

Amy Summons an Incubus – Cock Vore Ending

When Amy's housemates had said that they were going to a party tonight and that she should join, Amy took the opportunity to stay home with an excuse about not feeling well. Had she used any other excuse, they would have tried to convince her to come out for an hour. That hour would have turned into several as her housemates would have persuaded her with drinks and promises of a great time. No, Amy wanted to ensure that tonight was only for her.

She had been looking forward to this evening ever since she went to a yard sale a couple of weeks ago and came across a book titled *Translations of Pagan Rituals*. The bold red title on its plain pale cover did not invite much attention. However, the book had still drawn her to it. She remembered absentmindedly grabbing the book and flipping to a random page. The page turned out to be about summoning an incubus. She hadn't needed to look through any of the other pages before she left the yard sale with a couple dollars less, but many fantasies more.

Now, two weeks later, Amy sat on the floor in her room with the book closed in front of her. She started her own ritual, one that she always did with any new book. She turned to the introduction:

With my own eyes and ears as witness, the rituals that I have compiled into this book work both in their original language and in any language to which they are translated. I bear testimony of one ritual performed in Old Norse that healed an infected cut. That same spell later worked in modern Norwegian, German, English, and French. I therefore must assume that it will work in every language when translated correctly. Do not worry my dear reader and ritual Practitioner, I have invested much time and care (and money) into this compilation so that you can trust that every ritual and incantation is accurate for English.

With each sentence, Amy's eyes darted across the page faster, until she was skipping over entire lines. Before long, she skipped the rest of the introduction to search for the spell she had seen just two weeks prior. She began to randomly flip through the yellowing pages of the book as the incubus ritual was somewhere in the middle.

As she got deeper into the book, she furrowed her brow at each page that was not about summoning the incubus. She sometimes flipped forward and sometimes back, hoping that her random method would bring her quicker to the desired page.

Finally, at the top of one page, she read the words "Summoning an Incubus or Succubus." When she had first seen the page, she hadn't realize that it was for summoning a succubus too. She shrugged her shoulders. She diligently read the ritual to ensure that she would be summoning an incubus, the author explaining the slight variations needed to summon an incubus versus a succubus. She ignored any of the unimportant information such as alternative ingredients and warnings.

Amy glanced one more time at her window, ensuring that she had closed the curtains. She laid out the various ritual supplies needed, all of which she already had due to her numerous impulse purchases at department and online stores. She picked up the white chalk, her marker of choice that she could easily wash away later. Using her artistic abilities, she carefully copied the summoning circle onto the laminate floor.

Every symbol she drew made her heart race faster as she neared the main goal of tonight. As only a couple symbols differed between an incubus and succubus, Amy paid careful attention to copy

those. When the circle looked identical to the page in the book, she placed the candles in the correct areas. Next, she stripped her clothes off and placed them neatly next to her desk. Of course, summoning an incubus would require the summoner to be naked. She turned off the lights. The soft candlelight bounced shadows around the room. Her hands trembled. Either the spell would work or it wouldn't. Both were equally terrifying.

Amy knelt down in front of the book, pushing her hair from her face after it momentarily blocked her sight. She looked at the short incantation and spoke it out loud, repeating five times. When she finished, she paused and looked intently at the circle. Nothing. The candle flames flickered, casting Amy's shadow onto the walls in her room. She scanned the page again, this time with her index finger. She flipped the page back to the introduction, knowing that she must have missed something in her haste.

Remember Practitioner, magic is not simple. You must not only say the words in the incantations, you must feel them, believe them.

"Okay Amy," she whispered. She had a habit of speaking to herself to be self-motivating. "It feels ridiculous, but just try it."

Amy turned back to the ritual page and silently read the incantation. She let the words form images in her mind, letting the worry that it wouldn't work fade from her thoughts. She steadied her breath and spoke, "Come to me most sexual being." She imagined a muscular demon, a toned human with horns. "Fulfill my desires." She thought of her body and her desire to have a sexy womanly body like those in seductive commercials. A woman that was desired by both men and women alike. "My will is your will." She imagined herself commanding the demon to change her into whatever she wanted and giving her all that she desired.

She repeated the simple incantation, feeling the words strengthen, imagining her desires becoming clearer with each completion of the phrases.

As she finished the fifth repetition of the incantation, the candles burned brighter, igniting the room with their light. Amy shut her eyes tight against the burning brightness. She held them shut until the orange brightness faded away and she cautiously opened her eyes. When Amy saw a figure standing in the middle of the circle, she gasped and fell back onto her hands and butt.

An incubus stood right there in the circle. He had a perfectly chiseled body far too perfect that only the most successful athletes and movie stars could attain. Amy had never been with a man that had such a body. In fact, the demon looked like a man, except for his pale blue skin and his two big horns curling out of his wavy hair. She couldn't help but stare at his perfect body. He stared back, waiting impatiently, his large cock erect. It remained unsheathed, the head pink and swollen. The small entrance glistened with his white nectar, inviting her to come closer. Something tugged at her brain.

As if on instinct, Amy moved away from her sitting position and crawled towards the being. Her mouth salivated hungrily. The incubus' cock seemed to grow bigger with every movement forward. She did not linger on the strangeness of an incubus standing in the middle of her room, not with his juicy cock at the center of her attention. She had more important thoughts on her mind. How it would taste. How it would feel. How it would fill her up.

As she crept to the edge of the circle, his aroma filled her nose. It was inviting, like cinnamon and vanilla. She crossed the line, though it did not matter as she was already in the thralls of the demon before her. His scent was stronger within the circle, and she still wanted to be closer to it. Despite her wetness, she did not dare use her hands for her own pleasure. Her hands were meant to pleasure him, to pleasure his giant cock in front of her. With both her hands, she grabbed his cock. It was so big that they couldn't even connect around the wide circumference. She stroked it, the ridges of his veins pleasant bumps against her palms.

It should have been weird to Amy, and maybe somewhere deep down within her she knew that his cock shouldn't have been so big and she shouldn't have been so strongly drawn to it. But she didn't care. She was playing with the biggest, most wonderful cock she had ever seen attached to the most handsome man she had ever had the pleasure of touching. Why shouldn't she be playing with it? She deserved to enjoy such a magnificent cock. After all, she was the one that had found the book that had summoned this amazing being that stood hard before her. It was her destiny.

A drop of pre-cum dripped onto her forehead, blessing her with its holy substance. She glanced up towards the tip, where more pre-cum waited for her. She didn't want to keep his cock waiting any longer, nor did she want to resist tasting his flavor. When she finally touched his cock with her tongue, her womanhood ached with fiery desire. His flesh tasted amazing. His cock seemed so much larger now. It's girth was already larger than her thighs. She moved her way up, her tongue never leaving his cock. She followed beside one of the veins, letting it guide her path upward to the delectable nectar that awaited her at the top of the demon's trunk.

She left her kneeling position. By now, her pussy ached too much with sex to ignore. She thrust her hips forward, rubbing her wet mound against his shaft, flesh against flesh. A pleasurable bolt hit her erogenous zone and she gasped. She continued upwards, having to stand on her tiptoes to reach his tip with her mouth, right to the small puddle of pre-cum that formed at his urethra. When she tasted the glistening liquid, her eyes lit up and she quivered with a shaking orgasm, her own juices sliding down the demon's cock. She needed more.

Amy lapped up the pre-cum like a thirsty bitch, continuously rubbing her hips against his cock, feeling the pleasure of his skin between her thighs. By now, his cock's urethra had become the size of her head. The liquid's flavor was so sweet and delicious. It was like eating a warm apple pie on a cold autumn day. She briefly wondered how something so sexual could taste so incredible. The pre-cum quickly disappeared down her throat, but she wanted more. The incubus opened his urethra for her, encouraging Amy to explore farther. She shoved her head into the opening, receiving a satisfying moan from the incubus.

His interior was wet and warm. The taste was even richer inside. She wondered what the demonic liquid would taste like even deeper. She needed to know. Despite sensing danger, if she pulled out now she would always regret never knowing what more the incubus had for her deserving soul. She squeezed her shoulders through the opening. Desperation filled her mind. She was so horny, just a carnal human filled with too much sexual desire. This incubus was her answer, his cum was her answer.

She feverishly pushed deeper, the pre-cum aiding her in sliding in farther. When her small breasts passed through the entrance, she moaned from the incredible sensation of the slimy walls pressing against her sensitive nipples. They caressed them like two wet tongues that caused her to tremble with another orgasm. All the while she persisted in licking the sweet liquid inside of the

incubus' cock. Deeper she went. Deeper his scent and warmth invaded her mind. She no longer wanted to just taste him, she wanted to feel him all around her body, squeezing her of all of her pleasure.

Her body slid in up to her hips. Then, something pushed her butt. She was falling, sliding down the warm and wet shaft, deeper into the humidity of the incubus' cock.

She gasped, breathing in warm air. Her mind felt dizzy and heavy, full of erotic heat. Everything was wet and slippery, like her body was covered in thick lube. She was so hot and horny. She needed sexual release. Amy shoved her slick hand between her legs, wildly rubbing her clit and opening. It wasn't enough. With her other arm, she reached around her back end and easily inserted a finger into her asshole. More. She pushed more of her fingers into both of her holes, wiggling them around until she shook with another orgasm. She cried out into the warmth and wetness of the incubus' interior.

Even as Amy fingered herself and sunk deeper into his cock, she continued to slurp the cum, her delicate licks having turned into chugging down gobs of his liquid. It's viscosity pleased her throat with every gulp. She grabbed the warm cum by the handfuls, shoving more of it into her pussy and ass while desperately swallowing more. Even though she had never been able to fist herself before, both of her holes stretched open with no resistance to accommodate her fists, giving her more orgasms.

She loved being surrounded by his cum and having it in her. Whenever she withdrew her fists to shove more inside of her, her holes remained gaping open as if her body itself wanted to drink up the incubus' cum. She felt so full, so thick. The thought of all of the demon's cum alone brought her to another trembling orgasm. Her ass and pussy twitched repeatedly from the invasions. The sloshing sounds of sweet cum swirled all around her. Her own mind swirled with images of cum and pleasure. But still she wanted more.

Orgasm after orgasm invaded Amy's body until she didn't want to just orgasm anymore, but be the very orgasm itself. She let herself sink deeper into the pool of cum, letting herself become the very warmth that surrounded her. Her only thoughts were of pleasure and the orgasms that she relentlessly endured until she felt one final orgasm build.

This orgasm was different from the others. The pleasure slowly climbed, passing the point where she should have already orgasmed. The pressure kept increasing within her just waiting to be released. She squirmed and begged for the orgasmic pleasure to release, but instead, it grew more intensely. It continued to build, becoming a volcano of pleasure within her waiting to erupt. The sensation felt as if all of the orgasms she had ever felt were condensed into one single pleasure waiting to be pushed over the edge. Then, Amy came. The overwhelming pleasure gushed free in an eruption. Her mind went blank.

Outside, in Amy's room, the incubus still stood in the circle. He stroked his engorged cock, moaning pleurably as the outline of Amy's body disappeared from his balls, which had grown considerably in size to match his cock. All of Amy's pleasure and desire mixed with his until he too needed to feel the sensation of release. With a loud demonic shout that shook the house, he released his load.

His orgasm extended for many long minutes as of he emptied his balls of his cum. It covered the floor, the walls, the ceiling. He kept stroking and cumming. His cum exploded onto the bed, the

desk, and the many items that adorned Amy's room. More of it came flooding out until his balls had emptied. Only Amy's orgasmic pleasure remained within him, sitting and waiting, a thirsty beast added to the incubus' sexual desires like so many other mortals before her. The incubus caught his breath and then disappeared.

Still on the floor, the book remained untouched by the demons seed. Hours later, the house door opened and several woman could be heard entering into the house, their loud chatter breaking the silence of the house. One by one, the doors to their respective rooms clicked shut until the house lay silent once again.