



Speed Write: The First Rule of Summoning

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"Do not call up any you can not put down" -H.P. Lovecraft

Nico took one last moment to look over his carefully drawn circles. The scrawny teen had spent the last two hours tracing out the intricate diagrams in red. Every rune was perfectly formed, each circle exactly round. It was a spitting image of the image on his computer. The tall cat stood up from his hunched over position, taking a moment to pop his back. It was meticulous work, but he was finally ready to summon his first demon. Giddy with anticipation, he pulled up a phonetic translation of the binding chant and began to take it to heart. Nico was careful to not utter the demonic poem in its entirety, lest he summon his thrall prematurely.

Some time later, the robe-clad novice was ready to begin. He lit the five candles around the edge of the containment circle and placed the bowl of reagents on the inner sigil. Five parts material lust mixed with 2 parts of virgin tears. He dimmed the lights of his bedroom, more of atmosphere than practicality, and began to whisper the incantation under his breath.

The first words clumsily tumbled from his muzzle, but they began to form naturally as he persisted. Several disembodied voices joined his as a chilling presence filled the small room. They spoke in unison with the cat, bolstering his shaky voice and crafting his speech into something beautifully terrible. Before long, Nico's own voice was drowned out in the din, and the dark ritual reached a fever pitch. The voices shouted the last phrase of the scripture in unison, and the cat's dream was set in motion.

The bedroom was engulfed in a pulsing orange glow as the markings began to burn with the intensity of molten rock. A pillar of fire erupted from the spell's epicenter, forcing him to shield his eyes. The temperature of the room rose rapidly, and soon the young summoner was doused with sweat. Fortunately for Nico, the flames began to die down before the heat became unbearable. When the roar of vengeful magic faded into uneasy silence, he lowered his arm to behold the fruit of his labor. He nearly squealed with glee when he saw her.

Floating just above the patch of scorched carpet was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. True to his teenage nature, the first things he noticed were her colossal breasts. They were full, gravity-defying double D cup mounds, made all the larger by her slender frame. His gaze fell down her trim, though not toned, stomach to her broad hips. The demoness had an hour glass figure glorious enough to bring a tear to his eye. Ignoring her bat-like wings completely, he was drawn next to her immaculate face. She had gorgeous porcelain skin, marred by nothing and untouched by age. Even her jagged horns were a work of art. Her eyes, however, freaked him out a little. Their pitch black hue seemed to absorb every photon unfortunate enough to hit them, not even allowing a reflection to escape. Still, it was something he could get used to given the rest of her.

"Speak demon. What is thy name?"

The succubus ignored him, choosing instead to examine the binding circle at her feet.

"I ask thee again, what is thy name?" Nico was becoming irritated, but he tried to hide it. Such a show of emotion would reflect on him quite poorly as her master, after all.

Again, the demoness ignored him.

"Do not make me ask thee thrice, b-" He was cut off as she rushed him and pinned him to the wall by his throat. Her hand burned him, both in temperature and how tightly she gripped him.

"Is this a joke?" She calmly asked. Her voice was both beautiful and terrifying, like a crystal glass brimming with cyanide.

Nico was losing his mind. By all means, she should not have been able to leave the circle. Something had gone horribly wrong, and he knew he was about to pay dearly for it. Unable to find his voice, all he could do was look into those obsidian portals and pray for mercy.

"Evidently not," she scoffed. Even her insults filled him conflicting feelings of adoration and horror.

"Let's take a moment to go over what you did wrong. We wouldn't want you making the same mistake again, would we?" She punctuated the last sentence with a barking laugh and a cutting grin that made Nico think he wouldn't have the opportunity to repeat his error.

She wrapped her thin tail around his neck and roughly stuffed the spaded tip into his muzzle. He could hear his skin sizzling from her scorn, but thankfully he didn't feel pain. Yet. Despite being no thicker than her finger, the slender appendage bore his weight with strength to spare, and she toted him behind her to the scene of his transgression. She bent over, a sight that immediately made Nico hard in spite of his predicament, and swabbed up a bit of the circle. She rubbed the substance between her fingers for a moment, then flicked it onto his face. "What the fuck is this?"

Nico waited for her to remove her tail so he could speak, but it never happened. He just did his best to mumble around it.

"Ketchup?!" She offered no further critique, only another fit of biting laughter.

When she regained her composure, she asked her next question. "Do you know what these runes mean?" The succubus didn't wait for an answer this time. "They're all different words for 'ass'. Did you find this on the internet or something?"

Nico didn't answer, but the look on his face told her everything.

"You poor, mortal fool," she sighed, caressing his cheek with her molten hand. "We're going to have so much fun together." She wrapped a cloak of fire around the two of them and dragged him down to her realm.

The cat's vision slowly returned as consciousness washed over him. He was greeted by the foot of his new mistress rubbing up and down his cheek. A coo of pleasure escaped his lips as her smooth alabaster heel pushed his forehead back, forcing his eyes to meet hers over her reclining form. She said but one thing. "Lick."

The slave did exactly as commanded with gusto. He slid his tongue along her arch, delighting in both the flavor and the fact her skin no longer burned him. At the back of his mind something seemed amiss, but those thoughts were quickly suppressed as he lavished her toes. The demoness moaned in debauched pleasure as her toy devoted his entire being to cleaning her foot. It was so nice having such a devoted thrall!

When she deemed her foot spotless, the temptress popped her toes out of his muzzle and replaced them with its sister set. He wordlessly set about his task again and silently reveled in the delight of pleasing his mistress. By the time he was done, one of her hands had slid to her steaming pussy. "Mmm, tend to your owner, slave," she beckoned.

The succubus brought her knees to her tits, exposing her snatch and pucker to him. The slave ground his throbbing dick (when did he get hard?) across satin sheets as he hauled himself onto her regal bed. Her scent alone was enough to set him on edge, and he could only imagine how she would taste. Just before he was able to indulge in her folds, she stopped him with a finger. "Oh no, that's not for the likes of you," she teased. "Try a little lower."

He silently nodded and leaned back in, this time aiming for her taint. Demonic flavor exploded across his tongue, flooding his fragile mind with the infinite pleasures she had to offer. The thrall immediately dove between her cheeks, burying that slick muscle in her winking ring. The succubus cried out in bliss, not from the penetration, but from his total submission. She would have to reward whoever it was that posted that faulty diagram online.

Her clawed hands flew to the back of the toy's head, when they not so gently coaxed him to give her more. The slave forced his tongue as deep as he could into her, but it wasn't enough for the greedy demoness. The pressure on his dome continued to grow, until his entire head popped into her rectum with a thick squelch. The succubus screamed in pleasure as a powerful orgasm wracked her perfect body. Fluid shot from her clenching pussy in spurts, coating his back in her liquid pleasure. Unfortunately for her slave, the demoness' ass was just as greedy as the rest of her, and he was quickly drawn into her bowels.

Even as his world went dark, he kept at his duty of pleasing his mistress. He lapped at her anal walls as they rippled around him in one final show of unyielding dedication. Had the demoness been lucid enough to realize what he was doing, she may have regretted claiming him so soon. It wasn't long before the tips of his toes disappeared between her cheeks and he was completely shut off from the outside world. Her stretched anal gate quickly regained its shape as her feline dildo slid deeper into her, showing no signs of having just swallowed someone whole.

The succubus writhed on her bed for hours as the slave continued his journey through her gut, until he finally spilled out into her stomach with an audible slosh. She would spend the next few weeks feeding off his frustration and pleasure as he fought for an unobtainable release in her wonderfully sensual belly.