

Sometime between drawing out the summoning circle and filling the clay bowl with virgin's blood, it occurred to Jared that he might be taking things a bit too far. Yes, he was angry, furious even, but was it worth taking the risk of trafficking with a demon? He thought of his nemesis, the vile William -- never Will or Bill -- who stole his girlfriend away from him, and was filled with new resolve. Sure his relationship with Diane had been bit rocky, but he was sure she was beginning to come around and learn her place in the relationship. At least, until William had come along and taken her away from him.

No matter. Jared knew the two were out together tonight, and after he was done here, Diane would have no interest in him any more. He laughed humorlessly, giving his carefully-inscribed circle a final review, making sure all the runes were in their proper place. He had already looked it over several times, knowing from various stories and movies that a proper, unbroken circle was the most vital part of a summoning. Of course, he'd never seen anyone draw one on their kitchen floor with a dry erase marker, but you work with what you have. The bowl and his handwritten instructions for the demon were placed in their proper position inside the larger of two circles, ready for the demon to access.

It was time to begin. He collected his copy of the spell, retyped to phonetic spelling, and stepped gingerly into the smaller of the two circles. Jared took a deep breath, and read the spell, sounding like an odd mix of Latin and Dutch.

For a moment nothing happened, and he grew concerned, a bead of sweat forming on his forehead, but he was smart enough to resist leaving the circle until he was sure. Seconds later a pillar of red light filled the opposing circle, so bright that Jared had to look away. When he looked back, a creature of stunning beauty and fearsomeness stood there, grinning slyly.

It was clearly a demon, and very obviously female, for she was unclothed and extremely well-endowed, with large perky breasts capped by erect black nipples. Her skin, where not covered in fur, was a twilight blue, her hair even darker, almost black. Her legs were canine, either fox or wolf, covered in fur the same color as her hair, as were her lower arms, fingers and toes tipped with evil-looking black claws. On her back were the almost obligatory bat wings, spread to almost touch the edges of the circle. Her eyes glowed darkly, seemingly absorbing the light around them. She glanced at Jared in his circle and looked around the room, an expression of confusion coming over her face. "Where's the other one?" she asked, her voice alone sending shivers of fear and, strangely, pleasure down Jared's spine.

That was unexpected. The spell said the demon was supposed to know what the task was when it appeared. Why would it be asking to see someone else? He attempted to speak with authority. "Demon, I am the one who has summoned you. Do you understand your task?"

The demon stared at him for a moment, giving the impression that she was assessing how tasty a morsel his soul would be, before laughing uproariously. "Your first summoning, I assume?"

A knot of ice closed around Jared's heart and he glared at his circles, looking again for any errors. No, they were perfect.

He was interrupted by the demon speaking again. "Stop looking at the damn runes. You did a good job on them. They aren't that important anyway, as long as you have the intent correct in your mind. Back in the day summoners would scrawl any

damn thing if they were in a hurry. Half the time I didn't know what the job would be until I showed up."

Jared looked at her in shock, stammering. "T-then what--?"

The demon tsked, shaking her head for effect. "If only you had paid as much attention to the text of the spell as you did to the diagrams."

A new wave of nervousness filled him. What had he gotten wrong? All he had with him was the phonetic text. The full explanation was across the room, out of reach from within his circle. He tried to sound confident. Demons were tricky. Maybe she was trying to get him to do screw up. "Don't try to fool me, demon. Perform your task as instructed."

"Please, a bit of courtesy. Call me Rizka," the demon instructed. "And I'll be happy to do as you've asked. You've chosen one of my favorite revenge spells, after all. But you really did make an oversight. Just a minor thing, easy to overlook. You see, that circle you're standing in so confidently is intended for your target. The summoner can stand anywhere, really, since my circle keeps me contained."

Oh shit, if his circle was supposed to be for the target... His caution left him, and he leapt to the side, trying to escape the horrible fate he had meant for William, but ran face-first into an invisible magical wall, nearly breaking his nose. "Fuck!"

Rizka laughed again. "Oh, this is going to be fun." She snapped her fingers and instantly Jared was in her circle, frozen in position in front of her.

He was forced to watch as she bent down to pick up the bowl of blood and his detailed instructions. Now that he was within her circle, he could smell her, not the brimstone of the underworld that he expected, but the heavy scent of sex. Mixed smells of male and female arousal swirled around her, making it very clear what the focus of the demon's powers was. It made sense, given what his intended revenge was.

The part-canine demoness sipped from the bowl of blood as she carefully read Jared's list of instructions, her smile growing wider as she went along. "Oh, very creative. Usually people only think of one or two of these, but you hit all kinds of fun things. This fellow must have wronged you pretty severely."

Jared struggled to move, but his body remained stuck, standing still in front of the demon. "Please, release me. I'll bring the person I intended to curse. Just don't do this to me."

Rizka discarded the bowl and paper and looked down at the frozen man. "Oh, I'm afraid that's just not possible," she said without any sign of disappointment. "I accepted the call, and I'm now bound to do as ordered before I can return to my home. I'm sure you understand."

Jared was terrified. He had to find a way to escape before she started working on him. The things on that list were terrible. He struggled harder, but it was as if his entire body were encased in concrete. He couldn't move anything below his neck. Suddenly, his arms lifted and his legs split, leaving him standing spread eagle before the demoness.

She walked forward and stared at him appraisingly. "Well, let's get started." She touched the center of his chest and his clothes erupted in a blue flame that quickly enveloped him, burning away his coverings but only just warming his bare skin.

The naked man started to sob. "P-please. I didn't mean for this. I release you! Just go! Please!"

The demoness trailed a claw down his chest. "Even if that would work, I wouldn't leave. You're dealing with a *demon*, hon. I'm going to *love* changing you." She smiled predatorily. "However, there is a way out. I'm a sex demon, and arousal is the source of my power. All you have to do is not have fun. Simple."

It did sound simple. Jared certainly wasn't feeling very aroused, given his overall terror. If he didn't give her any power, she would be forced to leave. It only made sense. He resolved to resist anything she tried.

His resolve lasted until the demoness reached out with one hand and touched his cock, a shock like static electricity jumping to him. Instantly he was erect and dripping with pre, a jolt of sudden arousal cascading through his body.

Rizka chuckled at his reaction. "Oh-ho, not much magical resistance on you, eh?" She snapped her fingers again, and a full-length mirror appeared behind her, positioned to let Jared see himself. "These things are so much more fun when the victim can see what's happening. Now, I believe the first item on your little checklist was 'Change him into a girl,' yes?"

Jared tried to look away, but found even his limited head movement now restricted. He had nowhere to look but at himself as the sexy demoness began molesting him. He couldn't even yell as the process began.

She traced a claw gently down the length of his cock, a new electric feeling he couldn't ignore. On the way back up she flipped her hand over, brushing her silky fur over his shaft.

He gasped in pleasure, unable to resist the erotic torture. Worse, the pleasant feelings didn't stay localized at the site of her touching, but quickly spread throughout his body. As he watched, he saw his body become softer, male muscle patterns slowly melting away, leaving him lithe and thin.

The demoness let out a "Hmm" in her sultry voice. "Oh, you're a very good subject indeed." She leaned down and sniffed at his crotch, inhaling the scent of his arousal and seeming to be energized by it. Her tongue extended, longer than any human's, wrapping fully around his cock, which already looked a bit smaller than it had at the start. She licked up and down, rubbing his balls with her hand as the forked tip of her tongue flitted across his glans.

Jared groaned, trying to drive the pleasure from his mind, knowing that every lick and touch stole a bit of his manhood, but it was too good. Even knowing exactly what was in store for him if he didn't manage to escape wasn't enough. The demon's incredible skill and unique anatomy was unstoppable. In the mirror, he saw his cock shrink, even as the sensation from it increased. His body looked more and more feminine, his body hair disappearing into his skin, which became silky smooth under the demonic caresses. His hair lengthened to his shoulders as his face took on a girlish cast.

Rizka needed fewer loops of her tongue to cover the entirety of his shortened shaft, and dedicated the freed length to unnaturally long strokes. For a moment she stopped, and looked up at Jared's face. "Mmm, you're coming along nicely. If you can get control of yourself now, you might just look like a feminine guy. You could probably pass for either gender if you tried. Just a little more until you're a girl forever."

The restrained male moaned, gazing in horror at his shifting body. He poured all his will into ignoring the demon, trying to think of the most unsexy things he could. For

a brief moment he was successful, getting lost in his mind and ignoring what was happening to his body, and then the demoness released him from his paralysis and shoved a finger deep into his rear. He yelled loudly and bucked his hips as the finger deftly found his prostate and pressed hard against it.

His now-tiny cock erupted, shooting the last of his male essence into the demoness's waiting mouth. An ecstatic shiver wracked his body as it shifted more, his genitals reshaping into a tight slit, a small set of breasts swelling on his chest, his hips and rear widening into feminine proportions. The change felt amazing, and he almost didn't want it to stop, thinking maybe a little more feminization would be acceptable to keep the euphoria of the change going. At last it stopped, and the demon backed away to give him a clear view of the mirror, licking the last bits of his cum from her lips.

Jared dropped to his knees, moaning in dismay as he saw his fully female reflection in the mirror. He, now she, was attractive, but not to excess. The change seemed to be the minimum needed to make her female and no more. Her hands jumped to her breasts and crotch, as if denying their reality. The one at her groin felt only smoothness, until a finger slid low enough to encounter a wet slit, sinking in slightly and making her gasp. Despite the recent male orgasm, her body remained hungry for more, no doubt a result of the demon's magics.

Rizka sauntered back up and caressed her sides, raising her hands up to tug at the enlarged puffy nipples, making the new female groan and shiver. "Yes, off to a good start. Next on your list were some details about the body. You even kindly included suggested measurements, which is quite helpful. And you know what? I'll just take care of your other instructions at the same time. I believe you wanted 'a catgirl who's permanently in heat.' Let's just do that last bit first."

The demon advanced on the cowering girl, not bothering to reinstate the paralysis spell. The demonic female cornered the human against the magical wall, pressing their breasts together, large, dark ones against small, pale ones. She reached down with one hand and brushed a finger lightly across the other girl's lips, and that was enough.

Fire erupted throughout Jared's crotch, a burning, empty ache, a flood of wetness. At the same time something shifted in her mind, the horror of her new gender fading, replaced with a desperate urge to mate. She needed something inside her, a cock the fill the void and scratch her itch, cum to put out the raging fire.

Rizka backed away and let Jared collapse to her hands and knees with a low moan, watching the transformed female dip a hand between her legs to sink two fingers into her dripping sex. The changes continued, this time almost beyond Jared's notice, breasts slowly swelling, hips widening to a shape that screamed 'woman'. The demon moved in front of Jared and lifted her head with two fingers on her chin.

Jared looked up and noticed through her foggy mind that something had changed on the demon. Where before she had been all female, there was now a cock standing erect on her crotch. Not just that, it was *Jared's* cock.

The demoness grinned. "You can't have this back, but you can borrow it for a bit. Of course, it will make you change faster, but you can have it if you want."

Her mind raced, physical need fighting with the last of her mental resistance. She couldn't change more, no matter what, but the fierce ache in her loins could not be denied. Maybe just a little bit, until she could think straight again. Jared nodded, and

the demoness disappeared from her vision. A moment later, the hand working her pussy was moved aside, and suddenly she was filled with cock for the first time.

Jared's body exploded with pleasure, her mental resistance collapsing as she clenched on the invader and yowled in happiness. Her entire body tingled as she changed, a mix of pins and needles and a suffusing warmth, enhancing the sensation coming from her stuffed pussy.

Rizka thrust, and Jared's breasts grew to almost obscene size, hanging pendulously below her. Another, and her hips spread, giving the demoness a better grip for her fucking. Another, and fur sprouted all over her body, black as pitch and soft as silk.

The catgirl felt herself changing, more rapidly than before, but no longer cared. It felt too good to change, too amazing to have a cock pumping away inside her, scratching that deep itch that had developed within her. Now all she needed was to be filled with cum, and she could feel complete. She slammed herself backward, burying the demonic copy of her former member deeper within her, squeezing it tight as it withdrew. Her breasts bounced back and forth, her ass quivered as the demon hilted within her.

Without warning an orgasm overcame her, forcing another feline yowl from her mouth as a tail slithered from her lower back, coiling above her in the air. An explosion of her juices leaked out around the demon's cock, soaking both their thighs and ensuring the room would smell of cat in heat for the next several days.

Rizka didn't halt her movements for a moment, fucking the catgirl through her orgasm, ushering in further changes. Only when the girl was complete would she finish. She stroked the girl's fur, smiling as she reflexively arched her back, noting that the mental changes were almost complete.

Jared panted heavily, barely able to support herself even on hands and knees after her powerful climax. She knew the transformation had to be almost done. There weren't many parts of her she hadn't felt change. A concentration of the tingling centered on her feet, which shifted in shape to be wide, plush paws on the ends of digitigrade legs. Her hands followed a moment later, becoming little more than upsized cat paws, almost useless except for supporting her in her current submissive position.

The final change came as she was building to her second orgasm, her face pushing out into a short muzzle with long whiskers, her ears relocating to the top of her head as curved black triangles.

The demon paused for a brief moment, her victim teetering on the edge of climax, attempting to grind herself back to reach her goal. She leaned forward and whispered into a cat ear. "You know what being in heat means, right? You're at your most fertile, ready for someone to come along and breed you. Get ready."

The thought managed to pierce her sex-clogged thoughts. *Breed? No!* But it was too late. The demoness pumped into her a few more times, then touched a finger to her clit. The same static shock that started her torment was repeated, but infinitely stronger. It arced from her sensitive button to her tight nipples, then through the rest of her body, all her muscles tensing at once as her breath caught in her throat. Her pussy squeezed *hard* on the cock within her, and it erupted, spraying jets of burning seed deep into her magically fertile womb, not stopping until she was filled up, cum spraying back out from the point of their joining.

The intense heat that had burned within her faded slightly, allowing her own thoughts to more easily overpower the desire for cock. The need was still there, tugging at her awareness, letting her know that soon enough she'd need to be getting even more cum inside her. There would be no true relief for her, ever again.

Jared felt the demon pull out and collapsed forward onto the ground, feeling the heat of the demon's seed settle within her. Some instinct within her let her know that she'd been bred, somehow sure that something new would be growing within her soon, making her belly swell, and her breasts fill with milk. The thought filled her with eagerness, as well as fear about what the outcome of breeding with a demon would be.

A slap on the ass interrupted her reverie, as the demon got her attention. "A fine bit of work if I do say so myself, and I got the very first breeding. I consider this a job well done. Well, enjoy your new life. I've got doomed souls to torture. Bye!"

There was another flash of red light and Rizka was gone, along with the summoning circles that had been inscribed on the floor. Jared was free to move again, but where would she go? She had no identity as a catgirl, no real future. What sort of life could she have?

Even as those thoughts concerned her, the needy heat started to build again, despite the fact that she'd already been bred, reminding her of what would become the most important question of all. Where would she find the next cock to get inside her?