

Clyde looked up hopefully from the book he'd recited. The somewhat chubby young man, recently out of college, had been certain that the spell would work. He ran his finger through his short red hair nervously as the chalk lines of the summoning circle began to glow. "It's working," he said in disbelief. "I'm going to get my own sexy succubus to be my personal concubine! This is fantastic!" He rubbed his hands excitedly as the lights in his house dimmed, lightning crashing outside.

The hairs on his arms raised as the light of the room was sucked out around the glowing blue chalk lines. The darkness began to coalesce into a humanoid shape. Clyde had the sudden realization that he had no idea how tall a succubus was supposed to be, only that the circle was supposed to allow him to bind one to him.

When the form took shape, it was a few inches taller than he was. Her breasts were the size of basketballs while a pair of blue horns sat upon her head and a matching tail swung from her plump bottom. Her body, all and all, was voluptuous: a perfect, if exaggerated, hourglass. Her blue skin wasn't much of a surprise to Clyde. The fact that she was wearing jeans and a t-shirt did. The look on her face was also not defiance, as Clyde suspected it should be. It was a look of annoyance.

"Really?" The entity said, looking around. "What asshole decided to summon me from the Other now?"

Clyde looked up at her and puffed up his chest, grinning confidently. "I am the one that bound you. That's how the spell works, succubus. You are to be my slave and concubine."

The entity looked at Clyde blankly then laughed. "What are you, stupid?" She then stepped out of the summoning circle and stared down at him past her breasts. "I'm not a demon, you moron. I'm a whole other type of monster. You *can't* bind me, only summon me."

"But, but," Clyde sputtered, "the spell said it would summon a succubus. You're supposed to be my sex slave!" He tried to move away to the book only to have the entity grab him. Clyde quickly realized she was much stronger than he was.

Pulling him over to the book, she gave the man a look of disdain. "I have a name, shit head," she said, rolling her eyes. "It's Noma. Now, let me look at the spell." Glancing over the text, she glanced back and forth from the tome to the summoning circle. A smile crept on her lips. "You used sea salt instead of kosher salt, didn't you?"

The man blinked. "How did you know?"

"I know the ritual that summons me, dork," Noma said, her tone full of disdain. "You specifically used Icelandic Sea Salt. Fucking amateur, thinking a better component will get a better demon, but no, you had to use something exotic."

"But you're supposed to be *my* concubine," Clyde whined.

Noma sighed. "Not a chance in hell. I'm stuck on this plane of existence for a year and a day and there's not a satyr's chance between Queen Mab's tits that I'm going to serve you." Her eyebrows waggled. "I do have a better idea." With a firm shove, Noma pushed Clyde into the summoning circle. His body began to glow pink as Noma chanted in Catholian, the primary language of the Other.

"What's happening to me?" Clyde whined, his body going rigid as it splayed across the circle spread eagle. His breathing became labored as his waist began to flatten. He wasn't losing weight though. His

body was redistributing it. He groaned as his bones began to pop, starting at his hips and shoulders. He couldn't raise his head, but with each breath he took, his chest took up more and more of his field of view. "No, no, no," he begged, the pitch of his voice raising from a tenor to a light soprano. His insides began to churn while his crotch felt like it was being pressed against him.

Noma watched as the fat in the man's body was shifted more and more to his melonous breasts, wide hips, ass and thighs, the body taking on a more feminine shape. "Well, you wanted a sexy succubus," she said with a smile, watching Clyde's hair grow longer and the clothing on his body warp from shorts and a t-shirt into a leather corset and matching skirt. No panties. "The main difference is that you're going to be *my* concubine."

The glowing began to fade from the circle, allowing Clyde to slowly sit up. His breasts continued to swell in the corset, each breast larger than his head. The hair around his head brushed along his shoulders in waves. "But, like, I don't want to be a concubine. I want sex. I want to be fucked... I mean, I want to lick pussy and suck cocks." Clyde's eyes widened. "Like, why do I totally keep saying these things?" Clyde crawled his way over to Noma's feet, realizing that nothing was swaying between his legs. Resting on his knees, his hand slid up his skirt to find his new pussy. Unable to resist, he began to finger himself while his free hand played with his now basketballs sized tits.

"That's because you didn't read the fine print, pet," Noma said, a leash forming in her hand and connecting to a collar that appeared around Clyde's neck. "If you don't successfully bind whatever comes out of the circle, it gets a chance to bind you." She leaned against the table and lifted her pussy. The smell of it was intoxicating to the newly bound demoness. "I never did get your name, pet," Noma noted with a grin, "but let's call you Clio. Now, be a good girl and lick your Mistress's pussy and bond yourself to me."

Clio slid her fingers from her pussy to her own lips, licking them off before sliding her hands to Noma's wide hips. Burying her face between Noma's legs, the new succubus eagerly lapped at her new owner's pussy, savoring every moment and taste until Noma came, completing the ritual. Clio was so happy that her Mistress made her into her concubine. She couldn't wait to serve her for eternity.