

Invisible - Part Three

The Door

by Danni Iridescent

CW: questionable consent; unsafe BDSM; misogyny; rape references; cnc

Once I had made it back to my flat, my mind was racing with what I'd seen. With what I'd *done*. Not just fucking the life out of that girl in the toilets - while that had been a fantastic way to get to grips with how I could... *seduce* women in my invisible state. No, it was Olivia.

Olivia.

The girl I had spent so long fantasising over. I could still feel the wet of her cum on my cheeks, starting to dry a little as the memory of holding her wrists against the wall, looking over her naked body as she gasped and moaned, her sighs and noises as my tongue traced her slit... it was like a dream.

But it wasn't. It was *real*.

And what else was real was the fact that she hadn't been surprised.

This was the reason I didn't follow her home and fuck her senseless; why I didn't stay in the library, touching and playing with her while her friend sat next to her. I knew where she lived, I knew where she studied - call me a pervert, but she wasn't exactly coy about the information. Half the things she posted online were taken in her garden, with an easily-recognisable messy back wall that was part of one of the student blocks nearby campus. There was a red back gate - very rustic and looked *great* for those Saturday-night pre-drink selfies, but it was also a 'I live here' marker for anyone who cared to look.

Which, of course, I had.

So, I knew where she was. I knew that she *wanted* me to go and fuck her - she'd even said this might be more fun 'at night, in her bed'.

What I wanted to know was *why* she was under the impression that this was her fault. Her intention. Besides the fact that she'd basically outright said she thought this was demon shit, she'd also said 'Best birthday present ever', which told me she'd bought herself those books as a birthday thing.

Each layer I pulled back of this girl, I liked her more. Not only was she hot-as-fuck, she was also a horny slut who believed in demons. Specifically, sex-demons.

Well, I would be happy to prove her right.

The first thing I did, though, as I passed by the sounds of Brittany being fucked like a sex-slave in her boyfriend's room, was to lock my door behind me, take the ring off, throw Olivia's bra onto my bed as the trophy it was, pull up my laptop and search those books I'd seen Olivia researching.

Summoning and Savouring; Where the Occult and Erotic Meet. A quick search showed that there was a PDF version available online.

And... that's where my afternoon went.

While Olivia was out having coffee with her friend, being social and attractive and happy, I was where I always was. In my room, curtains closed, cock *rock hard* as I flitted through pages and pages of content. The difference being that *this* wasn't going to result in me shame-wanking over Olivia's new profile picture.

No.

Now, I was going to use all of the information I'd learned, which gave me a *hell* of a lot of context on what she believed was going on, to take her.

Properly, *really* take her.

I knew it had to be tonight - I'd already cum twice today, so I knew I'd be able to last a while... hopefully. But, if I left it even one more day, I had no guarantee I'd get another chance like this. If I was able to take what I'd seen of her - how eager she was - I just knew she'd be making sure she was spending tonight holed up in bed, ready for her demon to take her.

And it was a demon she was expecting.

The book she was looking into was one of a set - the latest, actually, which told me it was likely she'd read the first three in this little quadrilogy.

From the PDF, it was easy to piece together the way this had all transpired, at least from her perspective. A lot of the book focused on spiritual sexuality in the abstract sense - finding ways to meditate so hard you cum, or using masturbation as a form of therapy, things like that. However, as the title promised, there were also much more... occult sides to the resource book.

From what I could make out, Olivia had tried to summon a pleasure demon. A succubus, or incubus, or something of the like. The book laid out several ways to go about doing this, with different results promised from going about it in different ways.

There were Ouija board instructions on how to lure in a spirit that lusted for human pleasure, summoning spells to revisit the spirit of a dead lover, and some others that didn't seem to *fit* with what was going on.

Then, right at the back, in the final summoning chapter, I found it.

A prayer circle for a demon of lust.

The book seemed to spend a bit of time considering exactly *who* it was summoning - Asmodeus, Pan, or some other unknown thing, but the results were - apparently - pretty significant. Women who summoned him were *satisfied*, without exception.

Of course, in my own experience, the reason for this was clear - whatever demon Olivia had summoned, if that was *in fact* what was going on, didn't actually need to do anything to her; instead, it had found me instead. It had found a person it *knew* would seek out and ravish Olivia, doing what needed to be done, meaning it could be left to it's devices.

At least, that was my working theory.

What I *knew* is that Olivia would be waiting for me, and that I was going to have to prepare. After all - if she expected a demon, I wasn't exactly going to be able to fulfil that without a little... preparation.

* * *

By the time it was nearing nightfall, with the sky turning orange and the wind coming in, I was ready.

I had spent my afternoon scouring idea pages online, and using my ring to walk into shops, take the materials I needed, and walk out without *anyone* being any the wiser - all I had to do was take a duffel bag into the 'invisible' realm with me, meaning that anything I put inside the bag became invisible, too. It was a more organised version of stuffing Olivia's bra under my top.

And it worked. Before the clock hit seven, I was as ready as I would ever be.

All I needed to do, then, was to make my way over to Olivia's, after stopping at some evening-ready student cafe for a bite to eat. I hadn't considered myself a criminal before, after all. A creep, sure. And I was happy enough to see the *pleasure* I brought the women I had... interacted with, to pass that off as 'forced pleasure'. But outright stealing was something else.

The duffel bag that hung at the end of my arm, heavy and full, was a testament to the man I was becoming. It had been a quick, easy transformation, and one that I had embraced, but as I ordered myself a mocha and an overpriced panini, I was able to reflect for the first time about who I was turning into.

I had a stash of stolen sex toys - amongst other paraphernalia - and was biding my time before going and fucking my dream girl while she thought I was a demon. Also, I *might* be working for said demon. Hell, I might have the body of a demon while I do it, seeing as it seems to change my body (not that I can tell).

I bit into the panini, the tuna tasting a little sour in my mouth, and decided against finishing it. Hell, if I needed money, I could just take some - no one would be able to stop me. And, after all, *anyone* would do the things I was doing, if they were able to, right?

That was the real secret - the real truth to this situation. Given the things I had been given, anyone would steal; anyone would stalk; anyone would grope and fuck. Anyone.

I finished my coffee, the weight of uncertainty weighing me down as I checked the time. I wasn't *certain* that Olivia would be home yet, seeing as it was barely half seven, but I was past waiting. It was now or never. I had wanted this for *so long*, I would never forgive myself if I backed out now.

Besides, she would be waiting for me.

This wasn't going to be like the slut in the toilets - who I had wound up slowly, from nothing. Olivia had literally *asked* for this. She had meddled in the dark arts, and I was her reward.

I stood, leaving the panini where it was, and picked up my bag, before making my way out. Outside, I dipped down into an alleyway, and as I walked I found the ring inside my pocket. Slipping it on, I fell out of the visible realm, and the demon I was came to life.

I was on campus within the minute, and within five I was standing outside of Olivia's building. The bag in my hand bounced against my leg as I watched the door, waiting for someone to come out, or go in, so I could sneak in alongside them.

As I waited, my mind drifted - specifically to my conversations with The Man. The flat-cap wearing stranger who floated in and out of my life, speaking odd words and holding unshared knowledge.

The last time I saw him, he told me that the rules were as simple or as complex as I made them - which, of course, didn't really make any sense. But it gave me a thought. Assuming that he *was* a demon, or something similar to our conception of a demon, that meant his powers were demonic - including moving through walls. And, presumably, invisibility.

And if he'd given *me* a little of that power, then maybe...

Gripping the nag in one hand, and squeezing my fist with the ring firmly on my finger on the other, I stepped towards the glass entrance of the student housing complex and-

The door opened. Behind me, a woman in her early twenties, short and wearing a sundress, boots and jacket and looking *very* hungover, stepped in past me.

She looks... nice, I thought to myself, the weight of the toys in my bag making a myriad of thoughts rush through my head.

I cursed myself, knowing I was here for Olivia, but as I watched the hungover beauty walk with a purpose into the building, I followed. It was near-automatic. I followed her down a hallway as she turned left, coming out of the lobby and into a courtyard area. She crossed, letting herself into the next building block - no key needed - and stepped in. I followed her as she went to the first room on the left - Room D1.

She pressed a card to the door and stepped inside, closing it quickly behind her.

I swallowed. *I'm here for Olivia*, I told myself.

So, I stepped away, and I started to follow door numbers. Olivia was in the same block - block D - which meant that, with a little sneaky espionage on her social media, finding her room would be easy.

Of course, I'd already figured that part out a year ago. I was looking for room D21, which meant I wanted to be two floors up.

So, after finding the stairwell and climbing silently for two flights of painted-white concrete, I found myself at an impasse. Between me and the corridor Olivia's flat was on, there was a door. Not a locked door, but a door - and, above me, a security camera. Now, I had no trouble just opening it and walking through, but I *also* didn't fancy drawing attention to this place as some haunted modern marvel, where the CCTV clearly shows a non-electronic door opening on its own.

So, as I had done downstairs, I steeled myself and pressed my hand against it, summoning the image of The Man as he had walked through walls and appeared at will. I pulled up the power within me, all that cold and hot, the clear and the smoky.

And I stepped forwards.

And all of a sudden I was on the other side of the door.

I allowed myself a brief moment of pride, of *achievement*, before I put myself back on-task. And so, bag in-hand, I walked the navy-coloured carpets until D21 was in front of me. The door, like every other, was plain pine wood, with a peephole and a handle with a card-lock. I could hear, just about, some movement inside, and whether that was Olivia or a friend or someone else I didn't care. I was here now.

So, I pressed my hand to the door, and did the same as I had done.

And, all of a sudden, I was inside her home.

I could feel my heart thumping in my chest, the smell of her hair filling my nose as the soft sound of music filtered through the air - which I realised was what I'd heard through the door - along with the steady hiss of a shower.

Holy shit, I thought to myself, as I kept the bag in-hand and went to her bathroom door. Amazingly, it wasn't locked - though a brief look around confirmed that this was a one-person flat, and that she lived alone. Her door was locked - why would she need to lock the bathroom?

Besides, this was a girl who'd summoned a demon in the hopes it would fuck her. She enjoyed a little danger.

I pressed the door in, letting it move; if she heard it, or saw it, I hoped her mind would start to reel at the possibility of what was to happen tonight.

However, as I poked my head in, I saw that the shower curtain was between her and the door, blocking her view of it as I moved in on her. I approached, my footsteps silent in the room as I saw her moving behind the translucent cover, the soft mist making the whole experience unreal.

I came to the edge of the curtain, and with a shaky breath, looked round.

There, with water pouring over her every curve and crease, shimmering with a wet sheen, running her hands through her long hair, was Olivia.

I watched as she turned, almost intentionally presenting her backside to me - it was glistening and plump and *so inviting*. My heart could have stopped, the way my chest tightened at the sight of her. So natural and comfortable and calm.

And naked.

So fucking naked.

This wasn't like slinking through her social media for a glimpse of cleavage; it wasn't like getting a naughty grobe during a tumble in the woods; it wasn't even like a hasty taste of her sex in the taboo setting of the study room.

This was her, in her own shower, as vulnerable as possible, and I was *there*. Just staring at her.

I saw the way her pubic hair had started to grow in after a presumed shave; I saw the way soap dripped between her breasts and snaked down her hips; I saw the way she leant back, enjoying the shower water on her face.

I remembered how she had looked at me, as I was. In *real life*. The real Tommy. She thought nothing of me, spare moments of mockery. Well, she had no idea she'd *asked* for me to be here. She had put this into motion. So, now, I was going to take her.

But not in the shower.

For now, I just enjoyed the show.

And she *did* put on something of a show. She turned, keeping her back just a little arched to have the water pour down her face, as her fingers trailed her stomach indulgently. I wondered if she was doing this in the hopes that her demon - *me* - would be watching, or if this was just... how she showered. Which seemed silly, to be honest. I wasn't complaining, of course, but the idea that any woman would shower while making an effort to look so... inviting? Nah. I didn't buy it.

Which meant she knew I was here. Or, she thought I *could* be there, and she was erring on the side of horny hope.

Fuck, it was getting harder and harder not to just scoop her up, take her to bed, pin her down and fuck her stupid.

But that wasn't the plan.

However, as I watched her fingers trail to her left nipple, her teeth catching her tongue in a seductive bite, my resolve began to crumble. I watched her pinch the small pink nub, her breath catching as her thighs rubbed together.

Her other hand, slowly, trailed towards her sex, and as she turned away from me to lean against the wall, I realised that I was watching her masturbate.

So, I started to take notes.

Her chest would fill in a soft gasp as her nipples were pinched, and the fingers melding through her slit weren't going *in*, rather she was teasing her clit more than anything. So, she liked aggression on her tits, and teasing on her cunt. Good to know.

Her head fell back as she went at herself, and I watched with rapt attention as she fucked herself, slowly but surely bringing her shining, sud-covered body closer and closer to orgasm.

It was too much. Watching her tits bounce beneath her fingers, her naked body shuddering as she moaned quietly beneath her own touch, it made me want to pounce. To step in beneath the shower, join her in the heat and steam. To make her moan for me.

Then, the music cut off - replaced by a loud, *awful* electronic ringing and buzzing that filled her flat.

Olivia's eyes snapped open, a mix of frustration and fury burning from them before she sighed, and grabbed a towel. Hurriedly wrapping it around her chest, she stepped past me as I moved aside, and rushed out into the hall - but not before she brushed against me, her shoulder pushing against mine.

She span, looking at the space I was inhabiting, for *just a moment*, and I saw the thought cross her mind.

Then, the next blare of awful electronic noise came through, so she left.

I followed, and saw as she grabbed her phone off the side table in the hall, which had been placed next to her speaker; as soon as she pulled it away from the speaker, the interference of whatever call had been coming in faded, and the blaring faded. With a flick, Olivia turned off the retro-style speaker, and answered the phone.

'Hey, Dad,' she said casually.

She walked back, the murmur of her father's voice on the other end of the phone a mere distraction from the *vision* that Olivia's body was, beneath a hastily-wrapped towel nothing else. I drank her in, greedy for her. When she reached the bathroom, she looked at the space I was in, a small frown on her face.

'No, I'm just at home,' she said, her mind wandering. 'I was about to cook myself something - haven't had takeaway in weeks.'

As she talked with him, I saw a flash of daring on her face.

She likes danger, I thought.

Then, with a smirk, Olivia dropped the towel.

She walked through the flat, swaying her hips as she went, *really* putting on a show now. The fact that she was on the phone to her dad was, apparently, meaningless to her.

'Something with chicken. You'll hate me but it's frozen,' she said, before leaning over - *leaning over* - a side table. The sheen of the drying water on her backside made her look good enough to eat, and I could feel every one of my fantasies coming true in front of me.

So, I decided enough was enough. She wanted to tease me, she needed to be put in her place. I dropped the bag, pulled it open, and fished out of it the first toy I had planned; a small metal buttplug with a love heart-shaped base.

I came up behind her, dropped to my knees, and dragged one hand up her leg.

Immediately, she reacted - not verbally, as she was on the phone, but I felt her shiver beneath my touch, her leg buckling a little as I stroked my hand up to her thigh.

Just as I was wondering whether she was *actually* into this, she opened her legs a little wider, inviting me to go further.

So further I went - all the while she's talking to her dad on the phone.

I pressed my mouth against her inner thigh, kissing the soft of her flesh as my hand gripped her cheeks. I lifted, kissing up towards her sex, fondling her rump happily with one hand - the other still holding the plug. When my nose touched her wet slit, I heard her suck in a breath, before giving a soft laugh.

'No, just, uh, splashed myself with some sink water. Trying to wash up as I go-'

Her word clipped off as my tongue found her clit, my nose tickling her tight backdoor as I tasted her - *fuck* she tasted so good. I could feel her tense up, trying not to make any sounds as I licked and suckled at her clit from beneath and behind. To be honest, the angle wasn't *perfect*, but I wasn't complaining about being well-and-truly immersed in her perfect cheeks, eating her cunt like my life depended on it.

When I thought she was wet enough, I pulled back and slipped the plug into my mouth, slathering it with my saliva. Then, quickly, I pressed it to her sex and pushed it home.

Being metal, and slick, and with how wet she was already, it slipped in easily. Olivia's right leg popped, her foot coming off the floor as she was suddenly invaded, and I watched her free hand grip the table she was bending over until her knuckles were white.

I slipped it out, considered how much of her juices were on it, and decided to pop it back into her cunt for a moment.

Then, knowing she was recently cleaned from her shower, I decided to do what I *never* thought I'd get the chance to do.

I sat up, and pulled her cheeks apart with my now-free hands, and sank my tongue into her tight little hole. Olivia, taken by surprise, let out a small '*hah!*' before recovering it into some mess of words over the phone, as I kissed and lapped at and licked her rosebud.

She tasted... different to her sex. Which only made sense, of course. It was muskier, and there was the scent of her soap lingering in floral waves that made her almost fruit-like; but my intention wasn't just pleasure, here. No. I was looking to make sure she was slick enough *back here* for my next intrusion.

And, after enough swallowed moans on her part, I sat back, popped the plug out of her pussy, slid it up to her backdoor, and pushed it in.

'Gotta go,' I heard her say quickly, before hanging up and throwing the phone onto a chair nearby; as her hands went to the table, gripping it as I pushed, pushed, *pushed* - until it popped in.

There, staring back at me, from between her perfect, shining cheeks, was a little heart.

'Fuuuuuck,' she whispered, that leg popping up again as it settled inside her. 'No one's ever...'
she said out loud, her voice hushed in her apparent isolation. 'Back there,' she finished.

Well, that settled what I was going to do to *end* this evening. But that was getting ahead of things.

Before we got *there*, I wanted to tease her. And to tease her, I needed her in bed. So, hoping that this demon-altered body of mine had some sort of afflicted strength, I grabbed Olivia by the wet hair and pulled her upright.

'Hah!' she yelped, my grip on her a lot more *direct* than what had come before.

I let go, turning her by the shoulders, so she was facing me. Or, more accurately, she was looking *through* me at the empty hallway of her flat, even as she could feel my hands on her shoulders.

God, her skin was so warm and soft and slick. It was making me insatiable.

'That's so fucked,' she whispered as she looked at the nothing before her.

Then, with a smirk on my face, I dropped, and grabbed her by the hips and waist. I felt my body strain, the strength of my new form taking her weight quite easily, and lifted her up over my shoulder.

‘Shit!’ she squeaked, suddenly being heaved by unseen hands, lifted and levitating in the air as she was draped over my shoulder. Her arse, right next to my head, had that floral scent, and I could see the light glinting off her plug as it stayed nestled inside of her.

I walked with her to her room - the door open and the light on - and kicked the bag along the floor by my side to keep it with me. I wondered, if only briefly, if she could see it - if so, she made no mention of it.

Maybe she was distracted.

I threw her onto her bed, and took note of the space around me; her room was... surprisingly clean. I didn’t know *why* I expected more mess - perhaps I was just so used to living in my pig-sty of a room that I thought it was normal. But it was pleasant, if a little bare. Stock pine furniture with a laptop station against the window, chair pushed underneath neatly; her bed, with plain white sheets, was made and clean, with storage boxes underneath sticking out slightly. There was a round rug at the foot of her bed, soft and shaggy, that took up an odd amount of space, but that was about it.

As she fell onto the bed, flat on her back, she looked up at the empty space above her. For a moment, I waited to see what she was going to do. She waited, too, for *me* to take charge.

‘You...’ she said eventually, her voice shaking - from fear or lust, I couldn’t tell. ‘You took your time,’ she said.

I could have laughed.

‘It’s been a week,’ she continued. ‘And, after the study room, I thought... I thought you would, you know.’ She struggled to find the words, and I realised it must have been strange talking like this to an empty room.

So, after pulling my clothing off and quickly stuffing the still-invisible garb into the still-invisible bag, I grabbed the next toy in my arsenal, and moved towards her. I knelt on the bed, climbing onto it.

The bedding shifted beneath me, the frame creaking as her invisible monster mounted her most intimate location, as Olivia’s eyes went wide.

Her legs, a little open, were soft against mine. She sucked in a breath as I loomed over her, Olivia laying back. I watched her tits fall with each anticipatory breath, her hips shifting beneath me, and tried to remind myself that this was real.

‘...take me,’ she said, finishing her thought.

I sat up, holding the toy in my grip, and looked down at Olivia’s shuddering, naked form. It was a collar, thick and leathery, with two metal hoops on the front. It was top-of-the-range and *would* have set me back a few hundred if I’d actually *bought* the damned thing.

Any guilt of stealing fell away quickly as I reached down, my not-quite-human hand sliding around her neck, gripping her softly. Olivia gasped, arching her back to grant me access as I squeezed. When she gave out a little moan, I pulled away, brought the collar to her neck, and slipped it on.

It buckled around the back of her head comfortably, and she gave a light sigh as she felt the pressure, the black leather squeezing into her before she was able to see it. Then, as I *willed* it, the collar seemed to come into focus, the so-far-unnoticed blur around it fading away.

Olivia's small hand went to it, and she tugged softly at the collar.

'Shit,' she sighed with a small smile.

Next, the wrist-cuffs. As soon as I took her wrist in my hand, my fingers encircling the girth of her arm easily, she understood, and offered them up. The first black leather cuff went on, a small buckle and chain hanging from it. I connected it to her collar, and mirrored this on the other side.

'Okay,' she said, slightly breathless. 'You have me. I'm... *plugged*, and bound. What now, Incubus?'

I was surprised by how forthright she was being - but, then again, any doubt about whether this was *really* happening would have long-passed by now. Instead, she was deep into the throes of her own lust, now.

Her arms trapped against her chest, I shifted to one side and rolled her easily onto her front. Her back, still slightly arched so her backside was pushing upwards, had a sheen of sweat and steam still sticking to her, a thin line that pointed from the black leather all the way down to the fullness of her butt, and the shiny plug hidden between her cheeks.

I pushed her legs apart, her thighs going wide as she lay there, unable to use her hands, and decided against using a toy to start; instead, as I saw the glistening of her sex, wet from my tongue and her lust, I failed to hold back anymore.

'Fuck me,' she basically begged me, writhing into the bedsheets, legs wide and cunt dripping. 'Please,' she whimpered. 'I've waited... *so long*.'

That was when it hit me.

I had *Olivia* begging me to fuck her. This wasn't even part of my fantasy - it had literally never occurred to me that this would ever happen. She was beautiful, cultured, loved by all - and here she was, under me, plugged and bound, begging for my cock.

I swallowed my lust, and got off her.

Quickly, I undressed, feeling my body as I did - judging by feeling alone, my body felt toned. Stronger. My hands were strong enough that I could have ripped the clothes off if I wanted to, and as I pulled my jogging bottoms off, I felt my cock against my leg.

I was bigger than I usually was - the girth was bigger, the length *significantly* bigger. Behind my excitement, I wondered how much of this was due to my arousal, or my at-will powers gifted to me by the ring.

The ring - given to me by the Man - summoned by Olivia.

This was *her* doing.

Boggles the mind.

I pulled from the bag a small vibrator with a nice, long stem, alongside the remote that it came with. I barely had to press it against her sex as it slipped in, Olivia grunting with a soft 'oh' as the rounded edge vanished into her, the stem sticking out.

'Fuck,' she whimpered. '*Please* - please - fuck me, *please* fuck me.'

Instead, I turned on the vibrator, and watched.

'Hhhooooo,' she whimpered, hips rolling immediately as the pleasure swam through her body. I hovered over her, watching the most beautiful woman I had ever seen, the person I had spent so many nights fantasising about, writhing and moaning in pleasure beneath me.

Remembering how she'd reacted last time to my demonic grip, I used my stretched hands to wrap my fingers around her neck - not *squeezing*, and certainly not *choking*, but certainly holding her in place. I could feel the chains pulling against the collar as she moaned, my pressure keeping her pressed into the pillows.

Olivia's eyes rolled back, her body flexing and writhing beneath me as an orgasm crashed over her.

'Shit-shit! SHIT!' she moaned, her brow rising in the middle, her face scrunching up and her mouth falling wide in a silent scream as her body locked up, muscles seizing.

As I sat over her, her body shuddering in pleasure, I decided that Olivia was telling me one thing above anything else - she wanted to be *used*. She wanted to summon a demon who would *fuck* her, and she was so, so happy to have that come to reality. Time for me to have a touch more fun.

I straddled her, letting my thicker-than-human cock rest on her chest; it slipped against one of Olivia's tits as I settled into place, and I watched the expression on her face shift as the orgasm subsided, the realisation of what that sensation *meant* sinking in.

'You feel... huge,' she said with a whimper, her breath short as she panted, chest rising and falling, my cock dragging against her sternum as her breasts, large enough to form a bit of a cushion on each side, stroked my cock lightly. I sighed in pleasure as I felt her tits brush against me, but I knew I wanted... *more*.

So, I released her throat, her arms still shackled to her collar and pushing her tits together a little when she moved her elbows, and took one of her tits in my palm. It was gloriously soft, pliant under my light touch, her nipple hard and hot as it was rubbed by my hand. Olivia let out a soft sigh as I gripped it lightly, squeezing her perfect breast in my demonic hand, before doing the same with the other.

With her bust in my grip, and the vibrator in her pussy making her writhe still, Olivia was unable to do more than sit back and take it as I pushed her tits together, creating a pillowy embrace for my cock as it fucked her chest.

Slowly, at first. I had no intentions of making this... *uncomfortable*. But, equally, I wanted to own her body the way *she* wanted me to. To be the demon she wanted me to be. And that meant being... *forceful*.

Either way, from the way her hips were bucking and the way her eyes rolled back and the way she moaned as she was violated by some unseen monster, I could tell I was getting the response I wanted.

'Fuck! God - *FUCK*,' she yelled as a second orgasm came over her, the mental stimulation of the situation more than enough for her - never mind the plug in her tush and the vibrator on her g-spot. I watched from above as she came, her face all scrunched up again, mouth wide open, and leant down.

And, hoping my face was more human - more *myself* - than demon in that moment, I leaned in, and kissed her. My body was bent at an odd angle, so my cock slipped away from her tits as I straddled her, my tongue slipping into her open mouth as my lips met hers, and I heard her moan.

Olivia was moaning into *my mouth*. Fuck, it was the hottest thing in the world - and a league further than I could have hoped.

I moaned, too, knowing she wouldn't hear it anyway, as I made out with my moaning slut of a classmate; her eyes opened at first, but fluttered shut as she realised what was happening, and I hoped the more... *romantic* move would solidify that I was here for her pleasure. Not just conquest.

Though, arguably, I had conquered her already. She was tied in her own bed, naked and wet, and had already shook through two orgasms as my hand. I didn't know about her, but *I* considered that a win.

I pulled off of her, watching her gasp as the vibrator inside her kept her pleasure humming at a *perfect* level, and moved to her tits. I lowered my head between her bound arms, her wrists tugging at their shackles, and slid my tongue across her left nipple. Lovingly. Indulgently. *Olivia* sighed as I shifted my body, my legs falling between hers and pushing her knees apart as I settled into place, my lips finding her rock-hard nub with eager vigour.

As I licked, and sucked, and nibbled, my hands moved across her, holding her hips as my cock rested on her pelvis, squeezing her ass as she humped up into me, fondling her free breast as I made love to the other with my mouth.

'Please,' she wound up begging me as I pleased her, using every part of me to enjoy every part of her. 'Please, fuck me,' she gasped.

I smiled, and kissed her once more; *fuck*, the feeling of being able to do that with *Olivia* and her not only *allowing* it, but *enjoying it*?! It was almost too much for me to accept was real.

None of this should have been possible - hell, I was still trying to discern if this was one massive prank, or a hallucination or something. It was... all too fucked up.

But, assuming it *was* real, that meant that *Olivia* was the one I had to thank. She had brought this all into being, and whether she had known that *I* would be the one making her feel like *this*, barely mattered. She was getting what she wanted, and I was getting what I wanted. Win-win.

Which, of course, meant that I should put her out of her misery.

I sat up, my cock resting against her hip, and looked back at the duffel bag on the floor; inside, there were a few more toys I hadn't had a chance to use on her. There was a ball-gag, some anal beads, things like that. But, with the vibrator and the plug and the collar-restraints, I figured this was far enough for now.

I only had one more box to tick before I fucked the living *shit* out of the most beautiful woman I'd ever met. I wanted to eat her to orgasm again. But, this time, in her own bed, with her able to moan and beg and gasp, all out loud for me to hear. That's what I wanted.

I wanted her to want *me*.

Which, arguably, she already did - but I also wanted her to cum on my face, so there was that.

I shuffled down between her legs, and grabbed her by the hips, before rolling her over. Olivia yelped as I manhandled her, but got the message - and quickly she was on her face, hands still attached to her throat, her arse up in the air with her knees on the bed. From her holes I could see the stem of the vibrator poking out, and the shimmer of the plug's base as it was nestled between her cheeks.

Olivia wiggled her tush in the air.

'What are you going to do to me now?' she asked, her words clouded by her lack of breath. I could hear the *hum* of the vibrator in her cunt, and with a soft tug I slipped it out of her.

'Oh!' she chimed as it popped out of her sex, the vibrating end slapping against her clit as it bounced on its own length. 'Shit - okay.'

I turned the thing off, and threw it at the bag, before turning my attention to her upturned holes.

She really *was* perfect.

Her cheeks, soft and pale, welcomed my hands as I gripped them, feeling the way my fingers sank ever so slightly into her flesh. I pulled her open, just a little, and heard her react.

'What are you... what are you going to do to me?' she asked, prompting me onward.

In response, I settled in behind her, and licked my way up her legs again. This time, however, I didn't hesitate away from her sex, and instead languished in my ability to snake my tongue through her *soaked* pussy lips, hearing her moans and gasps as I licked at her hole. I lapped at her clit, before pushing the tip of my tongue into her sex, and then back to her clit, before applying suction - *just enough* - which ended up in her giving this low, guttural groan on my face. She pushed back against me as I tongue-fucked her, my hands around her thighs as my nose pressed against the flared base of her plug.

'Shit - *shit*,' she mumbled as I ate her out, using everything I had learned about her - that she was a bit of a masochist, and enjoyed being *used*. So, I nibbled a little, and I squeezed her thighs nice and tight, and generally treated her like a whore while she moaned unwittingly on the face of her ugly, unwanted classmate.

Then, she came.

It was howling, and shuddering, and *wet* - her juices flooded from her as her heels popped up, her cum wet on my lips as she gave a loud, guttural *Uuuuuughhh!* into her bedding. Acting fast, I sat back, pulling my tongue out of her hungry sex, lined up my cock and, in one quick, *deep* push-

I plunged myself balls-deep into Olivia's cunt.

She seized up, the sudden invasion a complete change from the mostly-external ministrations scorching through her body without hesitation.

'Uu-AAAAHHAAGH!' she screamed, lifting up on her elbows slightly as she settled, stretched all-so-suddenly around my inhuman cock; what was easily around eight inches of thick, demonic meat had been slammed into her poor, *desperate* pussy, and right now she was oscillating between begging for me to take it out, and begging for me to fuck her with it. I wondered, just for a moment, as I held her waist and enjoyed the sensation of her wet, tight hole, which she would land on.

And it was a *perfect* hole; her arousal had made her channel a slick, welcoming chasm for me to fill, and the sheer girth of my new, inhuman body that had been slowly developing over the course of this experience had made her stretch until she was tight and flush around me. Her ass pressed against my hips, and her thighs were soft against my palms as I held her in place.

It was everything I'd dreamed of.

So, I slid backwards, letting an inch or so of myself slip from her. 'Oh, fuu-*uuuuck*,' Olivia growled as I pulled an easy five inches out of her, before holding her fast as I pressed it back in; my length, even with her wetness, struggled to press into her - but we both worked through it. She pushed back, working with me until I was balls-deep inside her again, those luscious cheeks pushing into me once again.

'Oh, I could get used to this,' I groaned to myself.

'Fuck me,' she murmured to the invisible demon behind her. 'God - *please* - fucking use me?'

She sounded so... *desperate*. Who was I to deny a beautiful lady her wishes?

So, I began to fuck her.

It was slow, at least to start - steady pull, steady push, steady moans. After less than a minute, though, I was already growing a little... impatient.

So I began to go a little faster. Fast enough to make her bed rock a little, and so I could feel the swing of my balls *paff*-ing against her with each stroke. Olivia's moans got a little louder, too - a little faster. After all, she *was* getting fucked by a demon she had summoned for this *exact* purpose. This was likely a bit of a fantasy-come-true. No wonder she was enjoying herself so much.

Her cunt gripped me perfectly - silky and wet, with a soft *squelch* upon each impact, but never feeling too tight or uncomfortable, even with the new inches I was packing.

'God, yes,' she moaned, her choice of words aptly inappropriate. '*Fuck*, yesssss.'

I sped up just a little more, slamming my hips into her backside with each thrust, watching how my movements churned up her insides and caused the plug to shift from within, tugging at her backdoor lewdly.

Leaning forwards, over her back, I moved my longer, thin fingers to her collar and pushed two fingers beneath the leather. Using it like a handle, I pulled her upright, earning a 'Yllk!' from Olivia as her face was suddenly lifted off her bed. Wrists still buckled to her neck, and my cock still plowing into her from behind, I held her upright before me by the throat as I used her tight little body like my own little toy.

And, oh, how she moaned.

Her bed shook so hard I was worried it was going to leave a mark on her wall, and her moans were so loud I was worried she was going to rouse the neighbours. To solve *one* of those problems, I used my other hand to clamp over her mouth, silencing her in a muffle of choked-down moans and screams as her pussy was stretched out.

Fuck, her cunt was heaven - I was sure that, if I wanted to, I could do this forever. Just spend eternity in this bed, with Olivia, making her cum over and over and over. She deserved it, for summoning a sex demon and inviting it into her bed like this. And I deserved it, too - I had waited for *so long* for something like this.

I deserved this.

I deserved *her*.

I let go of her mouth, shifting my grip to her throat. Olivia immediately let out a gasping moan - 'BSH-Uuuuuohmygoooood!' - as I held her out before me, fucking her hard enough for her bed to make a solid *thnk-thnk-thnk-thnk* against the wall.

Her pussy flexed around my cock, and I could feel my own orgasm building. I thought of filling her cunt with my cum, *pouring* into her my thick, hot seed, and the idea of it made my heart race and my head spin.

At some point, Olivia came, shuddering and writhing in my grip, and I lifted her further, until she was upright. Her back against my chest, I was taking the weight of her in my arms as I held her by the throat; my other hand snaked through her shackled arms to grip one of her tits, her fleshy mound hot and delicious beneath my grip. I humped into her backside, barely pulling out of her as I rutted her perfect arse, her body pressed against mine.

'Cumming,' she whimpered. 'God - *fuck* - I'm cumming again!'

She shook again, and I took a deep inhale of her hair. She smelled like shampoo.

My face travelled down her neck, and I let my devilish tongue snake out, licking her jaw down to her shoulder, tracing the nape of her neck as she came on my cock again, and it must have done *something* for her, as all of a sudden she was panting orders.

'Lick me,' she said. I obeyed, lavishly tasting her flesh.

'Bite me,' she whimpered as I rutted her. I did as I was told, letting my demonic teeth open around her throat and - only lightly - closing them around her soft flesh. She gasped, humping back against me as I held her there by the teeth.

I watched as, with her hands shackled to the collar, she closed her fist. A dim lit shone from between her fingers.

‘Cum in me,’ she ordered.

Again, I obeyed - it was a heat that poured through me, sudden and *blinding* in pleasure. It split me in half, my mind breaking as I poured my cum into her, my new body perfected for *her*.

This was all for her.

All for her.

* * *

When I came around, my head spinning, I was still on her bed. Olivia was there, too - naked and slick with sweat and *leaking* my cum. Her wrists were still shackled, but she didn't seem to mind much. She was panting, and seemed to be about spent.

I was spent, too - I could feel my power was low. Which, in all honesty, was a new feeling. I felt... *weak*.

I wondered what that meant.

‘It means you did what you were supposed to,’ a voice said. I turned my head, noting that I no longer felt... inhuman. My head wasn't as heavy, and my height was back to normal. The man in the flat cap stood in the corner, over the duffel bag.

‘What does that...?’ I asked, barely able to get the question out.

‘Mission accomplished,’ he said. ‘Get home before she can... *see* you.’

That made my stomach turn - the thought of her *knowing*. So, I pulled myself together, grabbed my clothing, and grabbed the bag. I decided to leave her with the plug, and put the key to her collar on the bed - she'd figure it out - and left.

I left through the door - phasing through it was surprisingly easy now that I'd done it a couple of times - and pulled on whatever clothes I felt were needed.

The man in the flat cap followed, walking alongside.

‘How do you feel?’ he asked. Strange. I didn't think he'd asked me a question before.

‘Confused,’ I said. ‘But... I think I know what's going on now, at least.’

‘Do you?’ he asked, smirking a little. Then, it faded. ‘Tell me.’

I phased through the doorway to get to the stairs, before trundling down them silently.

‘Olivia used those... *books* she got online. She wanted a sex demon. So, she summoned you. And, you, for whatever reason, chose *me*. As an avatar, or as a secondee, or something. And, I fucked her - that's why you said my mission was accomplished, yeah? That's it. Over. Done.’

He looked ahead of us as I rambled, not responding. I wondered if he would give me *anything*.

‘You are not an avatar,’ he said. ‘You are... a manifestation. She wanted something to lust after her; I do not lust. You do. I gave you access to tools that might enable the transaction.’

‘Transaction?’ I asked. ‘Is that what this was? *A deal?*’

He smiled, as though he was listening to a different conversation. 'It's not over, Tommy.'
'What?' I asked.
But when I turned to look for his answer, he was gone.
I phased through the front door of her building, and pointed myself towards home.

- Butt plug
- Handcuffs
- Dildo
- Lube
- Ball gag
- Vibrator

- Collar with arm restraints

A huge thank-you to:

Obi

Mannie_RSf

Peer Henze

Sindre Bjørnhjell

Simon Haynes

Rhetoricalacrobat

Mad Nutter

Akeel Sobers

FlareVirtue

ML

Your support can never be overstated, and will never go under appreciated <3