Caleb Ricci Memoirs – *Based off Antagonist from Enchanted Panties*

Part 1

Introduction

My name is Caleb Ricci. I am half man and half demon. My mother, being a witch, used a summoning spell in an act of stupidity on her part and seduced my father, an incubus type demon. My father of course was merely in the relationship for the sexual energy and my mother couldn’t handle me as a child. She dropped me off on the doorstep of one of her mentors “Nathanial Adams” at the mere age of 5. Being part sex demon, I came of age much faster than that of a normal adolescent human. I accidentally walked in one night on my mother pleasuring herself with a vibrator. Not sure why she got so upset with me. All I did was make it “hands-free” after all.

My dear mother made up a sob story stating that I was the result of a dead-beat dad and that she simply couldn’t afford to keep me. Mr. Adams humble abode was that of a witches’ coven; could have been worse I guess. Over the course of 13 years he taught me everything he knew and was impressed at how quickly I progressed. I memorized over 12 spell books and became fluent enough in more than 1000 incantations that I could cast them with merely a thought.

My First Sexual Encounter via Animation Spells

During my time at the coven, my urges as a sex demon were exceedingly strong, but I wasn’t ready to cut ties with this place so I had to be careful. In secret I learned love spells, body manipulation, dream hopping, and better mastered my skills at animating inanimate objects. At the age of 15 I put my skills in this endeavor to the test. My subject was Lucy Scarborough. She had just turned 18, and was the sexiest human female I ever laid eyes on. However, she was also the vainest person I knew who desperately needed humbling.

I used an astral-projection technique to enter Lucy’s bedroom while she was asleep so that even if she did wake, she couldn’t see me. I first animated her sheets to slowly strip them from her bed. She slept in a sexy, black negligee. I couldn’t help but admire her beautiful, silky long red hair, and those to-die-for c-cup tits, trapped inside her sleepwear. The negligee stopped just at her hips, just enough for me to see a black lace thong. As scandalous as her garments were, I was doubtful if she was a virgin.

First things first, I zapped her with an arousal spell and then a deep sleep spell shortly thereafter. She bit her lip and began to breathe heavily. Next, I animated her negligee and silently instructed it to massage her breast. It was a site to behold, watching this redheaded beauty writhe on her bed under invisible fingers on her body. I sent another silent command for the negligee to show me her tits, and the very fabric adjusted and gave a translucent effect. God, they were beautiful. Had I been in my body I would have cum all over her just from the site.

Next, I animated her thong, which began to flick and massage her clit. Her hips were now gyrating upward as she became more vocal. When her orgasm hit, a flood of energy hit me like I have never felt. I temporarily lost control of my own spell and she was woken from her dream state. I quickly descended to my body in my bedroom, forgetting to undue the spells, and Lucy screamed at the top of her lungs at her enchanted clothing. Of course, I was physically in my room the whole time and Mr. Adams was none-the-wiser. It was assumed that Lucy had a wet dream and enchanted her own clothing out of sheer accident.

Progressing from simple animation to giving objects life

I was surprised how very few knew this in my coven but there is a huge difference between simply animating an object and giving it a life of its own. For example, as with my earlier encounter with Lucy I had mastered a simple animation technique. This technique, while mimicking giving an object life, requires the spell castor’s full concentration, which is why the spell broke when I lost focus. In a simple animation, the spell requires you link your mind to the object or objects you’re animating as if commanding another body limb. It takes a very advanced spell castor to animate more than 3 objects at once and it can be very taxing on one’s energy.

I have the upper hand in energy as I am able to absorb sexual energy during each encounter, but it still is not very efficient. By age 16 I had spent an entire year perfecting animation to well over 5 articles at a time for a total of 30 minutes. I used this to my advantage in dueling and was granted A class, which was unheard of for my age. It would seem that this new class made me a target for some of the jealous wizards of my age and they proceeded to haze me by bewitching the lock on my room to make me late for my lessons, or making my clothes disappear while I was in front of, what they considered to be the attractive girls in the coven. I of course retaliated with a simple mutation spell that moved their tongues to their assholes, so that they would taste their own shit, and I might have given them diarrhea. I was reprimanded by the coven head Victoria Ainsley, but it was worth it. The bullying stopped shortly their-after.

While in my meeting with Senior Witch Victoria I inquired about giving life to objects. She informed me that the spell is not well known due to it being forbidden. When I asked why, she stated that it required a darker magic. The incantation would require spiritual assistance, usually that of a demon. She also stated that there were too many variables with actual living objects and how they would behave. If I were caught attempting this spell, I’m sure I would be kicked out of the coven and possibly stripped of my magic, but if mastered, and the encounters had a similar effect of giving me energy, I could create an entire army and the energy increase would make me a god.

Possessing a Librarian to Steal a Book

I needed to study this spell in more depth, but since it was forbidden here it was not likely I would get much assistance in this endeavor. I practically memorized every book we had available to me, but there was a section of books in our library that only the elders had access to, and it was for emergencies only. The librarian “April Watson” was the only exception to this rule since someone had to keep a sharp eye on these books. Since I had already mastered astral-projection, I figured I’d try a possession. One night, once everyone was asleep I astral-projected to the April’s bedroom. I was getting used to invading girl’s rooms at night but never a teacher or elder. I didn’t know what level of magic April was at, so this endeavor was risky indeed, but the reward would be worth it.

I couldn’t help but admire her as she slept so peacefully in her bed. She was in her early 30’s, or at least she looked it, had long black hair and a, to-die-for, hour glass body. From what I have studied on possession, one must break down the will of the one being possessed. This is not easily done by normal means for someone high ranked in magic, but during an orgasm the mind can easily be caught off-guard and taken over. I casted my usual spells to put her in a deep sleep and, this time sound proofed the room. I animated the bedsheets and commanded them to slide off of her for me to observe and to my delight, save for a pair of white cotton panties she slept in the nude. She had gorgeous D-cup breast that just begged to be touched along with a beautiful ripped stomach that I would have loved to glide my lips across.

Her bedsheet pulled back up and began to slowly massage her breast and tweak her nipples. The sheet also began to massage her navel and her thighs, making her gasp and moan in her sleep. After several minutes, I could smell her wetness and instructed her panties to follow suit. Her panties played along her clit and massaged her labia making her arch her back and gyrate her hips. Her moans became louder as she began to climax. Then the moment of truth came. Her hands gripped the sheets so hard her knuckles turned white and her body began to spasm. I flew down to her and entered her body.

A Little Play inside April’s Body before Work

Several minutes later, as if waking from a dream I open my eyes. I look down and see female hands that are not my own. It worked. I couldn’t believe how easy it was. I needed to get to the library, but I couldn’t help but be tempted a little to experiment with Aprils body. I’ve always wondered what the female orgasm was like compared to a male’s. I climbed out of bed and to a full-length mirror beside her bed. I have to admit, seeing myself inside this beautiful body was erotic to say the least. As I became aroused at the site I felt myself soak the cotton panties. I couldn’t believe how sensitive her skin was to the touch, especially her breast which I could hardly keep my hands off. Strangely enough I kept my male impulses but I felt everything this surrogate female body felt. I slid a finger across Aprils clit and inside her folds, and chills spread across my skin. Her clit was already super-sensitive from all the previous attention that I could hardly stand. I slid off her panties and examined her clean-shaven pussy. As I rubbed her clit it was like magic I’ve never felt. It was almost as if every nerve ending in her body was inside her clit and I want to sing in pleasure the more I rubbed it. As I masturbated in front of the mirror I had this odd sensation of wanting, no needing to be filled. Using April’s memories, I found a vibrator in her dresser. To my delight it was one of the nicer rabbit vibrators with a clit stimulator. I animated the pink phallus and watched it float down to tease April’s entrance and switch on. As her juices soaked the device, it eagerly dove in. I collapsed to the floor and grabbed April’s chests as it rotated and vibrated inside me. It wasn’t long before I felt it coming. Wave after wave of pleasure hit me as her vagina began to grip the device. I couldn’t sit still. I gyrated my hips and flopped on the floor as the orgasmic pressure built inside me. My entire body lit up even more and felt like every inch of me was cumming and the sensations only got stronger and stronger the closer they were to her nether regions. Finally, her pussy began to spasm in orgasmic bliss and I let out an involuntary yell as I gripped her chest. Once it subsided I released the magic inside the vibrator and laid there limp in amazement for several minutes.