



**GINGERSNAPS**  
Changeling Press

# **Gingersnaps: Summoning Leila Brown**

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## **Gingersnaps: Summoning**

### **Leila Brown**

**Johnathan Brandon has spent every Winter Solstice alone. And each year his crazy college roommate sends him a Christmas present. This year, said present comes with a set of instructions. It's a mini figurine of a bare-chested Santa. To activate the tiny Santa he needs to make a wish at the first strike of midnight on Winter Solstice. At the last strike of midnight, Johnathan blinks and finds himself on the floor in front of a life-sized version of the statue. Bare chest, tented red velvet pants and all.**

## Chapter One

Johnathan Brandon opened the yellow and red, garishly-decorated small box and read the return address. Mark Towlly, his old roommate. Mark never seemed to remember that Johnathan didn't celebrate Christmas, he celebrated Solstice. They'd shared a room at Indiana State University for five years, and it was a crazy time. That was back when Johnathan had finally stopped fighting his attraction to men. It was also when he had learned that bad sex didn't mean just sex with women. Sex with men could be just as bad and just as meaningless as sex with women. Mark was a great friend. A man not afraid of his sexuality.

And every year since graduation he'd received a box exactly like this tiny one. He'd call Mark tomorrow, thank him for the gift and remind him about the differences between their religions. Then he'd relegate the gift, whatever it was, to the back of his closet. Not that any of that mattered at the moment. At this point in time, all he wanted was to savor this moment. He loved to open the boxes -- the unknown excited him.

Johnathan ripped open the small box, careful not to damage whatever lay inside. It was a small Santa figurine. A Santa naked from the waist up. Actually, it looked more like a hard-bodied stripper than some jolly old potbellied man. The little figure fit inside the palm of his hand. He sat it down on the small table in front of him, then turned the box upside down.

A small piece of paper fell to the floor. Johnathan bent down and picked up the tiny scrap of paper. "Follow the instructions, make a naughty wish, and enjoy the holidays. Love, Mark."

Instructions? He didn't see any instructions. He turned the small piece of paper over and noticed some extremely small print.

*Set the statuette on a table or a secure surface. At exactly midnight ask Nickolas for whatever you desire. You only get one wish so make it a good one. The makers of Wishful Fantasies cannot be held responsible for any death, destruction, or dismemberment that may occur from use of this product. Notice: Only one wish per Solstice.*

Johnathan shook his head. Where the hell had Mark found this? Make a naughty wish, huh? He should make a wish. Then when he called Mark to thank him he wouldn't have to lie.

\* \* \*

One minute to midnight. Johnathan sat in front of the figurine and waited. He'd spent the majority of his day honing his wish. Not that he thought the wish was going to instantly come true. But maybe if he spoke the words out loud some power in the universe would... would what? Deliver it to him on a silver platter?

The alarm on his watch went off, breaking into his thoughts. Okay, it was time.

"I want to be dominated. And not by some creep dressed in leather. I want a real male dominant. Someone who will make me submit. I want it all."

Okay, maybe that was a little much. He would still want to enjoy whatever happened. But it had to be more than some jerk down at the local bar acting all macho. No, he wanted to reach that point where he lost control and couldn't do anything but let go. Live in the feelings.

Johnathan looked down at the little figurine, and before he could curl his lip up in an indulgent smile, he saw it. Felt the heat. The surge of power. A light started at the left nipple on that tiny naked chest then burst outward, blinding him. Johnathan shielded his eyes with his arm and stumbled backward. *Fuck!*

It took him a few seconds to get to his knees. When he did he was met with a sight that inspired both fear and desire. A man who looked suspiciously like that figurine. Naked chest, red tented pants and all. Was it? Could it be?

That was ridiculous. Even if the man standing in front of him did have the same wispy haircut and black eyes, it just wasn't possible. Was it?

"I am Nickolas. You summoned me with your wish."

Johnathan shook his head again and again. The man's voice was just as seductive as his body. It caressed his senses and inspired a need to touch the body in front of him. It made him think of an incubus or a sex demon. Johnathan threaded his fingers together to keep from reaching out. Something wasn't right here. He should be scared. There was no way he should want the man in front of him.

For a minute Johnathan drew a blank. He was an adept enough practitioner to know he hadn't wished for a demon. And the being in front of him could only be a demon. "I do not think so, demon. I did not summon you."

"Ahh, but you did. Your wish did not specifically require a human male. You just wished to be dominated." He leered at Johnathan, putting enough emphasis on the word "dominated" that Johnathan shivered.

Suddenly he knew. Idiot that he was, he'd not only summoned a demon but he'd summoned a sex demon. This type of demon had to complete the initial summoner's request or he would be let loose on the world. In which case, Johnathan would be responsible for anything the demon did. Shit, he didn't have a choice. He would have to submit to this demon. It was his wish that had freed it.

"Are you ready to submit?" Nickolas walked up to Johnathan and ran a surprisingly smooth hand through his hair. Heat followed the path of his impeccable fingers.

Johnathan sucked in a determined breath and nodded. He could do this. He could do this. "I'd love a little preliminary demonstration of your... skills. But it's been three hundred and sixty-four days since I last fucked. You understand?" Johnathan swallowed hard. He stood at attention. He'd said he wanted to be dominated and it looked like that's exactly what he was going to get. "Shall we move this into the bedroom?" he asked, hoping to stall for a few minutes.

"What's wrong with right here? Haven't you always wanted to screw on your desk?" Nickolas narrowed those dark eyes at him, and took a few more steps forward until he was standing less than an arm's length from Johnathan.

*Yes. Fuck, yes.* “Not really,” Johnathan said, backing away from the demon. He continued moving until his back hit the cold hard wall behind him.

“Liar.” Nickolas closed the space between them. He slammed his hands on the sides of Johnathan’s head, trapping him.

Johnathan sucked in a heavy breath and waited. Fear warred with desire in his stomach. He’d heard about sexual demons and the havoc and suffering they could wreak, but honestly, the uppermost thing on his mind was the suffering of his own body. He could no longer keep his hands from stroking the delicious body in front of him. His hands glided over the hard muscles of Nickolas’s abdomen and all thoughts of resistance flew out the window.

“Do you want this?” Nickolas asked in a hushed tone that sent chills racing down Johnathan’s spine.

“Yes.” The word jumped off his tongue before Johnathan could think better of it.

Nickolas raised a hand and snapped his fingers -- and before Johnathan could blink, all their clothes were gone and Nickolas was turning him around so that he was facing the wall. Johnathan pushed at the cold hard plaster and into Nickolas’s hot body. It was like being stuck between a rock and a hard place. The wall seemed to have more give than Nickolas. The rounded cheeks of Johnathan’s ass parted as he pressed against the hard length of Nickolas’s cock.

“Don’t fight me. I’m stronger, quicker, and most importantly, I am in charge here,” the demon growled into Johnathan’s ear.

“I summoned you.” Johnathan grunted, trying to move against the other man.

“That’s right, you summoned me to dominate you.” Nickolas reached around and grabbed Johnathan’s penis. He rubbed up and down the length of him.

Johnathan froze. His body turned into a volcano. Heat surrounded his shaft and tiny droplets of precum leaked out of the tip of his cockhead.

“Why are you so hard, Johnathan?” Nickolas whispered against his neck.



Johnathan grunted. There was nothing more he could do. Nothing but enjoy the feeling of those fingers tracing up and down his shaft, pressing hard against sensitive flesh.

"As much as I would love to just push my cock inside your tight, firm ass, I'm not that much of a bastard. Where do you keep your oil?"

"Oil?" The hot breath and sensuous words did not break Johnathan out of his sexual haze.

"Oil. Now. Or there won't be any choice."

Johnathan racked his brain. Where was his oil? Fuck, he couldn't remember the last time he'd needed oil. His sex life hadn't been that busy lately.

"Nightstand in the bedroom," he said in one big whoosh.

"Run and get it." Nickolas dropped his arms and moved back a step, which provided the bare minimum amount of space to squeeze through. After getting loose, Johnathan almost tripped over Nickolas's flesh-covered tail.

Johnathan righted himself and ran to his room, his heart thumping quicker than his feet. When he yanked open the drawer to get his Lickable Lube, he paused for a minute as he looked at his father's Grimoire. The book contained all of his father's spells and rituals. There was most likely something in there to send Nickolas back into that small statue. His hand shook as he pushed the drawer closed.

"Time's up," Nickolas said from behind him. "Patience is something I have very little of." He stalked across the room and pushed Johnathan backward onto the bed.

## Chapter Two

As Johnathan hit the soft, black silk sheets, his breath froze in his lungs. Before he could offer up the tube of strawberry-flavored oil, Nickolas flipped him over.

"Wait. Lube." Johnathan lifted his arm to hand over the oil.

Nickolas snatched the tube from his trembling fingers. For a moment Johnathan thought the demon wasn't going to use it. He only relaxed when he heard the slight pop of the top and felt the cool droplets race down the valley of his ass. The sweet berry scent permeated the room. Johnathan inhaled deeply. He loved strawberries. The flavor always reminded him of the sweet, creamy flavor that came from using the lube while sucking on a hard cock. The tart bite of the strawberry was balanced out by the overly-sweet oil.

Nickolas grabbed his ass cheeks and spread him wide -- then pressed him closed. The slick lube heated from the slight friction. Johnathan groaned as the oil seeped inside his hole, followed quickly by one of Nickolas's fingers. The tip slipped in easily -- it was the knuckle that made Johnathan whimper. He clamped down on the invading finger involuntarily, but he couldn't keep the finger out.

"Keep squeezing my finger like that and it'll be my cock up there."

Johnathan stopped fidgeting and calmed down, or at least tried to. Nickolas's knuckle slipped past his sphincter ring and eased Johnathan's pain into a mild discomfort -- which turned to pleasure as the other man moved his finger back and forth over Johnathan's prostate. Tiny shivers racked Johnathan's body. He moaned as pressure built up in his balls.

"Not yet." Nickolas slowly slid his finger out. "You don't get to come until I say so."

Before Johnathan could pull in a breath, something larger tapped along the sensitive part of his ass. The soft skin tickled along his crease before stopping at his puckered anus. Nickolas pushed down slightly, and Johnathan moaned as the large tip eased into him. The muscled ring of his opening tightened on Nickolas's bulging cockhead.

He'd seen the tent in Nickolas's pants but it hadn't been any indication of the size of the cock entering him now. Johnathan bit down on his lip and pushed back against Nickolas, determined to get through this first part. He knew once the head slipped through that opening the pain would ease and the pleasure would start again.

"More oil," Johnathan squeaked out. The cool oil coated Nickolas's cock and slowly seeped into Johnathan.

Nickolas pressed against Johnathan's back, slipping deeper into him.

"You are so tight," Nickolas mumbled before pressing a kiss against the back of his neck.

Johnathan pushed off the bed and into Nickolas's thrust. Nickolas pulled in a long and steady breath before taking off at a breakneck pace. He pumped into Johnathan again and again, his cock going in further each time.

"So good. So damn good," Nickolas muttered as his speed surpassed his rhythm.

Johnathan couldn't pull in a breath as the world seemed to shift on its axis. Every stroke rubbed against his prostate and sent his anus into spasms. He wouldn't last much longer. "I'm going to come," he ground out.

"No, you're not." Nickolas reached around and grasped Johnathan's cock at the base. He pressed his thumb down on the vein of the erect penis. "You can come after I do. And only then." He punctuated every word with a deep thrust into Johnathan's squirming body.

Nickolas slid his fingers up and down Johnathan's erect cock as his thrusting became more frenzied and forceful. The movements were so fast that Johnathan could no longer separate the feeling of one thrust from another. It was all a blur. His body

jerked again and again, calling out for release, but just as the feeling would begin to overtake him, Nickolas would press on the base of his penis and leave him wanting.

"Please," Johnathan begged. He needed to come right now. His body shook with it, craved it.

Nickolas kept pumping into him as if he hadn't even heard him. Suddenly Nickolas's cock went so rigid there was no give at all. Then Johnathan felt the first spurt of hot cream. It warmed him from the inside out. Nickolas continued to fill him with shot after shot. Johnathan prayed he would finish soon because each spray pushed him closer to his own release.

"Please," Johnathan begged again as the liquid filling his balls quivered on the line between pleasure and pain.

"Of course." Nickolas slid his hand up and down Johnathan's cock, squeezing the purplish head with each downward stroke.

In less than a minute Johnathan was screaming with his own release. The liquid shot down onto the black sheets in a white puddle.

"That was a great preliminary." Nickolas petted Johnathan on the back.

"Preliminary?"

"Of course. I couldn't dominate you properly while I was so horny."

Nickolas smiled and Johnathan's heart stuttered. Damn, he was handsome. *Stop thinking like this.*

"Unless you feel like you have truly been dominated?"

"I have." Even as he said the words Johnathan knew they were a lie.

## Chapter Three

“Liar,” Nickolas said in a small voice. The human thought that he could just get out of this with one quick fuck? No. His Solstice wish had called to Nickolas because of the need evident in his voice. Need that still resonated with every word the man spoke. “Shall I punish you for that lie?” Nickolas watched as the pulse point at the base of Johnathan’s neck jumped. He might not want to admit it but this human needed to be dominated. Needed to experience that loss of control.

“Stand up,” Nickolas told him. When Johnathan didn’t move fast enough, Nickolas snapped his fingers. Johnathan got up and stood next to the bed. His eyes went wide and he looked around nervously. “Did I mention that summoning a dominant demon means you give them power over your body?” Humans really should do their research before summoning demons. “Are you ready for your punishment?”

Those deep brown eyes stared at Nickolas, making his cock jump. He was used to getting hard moments after coming. The neediness he was feeling was new, though. No way should he be this horny again so soon. “Bend over the bed.” If he was going to do this right he couldn’t continue to be distracted by those damned eyes.

As soon as Johnathan bent over the bed, Nickolas grabbed his tail. Nothing pleased him more than using his spade-shaped tail to punish. He positioned his hands at the base, about two feet from the end. Stepping to the right of Johnathan, he lined up to get the best angle possible, pulled his makeshift paddle back and brought it down hard on Johnathan’s ass. Heat rushed through the flexible flesh followed by a delicious sting. Nickolas quickly swatted that naked skin five more times. Soon his tail and Johnathan’s ass both sported the same red hue. With the last swat, Johnathan moaned and pressed back into his tail’s downward stroke.

"Shower now." Nickolas grabbed Johnathan's arms and frog marched him into the bathroom. The cool tiles were like ice on Nickolas's feet. He flicked his wrists and the shower water came on. Hot, almost scalding water. He pushed Johnathan into the cascading stream then stepped into the tub behind him. "Wash me."

Johnathan grabbed the soap and rubbed the tiny bar over Nickolas's skin. It glided over him like silk. The slight smell of jasmine tickled Nickolas's nose. He watched as Johnathan bent down and rubbed the soap along his thighs, up around his cock, then down the crevice of his ass. The water ran down his skin, washing away the soap almost as soon as Nickolas soaped him up.

"Now do yourself," Nickolas said through gritted teeth.

Johnathan stood and rubbed the soap along his skin in quick, no-nonsense movements. Each one made Nickolas want him more. As he watched Johnathan lather the length of his penis, he felt a heavy pressure build in his own balls. This shower was done.

"Out. Now." Nickolas stepped out, grabbed one of the towels from the rack and quickly wiped the water off. He watched Johnathan in the mirror as he did the same. He'd never envied a towel, until now.

Nickolas put a hand on Johnathan's shoulder and led him out of the bathroom, back toward the bed. He was now in desperate need of some relief.

"On your knees," Nickolas rasped out as he took a few steps back. His cock was hard now. Hellishly hard. And there was one way for Johnathan to help him with his extra-hard cock. "Suck it."

Johnathan reached out and ran his fingers along Nickolas's erect penis. His feather-light touch only made the wanting worse. Johnathan leaned forward and sucked the head of his penis into that hot little mouth. The warmth felt almost as good as the soft pad of his tongue tracing up and down the length of Nickolas's cock. If he wasn't careful he would come, and he didn't want to do that just yet. He had more plans for Johnathan.

The next hesitant stroke of Johnathan's tongue along his stiff erection was his undoing. Nickolas couldn't stop himself from grabbing Johnathan's head and ramming his cock deeper into that accepting cavern. He pulled his cock back so that Johnathan could pull in a breath before pressing it even further into his mouth, bucking against the opening of his throat.

He was going too easy on him. Usually he would ram all the way back until the human choked on it. But for some reason he wanted to make sure not to overwhelm Johnathan. Nickolas paused. When had this human turned from being just any human to being Johnathan?

## Chapter Four

Johnathan tried not to seem too eager, but it had been a while since he'd tasted the sweetness of precum dripping down his throat. He raised his hands to grip the base of Nickolas's cock -- and was startled when his hands snapped back to his sides.

"No hands." Nickolas smiled down at him.

Johnathan puckered his mouth and sucked on the length of the penis invading his mouth. It was velvet softness sliding over his tongue. He worked his mouth back and forth, forgetting everything but the need to make Nickolas come. The quiet room filled with slurping sounds mixed with low moans. It didn't take long for Nickolas to stiffen as he filled Johnathan's mouth with hot cream. It spilled over his tongue before sliding down his throat.

"That's good, Johnathan. Now get up on the bed."

He had to be kidding. He'd come twice in less than thirty minutes. No way was he ready to go at it again. He looked down at Nickolas's jerking cock.

"Sex is like breathing to me. After I come, another erection is just a breath away. Now get on the bed." Nickolas moved so that he was no longer between Johnathan and the bed. The seconds ticked away.

He hadn't planned on defying Nickolas, not consciously anyway. It would've been smart to just crawl on the bed. It would have been smart and prudent. But it seemed he was in the mood to be neither.

Instead he kept kneeling there until he felt Nickolas step closer to him. "Why do you have to make this hard on yourself?"

Johnathan wanted to scream that he didn't know. But he did know. He wanted to be punished. He wanted to feel the heat on his flesh. The sting. He wanted to be dominated.



He knew the instant Nickolas took control of his body. His muscles froze up and his body jerked into a standing position. But he didn't crawl on the bed. Instead, he assumed the same position as before, with his body bent over the bed. His ass was fully exposed, but his legs weren't closed this time. He inhaled a shaky breath. There was a reason for the change in position, and he had a feeling it wasn't good for him.

"Another punishment. This one will hurt more than the last but it will teach you who is in control." There was a harsh thread to Nickolas's voice.

Johnathan shifted his legs further apart. His balls hung low as his cock hardened at the thought of more punishment.

The first swat was the same as before, a slight sting that warmed his ass. The small bit of pain that accompanied it quickly died away. The second swat was something else entirely.

Pain exploded in his scrotum as Nickolas's tail swung up between his legs and struck his balls. The swat was nowhere near as hard as the previous one. It didn't need to be. Sweat popped out on Johnathan's upper lip and along his hairline. Another hit to his balls; followed by another and another until Johnathan cried out. He tried to move, to close his legs, to move away from that merciless tail, but his body didn't obey. All he could do was stay there, locked in that frozen position, and feel every ounce of pain that racked his body.

"Do you feel dominated now?" Nickolas asked, bending down over his back.

"Yes," Johnathan cried out. "Please stop. Please stop."

"Will you obey, or will you require me to dole out more punishments?"

"I'll do whatever you want. Anything." Heat converged on his balls. Or more likely he'd stopped concentrating on the swats and could now feel the warmth. He was on fire. As he stood there longer, the burning engulfed his cock too.

"Get on the bed and lie on your back." As Nickolas said the words, Johnathan noticed the slight hitch in his voice. He'd bet his burning balls Nickolas liked punishing him. When his body became his own again, he stole a glance over his shoulder and wasn't surprised to see Nickolas with another erection.

But he didn't stand there staring long. After the quick glance he pulled the satin comforter down then crawled onto the bed. Each movement caused another streak of pain to course through his groin, but he wasn't about to let that stop him. This latest punishment had been far more painful than the first, and he had a feeling a further punishment would enter a level of pain that he didn't think he could bear. Once he made it to the center of the bed, he lay down as he'd been told.

As his head hit those cool pillows, Johnathan let his gaze roam over Nickolas's still form.

"I don't know why I'm doing this, but this will be the last time we fuck. I want to give you the option of changing your wish. You can either allow me to fuck you again, or you may wish to fuck me instead."

"What?" Johnathan thought he'd heard wrong.

"Choose," Nickolas said, ignoring his question.

"Wait. Wishes don't work like that. You can't just change them midstream." His first thought was that Nickolas was trying to trick him in some way. The second thought was wondering what it would be like to dominate the Dom.

"I can do anything I damn well please."

"Why?" Why would he give him such a choice?

"Either you want to or you don't. Choose quickly before I make the choice for you." Nickolas took several steps toward the bed.

Hell, he'd wished to be dominated and he had been. More than he could have dreamed of. Did he change it now, or finish this night as the sub he always knew he was? The chances were slim to none that he'd be able to find a Dom like Nickolas to satisfy him. He could always find someone to fuck. Johnathan took a deep breath as he made his choice. "I'm going to keep my initial wish."

Nickolas smiled at him as he climbed onto the bed. "Grab your ankles." The command was spoken in a hushed, urgent tone.

Johnathan raised his legs over his head and grabbed his calves just above the ankles. Nickolas sat back on his legs and his cock looked poised to go straight into

Johnathan's exposed hole. Nickolas rubbed the tip of his penis against Johnathan's dry anus.

He didn't know if he was more surprised or grateful when Nickolas grabbed the oil from the folds of the comforter and let a few drops fall onto the place where his cock touched Johnathan's skin. When the oil stopped hitting his flesh, Johnathan knew what was coming.

He gritted his teeth as Nickolas positioned his cock and drove it in. He didn't stop to work the muscles clenching Johnathan's anus. He pushed past them. Johnathan yelled out in pain. He let go of his legs -- or at least he tried. His hands stayed locked in place.

"You wanted true domination, this is domination. It's me taking you as I see fit. Notice I used the oil so that I wouldn't tear your flesh." Nickolas pulled his cock out a little before ramming it in deeper, harder.

"A sub knows that it's their place to grant their master's pleasure before taking their own. A true sub would revel in the fact that they control how long I must fuck them to come. They control the master as much as the master controls them."

Johnathan pulled in a breath. He heard the words and, as impossible as it seemed, he understood. He was in as much control right now as he would have been if he'd changed his wish. He could squeeze his muscles and get Nickolas off quickly, or he could let Nickolas drag on until he came on his own. It was Johnathan's decision.

The next time Nickolas started to pull his cock out, Johnathan flexed his sphincter and clenched down.

A deep moan ripped through the bedroom. Johnathan smiled. He no longer concentrated on the pain. His goal now was to make Nickolas come before he'd planned. It was a war of wills.

"Good job." Nickolas stopped moving and pulled Johnathan's legs down. Johnathan's cock was caught between them. Nickolas stroked the precum that glistened on the tip until the whole thing glinted with it. Then he bent down and continued

riding Johnathan's ass. But now he was fully in control. Johnathan couldn't see past the cock filling him and the skin sliding up and down against his own penis.

It only took a few moments before he felt the familiar tingle that meant he was ready to come. "I'm going to come," he ground out between his teeth.

"Me first," Nickolas said, seconds before he filled Johnathan's ass for a second time. The warm liquid filling him was all Johnathan needed to push him over the edge. He came again and again, covering both their stomachs with his hot essence.

"See you next year." Nickolas bent over and kissed Johnathan on the mouth. Johnathan closed his eyes as his heart sped up. It was their first kiss and it was over in a matter of seconds.

Even before he opened his eyes, Johnathan knew Nickolas was gone. His wish was to be dominated, and he'd gotten that and more. That was the best sex he'd ever had. A night no one would believe. He sat up in the bed and gazed around the room. It looked the same as before; the only thing different was the bed. It looked well and truly used. He closed his legs -- and snatched them back as they hit something hard and sharp.

Right there in between his legs was the tiny Santa statue. It looked the same as before. Naked chest, red pants, black boots -- and a sharp, spade-shaped tail. The only difference was the satisfied smile that graced those lips.

Johnathan took the miniature Nickolas and put him in the nightstand next to the bed. He had a whole year to wait until the next time. A whole year to plan his next wish.

## **Leila Brown**

Leila has been an avid reader since the fifth grade. As she got older she read everything she could get her hands on, from horror to mystery and finally stopping in romance.

While in college studying computer programming and electrical engineering, she realized what she wanted to do when she grew up. She wanted to write those stories that entertained her through more nights than she could remember. Of course her first attempts were less than remarkable and have been destroyed to protect the innocent.

Currently, she works a normal 9 to 5 in the IT world. She writes during her lunch hour and at home after nine pm when everyone in her house is asleep.

Is it easy? Yes and no. Coming up with the stories is easy. Getting the words out of her head and onto paper is HARD! But she couldn't live without it!