

The Wrong Summon

"Come on Frankie. It's obviously the star with four points. Remember what our professor said? A *diamond* star."

"Oh shut it Dalton. Professor Greenwich made it quite clear that it was a six pointed star. A *hexagram* you dumb dolt."

Two magical uni-students were in their dorm rooms while all were feasting in the Hall of Marvelousness. The pair skipping their lunch in order to gain an edge in their upcoming Summoning 103 class. Both wore gray-black robes over their everyday prep uniform, with each having a different color seen as a highlight whenever in the presence of a gleam. Frank, also known as Frankie, the courageous and taller of the two, had an orange shimmer on his robe. While Dalton, arguably the smartest in the room, wore a robe adorned with an aquamarine overlay.

On the ground in front of them was their summoning circle, a large star the two were going back and forth at erasing and redrawing with various colored chalks. Streaks of former lines in the shades of pink, red, blue, and green were going to be yet *another* mess for the janitors to clean up in the next few hours.

"I'm telling you, it's a diamond." Dalton smashed his foot in the ground, destroying another point.



“You stop that you sodding fool! You’re going to mess up the whole ritual!” Frank added another point to what was now a very wobbly looking star.

The comedic pair went round and round destroying and drawing, drawing and destroying, up until one bumped a nearby table, the melting candle that would be the catalyst to burn the chalk and initiate the summoning spell fell to the floor, right when the shape itself was a deformed five-pointed star. A *pentagram*.

“LOOK AT WHAT YOU’VE DONE!” they both shouted to each other at the same time, ignoring when a puff of smoke soon filled the air. Their mouths were open, ready to scream more obscenities, but instead became full of irritating smog that caused them to cough until the thick, gray mist cleared the air, and a new presence announced itself with a hefty sigh.

Now in the center of the dormitory, right on top of the summoning circle containing that very same pentagram, was a kind of anthromorph the humans were used to in their world. One in the form and design of a large, muscular skunkman. His chest could support an entire feast if his strong, toned breasts were more flat. They bulged, the tips of the nips breaching the black fur, a white stripe starting at his hair, the color of the top of his head mostly being white as it turned into a stripe all the way down



his back and his tail. A pink nose wrinkled as he took in a deep breath, and sighed at the two students who were on the floor, shocked at the sight of him.

“This doesn’t seem to be a ‘life-threatening’ situation,” the skunk snorted out. He crossed his arms, the elbows resting on a thick gut reminiscent of the finest beer bellies in the most popular of tavern halls. He seemed like a bodybuilder, with just more chub in specific places, and with a wide neck.

Interestingly enough, Frankie could tell the entity was demonic. Two spiraled charcoal horns had sprouted near the thing’s ears, and he had two fangs like a vampire peeking from under the top lip.

“From the look on your faces, you have no idea who I am, do you?”

The two uni-students synchronized their head shakes. Other than a rather ill-fitting loincloth, the infernal skunk was naked everywhere else. And by ill-fitting, it meant the duo could see a pair of sagging, ginormous balls dangling beneath the burlap shield. Hairy, musky, the very scent was wafting in all directions, including up their own noses. Neither were queer in a progressive sense, but the longer they stared, the more they took in the aroma, the harder their own cocks grew.



Something the skunk could see as both men grew to full mast. The anthromorph gave a sly smile. "What you two asswipes have done, is summoned me, Meph... you wouldn't really be able to pronounce the rest, especially not now. I am the *last* resort for plenty of adventurers. Orcs about to fry you up for dinner? Draw my pentagram. I think you both get the idea. I'm actually a force of good even though you sons of bitches draw me as some kind of 'baby-eating devil.'"

It was Frankie who broke their silence. "I... I... I apologize good sir. We... we're both learning magics--"

"Oh yeah. I can *really* see that. Called me right into your own dormitory and everything. But you know what I hate?"

"Um, what would that be?" Dalton chittered as his teeth chattered in both fear and arousal.

"I take a very modest payment from those who call me and *actually* need me. But for those who call me without an emergency, something that means that... right now, someone could be dying because you two fools brought me here. Well, I take a much more greedier payment." The smile on Meph's face was as wide as the students' homework.



One hand quickly went down to lift the *moist* loincloth, revealing a fat cock thicker than the arms of the humans. Something that'd split human women right in half. An uncut head was pulled back to show a tip with a urethral hole broad enough to put your tongue inside. Dalton was the one that moved forward as the dick grew and grew, hardening up further until it became the largest penis either human had seen in their entire lives.

For his interest, the smarter pupil was rewarded with the first course, a rapid fire, hot-shot glob of skunky semen smashing into his face. Dalton gasped, allowing a second spray to fly deep into his mouth, coating the back of his throat as the rest covered his face in cream, matting his stubble, his eyebrows, his head hair. Frankie stared in abject horror and perverse lust, feeling deep down in his heart and soul that it *should've been him!*

"Damned devils that never gets old! That isn't an orgasm fellas! That's just my pre. *Fuuuuuuck*. Being a beast of passion is something ain't it?" He put his fists on his hips, his dick long and hard enough to push itself out of its foreskin *and* lift the cloth without needing a hand. It twitched in the air, excited for what was to come.

For the first time in the encounter, Frankie was able to break his gaze on Meph's incomprehensibly-sized cock, bringing his head towards his friend caked with cum. The smell was both tantalizing and abhorrently briny. As if you took all the salt out from the



sea and mixed it with a white butter. Yet the more of the scent he took in, the more attractive it was. He saw what Dalton was doing, licking around the sides of his face. For Frankie, the knowledge of its taste was a forbidden fruit he was too curious not to try.

The taller man brought his tongue deep into the scruff of his friend's face, kneading into the skin until his pink taste buds were coated in an ocean of pearly cream, like his tongue was being baked in salt both from the heat, and the intense flavor of sodium.

"Damn. Look at you two go at it!" Meph exclaimed with a meaty chortle. "But I don't have much time before I'm summoned elsewhere and I wanna hurry this up." He snapped his beefy fingers, both men, both entranced, now attentive towards the big skunk's words. "You," he pointed to Dalton, "for summoning me without a need, I order you to jerk off but *never* cum. Let your horniness dictate your entire life, do it in the classroom, do it in the bathroom, keep doing it, until you're expelled and then... I'll *find* you. Don't **you** worry."

Dalton whipped his head up and down, agreeing to everything as he shot his hand into his pants, gripping the fully erect cock as he tugged up and down on it, grunting like an ape.

"Oi! Not here. Get out and leave me and your friend here."



The man followed the order without hesitation, hastily running for the door as one hand held his pants up while the other kept jerking himself off. He slammed the entryway shut, leaving now the warmth emanating from the demonic entity, and Frankie.

"What's *your* name?"

"F-Frank... most people call me Frankie." He spoke like an artificial automaton.

Meph cut the gap between them, his upper belly pressing against the lone human until it trapped him against the wall behind him. A miasma-like green revealed itself around the skunk's form, a shimmer covering his body that the somehow still sane student could recognize as both an incredibly powerful being, and that the use of magic was being employed. The skunk wasn't done with him. Especially since he now noticed himself being lifted up, the anthromorph's cock between his legs as if he were riding a horse.

"Fanny. That's a good name for a good girl isn't it?" The demon was lowering his muzzle down, a smile so wide his teeth were in the student's face, the nose of the snout nuzzling his brown hair.

"A good girl? Uh, y-yeah, I bet. But I'm-"



"A good girl. That's exactly what you are." One free paw was shuffled around in the air, whipping signs as a green fire prickled at Frankie's clothing and heroic robes, burning them away inch by inch until he was completely naked.

The flames had heat and pinched at his skin with a pain made for enticement than any kind of agony. A similar sting one might feel with teeth lightly sinking into your shoulder when fucked from behind. It made the man coo in a high-pitched tone as his bare skin touched and hugged around the skunk's throbbing cock. Frankie couldn't help but reach down and play with the foreskin, marking his fingers with its grime just so he could lick them up and savor the tang.

"Look at you already getting so into it," Meph said, bringing a fat hand to tickle the back of the human's ears. "I want you to beg for it. Beg for my cock."

"I... I want it, I want it *in me*. I... uh, don't know how it'd fit but-

A finger entered Frankie's mouth, going so far into the back of his throat it gagged him. "You let me worry about that Fanny. I want you to make my cock even bigger. This is as far as it'll go, but one thing I always take is a little length. Makes me even *bigger*, you see?"



“...take a little length?” the human said with a tinge of fear.

“Oh yes.” Meph brought a finger down to Frankie’s cock, an appendage rivaling that of the human penis’s girth and length, pressing it into his own shaft as they rubbed together. “If I was needed, a little length. If I’m not, I take it all. For girls... honestly I give them a break, they go through enough shit in this world.” The skunk rolled his eyes, his grim smile becoming more genuine for a few seconds before turning back into its mischievous grin. “So I want you to beg for my cock to be bigger, beg for me to take your girth and add it to my own. And then fucking **beg** for me to fuck you with it. The very same cock you made larger by giving up your own.”

The human, so bewitched by all of the stimuli around him, never did notice parts of his body already changing. His ears growing fuzzy with white fur, turning into the shape of a lop-sided C. A nose that was slowly extending forward now pink as his hard nipples, nipples already leaking milk, and already on top of A-cup breasts created from the fire that nipped him so pleasantly.

That same green fire burned softly in his own eyeballs, intensifying with lust and desire as he ceased in the moment to see his cock as anything more than a means to an end. A means to grant Meph the girth he deserved, and for *Fanny* to get the goods that’d let her take in his supreme size and shape.



She slammed her hand on top of her cock, her nails elongating into sharp claws as she kneaded her phallus with her palm. "Take it! Take it all! Take my cock, take my balls, take it all from me! I'm not a man, I'm a bitch! A bit-"

Once again, the skunk's juicy finger made its way into her mouth. "You're getting too excited too quickly. I like to play with my food. So my food should take it slow..." A puff of smoke blew from his lips, hitting the changing human in the face as her eyes became docile, her smile dumb and full of joy.

With his cock supporting her entire weight, and his belly holding her against the wall, Fanny massaged her shrinking cock into the foreskin of Meph's, gently moaning as with every rub, her voice rose above another pitch, and her cock lost another inch. Fanny pushed her face against Meph's furry gut, licking at the fuzz with a tongue that was now more slim and forked, slithering around to penetrate deep into the hide and to relish in the taste of the skunk's flabby yet taut flesh.

"Take it... take it all... make me yours... make me your bitch!" She could tell he enjoyed that more, a smoldering snort of approval thrusting out from his snout and blanketing the back of her head with the warmth of his breath.

One by one, her cock retracted bit by bit, and with every loss of its size came another pulse telling her that Meph's cock was getting thicker. Her balls were as tiny as



peanuts, the cum inside transferring all semen to a better cage, one that lowered the skunk's testicles closer to the floor. The anthromorph played with his prey's lips, using his thumb to straddle her maw before sticking the fuzzy knob inside for her to suck on. Fanny closed her eyes and let her cock shrink down until it was nothing but atoms, a new slit opening up to allow the large lad in front of her to enter her, once she was fully developed.

Horns burst from her skull, not as large as the master she now served, but just enough to denote her affiliation as a member of his court. Fanny's tits grew rapidly, milk for hellspawn churning inside as the balloons on her chest inflated past D-cups, smashing into the male's body. Meph took no time letting his free hand grasp and play with them as he thrust his cock, frothing the she-skunk's widening entrance with his foreskin, making her caw like the whore she was.

More fur sprouted all around her, her entire back white with a black stripe as if her fur pattern were the opposite of Meph's. A green tattoo of his mark burned into her back like hundreds of candle wicks constantly alight. It told all devils and demons of the lands below and far across that she was the male's property, and damaging such property would come with an appropriate act of revenge or payment for who would hurt her.



But for Meph, for his property, he could do whatever he wanted. He watched as she continued to shriek for his name with her muzzle fully developed, her short black hair waving as every throb of his dick made her jump, her tits bouncing up and down. There were some hard, furious knocks at the door to the dorm, complaining about the noise and the need to enter, but Meph used his magic to magically lock the entrance, imploring his slut to scream even louder to muffle the complainers.

Despite losing her manhood and many of the things that made Fanny her old self, it was a surprise to her that her height and weight both increased. The cock between her legs was still ginormous, but her head could now rest right below Meph's neck if she were on two legs, as if now she could dominate any humans with her own borrowed magics and form thanks to her owner.

Fanny's entire body felt like one big barrel of gunpowder. Something deep inside that needed to explode but had no tinder. "I'm on fire! I feel so warm! I need... I need... I NEED-"

"You need this cock deep in your pussy my skunky succubus. You're in heat... well except for the common bitch mutt needing pups in her, you need the energies of those willing to give it to you. Since I *did* take your fine penis, I suppose I could give you a shred of my own vigor."



Her tail electrified in euphoria as it came to its full size, her paws and fur all grown to their proper proportions. Fanny's cunt had been leaking a thick river of juices all over the top of Meph's dick, and now with the pair of demonic skunks a feet and a few inches from matching in height, and similar in frame... it was time.

They were almost as tall as the top frames of the beds in the dorm. Her master carried her over to the most open part of the room, dropping her to the floor as her breasts smacked against the stone, cushioning her fall. To have a vagina was both one of the most alien, and one of the greatest feelings she ever had. The throb of her cock was gone but there was still a thump to it, equating a cannonball shooting its load when she shot girl cum from her hole.

Meph took the easiest position behind her, rolling the tips of his fingers over her plush and fluffy ass, pulling the cheeks apart as he teased her asshole with his slick tip. "Gotta say Fanny, you're doing pretty good already. Being just such the best of girls for me. Some protest here and there, others plead to keep their masculinity. But you? You're eager. The ones I take a mild payment... you know they just can't help but want a little more taken off the top. They just keep summoning me again and again for the most trivial of issues. Glad I could cut down the middleman to make you the-"

His monologue was surprisingly interrupted as a single eye twitched. Fanny, with all that she was given recently, wasn't going to delay anymore. During his talk, she lifted



up her hips, secretly tested where Meph's cock would align with her pussy, and pushed back as hard as she could. The two roared, especially the new succubus who felt her hellish hymen fracture, sealing the fate that was made for her. Thoughts of thousands of men from all races and origins that needed to be pleased coursed through her mind like a burst dam, drool flowing from both pairs of lips.

"Oh fuck me! Fuck me! *Fuckmefuckmefuckmefuckmefuckmefuckme!!!!*" she whored out, spasming every time Meph's cock tip tickled the entrance to her womb, spraying like a hose as his corruptive semen splattered all around the inside of her cunt. The two skunks were madly fucking, even the male's own grunts loud enough to drown out the requests of the school's headmaster to open the door this very instant. Oh how the both of them would love to make all those idiots outside be forced to watch them go at it, but with no deals having been made, their fates would be saved.

Unlike Fanny's...

The floor suddenly dropped, Meph tired now of all of the interruptions as he pushed in and out of the skunk's vagina while they did the deed on a circular slab heading straight down to hell. A new heat rose as the succubus's eyes went bright with wonder, a huge chasm as far as her sight could see was all around them. A floor made of lava as winged beasts copulated mid-flight while the souls of the damned were made audience to all kinds of erotic phenomenon.



It was then that their flying slab crashed into the lava, the nearby fiery sea turning into the same green that started the transformation. A few globs of magma landed on them both, doing no damage but rather sizzling into obscurity while Fanny's tongue nearly sunk to the cragged, rocky surface her hands and knees were on.

Meph's tone of voice became both gruffer and more excited. "Welcome to your new home you fucking bitch!" He slapped her ass as a thick chunk of his seed spewed out. "No more humanity, no more morals, no more anything. You're a fucking tool to be used. You can't think for yourself, you can't think at all unless I give you that luxury."

The words were her scripture. The tone of his voice was her DNA. The brain in her head only worked if activated by the sounds he produced. She was millions of miles away from her school, her former life she couldn't even remember. All she focused on was getting this amazing skunk behind her, her master, to cum.

And with the assets Meph gave her, getting him to cum didn't take that much longer.

The skunk demon grabbed her harshly, pistoning his hips back and forth as he opened his maw wide and screamed so loud even the angels above could hear his roar. Immediately within the first pump came a torrent, an explosion of his seed as it flushed



out from Fanny's cunt, marking the ground and burning away in the green lava around them, creating a smoky, aromatic mist around them. The bottom of the succubus's fist slammed against the rocks as she screeched like an elder banshee in an ancient bog, getting even some of the other fucking beasts to stare and smile at such a bombastic climax both skunks shared.

It was a surprise to Fanny that she pulled herself out from the male's cock, feeling fitter and more energetic than ever. As if she could fuck again and again without a single break. Meph on the other hand was in a wet puddle of their cum, sweat caking into his fur as he looked like he was going to pass out.

"F-fucking succubi. Not even tired are you?"

"Not at all Master!" she said with a sarcastic salute, her pupils like feline slits. "I think I want more!"

She nearly got him, she almost did. Meph was almost destroyed by his own creation as a bubble went around him, keeping the vampiric lady at bay as she needed him like he was a drug. "There's plenty of friends and others that I need you to service. Gets me in their good graces." A portal opened behind him, giving a good view to Fanny of a massive orgy occurring within. There wasn't a command, but she rushed into it



through sheer instinct, allowing Meph to close the glowing gate, and be safe from her ire.

“See you in a couple thousand years I suppose,” he said with a chuckle, letting his body rest before he’d be summoned again, hopefully this time for someone that *actually* needs it.” A thought then popped into his head. “Oh... that’s right.”

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Dalton couldn’t help himself. He lasted a week before everything came crumbling down. He tried to be sneaky about it at first, just rubbing himself while in class, but eventually the smell was overwhelming for people. It got people staring, and the more they looked, the harder he got.

It was in the very same summoning class that got him expelled. The fact that the professor had asked him three times to explain what he was doing with himself in the back row, his elbow moving as he chugged his hand up and down his sore cock. The arousal got to him, his libido skyrocketing as he loudly announced he was jerking himself off to a crowd of thirty-five, standing on a table to give them all a show.

The poor human was even masturbating as he signed his expulsion papers, a few dried marks on the pages representing his overwhelming lust.



It was a month of this torture. His mind having gone twisted a long time ago. When Meph finally revealed himself, the human begged in incoherent gibberish to let him cum. The skunk said no words, merely opening up his cock for Dalton to suck on. As his lips made their way around the first ring of a cock that was about to tear him apart, the demon reached down and over, holding the human's ankles in one firm grip. He slid the man down as his skin turned into purplish plastic, eyes crying in tears of joy as his dick both shrank and came before it merged together with the rest of his flesh, a new material wrapping all over his body.

Meph took the former human down to the hells, a fresh sex-toy ready to be used. It didn't have a brain, nor a way to show feelings, but by the devils it could feel *everything*. It was the skunk's way of giving back as he fucked the toy while resting on his ornate stone throne. He used it for hours and hours, teasing himself as well as the remains of Dalton's psyche before holding the toy as tightly as possible with both paws, rupturing it as cum blew from every available orifice, rendering the one-time device useless, but its purpose fulfilled.

With a lazy throw, Meph chucked the cum-coated thing behind him as it fell into one of the deepest caverns within the known universe, squeaking out as it landed on top of an untold number of other similarly used toys from every devil and demon alike. Dalton hummed in a harmonic tone through the spiritual lines of life with the rest of



them, hypnotically bound to the explicit nature of all sexual emotions. Each proud to have serviced whatever master threw them down here with the satisfaction unknown to any living mortal.

For if any mortal wanted to experience such elation, they'd have to join the unliving ones here, alive in their own ways, but gone in many more.

For Fanny, she got well enough into her new role, not even seeing a human again for many years until one that wished to slay her became enamored by her and her dominant physique. Calling her mommy, sucking on her teats, and having his cock be used for whatever she wished. A sexual thrall that'd be used however she needed him to be.

And for Meph, he did what he was created for. Giving adventurers a way out, as long as they gave him a way... *in*.

