

Failed Summoning

A Story Commission for SummerTheMouse

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Content Warning: Micro, Shrinking, Sexual Themes, Paw Play,
Bulge Play.

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FAILED SUMMONING



“nomeD fo tsul dna erised, ezis .raeppA woN em erofeb seyE!”

The words rang out through the mouse's bedroom with an unnatural, otherworldly echo. Wind with no discernable origin whipped around them and sent papers flying from their desk as if summoned by the strange-sounding words. The carefully-drawn summoning circle, which in reality hadn't so much been carefully drawn as it had been printed at Kinkos on poster board, flared with a brilliant flash of blinding orange light as the mouse's incantation finished! When the light faded and Summer could see again, where once there had been empty space above the circle now stood a five and a half foot tall brown-furred demon.

“Who dares summon Rierza, Demon lord of-“ the infernal creature being began, only to be cut off by the mouse.

“woN eb dnuob yb lliw my litnu denruter ruoy to elcric, erom ecnO!”

Again, the words came out with that same supernaturally-echoing voice as they had before. The words seemed to shake the very air itself; filled with

arcane power and great intent. Glowing silver rings made of foreign sigils appeared on either side of the demon; causing their eyes to grow wide in rotating expressions of shock, anger, and the tiniest hint of fear. The bands rapidly closed to lock themselves around Rierza's wrists before the demon had a chance to pull his arms away! But when the arcane wristbands tightened around the demon's wrists... the sigils went right through their arms as if the demon's appendages were intangible! When the magical bindings finally constricted as far as they could the glowing bands of magic simply dissolved into dissipating motes of light.

Both the canine demon and the mouse stood there, stunned into several long seconds of silence. Slowly they tilted their heads around and locked eyes with one another. Where the mouse's expression rapidly morphed into one of horror, the demons twisted into a wicked grin. It was Summer that broke the silence first.

“Oh fuck.”

Rierza didn't give the mouse a chance to act any further. Abruptly, the demon twisted their hand palm-up then jerked it upwards while curling the fingers on their hand into a claw. The sudden motion caused tendrils of red light to lash out from nowhere; restraining the mouse's wrists, ankles, and neck! The bindings then rose slightly, bringing Summer with them and leaving the mouse hovering several inches above the ground.

“Well, well, well...” Rierza's words came out in a smug purr of satisfaction. As they spoke the demon began pacing in a slow circle around the restrained rodent. “Looks like someone didn't copy the spell quite right. You actually had me worried there for a moment.”

Summer strained and struggled valiantly against the demonic restraints holding them aloft. Not that it did them any good. The infernal restraints may as well have been made of solid steel for all the give Summer could force from them. With escape obviously impossible the mouse glared down at the demon and changed tactics.

“I can just banish you in a snap, you know that right?” They declared with their best attempt to sound confident.

The threat only serviced to elicit an eerily melodic chuckle from the demon; the sound of which sent an involuntary shiver racing down Summer’s spine. They shouldn’t have had a reason to be worried. Even if the demon wasn’t bound to Summer’s will all they had to do was speak the banishing incantation. But, for some reason, Rierza didn’t seem all that concerned. And that made the mouse concerned in their place.

“Oh my dear sweet little plaything. You still have so, so much to learn about demon summoning. Tell you what, since you had the temerity to summon me, I’ll give you a free lesson” Rierza cooed as they circled the bound mouse. When the demon finished their circuit around Summer they gently grasped the mouse’s muzzle between two huge fingers so they were forced to maintain eye contact with Rierza. “Did you know, little toy, that banishment only works if the demon can hear you speak the words?”

Summer was just about to say the words in question when their train of thought came to a screeching halt as a detail suddenly dawned on them. Why were the demon’s fingers so freaking big?! There wasn’t that much difference in size or proportion and yet the fingers clenching either side of Summer’s head were way bigger around than the mouse’s arms! Now that the mouse had realized something was different their depth perception finally seemed to catch up and realigned. It soon became abundantly clear how much further away Rierza’s face looked than it had just moments ago! When Summer looked down, they realized they no longer floated just a few inches above the ground. Rather, at least from the mouse’s perspective, they were now floating several stories up in the air! The demon had been shrinking them this whole time; keeping the mouse floating at eye level so they wouldn’t notice! Though Summer suspected some kind of demonic mental influence had added in their inability to notice their predicament sooner.

With the truth revealed, Rierza confirmed Summer’s suspicions. They removed the minor glamour they had cast to, among other things, soften

their voice's volume and tone. Now, without the spell, each time the demon spoke his words came out in a deep-pitched rumble as the size difference between the two of them now magnified their voice from a gentle tenor to a rumble of thunder.

"That's more like it. Now you're a proper mouse's size." Rierza teased. With a flick of their fingers the restraints zipped down towards the ground only to stop, vanish, and unceremoniously drop Summer onto the carpet below. "I'm not exactly a cat, but I don't mind a little cat and mouse roleplaying in the bedroom."

Summer barely had time to get to their feet before they were nearly knocked back off them by Rierza's first thunderous footstep. The mouse must have continued shrinking even as the demon had been taunting them if the increasingly intimidating view of Rierza was any indication. As the demon's leg moved closer towards the ground, Summer could see he was now barely taller than the demon's ankle! As the mouse slowly tilted their head back to take in the looming, building-sized visage of the demon they had unleashed, their view soon became blocked by a massive foot hovering directly overhead.

"Run." Rierza boomed.

Summer barely leapt to the side in time to avoid the humongous foot slamming down on top of them! The impact sent a rush of air whipping across the mouse like a train had just flown by and missed them by inches! Instinct took over and the shrunken mouse scrambled to their feet and started running for all they were worth. They didn't even know where to go; too panicked by the near-miss to manage a more complicated thought than 'get away'. All they could do was force their legs to move as fast as they could in hopes of putting distance between themselves and the demon. Yet no matter how fast the mouse ran, it just wasn't fast enough.

The distance Summer crossed moving at a dead run at their current size was covered in the same amount of time by Rierza taking a single step. Despite yelling the banishment activation phrase multiple times up towards

their pursuer at the top of their lungs the words had no effect on the looming demon overhead. Summer could only guess that, if what Rierza had said was true, that they were simply much too small for the demon to hear now! Which meant that, unless Summer could get right up in one of the demon's ears, they had no way to banish Rierza. The first footstep after Summer began running landed dangerously close to the frantic mouse and snapped them from their deliberation. The footfall slammed down with enough force to actually shake the ground for the shrunken mouse! Shake it enough that the tiny rodent was nearly sent sprawling head over heels. It was immediately obvious to Summer that the demon was merely toying with them. Each one of those footsteps could have easily landed directly on top of the mouse. It was only due to Rierza's toying with Summer that they were purposely avoiding the mouse. If only barely. Unfortunately for Summer, this tiny 'mercy' didn't last very long.

Around their seventh step, Rierza seemed to get bored with their little chase. The next time when his foot came down, there was no escaping it. Summer watched the shadow of it grow underneath them a split second before they were shoved face-first into the carpet! What felt like hundreds of pounds of soft, warm flesh squashed down on top of the poor mouse and utterly buried them beneath it! It was only thanks to the soft carpet below and malleable flesh above giving way that Summer didn't end up completely and thoroughly crushed. Although they knew beyond a shadow of a doubt the demon could have done so if they tried. That could only mean that, again, their survival had been intentional.

The now car-sized foot slid abruptly to the side; lifting just enough that the movement rolled Summer over onto their back. The mouse only got a split second of fresh air and light before the foot came crashing back down on top of them with just as much force; this time leaving their face squashed into soft paw-flesh rather than rough carpet fibers. The pressure wasn't enough to cause any serious injury, thankfully. But, while not fatal, it was more than enough to compress Summer's chest and force the air from their lungs like they were a deflated balloon. Desperately, but futilely, the shrunken mouse squirmed and pushed back in vain against the impossible

tonnage of the canine demon's foot. Yet each movement only succeeded in,, at most, slightly shifting the supple flesh of Rierza's undersole. Just when they felt like they would pass out from lack of oxygen, the foot moved again just barely enough to free Summer's head.

The mouse sucked in a deep, desperate gasp of air to refill what their lungs had been denied. A split second late the new scent being drawn in along with the air hit them like a truck. It wasn't harsh or pungent like body odor but, rather, the natural musky scent of its owner. Or, more accurately, the scent of their toes. Once Summer had enough time to recover, they were dismayed to find they were still trapped underneath the demon's foot. The only thing that had changed was now their head was sticking out from between two of Rierza's spread toes.

"Enjoy it while you can, little toy. The first one's always free. The rest you have to earn. Now... Lick."

Summer simply stared up at the demon in utter confusion and disbelief. They wanted the mouse to do WHAT?! Summer was just about to shout something defiant up at their captor but was cut off by the demon's toes clenching uncomfortably tight around their head. Once again the mouse found themselves trapped with their head buried and unable to breathe. No matter how much they strained or struggled, they couldn't so much as budge the boulder-sized toes atop them nor the truck sized foot they were attached to! Then the demon's words came back to them as their vision started to fade. The mouse realized what they had to do. Swallowing their pride, the mouse stuck out their tongue and reluctantly swept it across the warm, malleable webbing of flesh between Rierza's toes.

Almost immediately the demon's massive digits spread and Summer was again free to suck in another gasp of foot-scented air. Just when they felt the toes starting to close back around them, the mouse leaned their head up and again began licking desperately at whatever bits of the foot on top of them that they could reach. The saliva left a cooling sensation on the tiny bits of flesh Summer's tongue found that the demon found rather pleasing. Within moments of the mouse's affections Rierza was all-but preening in

satisfaction. For the demon it was as much the physical sensation as it was the conceptual control he had over someone that had tried to bind him that left the demon shivering in absolute delight.

Summer lost track of how long they were trapped under foot licking the small space they could reach between the demon's toes. Time seemed to blur together as they lost himself in the repetitive licking of toe flesh; the action only broken up by the occasional switch to kissing when Summer needed a moment to let their dried-out tongue wet itself again. They had long since stopped trying to escape. It wasn't just because they had come to accept the demon's foot was simply too big for them to move. Rierza was absolutely relentless when it came to punishing the mouse for disobedience. In this case, disobedience being the mouse not licking or kissing the demon's toes for longer than one consecutive second. Any time Summer paused for longer than that, the enormous toes framing their head squashed together to suffocate the mouse until they put their tongue back to work. It was pretty easy to force docility from someone when you literally controlled their ability to breath.

When the mouse was finally freed from their entrapment, they were still so disoriented and musk-drunk on the demon's scent that they didn't even notice the foot's absence at first. It was only when they felt their tongue sweeping through empty air and heard the whoosh of air being displaced that the mouse opened their eyes to see the giant canine demon crouching down over them. A surge of panic welled up in the mouse's chest anew as they saw Riersa reaching for them with a hand that was big enough to Summer's perspective to hold a pickup truck in its palm. Even if they wanted to try to run away again, the mouse was simply too exhausted. Even with the burst of energy the fresh adrenaline tried to muster up from them all the mouse could do was lay there and wait for those thick tree trunks for fingers to scoop them up off the ground.

"I think someone has earned a reward for the good services rendered..." Rierza cooed as he lifted the mouse up to eye level once more.

Part of Summer wanted to try shouting the banishment incantation again now that they were closer to the demon's face. Unfortunately the mouse was still so disoriented, not to mention their mouth and throat so dry, they weren't even sure if he could articulate the words properly much less shout them loud enough for the giant demon to hear. The mention of a reward did perk the rodents' ears up, however. Any feeling of hope they might have had quickly faded into fresh terror when they felt the hand holding them starting to lower. Looking down, Summer's worst fears were realized as they watched the demon's other hand pull open the front of their shorts.

A hot gust of air wafted up from the interior of the demon's underwear and shorts. The warm air brought along with it a much more potent, masculine scent than the one Summer had experienced under the demon's foot. When they were still at least a story up from the cavernous cloth cavern opening, or at least a story up from their perspective perspective, Rierza simply relaxed his fingers and let the mouse fall inside. The crack of elastic snapping back into place was like one of thunder to the shrunken Mouse and the last unmuffled sound they heard from the outside world.

The moment the demon released the hold of his underwear, Summer was slammed forward into the contents of the demon's crotch. Soft, malleable flesh squished around them and partially conformed to the shape of the mouse's body as the tight confines of cotton pressing against their back held them in place. It was too dark to see, even if Summer's face hadn't been buried deep into malleable dick flesh. But the mouse didn't need to see it to feel that the still-flaccid shaft beneath them was easily longer than they were tall! Not to mention thicker around than the mouse's waistline by more than double. As they desperately clung with both arms and legs, Summer found they couldn't even encircle around the entire girth of the demon's cock! They had just started to regain their bearings, as much as they could when soaking in a fog of pheromones that left them achingly hard, when the pressure from outside suddenly increased drastically.

"Oooh... you feel good down there, little toy..." Rierza's deep voice purred from outside as they shamelessly fondled their own crotch bulge. "I

think I might keep you.”

Unfortunately, Summer couldn't understand the demon's voice from inside their underwear. All they heard was a vague, muffled rumble vibrating as much through the flesh beneath them as it did the air outside. Not that hearing what the demon had said would have really mattered. It wouldn't have stopped the massive thumb of the demon from pressing against the mouse's outline and grinding them deeper into the cock flesh they were pressed against.

It didn't take much of that before Summer felt the flesh beneath them starting to thicken and swell. As the bus sized shaft began to engorge and erect the already uncomfortable pressure on the poor, shrunken mouse only increased further. Just when they thought something might finally break, the pressure from outside vanished! It didn't exactly free them as they were still trapped against the half-hard erection beneath him by the tight cotton briefs, but at least they didn't feel like they were about to snap in two.

As much as the demon wanted to continue his fun, he felt it would be better to do so somewhere a bit more comfortable. Rierza also reasoned to himself there was no reason to rush the enjoyment of their new toy. After all, without any binding, he could leave whenever he wanted. And, more importantly, he could take whatever he wanted with him when he left. As Rierza gave himself another brief fondle through his shorts he couldn't help but grin at what was to come. The demon was practically salivating at the thought of the look on the little toy mortal's face when they realized their fate. As they realized that while they had summoned Rierza to enslave them into their little plaything, it was now the other way around. It was the mouse that was going to wind up as the demon's plaything. With one last casual squeeze to the outline of his dick and the mouse pressed against it, the demon released his hold on the Mortal plane. And just like that, leaving nothing in his wake but a puff of brimstone scented smoke, the demon was gone. And the little passenger had gone along with him.



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