

When Summoning Goes Wrong - Part 3

For Eb18

By TheSpiralledEye

Robert and Felix's friendship begins to strain as they both start giving in to their new urges.

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The man looked irritated at first, having obviously been enjoying himself until his date decided to do a runner. Then his eyes took on a blank look, just for a moment, before turning hungry. Felix could have been wrong but he swore he smelt sulfur on the air for just a moment followed by something sweet; Sarii?!

He didn't have long to ponder it though as the man was walking toward him with a confident swagger that should have made his lip curl. He hated guys like this; the ones who sauntered around on campus acting like they were all that. Arrogant douchebags who somehow had women throwing themselves at them despite having all the personality of a wooden board. This guy was probably no different, just because he had broad shoulders and a square jaw with eyes that seemed to sparkle in the moonlight he thought he could just...Felix lost his train of thought.

The man hadn't even bothered to pull his pants back up, his cock was right there on full display, still semi hard.

"You getting off watching or something sweetheart?" He smirked, "Respect."

"Uh what? No!"

Okay, he had been just a little bit but there was no way he'd let this guy know; his ego didn't need another stroke. The word stroke made Felix shiver though, it conjured images in his mind of what it would be like to take hold of this guy's cock and pump it until-no!

This was Sarii's magic talking, not him. He didn't need or want any of this essence stuff. Even if he was getting increasingly curious about how it would taste.

"Aw come on, you don't have to lie, besides, you scared off my date. I think you owe me, Roger, by the way." He held out his hand, as if to shake Felix's in greeting but instead reached up at the last second and cupped his face.

Felix could feel his heartbeat in his ears. On some level he knew Roger wasn't seeing another guy right now and yet, he couldn't bring himself to say that/. Instead all he could focus on was the tingling in his hands and the want to put them on the cock presented before him.

"I...I..."

God he wanted this, he wanted it so bad. He'd never been so horny in his entire life. And yet, he didn't want to be touched, he wanted to do the touching. In a trance like state he found his hands moving, reaching forward to take hold of Roger's cock and slowly ran his fingers down its length.

"Oh yeah, wow babe, you are twice as good as that other girl."

"I've barely touched you, yet." Felix replied.

He intended to make his tone incredulous but instead it came out flirty. There was a breathy, desperate edge to his voice that made it sound foreign to his ears. Oh God, he was in so much trouble. His fingers closed around the cock and slowly began to move up and down.

His face was glued to Roger's, his eyes intuitively studying every detail he could in the low light of the alley. Every twitch of pleasure, every time his lips curled up in delight; it sent shockwaves through him. It was almost as if Roger's pleasure was his own. He'd never experienced anything like this; deriving such ecstasy from watching somebody else experience it. Was this what it was to be a succubi?

The idea delighted and terrified him; his emotions swirled as he continued to pump, faster and faster, experimenting with different angles and pressures to see which elicited the best reactions. He could feel a strange sense of pride filling him as Roger gripped his shoulders for support as his knees grew weak and his moans got louder. He had this man, literally, right in the palm of his hand. He knew instinctively that this was a night Roger would always remember as the time he got the best hand job of his life; he would be chasing this high for the rest of his life.

"Ah fuck! oh fuuuuuuuck-!"

Felix felt his lips curl into an uncharacteristic smirk.

“What a foul mouth you have.”

Roger only groaned, his hips pushing his cock into Felix's fist one final time before something wet splattered against his leg. Felix felt his own eyes go wide, a pleasure he could not explain, not an orgasm but something deeper within him, seemed to burst. He felt the wetness on his leg seep away, almost as though it was being absorbed into his skin as Roger collapsed against him, trapping him against the wall.

The man was breathing heavily, clearly trying to catch his breath after cumming so intensely but Felix barely noticed. He was too busy feeling his body shift. His hand was still moving, out of habit or instinct he couldn't tell but Roger practically wailed.

“Oh God! A-again how can I-? Oooooooooohhh!”

More cum splattered against Felix's leg and he moaned feeling it absorb into him, his chest ached as the skin began to stretch; he tried to focus on how humiliating this was supposed to be but all he could feel was the sensitive skin on his chest turning round. It felt so good, almost like Saniel's hands were sculpting his new breasts, pulling them out of him. He moaned and shuddered, pressing himself against Roger harder to get any last drops of cum available.

The moisture soaked into his clothes, then into his skin; like he was drawing it forth and as he did so he felt a pressure between his legs. His knees shivered as he felt two sudden, blissful bursts. His balls, disappearing back up into him. His insides tightened and he realised to his utter horror that he was on the edge of cumming without Roger having ever touched him.

Instead the sensations were being caused by his own body betraying him. His cock slowly shrinking until it too disappeared back up into his body. For a moment he hung on the edge, mouth open, eyes glassy before he felt his new pussy form and all the pleasure came crashing down on him. It was his turn to squirt then.

Felix collapsed back against the wall, a mixture of residual pleasure, guilt and embarrassment at his own behaviour swirling in his gut as Roger finally pushed himself back up to standing.

“Holy shit, did you just get off by watching me cum? Fuck girl, you're freaky. I love it.”
He grinned.

Felix wanted to deny it, so badly, but how could he, after what he just did? His new pussy was wet and quivering, practically begging to be touched. What was Robert going to think.

“I have to go.” he croaked, turning and stumbling into a run back towards the dorm.

“Wait, I don't even know your name!”

The last thing Felix wanted to do was give this guy his name but his lips moved without his consent.

“Felicia!”

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Robert paced back and forth in his dorm room, his nerves a complete mess. What had he done? He'd given in so easily! Resisting had been difficult but surely he could have fought harder. Now each step he took he could feel his new folds pressing together, a constant reminder of his own weakness and betrayal. Felix was going to hate him and what was worse, he was going to end up as his best friend's perfect girl!

A sudden loud set of rapid knocks on his door made him jump and Robert felt himself freeze. Who could that be, if it was another guy he couldn't risk opening the door again, his level of horniness would only grow and losing control was far too easy he couldn't-

“Robert! You'd better be in there.”

“Felix.” He breathed in relief, opening the door and swiftly shutting it again once the man was inside.

Both went to speak at the same time but froze, words dying in their throat. Robert's eyes roamed over Felix and he could see his friend was doing the same thing.

“You gave in.” They both said together.

It wasn't rational, but Robert felt a spike of anger at Felix for not being able to resist; even though that made him a hypocrite.

“What are we going to do?” Felix moaned, flopping down at Robert's desk. “It felt so good, I just want more... Staying here all night alone is torture. I think it might actually start to hurt!”

“Oh it will.”

Both of them spun around to see Sariel lounging on the bed with a small smile on her face. Totally naked save for the golden jewellery around her neck, wrists and ankles. Gone were the chains, replaced with finery that somehow made her look even more intimidating.

She was still totally naked and yet, somehow had a commanding presence that had both men's backs straightening like soldiers confronted with their unit captain.

“How are you going my darlings?” She purred before laughing, “A silly question, of course I have been watching. Such lovely little seducers you both make.”

Robert felt his face flush.

“How do you like your new parts?” Sariel continued, “I can see the starts of some lovely figured, both of you can hide the chests but what's between your legs...not so much.”

Robert turned to Felix, his eyes dipping down for the briefest of moments.

“You've got a-?”

“Yeah.” Felix swallowed, “you too?”

Robert nodded and Sariel clapped her hands together in delight.

“Well then, I think it's time for a bit of a make over. I mean really, jeans and shirts are so...blazie.”

Felix opened his mouth as though he was going to argue but before he could the Demoness had clicked her fingers and his jaw snapped shut again.

“Ah ah ah,” She wagged her finger back and forth, “I do not like being interrupted while I think. Now...what to put you both in...”

Robert was standing before a great and powerful demon...and she was playing with him like a dress up doll. Somehow this was even more humiliating than the sex.

“I have it! Let’s go with something bold for you Felicia dear, you need the ‘umph!’”

She pointed a clawed finger at Felix and a stream of red light shot from her finger. The light seemed to turn to thread in the air, splitting into thousands more as it weaved itself toward his friend. Robert could only watch as the threads sunk into Felix’s clothes and began to shift and move them. A short hemline formed as his jeans and shirt became a short red mini dress with a halter neck top. Golden hoop earrings formed in his ears causing Felix to yelp in surprise and jump slightly; a bad move, as that was the moment his sneakers turned to a pair of cherry red heels and he toppled over onto his butt.

In such a form fitting, revealing outfit Robert could see just how much his friend had changed. His face was still the same but there was the undeniable shape of two small breasts on his chest hidden behind the halter top. Not to mention the lack of any obvious bulge between his legs.

“And for you my dear...something...wilder, but not too flashy I think.”

Robert flinched, feeling those threads begin to disintegrate his favourite outfit and reform it around him. Sariel yanked her hand back and the threads pulled him with it, causing him to twirl and spin like a puppet on strings as his new outfit formed.

“That’s it baby! Work it!” She laughed, forcing him to pose with his hands up and his butt out, thrusting it embarrassingly close to Felix’s face where he sat on the floor.

For the briefest of moments he could feel the air on his bare pussy but then they were covered again but something thin and silky smooth. Then another layer, stiffer, jean shorts that only barely covered his ass. His shirt became a crop top with spaghetti strap shoulders made of a dark black, slightly shimmery fabric. Two tiny pricks of pain in his ears informed he was now in a similar boat to Felix earring wise as well. Sariel leaned back with a smile, clearly pleased with her work.

“Oh don’t you both look lovely, don’t worry the clothes will grow with you as your body’s develop. And don’t even try taking them off, only a lover can remove them and you’ll find once you’re done they will just appear back on you ready for round two.” She said, as if that was even remotely on their mind.

Then she got a cool look in her eyes and smiled widely.

“And don’t worry Felix, you’re not too far behind.”

Robert felt a stone form in his gut; that bitch.

“What do you mean? We both gave in just the once, right?” Felix posed his question to the demoness but his eyes were firmly on Robert.

“It...It was just kissing the first time!” Robert blurted out, “I only had sex once. And it was only quick, it was mostly a blow job!”

“You’ve had sex?!”

Fuck.

“All I did was give a guy a hand job and you’ve gone all the way?” Felix’s face twisted up in anger, “If I didn’t know better, I’d say you told me to go hide away so you’d win Sariel’s game.”

The demoness pulled a face of mock surprise.

“Oh dear, I seem to have caused a little rift, revealing that little detail.” She cooed, “Well, I’d better go before I cause anymore trouble. Good luck ladies!”

“Fuck you!” Robert spat, but Sariel just laughed.

“You wish, darling.”

And just like that she was gone, leaving the friends, or perhaps former friends; alone.

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Felix couldn’t believe it. Here he had been feeling bad about his little tryst in the alley and Robert had basically been whoring himself out for half the night. His fury was also tinged with jealousy, not that he wanted to admit it. Despite what he had insisted Felix was sure Robert had already had sex; he knew what it felt like to be fucked with a pussy and Felix couldn’t deny the deep seeded need within him that wanted it. He was desperate to know

how it felt, the only thing keeping him from asking right this second was the sense of betrayal.

“I swear, it was an accident. And I didn;t go all the way, I swear I just sucked a guy off!” Robert pleaded, looking genuinely remorseful.

“Yeah right, I bet you did more than that judging by those pouty lips.” Felix replied,

“I swear.” Robert argued, “It’s just, the more I changed, the easier it was to slip up and I swear no matter what I did to try and distract myself I ended up running into some guy and they just seemed drawn to me.”

Felix bit the inside of his cheek; remembering the look on Roger’s face. That strange blank look and then his sudden willingness to get felt up by a total stranger in an alley. That part of Robert’s story at least rang true. He scanned the man’s face, looking for any sign of deception and found none. Instead he found a slightly rounded jawline and fuller lips. Sariel was right, accident or no, he was falling behind.

“Look, I have an idea.” Robert said, letting out a nervous breath. “But you might not like it.”

Felix crossed his arms over his chest and winced, not used to the sensitivity of his new breasts. How could mounds so small feel so keenly already?

“It was your idea that got us into this mess.”

“Yeah well, now I am going to get us out of it.”

Felix really didn’t want to put up with a second scheme from his friend tonight but what choice did he have. Already he could feel his urges growing stronger and if Robert was correct, he wasn’t going to be able to resist for long; any plan was better than no plan.

“Fine, let’s hear it.”

“Yes! Okay so here is what we do, we just have to stay equal.”

“What do you mean?” Felix raised an eyebrow.

“So, you’ve given a hand job right? I made out and had sex. So now you need to make out and have sex and then, we stick together the rest of the night and match one another tit for tat, so to speak.”

Felix couldn’t help but roll his eyes, Robert looked far too pleased with that tit for tat line. He probably thought it was deeply clever.

“So what, you tell me if you have sex, so I can and that way we absorb the same amount of essence?”

“Exactly.” Robert nodded, “We can go to the party across campus, indulge ourselves, knowing full well nobody recognises us, then when the time limit is up Sariel will see we didn't betray one another and we both win!”

It...wasn't a bad idea, he had to admit. It was certainly better than just handcuffing themselves to a desk or something. Even if they did, Sariel would probably have some horny loser ‘accidentally’ wander into the wrong room or something. Felix’s new pussy quivered with want and he found himself nodding.

“Yeah, let's do it.”

“Alright! I am so glad you agreed because damn dude, I am really horny right now-”

“Don't get ahead of yourself, like you said, I need to catch up.”

Robert gave a sheepish smile.

“Oh yeah. Right.”

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It was strange, walking up the street to where the frat house was located. People were spilling out onto the street already. Laughing, drunk and having a great time. Normally Felix would be feeling nervous right about now but he was in the odd position of knowing he would score. No more desperately trying to impress a girl, thanks to Sariel's magic he could have anybody he wanted. It made him feel...oddly powerful.

Of course his body was craving a man right now, so it wasn't exactly perfect but his mother had always taught him to try and make the best of a bad situation. He and Robert stepped inside and were immediately hit with a wave of heat formed from all the people inside. The air was thick with alcohol and sex and Felix had to fight back a groan of want.

“Alright, I’m going to go find a guy to...y’know.” He whispered, “You just stay here, near the door till I come back and we can plan our next move.”

“No problem.” Robert choked out, his eyes already roaming the room, likely trying to pick somebody out. “Don’t take too long. Please. And just a blow job, remember.”

He sounded desperate, Felix would have felt sorry for him but honestly he was still miffed that he had such a head start. He could still see Sariel’s face in his mind, the confident smile; he was sure Robert was lying. If he’d had sex then Felix was going to follow suit and make things truly even. He headed straight up the stairs to the bedrooms; he knew from experience the main party happened downstairs but up here he was more likely to find some privacy and private company to go with it. As expected the crowd was thinner, a few people chatted in the hall, others made out against the walls and his body ached with jealousy. He felt almost like a cat stalking through the night in search of prey.

After a few moments, he spotted him. A man his own age nursing a red solo cup while leaning against the wall looking miffed. It was the look of a guy who’d been ditched by his friends in favour of female company. Swallowing nervously he walked toward him and watched as the man’s eyes lit up.

“Hey there.” he greeted, surprised by the sound of his own voice, that more feminine edge was back.

“Hey yourself, what’s somebody a pretty as you doing all alone.”

‘Oh if only you knew.’ Felix thought.

He would have liked to drag things out more, flirted a little but his body wasn't going to allow it. It yearned to be touched, he didn't even care about causing a spectacle, it wasn't like anybody would know who this strange woman was come sunrise.

“Looking for company.” He replied after a moment, leaning himself against the man and giggling as he dropped his solo cup in shock.

“Oh what kind-”

“Shhhh, come now, we both know what kind.” Felix grinned, “This kind.”

He let his hand press into the front of the man’s pants where an erection was already forming. With his free hand he gripped the man’s wrist, leading him down the hall to the first unlocked door he could find, a cupboard. It didn’t matter; they stepped inside and despite Sariel’s magic the new man seemed taken aback.

“Wow, you’re uh, really hot huh?”

“You have no idea.” Felix groaned, “Now please, hurry up and fuck me.”

He dove forward and pressed his lips to the other mans, groaning as he felt saliva pass between them and his lips tingled in response. He could feel them changing, his eyes too, subtle, tingly changes that he could admire later, once the burning between his legs had been taken care of.

He unzipped the man’s fly and took out his length, giving it a few good strokes to make sure he was ready before switching their positions and leaning against the wall, pulling the man against him. His partner needed no further instruction, hooking his palms beneath Felix’s ass to hoist him up the wall where the head of his cock rested against his new hole.

For the first time Felix felt thankful Sariel had made his panties with a slit; he’d been so desperate he’d forgotten to take them off. His inner folds parted easily, already soaking wet from waiting so long and Felix let out a wail. It was better than anything he could have imagined. Not only was there the physical pleasure of his inner walls being teased but also something mental. The idea of being filled tickled his hindbrain, made him want it all the more.

“Oh fuck you’re tight! Nhhhhgg! I don’t think I’ll last long.”

“I don’t care, just move.” Felix groaned, bucking his hips as much as the position allowed.

He let the man plough into him hard, hips thrusting upwards to hit some deep part of his new body that made him see stars. After waiting for so long it wasn’t going to take much. His muscles began to tighten and he felt them all release in one great wave of pleasure. Orgasm

made his pussy pulse, squeezing tight around the cock as the man came a few seconds later.

Felix groaned and came again, feeling his ass swell beneath the man's fingers as it changed shape to fit his widening hips. He came again as his body continued to stretch and collect essence all at once. His breasts grew, crushed up against his new partner. It was glorious; no wonder Robert hadn't been able to resist. He already wanted more now that he knew how good it felt.

As the man pulled out Felix felt the loss keenly. He felt empty, incomplete. His body was still changing though, unbeknownst to his companion. His butt had taken on a peachy shape and he could feel the cheeks stretching still, even as he opened the cupboard and stepped back out into the party. He left his man behind, still dazed and confused as to what exactly just happened. He would have felt bad about using a person that way but Felix could feel his mind shifting; he got what he needed and the man got a great lay out of it, that was all that mattered.

He'd done it, sex and some making out, he and Robert were probably on equal footing now. With their plan in place he allowed himself a few moments of pure excitement; he couldn't wait to get back to his friend to plot their next move, he was eager to try out everything they could now that they no longer had to deny themselves. There was just one problem, when he returned to the place he left Robert; he wasn't there.