

Summoning Winston

Luquier was bored. His invocation attempts have all turned out to be failures. After cleaning up the traces of his last attempts, he went to the table of his laboratory. He leaned against his table, filled with the many ingredients necessary for what he was trying to summon. Everything seemed to him to be nothing but exhaustion and failure. He took his grimoire and checked one more time that all the steps had been respected. He had to try one last time. The power he could get from the demon spoken of in this book was too enticing to give up now. He prepared a new preparation but hunger reminded him to order. He left the room and returned instantly with pieces of watermelon. He ate a few greedily but one of them fell into his preparation without him noticing.

After he satisfied his appetite, he filled a flask with the preparation, advanced to the center of the room, and drew a circle on the floor with it. He stepped back and for what seemed to him the hundredth time, he recited the invocation song he had come to know by heart. Unlike his past attempts, the circle lit up with a powerful red light. A thick black smoke escaped from the center of the circle. For a moment Luquier thought he saw in this smoke an imposing shape. In a dazzling light the smoke ends up invading the whole room. Dazzled, Luquier protected his eyes. Happy to have finally succeeded his invocation, he waited until the smoke dissipates.

When it became less thick, he could see what appeared in the center of his circle. A plush. A simple little stuffed animal. The feeling of euphoria he had felt previously was instantly replaced by a huge disappointment. He approached it and took it in his hands. He examined it, hoping for a reaction, but after fixing it for a few minutes, he gave up. Luquier decided to postpone his experiments until the next day and threw the stuffed animal into a corner of the room from which he left just after. Nobody witnessed the glow from the stuffed toy in the room now plunged into darkness.

Luquier looked at himself in the mirror. The dark circles under his eyes were pronounced and his eyes gleamed with tiredness. He went out of his bathroom and threw himself directly into his bed. His head on the pillow, he did not notice the presence of the plush on his chair. Luquier needed to relax before falling asleep. He placed one of his hands on his cock, it was up immediately. He began to masturbate powerfully without feeling the eyes of the stuffed examining him. When he came, he was so exhausted that he could only cast a spell to clean up the mess and he fell asleep immediately.

The room was lit only from the few lunar rays that passed through the curtains. Luquier asleep, nothing prevented the entity present in the plush from manifesting itself. A spectral shape materialized above the stuffed animal. If Luquier had seen that, he would have realized that what appeared was none other than the demon described in his book. It was a red dragon, muscular with a gem on the chest. Winston had finally made his appearance. He watched Luquier's naked body asleep in front of him. He had a predatory smile. The show he had attended earlier in the evening had made him want to take possession of the body of his summoner. The plush floated to the bed, allowing Winston to approach Luquier.

Luquier was plunged into a dream, or rather a nightmare. Winston could see it. He put his hand on the sleeping man's cheek, waking him up. Luquier straightened up, totally lost. His first reflex was to cover his body to hide his nakedness. Then having regained his senses, he began a spell to defend himself from the entity before him. He stopped his movement. His will dissipated instantly. He noticed the stuffed animal and recognized the entity coming out of it. Winston was before him, in all his splendor. The only thought that turned in his mind was: "I have succeeded". Winston pulled back and finally addressed him:

"Why did you call me mortal? "

Luquier took a moment to pull himself together and finally answer him:

"According to my grimoire, you can grant me an extraordinary power. I order you to give it to me. "

"You're really bossy for someone completely naked in a bed", Winston said with a mocking smile.

There was a blank then Luquier blushed abruptly. When he realized that Winston did not look more dressed than him, he regained his confidence. He went out from under his sheets and from his bed. He faced Winston.

"Are you sure you can assume the consequences?", asked Winston, suddenly more serious.

Luquier was confused by the question of the ghost in front of him. What consequence could there be to possess extremely powerful powers ?

"Of course, nothing will stop me from getting my hands on these powers, not even you", Luquier answered with determination.

Winston smiled, victorious. The body in front of him would soon be his.

"Well, if you want those powers, come and get them", he offered, opening his arms.

Luquier, at first septic, approached Winston then hugged his neck. When Winston's gem came in contact with his chest, it got into it. Luquier stepped back, feeling an enormous flow of power running through his body through the gem. He raised his head to thank Winston but he was no longer in front of him. He did not pay attention to the presence behind him that suddenly embraced him. Winston took advantage of the surprise to get into Luquier's body with the gem now embedded in Luquier's chest. Luquier's muscles grew, his body grew, then his eyes became black. Winston finally took control. He looked at himself for a moment in the mirror, taking advantage of the view in front of him. He imagined everything he could do with this body.

His gaze finally landed on the grimoire on the bedside table, grabbed it, and thought he had a brilliant idea to create it to trap people eager for power.