before he realized his mistake.

The sound of his doom was a resounding rumble of mirth, echoing demonic from his rear.

"Ah-ah-ahhh, fucktoy," the incubus murmured, "you know you can't use your legs!"

Hands slid around his waist, and Jack whined in alarm, as a huge yet familiar phallus pushed up against his toyhole.

His rear, soft and stretchy, distended gratefully around the immense rod, as Bhelen joined Felix in fucking the plaything's pucker.

"W-wait," he whimpered, even as he was pressing himself against the demon, "I can't possibly win without my legs too!"

"Indeed not," the incubus affirmed, as he stretched his cocksleeve wide with a powerful thrust.

"It's not... fair," he slurred, rubbing his stumps into that wonderful chest, twisting, to try to press his breasts to Bhelen's bikini, his mouth reaching, pleading for those tantalizing mint lips and intoxicating tongue.

"Not at all," the demon agreed, with a callous laugh. "I'm going to adore making you my plaything permanently."

Jack hated how good it felt to kiss him... but he was beyond besotted with that beauteous femboy monster, and he eagerly, gratefully swallowed the imperious, domineering tentacle of a tongue, with which the demon fucked his face.

Making out with his tormentor, Jack twisted, kneading tits and stumps against the other man, gurgling around those lips, sucking that tongue, squeezing and dragging with his orgasmic fleshlight of an anus, as he was used so wonderfully by friend and foe alike.

Felix came first.

Howling and bucking, Felix pumped Jack with pint after pint of pungent seed, seeming to drain himself wholly into his partner.

Indeed, his arms and legs were deflating, inch by inch with each ejaculation, even his head collapsing as more and more of him became cum.

Held up by Bhelen's tail, the cat creampied himself into Jack, making the human's belly bulge out obscenely, hot and gooey semen squirting from his nose and lips as well as his ass, until finally the feline flopped to the floor, a near empty, overused condom, leaking the last traces of orgasm all over the boards.

Then the demon took his turn.

Jack barely noticed the additional ejaculate, so bloated was his body already, but he couldn't miss the intense ripples of heat and pleasure, which spread throughout him, as he desperately smooched at the lips of the incubus, and felt the beast gripping, pulling at his last two limbs, holding him in place with that powerful tail.

With a sensation more intense than orgasm, his legs came away, skin popping open, the whole of each appendage sliding off, like removing a layer of clothing, to reveal the achingly erotic new stumps that completed his set of four squishy, plush corners.

Just as sensual as shoulders, his new nubs bulged out to enhance his ass magnificently, while above his waist seemed to have pulled in, tightening, to give the limbless human an hourglass shape, breasts atop, hips below.

Horribly light hips rose, and he gazed down at the null-branded bumps of his new stumps, overwhelmed by his sudden, absolute disempowerment. He tried to move appendages that no longer existed, to feel, to inspect a body no longer his own.

One ending at four blank corners, waving and twitching and drooling cum as he squirmed, a perverse pillow more than a person.

"No," he whispered, as he felt the jiggling of his throbbing new bundles of nerves.

Every part of him was useless now, incapable of anything but writhing and rubbing and being fucked.

From the neck down, he was a nullified, female fleshlight, gushing cum from his gaping anus.

Jack was an onahole.

"There, isn't that better?" Bhelen asked, as he held up the amputated pieces of his prey.

Trapped, utterly helpless in the demon's tail, the flesh and blood toy watched, astonished, as Bhelen donned his prize - the pair of pink rubber stockings Jack's legs had become.

Surreally deflated, their toes hung hollow, until a real foot filled them.

"Mmmmm, they really hug my curves," the incubus remarked, "and now you have even more stumps to use on the remaining guests, no? I hope you're grateful, cumdump."

"G-give them back," he begged, writhing his wobbling new trunk, horrified and thrilled by the awful sensation of his hip-nullges, wobbling along with those of his shoulders, breasts and crotch.

"No," was the simple reply – followed by a playful squeeze of his bulging belly.

Jack gurgled, as cum shot from his face and rear, wagging his hips and shoulders uselessly in the air as the onahole was 'emptied'.

Laughter rang about the room as the toy struggled haplessly in the demon's hold, feeling the waves of humiliation and lust mingle together, amid his absolute degradation.

Those still animate and able to express their mirth seemed amazed more than ever, by the depravity of the game their host had concocted, Hazel most of all.

"I know you were perverted, Jack," she said, "but turning yourself into a nullo onahole-girl without limbs, just so you can make out with a demon as he inflates you with cum? It's fucked, dude!"

Jack could only shake and moan, as he was finally set down, atop the pile of ex-people he was still struggling to rescue.

If he failed, they would be toys for all time... and so would he.

A limbless, curvy, nullified cocksleeve, for Bhelen to smooch and plow.

The thought was monstrously seductive.