

Jack-o'-nahole

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Chapter 5: Climax

Robbed of limbs, Jack could move only by inching his warped and aching body along the floor, cum sloshing in his otherwise unsettlingly hollow tummy. Dragging nullge and bust, they squished under his diminished, yet still uncomfortable weight, to make him shudder.

'Fortunately' he didn't have to travel far to find his next guest, and once Yusuf had him in hand, the patchwork zombie plowing the plaything with a stitched-on horsecock, others soon gathered once more, to take their turns grinding against those desperately groping stumps, or riding gelded groin and fucking blank breasts.

The experience was incredible, depraved yet intensely addicting, and Jack arched and howled in their hands, the host-turned-sex-pillow panting and gyrating against all those warm bodies, delirious with desire as it was passed about like any of the other onaholes present. Midnight was fast approaching, but with energy generated infinitely from the burning knots of null corners and sensual mounds, Jack was only accelerating his frantic pace.

Even he couldn't be sure if it was freedom he chased, or just release, but with the crowd finally dwindling, both were finally starting to feel in reach.

Metaphorically, at least.

"Damn, fuckhole, you really love this, don't you?!"

Hazel's triplicate voice was clear among the cacophony of squishes, slaps, moans and grunts, and Jack groaned as he ground his nullge harder against her pussy, entranced by the glowing eyes of the salacious succubus and the teasing, powerful lipples playing about his own bosoms. He longed to terribly to kiss her back, to hold her in his hands and plunge his sex deep into hers as they made love, yet to her he was a mere masturbation aid now, useless stumps reaching futilely for her hands as he mashed his wobbling nullge into her netherlips and felt them grip and squeeze and fondle his blankness.

"Mmmh, it's like I thought, I really need cock to cum," she teased, as she groped him by the shoulders. "Maybe I should just keep you as a footrest instead? Or lend to you my lovers, to wear as a cocksleeve while they're satisfying me?"

Her fingers clenched, and she giggled at how her plaything cried, his voluptuous torso jiggling as he shook with that relentless stimulation, flattening his bulge against her sex and seeing stars.

They were alone now, in a sea of squirming, squirting and shaking sextoys, bodypillows and buttplugs, cock-cages and clit-rings all vibrating with what Jack could only hope was desire, the former people mere fodder for their production, ignored and forgotten by their captor.

Even now, Bhelen was beaming, that entrancing smile lighting up Jack's mind each time their eyes met, the incubus entirely focused on the outcome of his game, as hands of the clock crept inexorably towards the deadline.

"Come now, onahole," Hazel goaded, her own eyes smiling up at him, "be a good fleshlight and put all your features to use! You have those adorable little null stumps for a reason, so get to work!"

Let drop against her, Jack pressed erstwhile arms against her chest, his own matching breasts adding to the pressure as he kneaded and caressed with those absurd bumps, making himself shake with ten times the pleasure he inflicted on her.

His hips were employed too, in massaging her thighs, and squeezing his jiggling nullge harder against her sex, while his bouncing hole, the sole actual orifice his torso possessed, clutched and sucked on her fingers with pathetic, pleading intensity.

The pleasure was too much, too great, so overwhelming that Jack was sure his mind would shatter from the impotent, orgasmic frustration of his total denial.

Finally, Hazel too raised her voice in hue, tail thrashing and claws clutching, as she masturbated herself with her dickless friend.

"Oh gods yes," she gasped, "all that work, and you don't even get to cum! That's perfect!"

Her laughter turned to a burble, as the climaxing succubus swelled up, her face puffing, puckering, transforming into a twitching red ring, that flared and shook, amid a spreading sea of sanguine rubber.

Hands were becoming feet, faced backwards on wrists shaped ever more like ankles, while her legs were themselves taking on the aspect of arms.

Laying atop her, Jack watched in horror and lust, as his crush transformed, becoming an upside-down real-doll of her demonic self, an immobile rubber sextoy, shuddering and creaking under his own fleshlight form.

Hazel's eyes met his, in a stare of shock and disbelief, as her head sank into the new ass which was once shoulders.

The final sound of her voice came as her eyes closed, a muffled whimper, a sound of anguish... and lust.

Or so Jack imagined.

The toy could no longer express anything at all.

Save perhaps arousal.

The sole noises were the squeaking of its latex rose, as the inverted doll squeezed its creasing, puffy orifice in obvious, urgent need, pleading for someone, something, to fill that silicone anus.

Bhelen utterly ignored it, as he had all the other transformed prizes in his game, yet with that sordid act the game was through, with mere seconds to go.

Drunk on his own lust and degradation, Jack took solace in knowing that, as perverse and twisted as the night had been, as he was used by every friend he had in turn, flooded with cum and transformed into a pathetic toy for them to fuck, that it had all been worth it.

“You’ve lost!” he said, perched unsteadily atop the succu-doll’s back. “I made everyone cum, even without my limbs or cock! That means you have to turn us all back and set us free!”

He’d expected anger... or at the least indifference, from his demonic enemy.

The smile Bhelen turned on him sent a chill through the toy, even as his lips tingled with want, the holes at each end of the fleshlight twitching to feel that wonderful touch anew.

“It was a valiant attempt,” the incubus answered at last, as the clock began to chime, “but as you can hear, the witching hour is upon us – and your task is incomplete.”

Jack stared at him, aghast and agape, struggling to make sense of those words, amid the cloud of confused, aching desire, still calling on him to flop himself forward, and press against the twink, and beg to be fucked again.

“What sort of fresh bullshit is this?! I beat you, even with all your cheating made-up rules and tricks! Every single person here came, and I never used anything but my null-parts!”

The demonic laughter rose higher than ever at that, a deep, booming sound, wholly unfitting of the slender, feminine young man.

“Is that what you think, cocksleeve? Does this mean that you are surrendering your own personhood voluntarily?!”

Jack’s jaw dropped.

“My own.... You mean, I had to make *myself* cum too?!”

“I did say *every* person at the party, did I not?”

“But that’s *impossible*! You took away my cock! You made me *impotent*!”

"And you're most welcome for that," the demon replied, brushing his digits along the quivering lip of his prey.

Jack's world was spinning as he sucked at those fingertips, lascivious *obscenery* swimming as he struggled to think, to reason with that absolutely unreasonable.

"But you... you said that... that I'm your sextoy, a-a fleshlight for you to play with, and wear as your cocksleeve! Which means that I *can't* be a person!"

Bhelen raised one brow, head bobbing, as if inviting Jack to go on.

"Wh-which means that you get to... that you *have* to keep me, as your limbless onahole... but that all the *actual people* at the party *did* orgasm! So you lose!"

It was a pyrrhic victory indeed, yet Jack took some heart in the thought that his friends at least would be saved.

Just as his mouth watered, eying the demon's mouth and phallus, soon to fill him once more.

"Noble," the demon murmured, that long, alluring tongue licking a solitary tear from his own cheek, "a truly moving effort, my onahole... and I shall certainly take you up on that offer... only...."

Jack felt a fresh chill, as those lips spread far too wide, into a grin which threatened to swallow him whole.

"You never made *me* cum without your lips, did you?"

The sextoy stared at him in confusion.

"Each time you made love to me, your passion overwhelmed you. You simply couldn't keep from clutching me, from pressing to my body, groping, holding, *kissing* me, deep and hard, as though you simply couldn't get enough of my tongue...."

Jack felt his face burn crimson with shame at the recollection.

"But I- I never invited you to the party!"

"Does a summoning not count?"

"But you're not even human!"

"Yet still a person."

"But... but this... *this isn't fair!*"

The incubus cackled with glee.

“Fairness! Oh my how pure you are, my depraved sex-sleeve! What do I care about that?”

He took his prize in hand, fingers gripping that aching, defenceless nullge, to make Jack writhe.

“You and your friends are mine now, for all eternity, more sextoys to take home and throw upon the pile. Save you yourself, of course. You’re simply too much fun to torment. I shall have to use you well and often, onahole. After I finish converting you, of course.”

Jack hated how alluring the threat sounded, his body pressing into Bhelen’s touch, as the demon played with his hips and nullge like stressballs.

“Oh gods, don’t-“

He almost cried ‘don’t stop’, but caught himself at the last moment.

“What... what do you mean, ‘converting’?” he asked instead.

The demon cradled him in those hands and that long, powerful tail, tongue slithering out between his breasts, making him shudder with pleasure.

“Well I hardly want to hear the pathetic protests of my fleshlight begging to orgasm for all eternity – and it would be far too dull to actually let it feel any sense of sexual relief. So much better to just remove the unnecessary parts!”

So saying, the incubus pressed that immense phallus against Jack’s rear once more.

The toy could only wail, in impotent, anguished frustration, as he pushed himself down against it.

But it couldn’t even slide that useless body onto that evil dick – Jack had to wait for Bhelen to do that for him.

When the demon did, his plaything shuddered, urgently pressing against his chest and locking lips with the monster once more, feeling cock filling every inch of his plush, toyified innards with cum, all at once.

Corruption was spreading through him, carried by tainted seed, the musky liquid pervading every part of his form as flesh was replaced, turned smooth, boneless and malleable.

Made impossibly sensual and soft.

Jack’s body was transforming into silicone.

Those intoxicating lips, that enchanting cock, they were all Jack needed now, as his organs melted away, his insides reduced to pure, pulsating latex, stretched thin around that prick.

The former human was screaming aloud in want as his body became a synthetic sex-aid.

Bhelen just laughed, as he broke the kiss at last.

“Enough dramatics from an onahole,” he announced.

Hands were reaching up now, taking Jack by the cheeks, pressing, kneading at his face.

“An onahole doesn’t need to speak... or hear or see. Scent and taste will be plenty... alongside touch of course.”

Eyes bulged wide for a moment, as he stared up at his merciless lover, thumb posed over the toy’s eyes.

“I love watching them realize they’re being blinded,” the incubus murmured, his cock twitching and jerking happily in his fucktoy’s rear.

A moment later, with a callous smear, Jack was plunged into darkness, his eyeballs squished away, into the rubber mass of his face.

It was appalling... twisted and monstrous... and he shuddered with arousal and humiliation, as the fleshlight felt the sick thrill of having his sight stolen.

“From how your nullge is twitching, I rather think you like being blinded,” the demon observed. “Well fear not, cocksleeve – like all my toys, your sensory deprivation will be as eternal as it is absolute.”

The former human emitted only a delirious, desperate groan, before his mouth too was smoothed away.

Moans were the only sound then, but even that faded from his awareness, as the incubus removed Jack’s ears.

All which remained was a rounded blob, a rubber bulge on the end of his neck, terribly tender, feeling every careless stroke of hand and press of claw, as some strange new design was carved into the front.

Jack would never see the crude pumpkin-caricature of his former face, reproduced on his rubber flesh.

A moment later, he couldn’t even feel it, as his head was pulled free, going numb as the rest of his bodyparts had, to leave the toy a mere torso, slight neck-bump another glowing null marking, the former person reduced to a latex sheath, haplessly squirming and clenching at the cock which filled it.

A rather handsome pair of pumpkin-themed panties were soon forged from the former head, but in the midst of that all-consuming lust, seduced and broken by the depravity and bliss of his own ruination, Jack thought nothing of his lost anatomy.

In his state of total sensory deprivation, the onahole's awareness had shrunk – and grown – to take on the form of his new owner's cock.

Blind and deaf, unable to sense anything but incubus, his world was those hands and lips, teasing at his breasts and shoulders, and the cum pumping through his depths from that divine dick.

Jack was besotted, obsessed with the gorgeous incubus, as he felt the surreal ecstasy of being an onahole, wrapped tight about his immense, exquisite cock.

Being used as the rubber fuckhole he was, feeling that vast shaft push and pull, slurping in and out of his clenching, throbbing asshole, the pleasure was overwhelming. All-encompassing. Every part of Jack had been remade, to better pleasure his owner, this captivating femboy who fondled his nullges so carelessly, pinching and twisting at the desperate tangles of latex nerves.

Incapable of kissing, he pressed his breasts into that wonderful mouth, feeling the demon purr through the vibrations of tongue and lips, his owner's pleasure stirring ever-greater need in the toy's chest, as did the heavenly flavors of that cock, the scent and sensations of so much phallus, filling every inch of his torso. Flooding Jack with a hell-fire of desperate desire, which seemed to radiate through his skin.

Each moment, the plaything glowed brighter, his wanton, pleading need to cum manifest in actual flame, burning within his transparent pink form, making him glow orange and crimson from the blaze of his own dire *need* for orgasm.

Yet he knew, at that tortured, burning core of his being, that climax would never arrive.

That was the demon's curse....

His gift.

Grinding against the beast, pressing, clutching with his stumps, mashing his anus and nullge into the other's body, he would have given anything, done anything, for that monster to cum inside him again.

Bhelen was the onahole's life now, always and eternally.