

When Summoning Goes Wrong - Part 2

For Eb18

By TheSpiralledEye

Robert tossed and turned; his bed seemed to have developed several lumps. It didn't help that somehow the room seemed to be an icebox. He must have done something to piss off the maintenance team because no matter what he tried he couldn't seem to turn off his air conditioning. The thermostat was purely decorative apparently, because the air vent simply kept pushing out icy air, and with it located high on the wall there was no way to block it. He'd even considered moving the cupboard but even that wouldn't be tall enough.

So he curled on his side, shivering and trying to fall asleep early and forget all about this. His hand kept unconsciously rising to his shoulder where the tattoo sat, running the pad of his finger along the swirls of the odd shape. It was strange, he could almost feel them, he didn't even need to look to know he was tracing the pattern perfectly.

It was the one part of him that still felt as though it had any warmth. In fact, it almost seemed to be spreading; or rather, moving. The heat seemed to drift from his shoulder into his chest then down lower into his stomach before settling at his crotch. All that talk of sex earlier had it on his brain, no matter how much he wished it wasn't.

He tried to think unsexy thoughts but the memories of Sariel and her incredible body seemed to be burned into the back of his eyelids. No matter how much he tossed and turned, no matter how uncomfortable this damn bed was; he couldn't fall asleep and ignore the stiffening in his boxers. The succubus hadn't said anything about masturbation in her deal, surely his own...essence, wouldn't count?

He reached down and grasped hard, trying to rush through the pleasure to orgasm in the hopes that would bring sleep. He altered his grip, pumping fast and slow but nothing felt right, nothing even felt *good*. Robert grit his teeth; this wasn't fair! Besides a small tease of pleasure he was getting nothing; he was sure this had to be part of that demoness' magic. He knew, without having to continue that it wouldn't matter how much he tried, getting himself off was not an option.

"Fucking hell." He pushed the heels of his palms against his eyes till white spots danced in the darkness of his vision.

This night was going to suck balls. He groaned at the image that thought conjured up. He was so horny even *that* sounded appealing right now. The sound of footsteps reached his

ears. They seemed louder than they should have been, he swore he could even feel the vibrations moving through the floor and up into the mattress.

Instantly, he knew they were men's footsteps and that made his stomach flip. A new kind of want was forming in his crotch, even as his cock finally softened. Logically, he knew it had to be the tattoo, Sariel working her magic. He'd never been tempted by any men before now, certainly not by the simple idea of their presence. Yet here he was, holding back a groan as those foot falls got closer...and closer...

He was on his feet before he knew what had happened. He felt dizzy, like a dying man who knew the water that could save him was close by. He shouldn't do this, he couldn't! He would be betraying Felix; he didn't want to condemn him but...fuck he just needed *something*; anything to take the edge of this painful horniness.

Before he could stop himself he'd pushed open the door just as two figures walked around the corner.

"Yeah, I have some on my desk dude, should be enough for both of us..." The blonde one with the curly hair spoke before looking up and meeting Robert's eyes.

Robert felt his breath catch in his throat, the blonde was looking at him in a way nobody, certainly no man, had ever looked at him before. There was desire there, and shock. For a moment it left him confused, then the blonde spoke again.

"Hey there gorgeous, spending the night in by yourself? Haven't you heard about the party across campus."

He'd almost forgotten with everything that had happened.

"Party?" He replied dumbly, his tongue felt wrong in his mouth.

He was staring at the blonde's lips, he could see a tiny tinge of wetness there; that, that was what he needed.

Essence...

Absentmindedly Robert flicked the tip of his tongue over his own lips; they suddenly felt painfully dry. The words spoken finally caught up with him and he realised the blonde was speaking still.

“...it’s across campus, my friend and I were heading there but uh, he can go ahead. Right Carl?”

The broader of the two, who must have been Carl, rolled his eyes with a smile and wordlessly continued down the hallway. Robert swore he could feel his body heat as he passed.

The blonde man was left alone with him in the corridor. Robert recognised him; they weren’t friends by any stretch of the imagination but he’d seen him around. Jordan, his name was. At least he thought so. He’d witnessed him bringing at least two girls back to his room since they moved into the dorm. The guy was almost positively straight, that or he’d had a serious sexual awakening since the last time Robert saw him.

“A lady as pretty as you shouldn’t be spending the night alone,” He cooed, “You could come with us to the party if you like or...back to my room.”

Lady? Robert glanced down at himself, half expecting Sariel to have cheated but his body looked the same as ever. Male in every way, he could even feel his cock and balls between his legs still but Jordan seemed utterly convinced he was speaking with a woman. It would be easy to dispel him even if Sariel had put some sort of spell over his body to make it appear feminine to others. He could explain that he was actually a dude in really good drag perhaps.

That’s what he should have said, but the words weren’t coming. Why couldn’t he make the words come? Fuck now he was thinking about the word cum and how nice it would feel to do that right now. He licked his lips again.

“Sorry, I don’t think that’s a good idea.” He choked out, momentarily proud before his mouth kept moving, “but how ‘bout a kiss for the road?”

Fuck! He hadn’t meant to say that but the grin that spread across Jake’s face was oh so delicious. He looked so confident, but his eyes were sparkling with shock. It wasn’t every night a beautiful stranger offered you a kiss; he looked like the cat who got the cream. One kiss, it couldn’t hurt right.

Each step he took closer seemed to happen in slow motion. Robert was standing, frozen, lips slightly parted in preparation even though part of him was screaming to step backwards and close the door behind him. That part, the loyal, rational part, was being overridden though, all the blood in his body was flowing south away from his rational brain.

Clearly his new erection wasn't visible to Jake though because he didn't even hesitate to step right up to him and press his lips against Robert's.

The effect was instant, he tasted the man and his mouth opened further, moaning as his lips slid against Jake's. A moment later a tongue was stroking along the bottom one and then it was inside his mouth, dancing against his own. He could taste Jake on his tongue and instantly knew that kissing him had been a bad idea.

Almost instantly he felt his lips begin to tingle. Not just with the sensation of pleasure but something else, something deeper. He could feel them changing shape, becoming puller and slightly more pouted; just like a woman's. Oh fuck, it was happening, just like Sariel said; he was such a bad friend.

Yet, he couldn't stop. His hands reached forward and fisted into Jordan's shirt, holding him closer and kissing him harder. He could feel that essence passing between them and it was delicious; his shoulder burned as the tattoo grew and he groaned in both pleasure and pain.

'Just a little more...' his body begged, *'More...please more...'*

His tongue ran along Jake's and then the image of Sariel entered his mind, followed by Felix. That was all he needed to break away, pushing the man back and gasping for breath. How long had they been making out; he felt almost dizzy from the pleasure and they hadn't even touched each other. Jake looked shocked at his sudden movement but Robert was not about to give him a chance to charm him in any capacity. He stepped backwards, slamming the door closed and locking it behind him, chest heaving.

How could he have been so stupid? The room was still icy if the air conditioner was anything to go by but he felt hot all over. He stumbled over to his phone and switched on the camera, facing it towards him to assess the damage. It was minor, full lips, a slightly rounder face. It certainly made him look a little odd but it was deniable at least.

What wasn't deniable was the tattoo. The flower on his shoulder had bloomed further and the twisting tendrils now almost reached his elbow. Maybe he could get away with it; he just hoped he hadn't just thrown Felix under the bus.

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Felix paced. He hadn't even bothered trying to sleep; with his room icy cold and his mind racing he knew there was no point. He couldn't believe the shit the pair of them had managed to get themselves in. Well, to be honest, Robert got them in. His temper flared once more; that guy was always getting him in over their heads, dragging him along for the

ride. This time was too far. But what choice did he have? Sariel had made sure that for better or worse, they were in this together; and as angry as he was, he didn't want to condemn his best friend to life as a busty bimbo.

He traced his fingers over the tattoo, he swore he could feel his skin raise slightly where the ink was but each time he twisted to inspect it; his skin was totally smooth. It felt hot against the cool air of the freezing room.

He tried to distract himself by snooping around Jason's room. Normally he wasn't such a sticky beak but he needed anything to keep himself from thinking about Sariel and their deal. He flicked through the books idly, finding nothing but academic texts. There were a few assorted video games on the shelf but a small hole in the dust next to them showed he had taken whatever console they were for with him on holiday.

Not expecting anything interesting, Felix opened the drawers by his bed and was immediately met with a woman spread across a silken bed sheet. Her face was twisted in pleasure as two of her fingers disappeared deep into her hole. Immediately his face was red; it seems Jason was just as horny as most guys their age; the entire drawer was filled with porn.

Felix felt his cock twitch; looking at this stuff was dangerous but for some reason he couldn't look away. He shoved the girl fingering herself out of the way and was immediately met with something even more shocking than the porn itself.

Bullet Holes.

He'd heard of it of course, it was infamous for being one of the most hardcore gay magazines on the market. Turns out Jason was hiding a pretty big secret. Normally, looking at a chiselled man leering at him from the front cover would have been a turn off but thanks to Sariel's magic Felix felt a nervous ball form in his throat. The cover man was even more alluring than the woman had been.

Felix slammed the door shut. This was Sariel's magic making him feel so hot under the collar for a man. Right? It had to be. Sure, he'd noticed the occasional guy now and then but not in a 'I want to fuck his brains out' sort of way. There was a difference between noticing somebody was attractive and being attracted to them. But...okay, maybe he'd had a dream once or twice that wasn't as...female, as wet dreams should be but still.

Maybe that was just the demoness messing with him; maybe those memories were totally false and he was straight as an arrow right up until she stuck the stupid tattoo on him. Felix groaned, leaning his back against the drawer so he wouldn't be tempted to open it again. Robert would probably laugh his ass off if he could see him right now. His mate would tease him for having an introspective crisis at a time like this.

Sometimes Felix really wished he could just go with the flow like Robert could. Yeah it got him into trouble but it made life so much easier. He was probably sound asleep without a worry in the world.

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Robert knew this was a bad idea. He had no idea what had compelled him from his room this time, only that he was moving slowly, sneaking across the thin carpet so that the board below wouldn't squeak and let Felix know he was passing his room.

The tiny dorm had felt stifling, he'd tried jacking off half a dozen times to no avail; his cock barely felt anything; it was basically numb to all feeling now. He was beginning to feel an irrational hatred towards it; what good was the stupid thing for if not for getting off when he was horny as hell?

Maybe that was why he was compelled to leave the room as well. His body was aching yet somehow filled with a buzzing energy. It felt better to be moving, walking seemed to help burn some of it away but pacing just made him feel manic. Maybe that was the solution, he'd just walk the halls until he was too tired to think, flop into bed and sleep it off. Hopefully his already developed feminine features would disappear overnight.

Surely Sariel wouldn't count a little salvia as him competing, right? How much essence could be in a single kiss anyway; even if it was a very long, very deep kiss. He shivered at the memory; trying desperately to feel disgusted with himself. He had kissed another man for crying out loud, shouldn't he be feeling embarrassed or emasculated? Not turned on and wanting to do it again.

"Stupid fucking demoness and her stupid fucking ego." He hissed.

He flinched at the sound of a window at the end of the hall flying open and shivered as the cold night air blew in. Why was it so damn cold all of a sudden? The wind seemed to get into all the wrong places, flowing under his loose shirt and up his pant legs in a way he'd never experienced before. His balls shrunk against the cold and he groaned at the sensation. If he didn't know any better he'd think the succubus had done that,

His own groan was met with another though and he froze. This wasn't a sound of discomfort, but pleasure. It made a shiver go down his spine and a warm feeling pool in his lower stomach.

"Turn around." He begged himself, "Just turn around and go back to your room..."

He didn't though, he crept toward the sound, it was coming from another dorm room; the tiny lock in the door set to open. Almost as if in a trance Robert found his hand reaching for the knob and turning it slowly.

The room inside was bathed in darkness with the only light coming from a laptop screen sitting at the desk. The light lit up the figure sitting in front of it; a reedy young man with thick glasses was watching what looked like animated porn with his hand right down his pants. Robert had no idea who he was, probably a newbie in the dorm this year and clearly one who kept to himself for good reason. He hadn't even noticed Robert enter, let alone that he was staying to watch.

Robert didn't even realise he was stepping inside till he heard the door close behind him. That apparently was enough to shock his shut in into stopping as well as he jumped almost an inch off his swat and swivelled round to see him. Normally, Robert would have laughed, the guy was so surprised to see him he hadn't let go of his cock. He could see it outlined in his pants. Or at least, he could see the shape of his fist curled around it.

“Wha-what are....who are you?”

His voice was filled with wonder and awe; his eyes wide as if he couldn't believe what he was seeing. Robert blinked in surprise; if he had been jacking off and a random guy walked into his room he certainly wouldn't be acting this way. Then he remembered how Jake had acted around him and realised this guy was seeing a woman as well.

For a moment he wondered what he looked like; he must have been sexy as hell to elicit such a response. Did Sairiel give his body the illusion of a sexy succubus as well; did he have giant tits and a soft, wet pussy ready for...for...his mind was turning to mush. The reedy young man shifted in his seat a little, leaning forward so that the loose front of his pants lowered.

Robert felt his breath hitch, even in the low light of the room he could see the tip of the man's cock. Red and leaking, he must have been close when he interrupted. That hunger came back, the need for essence that made his loins burn. His mouth all of a sudden felt unbearable dry; he was so thirsty but somehow, instinctively he knew water wouldn't satiate him. The precum leaking from the stranger's tip on the other hand...

He swallowed, trying to feel ashamed of his own desire but he couldn't; he wanted it too much. Perhaps it was his imagination but Robert was sure he could hear Sairiel laughing in the back of his mind as he stepped forward.

“Need a hand with that?” He asked huskily, eyes dipping to the man's crotch, “Or a mouth?”

The man finally let go of his erection, still standing up proud and without a word shuffled his boxers down lower so that it was on full display. His eyes were wide, like he couldn't believe his luck. For a second irritation stabbed at Robert, if he was in this guy's situation he hoped he would have at least questioned this weird woman's motives. Then again, he probably had a similar look of need on his face right now so who was he to judge. Especially as he was already falling to his knees and leaning over the cock.

The smell was strong, heady, and so delicious. His newly plumped lips were already wet; he hadn't even realised he was licking them in preparation and before he could think further his tongue was resting on the tip. He licked a thin strip along the man's slid and felt him shudder and a sugar of power flowed through him. He knew this guy, whoever he was, was totally at his mercy now. The pleasure he gave would be better than anything he'd felt; and the memory of this moment would forever be burned into his mind. Knowing he held such domination over him was...so fucking hot.

It spurred him forward, licking up and down the shafting and soaking up the precum that flowed freely as he began to suck. Almost instantly he could feel his body absorbing that essence, becoming more feminised. It made his insides buzz in an entirely new way; it was like being on the edge of orgasm at all times.

He could feel his balls shrinking but not from the cold; he groaned in humiliation and pleasure as he felt them merging up into his body. Like putty they pressed against his skin until they were gone completely, leaving the place where they once hung smooth save for the hair; but even that was already shifting.

With each suck he could feel his cock shrinking too; with each breath it too was melting back into his body like wax. The man was starting to tremble now and his hips bucked wildly; the movement pushed his cock deeper into Robert's mouth and he could feel it hitting the back of his throat. Yet he never gagged, if anything the sensation felt wonderful.

“Oh god, I-I'm g-gonna-AAAAHHHHH!”

There was a splash of something slightly sour on his tongue and Robert sucked it all up, swallowing gratefully as he moaned in pleasure. As soon as he did so he felt a warm, moistness forming between his legs. His pussy; he knew it, he could feel his new clit as it grew between his fresh folds and he groaned. It pulsed and tightened, right on the edge of orgasm; yet still he was denied.

With a gasp he fell backward, tongue darting out to lap up the last of the cum dribbling down his chin. His cheeks burned with humiliation but he couldn't bring himself to regret what he'd just done.

“Oh wow...woooow.” The man sighed, collapsed back in his chair, “Uh, thanks, I should probably ask your name?”

The last thing Robert wanted was to let this guy who he really was; he was so thankful he didn't seem to see his real face. It was unreal. And yet his mouth opened anyway and in a voice that was far too breathy and feminine replied.

“Roberta.”

The man was talking again, stammering around nervously not unable to meet his eye. Robert didn't care what he was saying, he needed to get out of here. His pussy was aching and he knew it was only a matter of time before his new companion was hard again and he found himself doing something much more than sucking cock.

He got up and left without a word; there was no way that reedy coward would follow him; he knew it. This time he was sure it wasn't his imagination; he could definitely hear that demoness bitch laughing in the back of his mind.

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Felix bit his lip hard; he could not believe he had lowered himself to this but he couldn't look away. He'd only meant to go for a walk to clear his head and get out of that ice box. He never meant to overhear two people going at it. When he'd peered out one of the side windows into the alley between dorm rooms he'd spotted them, two slightly drunk being pressed up against the wall; the man thrusting into the girls skirt as she wailed.

The sounds were ambrosia to his ears and he pressed himself against the glass, trying to get a better look. Soon being so far up had been nothing but a tease, so he'd raced down the stairs to the next floor, then the next; without even realising how he'd fallen so far he was standing around the corner from them, watching.

He was a full on peeping Tom now and he felt so guilty but he couldn't help it. He was so horny and that woman looked like she was getting exactly what he needed. Fuck he needed...essence, he needed it so badly. His eyes were locked on the woman's face when suddenly he realised she was staring right at him; maybe he wasn't as well hidden as he'd assumed.

She screamed, pushing the man off her and running away with her face burning red from embarrassment. Her partner yelled after her but sighed when she didn't so much as

turn around. He turned back and locked eyes with Felix; he swallowed, the man was looking at him with wonder and hunger and Felix realised it was the expression on his own face.

He was in so much trouble.