

# **Just Borrowing**

D. Dancer



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Curious Cabbit Press

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# The Goodbye

# 1

Lisha pulled her fingers from the ends of her gloves and tucked them against her palm as she followed the beaten trail between two piles of snow. The slush splattered side the sides of the path between the piles of snow and ice on either side of her. Hunks of ice swirled behind her as it settled back into place with her padding.

She pushed up her glasses up and peered around before settling them back on the bridge of her nose. The large circular lenses fogged over with her breath but a weak enchantment that caused the edges to glow rose warmed the glass up and the fog quickly cleared.

Around her, the brisk winter morning was anything but peaceful as a line of carriages, wagons, and horses made their way around the quad. Students of shapes and sizes milled around as they said goodbyes and “see you soon.” There were cheering, laughing, and last minute pranks to play before everyone left.

The holiday vacation was always a busy time as most of the students at the all woman’s university went home for half a month—five weeks—for the holidays and festivities. In a matter of days, the university would be a ghost town with only skeleton staff and students who couldn’t afford or didn’t have a home to go to.

Lisha didn’t plan on going home. It wasn’t that her parent’s place was far away—only a week by an eagle’s flight—but the Great Barrier Cliff meant they had to travel to one of the passes and that added just shy of two hundred-day months just to get there and then another two hundred days to get return.

She knew that when she petitioned to leave her home country of Balkim and travel to Franome for schooling. It wasn’t the great

honor spiel that she gave her grandparents to justify the school but more of a desire to see the world outside of her own rigid society that was obsessed with castes and history than looking forward. Balkim schooling rarely taught higher level magics and none of them would ever consider having an entire program dedicating to summoning otherworldly beings.

Despite that, it still stung that she wouldn't see her mama or lala for another three years.

Her smile faltered.

“Lisha! Sha! Over here! Sha!”

She turned at her roommate's voice. Penelope was a bright and cheerful red-haired girl from the Haral Duchy, one of the southernmost duchies in the country. Her parents were minor nobility who would have rather their youngest daughter take up more delicate magic like enchanting and divination than summoning.

Penelope was slender, almost rail thin, even with her light jacket that had been left unbuttoned to reveal her silk top and traveling skirt. She didn't have much of a bust and usually ran around without a bra to support her.

Lisha frowned for a minute as she looked at her roommate. Penelope was dressed as if it was summer, with a short skirt that went to her mid-thigh and a blouse. She didn't even have a coat on, only a light jacket dangling open.

Suspicious, Lisha glanced around for the tell-tale sign of magic. The school allowed enchantments like the ones on her glasses, but frowned at anything as flashy as heating the entire body because of the impact it had on the surroundings; the enchantments also went through the school union who charged a hefty fee for even the most minor of spells.

When she saw a hazy over Penelope's right shoulder, she turned her attention and let her vision grow unfocused while opening herself up to the magical auras around her.

A fluttering of white wings and red spider with stubby legs revealed that Penelope had summoned a fire wisp to keep her warm.

Lisha rolled her eyes and hurried over. As she came within a meter, a wave of warmth rolled over her and she embraced her

friend warmly. “You could get in trouble for that,” she whispered. “The RA always has you in her sight to strike.”

Penelope shrugged and stuck her hands into the pockets of her skirt. “What are they going to do, send me home?” She gestured to the pile of luggage sitting next to her. They all her family’s crest on the front. “Besides, not like I’m going back to my room or back in the dorm again.”

“You mean, Her Royal Highness, the Resident Assistant Emily left this morning and no one is around to catch you?”

Penelope looked up and grinned. “Maybe. Maybe not. Besides, don’t you get a little thrill breaking the rules?”

“No, no, I don’t. I break they rules and they send me home. The dean already thinks I’m a spy for my country.”

“Please, you’re the top of your class and take the best notes.”

“That’s a low bar here,” Lisha said with a grin. “I’m usually the only one here because everyone else is sleeping in late and nursing hangovers. It’s not hard to get to the top of the curve if I’m the only one showing up.”

Penelope’s eyes sparkled. “I’m not sleeping, and you know that.”

Lisha felt her cheeks growing warm. She leaned forward. “Feeding your illegal tentacle monster isn’t a good reason to be late for class either. That’s what will get you kicked out, casting summoning spells in your room. Or Emily coming in to find you bare ass naked with something crawling out of your holes.”

“But he’s so cute.”

“It’s a fucking tentacle monster and you’re addicted,” Lisha said sharply. More than once she had heard the wet slurping noises and moans that came from Penelope’s side of the room.

Penelope smiled sweetly at her.

Lisha began to blush. She would have never broken the “no summoning outside of class” rule like that, but there was something about Penelope’s late night transgressions that made it impossible not to get excited to herself. The soft gasps, wet slurps, and even the little shudder of noise of her roommate’s orgasms had pushed Lisha to discretely finger herself at the same time.

While she wasn’t a virgin, Lisha had been longing for the touch of a boy. It had been two years since she left home and joined the all-women university. Two years of not being kissed or touched

intimately. No one to press their own fingers into her, no rough grip to hold her down while sucking on her nipples or neck.

“You’re turning red, Sha,” Penelope said with a grin. “Thinking about doing a little summoning—”

Cheeks burning, Lisha shook her head and held her hands. “No! I wasn’t doing anything.”

Leaning forward, Penelope pulled her into a tight hug. Her lips came intimately close to Lisha’s ear. “I won’t tell, I promise.”

Lisha shivered as her roommate’s lips brushed her ear. She was aware of how close they pressed together, with her large breasts dwarfing Penelope’s smaller tits with painfully hard nipples. The heat of the fire creature washed over them, adding to the prickle of sweat and the blush that burned on her cheeks.

“Or, you know,” Penelope said with a smile in her voice, “maybe you’ll find someone to hit it off here and won’t need a little ‘helper’ to get you through those. long. winter. nights... alone.”

Lisha’s embarrassment was too much. She pushed her roommate back. “I-I wouldn’t do that! You know that!” she stammered as she stepped away. Her foot hit the edge of the warming that centered on Penelope and an icy wind cut through her clothes. She froze, one foot in and the other out as she tried to calm her racing heart.

Penelope shrugged and grinned. “Just giving you options. The best part about my little ‘buddy’ is that he goes away when I’m done with him. No mess, no fuss—”

Lisha glared at her. “No mess?”

Penelope’s monster was a gossamer spirit, which meant there was plenty of spider web sticking to everything on Penelope’s side of the room. It was easy to mark out where her roommate had been enjoy herself from the moist spots and mats of webbing.

“Fine,” Penelope said still grinning, “there is a little mess, but he still goes away when I’m done with him.”

Her eyes slid to the sigh. “Damn, that’s my ride.”

Lisha turned to see a carriage with Penelope’s family crest on the side of it pulling up. It was long-distance carriage, with plenty of comfort for the hours of travel that it would take to return home.

The warmth increased as Penelope closed the distance and hugged her again, this time without the inappropriate intimacy. “I



wish you could come with me, Sha. You would love to see the waterfalls.”

“I’m sorry.” Lisha hugged her friend back, the humiliation conversation already fading from her thoughts. “I just can’t.”

“Yeah, my dad’s an asshole. I just wish he would keep his mouth shut and let you be. Sorry, Sha, you just can’t change old people like that.”

Next to them, the carriage stopped with a creak of wheels and a whiney of the horse pulling it.

Lisha squeezed once more before releasing Penelope. “Go on. Enjoy visiting home, have some adventures for the both of us, and maybe find yourself a boy.”

Penelope grinned. “Not going to happen, and you know it. Take care, Roomie.”

“Safe travels,” Lisha said with a wave.

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# The Discovery

# 2

Lisha groaned as she trudged up the stairs to her floor of the dorms. It was one of the tallest buildings at the university, but she was thankful that she was only on the third floor instead of clear up on the sixth; that was a brutal walk for eight-, nine-, and ten-year students if they weren't allowed to use magic to get to their room.

Without magic, Lisha had to use the well-worn stairs that were faded with the countless students making their way up and down the century-old building. The center of each stair was bowed out where their footsteps had worn down the stone.

Winter break was always harder than most days because there was no one to greet or chat with for breaks, nor did she have anyone to commiserate with along the way. She had her heavy coat over her shoulder and her boots on top of a box of supplies in her arms.

The supplies were a necessity with the university on break. The kitchens were only open every other day with shortened hours. Meals were packaged and available for pickup, though some of the first- and second-year students would earn a few marks by delivering food to rooms. Everyone was given a few days of easy-to-eat meals with fresh vegetables and food that could spoil, then longer-term rations for when the schedules didn't line up or there was an unexpected sickness.

Lisha shuddered at the memory of her first year. She had gotten sick after the first week and had to have food delivered while she was caught in the throes of fever chills and nightmares. Every year since, she collected a purse of delivery money through the year to handle deliveries during the winter and summer breaks.

She finally reached the top floor. Sweat prickling her skin, she hefted the box and staggered down the hall. On either side, the doors to the various rooms were closed and usually locked. The boards on each one had signs of well wishes, safe journeys, and more than a little profanity. The RA, Emily, had left first and everyone had taken advantage to draw dicks, pussies, and “preferred” sex positions, on almost every writing door.

Lisha shook her head with amusement as she passed her room. Naturally, someone drew Penelope with a tentacle monster. Even if no one knew that she had a real one, her interests in monsters was well known from her questions and “research material” as she liked to call it.

Lisha put her supplies in the kitchen area at the far end of the hall, putting what needed to go into the ice box and the rest in the empty shelves. Once she was done, she carried her coat and boots back down the hall, past the showering area, and back to her room.

The third-year students had a single room apartment with a small kitchen area to the right of the door and a casual area to the left. A half-wall separated the back half from the front with the beds and study areas near the windows. Lisha’s side was on the left. It was plain and frugal compared to Penelope’s side. Her roommate had left a mess of clothes strewn everywhere, boxes upended, and her homework scattered across the floor.

“By the ancestors,” Lisha muttered as she hung up her coat. They had an understanding about cleaning, but Penelope frequently forgot to tidy up her area. It always gave Lisha anxiety when she looked at it and the idea of spending the entire holiday staring at the mess caused the small of her back and shoulders to throb.

A faint chime rang out. She reflexively glanced at the source, a large knob set in the wall near the door. The knob rotated an arrow that pointed to five sections: unoccupied, do not disturb, waiting for someone, open to company, in distress, and in danger. There was a matching one on the far side of the room, centered between the windows.

She hesitated to move it away from its customary unoccupied setting but it was the winter break and there were very few people in the dorm if she needed help. She grabbed it and turned it to “do not disturb.”

The other handle also rotated in tandem with hers with a faint clicking noise.

She released the knob.

Outside of her room, both above the door in the hall and on a lamp between her windows, a lamp lit up in a faint blue color to indicate her presence in the room. If she turned it to “distress,” the color would have been yellow and “danger” turned it red and set off a bell that was monitoring across the campus.

During the break, “waiting for someone” would be used to request the younger students to bring food or supplies. Unofficially, it was also used to indicate an interest in a little intimate company but only when used well after midnight.

With her presence registered, Lisha set about cleaning up the room to enjoy her fifty days of relatively solitude: clothes were tossed into their respective hampers, dishes scrubbed clean, and papers picked up. It was tedious, frustrating work but having a tidy room would let her relax.

At least until she got to Penelope’s bed. She almost gave up on the overwhelming mess, but her anxiety was already causing her shoulders to ache and her hands to twitch. She groaned and sat on the bed.

A sharp edge dug into her rear.

“Ouch!” she yelped and looked down. There was something underneath the piles of discarded panties and blouses. She tossed the clothes to the side to find that one of Penelope’s travel bags was buried underneath the mess. It was closer to a messenger bag, with a long strap suitable for carrying around through a trip. Usually it would contain travel papers and entertainment.

Lisha hefted it, there was a heavy book inside it. It felt like one of the school’s text books. No doubt Penelope taking homework with her to work on her trip. Lisha grinned, no wonder she left it behind.

Setting it aside, Lisha finished cleaning the rest of the room. Once she was done, she set the bag in the center of Penelope’s bed so her roommate would find it as soon as she came home. The family crest looked out of place with the flower print comforter, but at least Lisha wouldn’t have to worry about it.

Lisha sat on her bed. She was satisfied with the lack of mess. She curled her feet underneath her.

She toyed with her shirt.

She looked around.

She considered doing homework but there was nothing.

She unbuttoned her shirt and shrugged it off.

She sighed.

She toyed with her bra lacing.

Lisha was bored.

After weeks of having someone in the room almost all the time, it felt empty and lonely. The discomfiting silence of not hearing fighting or fucking from the hall was disquieting.

She glanced at the bag in the center of her roommate's bed.

There was a book, maybe it was something new to read?

Or food? She wouldn't want it to spoil and stink up the room.

Lisha shook her head. "No," she whispered. She would respect Penelope's privacy.

With a groan, she slumped on the bed and wracked her mind for something to do.

She could read a book but she knew all the ones in her room by heart.

She could check other rooms for something new, but wasn't even a day since everyone left. She still had half a month of this.

She could eat. Her hand pressed against her belly; it was softer than she liked. The university feed their students well and she wasn't spending her days walking along the mountains anymore.

She could exercise, but the idea of working out alone in a winter night meant she would be trudging up the stairs again. She had no intent in doing that.

Her gaze returned to the bag. She worried her bottom lip as she considered looking inside. "Maybe... there is food. Yeah, she probably likes to snack." She blushed. "My skinny, rail-thin roommate likes to eat all the time. And it would go bad because she forgot to bring it with her."

It was a lie, but she needed something to appease her guilt.

Blushing despite no one looking, she levered herself off the bed and inched over to the other side of the room. She half expected Penelope to burst into the room and catch her.

The bed sagged when she knelt on it.

Her fingers trembled as she picked it up and opened it out.

Inside were some papers in envelopes and a thick book with the family crest on it. The contents of one of the folders was obvious, notes and letters to her family stuffed into envelopes and sealed. Another folder had the school's insignia on it, probably grades and letters of accomplishments. The final folder looked more haphazard, with well-worn edges of papers roughly stuffed into the folder. There was a faint wrinkle on one side.

Lisha knew that she was blushing as she eased out the last folder, as if someone was watching. She held it carefully so she could put it back without revealing she was pawing through it, and then opened it up.

It was hand-written words in Penelope's neat writing. Line after line in almost perfect block letters and precise justification. It was how she wrote most of her school essays and took notes, when she bothered to go to class.

Curious, Lisha wondered what class caught her roommate's attention. She opened up to a random page and pulled out a page to read it.

"... as she looked deep into her eyes, she sank down to her knees. Her thighs spread apart until she felt the vibrating ridge of rock line up to her slick—"

It was porn.

Between her legs, a heat began to flower as she stared at the illicit words.

The folder in her hand rustled as she scanned the page, picking out words of a submission scene, oral sex, and what appeared to be some sort of sex toy

Between her own legs, a fluttering heat ignited.

Without thinking, Lisha started to set down the folder to free her hand when she realized what she was doing.

"Ancestors!" she cried and tossed the folder aside. It hit the wall and exploded into a shower of papers in all directions. Pages of erotica and porn fluttered everywhere, covering the room she spent an hour trying to clean. She caught snippets and fragments of different stories, mere words that ignited a cacophony of sexual images.

The bag on her lap tilted off and the heavy book slid out and landed on the bed. It was dusty and discolored. For a moment, she

could have sworn the dust fell off, but on second look of the untitled book, she noticed that it was tiny webs glued to the front. The open edge of the book was stained with the countless shapes of fingers from where Penelope had closed it with wet fingers.

She gasped.

The musky smell of sex, Penelope's, rose up. The entire book was drenched in her scent.

"Oh, Ancestors," Lisha whispered as she stared at the book.

It was "the book."

Lisha scrambled off the bed. "Oh fuck!" she gasped as she stared at Penelope's private book of sexual summoning, most of which was her notes on calling her private little tentacle monster for her nightly orgasms.

Whimpering, Lisha stared at it with her hand over her mouth. Penelope had left the book behind. She had left the illegal summoning spells right in the middle of the bed, right where there was only one person in the room to blame.

A sick feeling warred with the sudden heat that bubbled inside her. The words from the first pages rose up, inciting her to find the rest of the story to see how it started and how it ended.

With a cry, she shoved the book off the bed and into the space between the wall and the mattress. She didn't look back as she grabbed her bathroom supplies and rushed out of the room to escape to the only place she could think of, the bathing area.



# The Shower

# 3

Lisha decided that the empty shower was the creepiest place she had ever imagined. The magical lamps along the walls were glowing as normal, but the warm light reflected the dry tiles dully, as if everything was washed out. The air was musty and bitter, almost dusty. Even the sounds of her footsteps echoed strangely, giving her the idea that someone was walking up behind her.

If she had the spell memorized, she would have summoned a watcher spirit without even worrying about being expelled. Instead, she could only think about how useful her classroom book would have been in that moment. More so if the creepy shower was inside the class where she had permission to use the spell.

The surreality of the situation wasn't lost on her and she giggled to herself.

There was a creak and the sound froze in her throat.

Whimpering, she spun around in fear that someone had walked up behind her.

No one was there.

It was a foolish fear, one driven only by the strangeness of her situation, but that didn't help the irrational fear that bubbled up. Other images rushed through her mind, of stalkers in the dark lurking and waiting for her to drop her guard.

Lisha clutched her supplies to her chest as she hurried past empty counters and clothing area. Returning to the room felt like a better choice as she shivered at the cool air that surrounded her but then she would have to deal with all that... erotica strewn out across the floor. Words with images of women being spanked and bound.

She apparently had read a lot more than she thought she had.

Lisha carried her supplies to the showers. She didn't want anything to be out of her sight in the creepy chambers. Using one of the built-in seats used for shaving—and occasional oral sex if rumors were true—she set down her supplies. Turning her back to the wall, she stripped while watching the entrance of the shower area.

No monster came rushing in, but the oppressive silence didn't ease her. She worried her bottom lip as she left her clothes in one stall and crept into the other one.

Lisha didn't bother closing either curtain. She kept her eyes on the entrance as foolish fears echoed in her head. Blindly, she turned the water on high.

Ice water slammed into her.

She shrieked and scrambled for the handle, but missed. Her scream rose up as she pawed at the handle.

She scrambled out, standing naked and dripping, as she panted. "Ancestors! That's cold!"

It never occurred to her that with everyone gone, the water would be cold at first. Usually there was someone taking a shower at all times of the day and night ensuring hot waters were in the pipes.

Lisha gingerly stuck her hand in. When the temperature was noticeably warmer, she let out a sigh of relief and then moved so she could watch the entrance of the shower and monitor the water from the same position. It didn't take long before she could dive back into the water and enjoy the heat that poured over her.

"Oh yes."

There was one major advantage of being the only one on the floor: all the hot water she wanted and no one interrupting her shower.

Then she remembered her fear. She could almost feel someone looming in front of her, ready to push her down to her knees and...

Lisha groaned. The images in her head were beginning to blur, the brief words of erotica intermingling with the irrational fears of being alone. Together, they were more intense and she felt prickles of fear along the back of her neck and the fluttering of heat between her legs at the same time.

She lifted her face to the water and forced herself not to look at the door. “Just your head... just your heads....” she whispered to herself as the heated water splashed against her lips and throat.

It took a long time to convince herself that there were no monsters or killers in the shower. Every time she wanted to look, she forced her eyes to remain shut and concentrated on the heat pouring across her naked skin.

Lisha’s thoughts drifted back the words she read on the page. It wouldn’t take much to gather up the pages and figure out how to put them back in order before Penelope found out. It would be just like cleaning the room.

Except she would have to read the stories to find the right order. The heat grew inside her as she imagined herself reading each page with one hand between her legs, stroking her sex with growing excitement.

She slid a hand down her belly and through the forest of hairs on her mons. At the touch of her fingers against her clitoris, she let out a soft moan and leaned against the shower to keep the water coursing over her. She rocked her fingers along her slit, spreading it wide so her fingertips could trail from clitoris to opening and back again.

Lisha’s moan echoed against the wall as she fingered herself faster while thinking about the idea of stealing her roommate’s porn to turn herself on, to give herself the freedom to finger herself to an orgasm without being overheard or teased. Vague fantasies rose up, colored by the few words she spied on the page and her fears: women kneeling in front of a cock, being kissed against the bars of a prison cell, and of the touch of a monstrous tongue against her sex.

The last one resonated with her thoughts and she tried to imagine what it would be like to have a lover licking her where her fingers were. She hadn’t learned that anyone would go down on someone until college, but then her only opportunities came from the same sex.

She thrust her digits deep and pumped into her sex with short strokes that splattered water everywhere as she drove herself to a quick orgasm.

Her grunts, humiliating loud in the abandoned shower, added to the rush of her forbidden actions. She was masturbating in public,

where someone could catch her just by walking in. They would hear her in the hall. They would investigate. Then they would find her, leaning against the wall, three fingers deep into her own cunt. The chance of being caught added an extra rush of excitement and an intensity of pleasure she couldn't have imagined.

A second orgasm began to crest.

She grabbed her breast with her other hand and crushed her nipple between her fingers as she let out a wail of pleasure that beat against the tiled walls.

Pleasure tore through her as she slowly sank to her knees, her shoulder leaning against the tile as she did. Her entire body was on fire as she pumped harder. Her fingers jammed into her sex but it wasn't enough. She released her breast to circle her clitoris with both hands as she knelt in the middle of the shower, her face upturned to the water that splashed hot liquid across her finger as she brought herself to a third, intense orgasm.

Lisha shuddered with the intense afterglow. She was such a slut, getting off on a few paragraphs of porn. Her pussy felt sore from her fingers as she eased them out.

Then she remembered she was in the shower. She looked fearfully at the door but there was no one inside the area.

Panting, she stared out as she realize what she had done with the curtain wide open and anyone able to come in. An illicit thrill rushed through her, surging through her veins like some drug.

Lisha moaned as she pushed herself back to her feet. As she did, she was already mentally coming up with her next actions. To start with, gather up all Penelope's stories and start going through them until her fingers wrinkled or she passed out from orgasms.

Then she would put them away and Penelope would not be be the wiser.

# Burning Out

# 4

Lisha woke up sprawled out on Penelope's bed, one hand cupping her sore pussy and the other fisting a handful of lewd papers. Automatically, she stroked her fingers along her nether lips as her consciousness sharpened, working the moist hairs aside until she could stroke along the moist line of her sex.

Her fingertip circled around her clitoris, but it didn't take long to realize she was still sore from the night before. She worked her digits down to her opening and pushed inside; there wasn't enough lubrication from excitement and the friction danced on the edge of pleasure and discomfort.

After a few strokes, it was clear that she needed to be more awake to enjoy herself. She pulled out with a sigh and then sniffed at the sweet tang that clung to her fingertips. She had gotten a lot more familiar with the smells of her own body in the last few days, not only from her wrinkled fingers but also the scene that wafted from both beds in the room.

One of Penelope's stories had a submissive who was forced to lick her own juices off her fingers. It was a hot scene, with a dominating master that had mind-controlled the character.

Half lost in the fantasy, Lisha had tried it herself, but it felt strange tasting her own cunt on her fingers and she dismissed it as something that didn't excite her.

That wasn't entirely true, it excited her to read it on the page. She had orgasmed repeatedly at the scene until she had every word memorized. Even then, she felt a quivering heat rising up as she pictured herself on her knees, a collar wrapped around her throat, as she begged for her master to take her.

Lisha reached down to enjoy another orgasm but her sex never got above a quiver of memory. She sighed with frustrating. After days of rubbing herself, some of the pages no longer held the excitement they did on the first day.

She pushed herself up with a groan.

Penelope's stories were scattered on the floor again. Some of the edges were stained, others were wrinkled from where she accidentally rolled over them in the throes of some orgasm or stepped on them as she staggered around looking for clothes to get food or take another shower.

She blearily looked at the ground and shook her head. "She's going to know I've rubbed one out using her pages after this."

Maybe she could steam them flat? Or press them in a book to hide her indiscretions? Though, not much else could hide the signs of damp fingers holding the pages, there were a lot more smudges along the edges where pussy juices had soaked in the paper. She started to convince herself that her roommate wouldn't notice any extra mess but then she saw her teeth marks in the page from one particularly hot scene when she needed both hands.

There was no way Penelope would miss that.

"Shit," she muttered with a blush.

After a few minutes of staring, Lisha told herself, "Just pick everything up. Just pick it up and stop acting like a slut."

She groaned as she knelt down. Her thighs were sore as the rest of her. Somehow she had gotten more aggressive with her fingering and she could see faint lines of scratches on her inner thighs and along the swells of her breasts. Gingerly, she hefted one breast and felt the soreness around her nipple, not to mention a bite mark.

Lisha didn't even remember biting on her nipple but the thought of it brought back the growing itch that she needed to scratch. Her efforts to gather up the pages turned into looking for fresh material to get her off.

Domination scene with the collar? Memorized.

The "fell beast of the woods" and the fucking against a giant tree? Her pussy quivered at the images that rose in her head. The later scene in the pool and then the one next to the fire brought more heat but never enough to get her juices flowing.

The scene with the priest and the gang-banging blessing? Just a bit more, almost enough but when she cupped her sex, there was heat but not enough moisture to lubricate her fingers.

She gathered page after page, ordering them as she tried to find something new, something fresh. As the pile grew, so did her itch.

Lisha bit her lip as she whimpered. She crawled across the room, gathering up every page but everything was known. Just a teasing word here and there but nothing to ignite a passion that would sate the craving that pooled in her cunt and demanded to be released.

Finally, she got up on her knees and dug into Penelope's bag of porn. The heavy summoning book slid out and hit the bed with a thud. She ignored it as she dug into the pockets and pouches in desperation.

Nothing.

"Damn it!"

She slumped back and swore again. Her left hand cupped her sex again, stroking against the sore skin as she tried to bring herself without help but she couldn't reach it. Her imagination and excitement had run dry.

Lisha dropped her head to the blanket and let out a sigh. "Fuck."

The summoning book scraped against her scalp.

She peeked up. Up close, she could smell Penelope's sex on the binding, saw the fingers of countless orgasms that were hidden inside the pages. In the edges of her vision, a faint aura glowed from the pages from the constant summoning that could bring up a creature that she would never tire of.

Lisha sat up, her cheeks burning.

"No, fuck no, no, no. Don't think of it. Don't ever think of it."

She had never seen Penelope's creature, only the webs that it left behind and the stench of orgasms that flooded the room. Penelope had been summoning it for a year now and there was no end to her desire to go away; even to the point her grades suffered in the quest for the endless orgasms that came from eldritch magic.

Lisha whimpered as she stared at the book. It was a low level creature.

She tore her eyes away. "No, damn it, Lisha. Don't even think of it."

Her pussy grew slicker, she could feel the tingling heat as it seeped out from her lower lips. Trembling, she reached down to cup her sex and two of her fingers slipped into the moist opening. She was sore, but the heat and juices transformed the discomfort into pleasure.

She pressed her chest against the bed as she stared at the book and tried to imagine what creature would be summoned. Penelope said it had tentacles. Would it reach out and grab her, caressing her nipples, sides, and thighs at the same time.

Her fingers grew slicker.

She moaned as she tried to imagine a beast towering over her, lashing out to grab her wrists and pin them behind her back. The heat continued to grow as she imagined it binding her legs the same way, plucking her off the floor as it held her over the the bed.

It had to have thick tentacles, ones that pushed inside her pussy with little thrusts that grew faster. That is how her lovers had done it, thought they only lasted a few seconds before emptying their seed. But Penelope said the tentacle creature would last longer, hours even.

Lisha imagined it would thrust deep and pull out, plunging into her sex with hammering strokes that stretched her out with every stroke. She moaned as she thrust finger, fingering herself roughly as she imagined being ravaged by the beast, impaled into her pussy and fucked until her orgasm became a knife edge of desire.

She gripped the edge of the bed as she came, a quick but hard burst of pleasure that blinded her for a moment. She bit down on the blankets to avoid screaming out as she lifted her hips and imagined how the beast would take her from behind, holding her still as he jammed deep into her cunt over and over again.

One orgasm exploded into a second and then a third before the fantasy in her head crumbled. Panting, she slumped back to her knees as she kept her fingers buried into her wet box. A tremble coursed through her body as she looked at the book.

The temptation was too much for her.

With a gasp, she pushed the book across the bed. It fluttered once before sliding into the space between the blankets and the wall.



Lisha moaned and tried to pump her fingers again, but the excitement had faded. Gingerly, she eased her fingers out and looked at her dripping fingertips. The smell of orgasm teased her.

She wiped her fingers on her own blanket before standing up unsteadily. She had to get out of her room, even for a few hours. It was the only way to clear her head and stop losing herself in orgasms.

Lisha panted as she looked around.

First... get some clothes on.

Then, maybe get more food from the mess hall before it shut down for the night.

*D. Dancer*

# Dinner Time

# 5

By the time Lisha stepped out into the cold air, her cheeks were no longer burning and she could keep her thoughts on the icy path. It was dark, almost night, and the long shadows crossed over treacherous patches of ice and deep piles of slush. Without most of the students and staff at the university, there was only a token effort to keep the walks clear. It didn't take long before she was shivering from the snow and ice that covered her legs clear up to her knees.

Lisha wished she could risk summoning a fire pixie like Penelope did. Even in the mostly abandoned paths, she couldn't risk getting caught with an illegal summoning. She didn't know how the administrative staff was taking the winter break, but she was absolutely sure they would either be overloaded with bored students or looking for someone to punish. Either way, it would mean a quick trip off the campus and sent him in the dead of winter.

A cold wind blew across the quad and she shivered. Her coat was heavy, but not heavy enough. She had her winter skirts, though after three days of having her fingers jammed into her cunt, it felt strange to have anything covering her legs.

She had forgone panties though. The heavy layers kept any cold wind from blowing through her public hair, but that didn't stop the slick sensation of her nether lips sliding against each other as fading images of the stories rolling her head.

As she walked, her thoughts raced through the fantasies until the one that still flickered the heat between her legs: the forbidden summoning. She let out her breath as she jammed her hands into her pockets, stroking her hips as the cloud blew past her.

It was alluring and intoxicating, to break the rules and also to see what Penelope got to enjoy. Though, she wasn't sure how she would ever be able to explain to her roommate how it happened. She dismissed it and promised she would only think about it while touching herself, not actually risk everything for orgasms that promised never to go stale or burn out.

Before she knew it, Lisha was at the mess hall. Most of the lights were off and the building looked dark. She stopped and stared at it, unsure if it was still open. The idea of going back and eating the rations didn't excite her, but with her thoughts, she wasn't sure if she could trust herself not to break her promise seconds after returning to the empty dorm.

She took a deep breath and headed closer. Maybe someone would take pity on her.

One of the doors opened. A tall woman stepped out with a bag of garbage. She had long, reddish hair that the wind caught and it flared behind her in a halo of red with white tips. Despite the cold, she only wore what appeared to be tiny shorts and a white tank top. Heat boiled off her as she strode across the front of the building on the way to the alley; the snow and wind separated around her and she seem to notice the cold.

Lisha froze as her eyes locked on the beauty. It was Sorrel, the most famous of the ten-year students, the queen of the campus, and the pride of the college. Lisha and Penelope had gone to the last six of Sorrel's tournaments where the red-haired woman had crushed her opponents with a dazzling combination of martial arts and combat magic.

Unless Penelope and Lisha, Sorrel was an evoker. She could summon fireballs, lances of lightning, and even bolts of frost with dazzling skill that already ranked her among the country's most talented battle mages.

Lisha let out a soft sigh. Sorrel was everything she wasn't: brains, beauty, and good looks. Everyone wanted to be with her and Sorrel made no effort to dismiss the rumors that she had bedded half the upper class and teachers.

Realizing that she couldn't face the woman she admired, Lisha turned and headed back. Rations didn't seem so bad if she didn't have to face the upperclassman in an awkward solutions.

“Hey!”

Lisha cringed as Sorrel called out. Trembling, she peeked over her shoulder.

Sorrel stood at the entrance of the alley after dumping off the garbage. She was looking straight at her. Slowly, she jammed one hand into her pocket and the waistband dipped down to reveal a wedge of bare skin. “Looking for dinner?”

Lisha flushed and shook her head. “N-No, I wasn’t—”

Sorrel snapped her fingers and pointed to the door. “Come on.”

Without waiting for answer, she strode back toward the entrance into the building.

For a moment, Lisha considered fleeing but then Sorrel looked at her without slowing down. Even from a distance, the look was intense. It felt like it was tugging on Lisha, demanding that she come closer.

The heat from her fantasies rose up, triggered by the stories of women being forced to submit. Penelope preferred guys, just like Lisha, and the stories were all men dominating women, but there was something about the look that brought back the images to the foreground.

Her pussy clenched as Lisha let out a shuddering breath.

Sorrel stopped by the door, looking at it.

Lisha could feel the pressure rising, the need to obey. She couldn’t resist for long and hurried along. With every step, she grew more nervous as Sorrel towered over her by easily a quarter meter.

The upperclassman smelled of ozone and ash. The heat rolling off her body caused the snow to shimmer and droplets to ooze along the piles heaped on either side of the path.

As Lisha reached her, Sorrel finally turned around. Her eyes were an bright green, almost white, as she looked over Lisha from head to toe. It was appraising and hungry. Slowly, Sorrel smiled broadly.

Lisha trembled as her breath quickened. She could feel herself growing slick underneath her skirt, a proposition that terrified her since she had never found attraction with another woman before.

“You look like you need food.”

“I—”

“Come on, get inside. You’re shivering.” Sorrel’s voice was low and sultry, the same hunger of some predatory creature circling her

prey than a friendly offer for food. She turned and headed up the stairs.

Lisha's eyes caught a flash of bare skin and she looked down to see that Sorrel wasn't wearing a pair of shorts but a miniskirt. The tight black material stretched around a pair of buttocks that was harder than steel. Beneath them, she could catch just a peek of bare pussy lips nestled between her muscular thighs.

Ears burning, Lisha yanked her eyes back up.

Sorrel smiled at her and held the door open. The wood pressed against her breasts as she gestured inside. "Come on, I'm sure you're cold and hungry."

"I... I am. Thank you."

"Aww, a little shy?"

Lisha nodded. She had never gotten so close to Sorrel and she had no clue what to say.

"Don't worry, there is still another half bell before we close and plenty of time for something warm for your belly."

Lisha clutched herself as she let Sorrel guide her inside. The battle mage's hand was large and firm as she gently pushed Lisha ahead of her, walking her down the hall and into a large dining area.

The hall was empty except for a couple students at one end, a pair of teachers at the other. The rest was large enough for a hundred students but was empty and dark.

Sorrel finally passed her. "Find a seat. What do you eat?"

Lisha reached for the nearest chair. "Um, just about anything."

Sorrel made a little noise.

Lisha flinched and looked up.

The taller woman gestured to one of the edges of the dining hall, where the lights were low. There was no one else close to the spot.

Lisha's heart beat against her chest as she looked at Sorrel with fright.

Sorrel smiled brilliantly. "Come on, you're shy. You don't want to be by the door, that's where everyone is going to be walking and an open invitation to talk." She chuckled. "Or something else, if you aren't careful."

Unsure why she was responding, Lisha blushed at the words as images of her being pushed to her knees in front of the beautiful

woman flashed through her mind. She ground her thighs together as she nodded. "T-Thank you."

"Go on, I'll bring you your food."

Lisha headed to the quiet part and sat down. She took a deep breath before pressing her knees together and resting her hand. She was slick and her heart was beating against her chest. After a few minutes, the heat was too much and she shrugged off her coat.

Sorrel returned with two trays of food. There were steaming bowls of stew, plates with two pieces of cakes, some fresh citrus fruit, and even a large pitcher of lemonade.

Lisha stared as the shining star of the campus sat down across from her.

Sorrel took a bite out of some bread before she looked up. Then she grinned. "What? Do you mind if I eat with you?"

There was no way Lisha could say no. Up close, Sorrel was even more beautiful than before. Her skin was flawless and every movement liquid and sure. Stammering, she shook her head. "N-No, it's okay."

With a trembling hand, she grabbed a spoon and started in on her soup.

Sorrel said nothing, to Lisha's relief.

Occasionally, when Lisha peeked up, Sorrel's attention was on the rest of the room.

"How are you holding up?"

Lisha jumped at the question. "W-What?"

Sorrel smiled at her. "Your first winter break here?"

"No, my third."

"Third? You're a fourth or fifth year?"

"Um... second. I came last winter... I missed a semester."

Sorrel cocked her head. "I remember you."

Lisha's eyes opened wide.

With a grin, Sorrel gestured with her bread. "The cutie from Balkim."

A whimper escaped Lisha's lips.

Sorrel grinned and shrugged. "Some girls in my class were talking about you. I could have sworn you were fourth year, at least judging from your scores on the summoning trials."

The spoon in Lisha's hand shook. "I-I thought those were private."

Sorrel shrugged. "Sort of, but not for the higher students. We help teach classes, so my roommate was curious about you and looked you up." She grinned and leaned forward. "To be honest, I think she was hoping you would return some of her affections."

Lisha's mind spun furiously as she remembered a slender teaching assistant from earlier that year. She was a dark-haired beauty who specialized in summoning shadows; she also had smokey eyes that always bore into Lisha whenever they had one-on-one training.

It never occurred to Lisha that the tutoring was anything other than help. Though, with hindsight, the way Missy had sat next to her on the bench or the occasional touches along her thigh suddenly made a lot more sense.

"O-Oh...."

Sorrel laughed. "oh, Missy is going to be so humiliated. You didn't realize she was into you?"

"No."

"You into girls?"

Before winter break, Lisha would have emphatically said no. But stories of men and women fucking, the way Penelope's scent intruded her thoughts while she was reading, and even her own attempts to duplicate the scenes on the page had blurred the edge. Now she was sitting across from the most desirable woman on the campus, blushing as if she had a crush on her.

Sorrel pushed her plate to the side and then leaned on her elbow. Her bright green eyes bore into Lisha's. "I'm going to say you are definitely into girls." Her voice was playful but her eyes were ravenous.

"W-What?" Lisha shook her head. "N-No, I'm not."

"Most people don't respond to my aura unless they were thinking about it."

Lisha stared at her.

Sorrel winked. "Ground yourself, your shields are leaking."

Shielding and grounding, one of the first lessons that all mages learned in the school. Despite her pounding heart and blushing cheeks, Lisha focused her attention on her core energies and saw



that they were a chaotic mess. Humiliation iced down her thoughts as she concentrated and forced herself to calm down, to smooth out the energies until she could ground herself into the rock beneath her feet and build up a wall of protective forces around her being.

As the shields settled into place, she could sense Sorrel's aura. It was a wave of energies radiating from the beautiful woman. Thoughts of lust and desire reached out and caressed her shield, sending little quivers along Lisha's magical senses but no longer penetrating her thoughts.

Lisha's humiliation grew as she felt her mind clear. But, not all of the excitement and desire faded. She was still wet between her thighs and she could catch whiff of her own excitement teasing the edges of her senses; though it could be the smell clinging to her own fingertips and body.

It was the words and her imagination that had betrayed her, making her open to the lust. But, even with the shielding protecting her mind, the images of being forced to her knees or pinned to the wall behind her, tickled her thoughts.

Sorrel grinned. "There you go. Head a little more clear."

Lisha nodded. "Why?"

Sorrel shrugged and looked over the room. "I'm bored. I've been here ten years and haven't been home since. Every winter break, I sit here and try to find something to do." Her eyes slid back to Lisha. "Or someone."

"I'm... I'm not..."

Sorrel held up her hand. "No means no. I wouldn't have allowed it to go anywhere unless I was absolutely sure it was your thoughts that got your pussy soaked and not my aura."

Lisha's pussy clenched at the mention. A squelch of moisture escaped and moistened her thighs. She gasped as the blush came rushing back. "How did you know!?"

Then she realized she had yelled her worlds. She cringed as she looked around to see if anyone else noticed.

Sorrel turned and laughed. "Oh my fucking stars, you are adorable!"

Lisha flinched.

Turning back to Lisha, Sorrel held out her hand. "No more enchantments, okay? No more auras."

“O-Okay.”

Sorrel took a swig of her lemonade. “So, haven’t been home since you got here?”

For a moment, Lisha couldn’t say anything. She reached out for her senses to see if Sorrel was using any magic, but there were no spells in the air. She hesitated a while longer, then nodded.

“By choice or your family didn’t want you?”

“I... it was expensive and they weren’t happy with my choice.”

“Lucky. I heard you scored well on the entrance exams.”

“Um, highest in my summoning class.”

“That’s pretty impressive. You have a lot of competition. Let’s see, there is Ginny, Jackie, and Penelope near the top.”

“Pen is my roommate.”

Sorrel’s eyebrow raised.

“What?”

“Oh, nothing,” Sorrel said but there was definitely something in her thoughts and behind the sudden smile. “What kind of creatures do you specialize in?”

“I seem to be leaning toward a general competency. Nothing jumps up as being easy and I can sustain summoning for a long time, longer than anyone else in my class....”

With the gentle questioning, Lisha found herself relaxing as she talked about class and her studies.

# Escort Home

# 6

Lisha laughed as Sorrel finished up her story about getting in trouble for setting the top of a building on fire during an errant prank. Tears streamed down her face as she giggled at the image of Sorrel standing there, with a giant pair of tits scorched into the side of the building.

“... and then I had to repaint the entire thing by hand, no magic allowed.” Sorrel laughed. “Oh, Missy was pissed too since she got caught by the guards.”

“I thought she refused to help you.”

“Yes, but that doesn’t matter when she was caught holding a paint brush in her hand.” Sorrel laughed. “Then she got caught summoning a sprite to paint which meant she had to do the entire other side too!”

Lisha giggled.

“We spent the entire summer break cleaning up that mess. She wasn’t even allow to send a letter to explain why she didn’t return home until we finished repairing the roof.”

Lisha grinned at the thought. She looked down at her plate, but it was wiped cleaned while they were talking. Even the desert and fruit were gone. She glanced around, but the rest of the hall was dark and empty.

Her smile faded.

Sorrel shrugged. “Everyone went home an hour or so ago.”

“Won’t we get in trouble?”

“Why? I’m responsible for cleaning up. Not one gives ten year students flak.”

“Because you got in trouble earlier?”

Sorrel shook her head and stood up. She gathered up the dishes. “I volunteer for this. It gives me a chance to meet our more shy students, break some ice, and maybe make a few new friends.”

Lisha joined her and together they walked the dishes back to the kitchen.

Sorrel dumped everything into the sink, then held up her hand. Runes floated from her hands as she whispered a string of arcane words. The runes grew brighter, connecting in a dizzying pattern. From the center, a stream of steam shot out and enveloped the sink.

Seconds later, they were putting away the cleaned but still hot plates.

Lisha felt a little humiliated with how easily Sorrel could use magic. There was elegance in her spell, a refinement and clarity that Lisha could only dream about. Not to mention, Sorrel was allowed to use magic freely outside of class, something the younger students were not.

Sorrel put away the last of the dishes and slammed the cabinet shut.

Lisha inched toward the door. “I-I should be heading back.”

Sorrel gave her a hard look. “Stay.”

For a moment, Lisha thought Sorrel meant something else, something erotic. Her thoughts instantly went down a path of her being dominated that brought back her blush to her cheeks and a warmth fluttering between her legs.

Sorrel interrupted that by grabbing a box of supplies for her room. “Come on, I’ll walk you back. It’s going to be cold and I’ll keep you warm.”

Lisha’s mouth opened as she fought with her libido and desire.

Sorrel winked at her as she walked past.

Lisha rushed to follow.

It was well after midnight as they walked along the path. With Sorrel’s heat aura, the snow melted almost instantly and they walked along the steaming path as they made their way back. There wasn’t even a hint of slickness or ice on the way.

Neither said anything until they reached the Lisha’s dorm.

Lisha looked up at her window on the third floor. “Do you...”

The air felt tight with anticipation.

“Do you want to come up?”

Sorrel glanced at her window and then at her. She let out a sigh. "I better not."

To her surprise, Lisha was disappointed. "Oh."

Stepping over to the stair, Sorrel leaned over to set down the box. Her miniskirt rose up, revealing the pressed lines of her bare lips between her tight buttocks. She looked flushed below, her puffy lips almost red. Then she stood up and straightened her skirt.

Lisha flushed and looked away for a second.

Sorrel walked over to her and held her hand. "If I go up there, I think we're going to be doing something you don't want to do."

The blush grew hotter. Suddenly, it didn't seem like a bad idea to be attracted to women. Lisha bit her lower lip.

"Trust me, you are absolutely adorable and I would eat you for breakfast." Sorrel smiled brightly. "Then I'd probably make you eat me for lunch."

"I-I..." Lisha whimpered as her body grew slick. Her pussy started to tingle.

Sorrel leaned forward and kissed her on the cheeks. "Good night, Sha."

"Um... good night, Sorrel?"

"You can call me Rel, you know."

"T-thank you. I will."

Sorrel shoved her hand into the pocket of her miniskirt. The force pushed the waist down again and Lisha could see the line between Sorrel's leg and her crotch. Then she smiled brightly and strolled away.

Lisha took a deep breath. What was happening to her? She couldn't feel an aura of lust surrounding Sorrel, but why were the words making her hot? Was it the stories or was she interested in women and never realized it?

"Oh, Sha?" Sorrel's voice was playful but the predatory tone had come back.

It sent a pulse of longing that coursed between Lisha's clitoris up to her nipples. She shook as she turned to look at the upperclassman.

"If you ever change your mind, you know about girls, there is something else you can call me."

Lisha took a deep breath as she fought the growing desire. “W-What?” her voice cracked.

“Just get on your knees and call me *teacher*.” The last word came out as Belish, Lisha’s native tongue though Sorrel stumbled over the pronunciation. It was a word of respect and honor, a formality of an inferior speaking to a superior. In certain circles, it was also what a submissive would call their partner.

Lisha’s knees wobbled as she stared at Sorrel, her mind spinning as images from the stories blurred with the vision of the woman before her. It was an intoxicating and confusing slurry of fantasies and desires.

Sorrel gave her one last wink before strolling away.

Lisha stared in shock and desire, unable to do anything until the last warm breeze faded away and she was alone in the cold dark before her dorm.

# Rationing

# 7

Even though they parted ways a day ago, Sorrel was still on Lisha's mind. In specific, on the tip of her fingers as she stroked herself to one orgasm and another. The fantasies from Penelope's porn became less abstract as her libido mixed the two together, swapping Sorrel in for faceless dominating men and firmly shoving Lisha into the position of the one being bound, being forced to her knees, being controlled. Being able to remember how Sorrel smelled and touched, how her voice sent little thrills coursing along Lisha's senses brought a reality to her imagination and new edge to her orgasms.

She planted one foot against the wall as she lifted up her hips to her soaked fingers. Two fingers ran up and down her length, sliding through the slick folds of her sex before plunging into her pussy. She bit her lip as she moaned and strained more, pushing herself off the bed as her body craved another release.

A guttural growl shook in her chest as she mauled her breast with her other hand, fingernails digging into skin as she imagined it was Sorrel that was raking her instead.

The orgasm that she had been striving for finally snapped and a rush of pleasure and ecstasy tore through her senses. She let out a cry as her muscles tensed and she shuddered her way through the waves that assaulted her.

Her shoulders scraped against the edge, giving her only a moment warning before she slid off the bed.

With an inarticulate shriek, Lisha smacked into the floor between the beds, one leg still propped up and her fingers buried deep in her snatch as the aftershocks of her orgasm shook her limbs. She

strained against the mattress until the waves of pleasure subsided, then slumped against the cooler floor.

She had to admit, it was a good day.

Over the hours, she had fallen in love with the idea of Sorrel. As a fantasy, the beauty was a trigger that set off endless waves of ecstasy.

But her orgasms quelled with the idea of making it a reality. Encountering someone was never as neat as it would be in her head, or on the page of Penelope's stories. It would be messy and push her to places she may not want to go.

She chuckled and shook her head. No, the imaginary Sorrel was as far as Lisha wanted to go.

Gingerly, she pulled her wrinkled fingers from her sex and sniffed them. The sweet and tangy scent was more familiar than ever before, but she couldn't force herself to reenact the scenes where she would have been forced to lick them.

Nor the scenes that involved something jamming into her ass appeal to her. Thankfully, Penelope only had a few stories that dealt with that topic but Lisha had read over them repeatedly in embarrassed excitement, trying to imagine what it would feel like to have something hard thrusting inside her rear but terrified to find out.

She let her hand thump to the ground and laid there, smiling as she let the sweat cool from her skin. After a moment, she arched her back to stare at the scratches that covered both breasts and her sides from where she was too aggressive while fingering herself.

Maybe she needed to calm down and take a break? Or at least ration her stories of Sorrel to prevent herself from overindulging and draining of them of all excitement. She didn't want to lose the ease that her body grew slick with the idea of being crowded against a wall or forced to remain silent as she was being fingered in public.

She still had weeks of the winter break and she needed her imaginary lover as fodder to keep her warm until the end.

Lisha rolled her eyes. "Fine, I'll stop," she muttered as she decided to focus on something else for a while. Her eyes focused on her glistening fingertips. She could feel more of her juices coating her inner thighs and the dull throb of her sex now that the afterglow was fading.



A shower.

Food.

Then maybe find something else to do before she ended up crawling on the bed like a slut, bringing herself to orgasm until she passed out.

Lisha dropped her hand to the floor.

Something sharp and heavy jabbed her palm.

Flinching, she yanked her hand back but then looked over.

It was Penelope's summoning book. The forbidden book that promised hours of pleasure. She vaguely remembered picking it up from from where it fell between the bed and the wall, but it had fallen again in the throes of one of her many orgasms. Now, it sat just underneath her bed, lurking like a beast that also promised endless hours of pleasure.

Other memories came back, of the towering monster pinning her against the wall as he had his way with her. Her body began to warm again and she felt the familiar tingling as she got excited.

She shoved it away. "No!"

Scrambling to her feet, she swayed for a moment and then felt moisture clinging to her inner thighs. With the afterglow gone, she felt a little disgusting. Staggering to the door, she grabbed her robe and pulled it on with only a token effort to tie it up; there wasn't anyone in the building to see her prance around naked. So what if no one saw the damp hairs on her pubis or the glistening on her legs? Or smelled her pussy juices covering every centimeter of her body?

Lisha grabbed bathing supplies before opening the door. She turned and gave the room one last look, her eyes briefly focusing on the forbidden book. Penelope had been using that spell for a year and she was still getting off on the creature she summoned. There was no hint that she was getting burned out or losing the spark that keep the orgasms burning bright. Maybe having something animated would be an alternative to the heated images of Sorrel pinning her against the wall?

Her lips tightened as she considered retrieving the book.

Then she thought about anyone finding out and working through the horror of getting kicked out of school and being forced to return home.

After a few seconds of battling her will, she forced herself to close the door and head to the shower.

She could resist, she had to. She couldn't afford to give into the temptation, no matter how curious she was to see if it could make her orgasm for hours.

# Showering

# 8

Lisha moaned as the hot water poured down from the ceiling in rippling waves that massaged her shoulders and scalp before sluicing off her body. The rivulets that ran down her skin tickled over her self-inflicted scratches and bruises, erasing the ache of too many hours of losing herself in pleasure. In her mind's eye, she could trace the water as it ran along her breasts and stomach, down her back, and then into the valley of her thighs.

The steam filled her lungs, bringing in the slightly sharp taste of the magically heated water to her nostrils before she exalted through the sheet of water that poured down her face. The tiny gap under her nose felt like a delicate thread keep her from choking on the water as it beat against her face.

She kept one hand tight around one of the safety rails. She wasn't afraid of falling with the textured tiles underneath her bare feet, but to remind herself to enjoy the water without trying to pleasure her still sore clitoris or aching nipples.

With a moan, she arched her back even further to direct the stream of water down across her breasts. The water continued to massage her, the flow interrupted by some contraption that cut off the flow for only a heartbeat before letting it resume. The resulting beat felt like someone was tapping against her nipples and teasing her abrasions.

The thoughts of Sorrel came back and a hunger for pleasure returned.

Lisha moaned and bit her lower lip. She couldn't pleasure herself, not until she got back to the room. It was an arbitrary decision, but

she had almost found herself masturbating again and she needed a break.

She needed to clear her mind.

With a deep breath, she focused on emptying her mind and focused on grounding herself. She concentrated on every beat of the water against her skin, every tickle along her sensitive places.

It was almost like a hand—

“No,” she snapped to herself. “Water. Just hot water.”

Blindly, she planted her other hand against the temperature control ring. She turned it to increase the flow of energy into the heating rune that powered the shower. Underneath her hand, she felt a little pressure from the hot warning, but she twisted harder until it popped over the safety before she let go.

Instantly, there was a surge of heat and pressure. It wasn't quite searing but on the edge of pleasure and comfort as the stream hammered against her breasts.

Lisha shuddered at the pleasure and rocked forward to bring her shoulders underneath the stream. Leaning forward, she worked the water along her spine and tried not to think about how the rivulets were caressing along her flanks and pouring over her shoulder to trace the lines of her breasts before dripping off her nipples. More rivers of stinging heat ran between her legs.

Unable to resist much longer, she release the temperature ring and reached down to pry her nether lips apart. The water instantly channelled between her fingers to run along her sore clitoris and opening.

Lisha hissed at the pain but her knees quivered at the pleasure that washed over her. She bit down on her lip as she held herself still, not violating the letter of her self-inflicted promise not to finger herself but utterly disregarding the spirit as she rocked her hips into the water as the pleasure slowly rose.

Lisha remained there, hoping that the pressure could push her past the edge but there wasn't enough movement behind it. She heard the university used to have the shower head attached to a flexible hose, but too many people were using it for in appropriate uses that they had converted them all to fixed points above her.

Of course, she would have used a hose for the same purpose.

She groaned as she straightened and closed her eyes to look up into the water.

It felt good not to be pleasuring herself until she burned herself out. Even if it was just a moment before she went back into the room filled with tempting stories and that book.

A rush of desire flooded her.

No one know with her being the only one in the building.

No one would ever know.

Lisha groaned as she pressed her slick thighs together. She reached back with her other hand to slid her fingertips along her left ass cheek, pulling it apart to let the water splash through the valley of her buttocks and tickle the bud of her forbidden entrance.

Losing herself, she reached in and caressed the wrinkled opening as she thought about the stories that still excited her with embarrassing lust. She rocked her fingertips along the opening, causing it to wink open and close. There was no way she would consider pushing anything inside, but the heated water was as close to a lover against her back passage as she would ever know.

Her other hand inched closer as she curled her fingers to push into her sex from the front.

She ran her fingertips around her opening as her other hand teased her sphincter. It would be just like in the story, when the main character had two lovers kneeling in front of her.

Lisha increased the pressure on both, her fingers easily slipping into her tight pussy as her the unfamiliar pleasures rose as she worked her other finger against her other hole.

Somehow, the idea of fingering herself in the shower was even hotter. No one would ever know that she was going to bring herself to a screaming orgasm in one of the public rooms of the building. No one.

She froze.

Lisha would know.

Her fingertips quivered for a moment. When she flexed her muscles, she could feel her sphincter kissing the one about to violate her back passage.

What was she doing?

With a shuddering sigh, she yanked the lever that turned off the water.

The flickering heating rune grew dark as the water petered off until only a few droplets splashed against her naked breasts. She held herself still as she followed the last over the rivulets caressed her breasts, thigh, and even across her aching clitoris before spilling out in the palm about to thrust fingers into her sex.

She waited until the sound of dripping faded from the now uncomfortably empty bathroom before she pulled her fingers away. She blushed to herself as she looked across the shadowed showering area and listened for the sounds of anyone else.

Hearing none, she grabbed her towel and patted herself dry. She berated herself silently about not touching herself as she finished. When she did, she wrapped the towel over her chest and tucked it the best she could.

Lisha considered grabbing her personal showering, but she was alone in the floor. No one would mind if she left it there until others returned. She patted her hips before padding out of the showering area, through the lockers, and into the common rooms.

Her stomach gurgled when she glanced at the kitchen. She followed it for a quick meal as she promised herself she would go an entire night without touching herself. She could resume in the morning, but she had to take one night off.

Just one.

She could do it.

# Insomnia



Lisha squirmed underneath her blankets as half-formed images fluttered across her thoughts. They were all variants of the fantasies that had obsessed her for days, a flash of naked bodies, submission, and bondage. Each one was a siren's call for her to release the death grip on her pillow and jam her hands between her thighs to scratch the maddening itch between her legs.

Even as she resisted her lust, she knew she was also denying herself sleep. Every time she closed her her eyes, her mind would start playing more images, each one more erotic and lewd than the one before.

She rolled on her back. As soon as she did, her knees spread apart and she felt the cool air caressing her sex. She grabbed her blankets and shoved them between her thighs to protect herself.

Even the rasp of fabric against her sex sent a little moan to escape her throat.

She arched her back and squirmed for a moment before she got in a comfortable spot. Then she took a deep breath. Then another. With each exhalation, she tried to let her mind go blank until there was nothing but the sense of anticipation.

Anticipation of fingering—

“Damn it,” she snapped when she realized her thoughts had drifted again. Like her training, she restarted her effort every time she was distracted. It always worked for class and she could do it again.

She made it to the fourth deep breath before she imagined a tongue against her sex.

On the third attempt, she only got one before she was tugging on the blanket across her aching pussy.

It took her almost an hour before she finally exorcised most of the sexual thoughts from her mind. She bobbed in a state of half-away and half-dreaming, but here thoughts were spinning through summoning spells that she had already mastered.

Outside her brief obsession with erotic—

She groaned with frustration and tried once again, moving her sluggish thoughts back through the deep breathing techniques until her thoughts were focused on a safe topic, the magic that had dominated her for years.

Summoning was her passion. Her pulse quickened at the thought of gathering power in her hand. She could barely see energies in the corner of her vision, but with her mind, she was able to shape and push it against the barrier between the worlds and into the cracks that bridged her reality with another.

Breaching the worlds was one thing, capturing a spirit to pull through was another. It was like fishing with the tendrils of power on the other side, but the twists, tugs, and pulls were all needed to summon a specific spirit. Twisting one way would attract a firefly spirit while going the other would summon nothing.

That was the purpose of the summoning spells: the describe specific shapes of magic, how to push them across the worlds, and what maneuvers would summon a creature. The spells were a common language to describe physically impossible concepts.

Her eyes fluttered as she settled down. Her thoughts finally grew hazy as she drifted to sleep. Fragments of her consciousness followed her down, reminding her of the days when she entered the summoning circle in the training room, the rush of her first successful spell, the first elemental spirit that danced on her finger, ...the time she saw the sated lust on Penelope's face after her roommate had first used her forbidden summoning spell.

Lisha's eyes snapped open, the sleep evaporating as she focused directly on the bed across from her, where the book rested in a sliver of light coming from the blue lamp outside. It was a relatively slender tome, which meant that it wouldn't take long to understand Penelope's words, even with her roommate's detailed diagrams.



A surge of heat surged through her body, the flames teasing her sex and renewing the itch between her thighs. Her breath quickened as she pulled herself to the edge of the bed, her eyes not moving away from the book.

Any promise not to pleasure herself was lost as she reached across her roommate's bed. Her nipples ached as they were ground against the blanket as her breath came in slow pants. She grabbed the book and pulled it toward her as she sat down in the gap between the two beds.

Her pussy drooled into her blanket as she nestled the book on her bare thighs. Every centimeter of her skin tingled with anticipation as she pried open the cover and looked at the heart-shape symbols Penelope had drawn on the first page.

The room was dark, but there was enough light coming through the window and underneath the door for her to read her roommate's research on the novel spell; Penelope excelled at creating new magic whereas Lisha was far better at bringing creatures aside.

The first half of the pages were arranged like a scrapbook, with other spells ripped out of the school books, written fragments from ones she had gathered in the library, and lists of various attempts that had resulted in nothing.

Lisha pushed down underneath her blankets to stroke her pussy as she read through the diary entries intermixed with spells. She skimmed over Penelope's excitement at finding something that responded, the bare minimum testing that her roommate did to make sure she wasn't summoning something destructive, and then the hopes of refining the spell.

By the time Lisha got to the final version, her fingers were plunging into her cunt with deep strokes, the blanket and the carpet underneath her was soaked completely, and her moans filled the room.

She panted as she tilted the book into the light to reach each glyph carefully. The spell was more complex than a first year summoning, but no more than a third year in terms of difficulty. It was well within Lisha's abilities and required only a few square centimeters of space for the summoning.

The size stopped Lisha for a moment. In her fantasies, she was thinking of a hulking creature but if she read the descriptions correctly, it wasn't much larger than a mouse. She was disappointed but at the same time, she was reading a spell that would summon something that would please her.

Her heart beat faster as she went over the spell again. She had everything she needed, right then and there.

The flood of juices poured out between her hands as she worked the spell in her mind. When she had to change the page, she could smell the tangy sweetness of her cunt as she used her dripping fingers to flip the page. It was just one more set of secretions to add to the edges of the crinkled pages.

She rested her finger on her lips through a complex set of directions and tasted the zing of her pussy. After a moment, she turned the page again while licking the flavor from her lower lip.

There was no more doubt if she was going to cast the spell. Her concerns for getting caught had burned away with her burning lust and even broken promise had no more sway on her. She craved to feel the creature's touch, needed it with more than anything else in the world.

With the world spinning, she tugged her blanket away from her naked body. She trembled as she held up her palm and started the spell with whispered words of powers.

Arcane energies lit up, the power swirling in a ball no larger than her thumb. The pale yellows and greens reflected off her glistening palm.

She drew in the smells of her cunt but also the smells of burnt flowers and sweet incense quickly added to the scents in an intoxicating perfume. She knew the smell intimately, it lingered in the air after Penelope's many times with her tentacle creature.

Her excitement rose and her pussy clenched. Having the same summoning effects, such as scents and tastes, told her she was casting the spell correctly. Even putting too much force on a twist or going too fast would change the scent drastically.

Her pulse quickened as she moaned. The spell quickly gathered power as she flickered her gaze from the spell to the book and back. She desperately wanted to touch herself, to stroke herself to an orgasm, but both of her hands were occupied.

For a second, Lisha considered putting the book into her lap, but resisted. She pushed forward with the spell, sending the power into the rift between the worlds as it filtered through dimensions and planes of existence.

The energies on the other side were unlike anything she had felt before, feather-light touches and a sense of shifting lights drifted through her mind as she twisted and coiled the spell in search of the creature she craved.

The first touch was light, a caress that sent a shiver down her spine. She held her breath as the first worry that she was summoning else rose up but it was quickly squashed: the energies of the spell were relatively low and she followed the directions exactly. She knew, deep in her heart and cunt, that she was doing it correctly.

More of the foreign energies intermixed with her summoning, clutching around the curls and coils of power as they both prepare for her to pull the creature from the other side and into her own world.

Her entire body quivered with anticipation. The faint light reflecting off her glistening palm painted across her face and naked breasts as she took one last breath.

Then she pulled.

The barrier between the worlds resisted her pull not unlike the first time she put a hesitant finger into her butt. At first it felt like there was no way something could be pulled through, but she kept the pressure on and felt the crawl starting to bulge. Energies danced along her senses as she felt the “size” of the creature, though it was more of the magical influence and power than a physical form.

In her hand, a physical body began to form: a shadowy presence, a light pressure on her hand, the shifting of her hand.

She kept concentrating, pulling with steady as she whispered the words of summoning. The magic dancing around her added to the scents of burnt flowers and her drooling cunt. The other smells blended everything into an incense of sex and otherworldly desire.

Then, with the faintest of pops, the creature breached the barrier and settled into her hand. The spell holding it crumbled, its purpose undone but the dissipated energies gave her sense of longing as she flexed her fingers.

It was a rock.

Lisha did a double take, peering down at the object in her hand.

It looked like a rock, smooth with a swirling pattern, but nothing else.

She rolled it around in her hand, but it did nothing. She could feel the energies tying it to the realm, the trickle of power that kept it on the barrier; if she cut the energy off, it would return to the gossamer realm. But, why was she powering a rock?

Disappointment slammed into her. "Well... fuck."

After so many days of fighting herself against using the spell, it ended up being a dud. There had to be some component that Penelope hadn't written down in the spell, something that would cause it to bring across rock. She wondered if her roommate had done it on purpose to give her plausible doubt if anyone ever caught her book or if somehow Penelope was a better summoner than her.

Lisha fought a sudden wave of despair. All that work. She dropped the rock to get on the bed.

The rock didn't leave her palm. Instead, it clung to her skin tightly as if it was glued in place.

She tried to shake it off.

It remained, gently rocking back and forth before stilling against her skin.

Frowning, she set aside the book and lifted her hand into the blue lamp light and looked at the rock that clung to her palm.

Tiny, wispy tendrils had sprouted from the rock and were clinging to the sides of her fingers. They were as delicate as a web. As she peered closely, she saw the shell of the rock pulling apart as more tendrils slipped out and coiled along the tendrils clinging to her. In a matter of seconds, the nearly invisible lines were visible. Seconds later, she could see them moving as they caressed her hand.

The touches were light, but they grew stronger with every shake of her hand as she saw the tendrils weaving together into thicker tentacles. Little gossamer hairs stuck out everywhere as the rock continued to peel back to reveal even more tendrils.

The disappointment faded into wide-eye fascination as she watched the rock uncoil. There were no eyes or obvious organs. It didn't even have a mouth. It was just tendrils that spread out from a simple, impossibly small, point.

Soon the creature was caressing along her hand and coiled around her finger as other tentacles reached out into the air as if it was feeling for something. The sensations were light and chaotic, with little purpose other than to grab whatever was nearby and search for more.

Lisha's breathing got deeper as she wondered how Penelope used the creature. She knew her roommate used it sexually, but would it take charge like the monsters in Lisha's fantasies or did Penelope just slap it against her cunt and let it grab every sensitive bit? Would it get stronger? Faster? Would it burrow too deep for her to get it?

A whimper rose as she gathered her courage while thinking about the sensations.

The tentacles were getting more insistent, as they grew thicker and less hazy. Little hairs, webbing, clung in a trail behind it as it grabbed onto one finger and then other. She wondered what it would be like to have something so delicate teasing against her clitoris or gripping her buttocks.

Without thinking, she drew her palm to her left breast.

The tentacles continued to wave into the air until the first touch caressed against her nipple. The electric touch was exhilarating and intense, as there were a hundred invisible hairs caressing every contour of her crinkled tip.

She licked her lips and moaned, then pulled away.

But before she could get her hand free, the other waving tentacles napped out to grab her nipples and grip onto her skin. The sensation of a hundred invisible hairs became thousands as the creature yanked itself from her palm and drew itself over to her breast. Instantly, the thousand caresses covered her breast as the creature spread out to touch and caress and probe every millimeter of her sensitive skin.

Lisha let out a moan as she was assaulted by a wave of pleasure. Individually, they were nothing, but with so many tentacles, she felt like there were countless people were kissing and sucking on her nipples and a dozens more were exploring her curves as they squeezed and pressed along her skin.

Her other hand clamped down on her blankets as she let out a moan. Her body shook as she closed her eyes and let the feeling of

being explored roll across her entire body. Even focused on one breast, it was incredible and her body grew slick with desire.

But Lisha needed more. She reached down to finger herself but then felt a faint tugging. Curious, she held up her hand to see that the creature was still gripping her hand but with only a few tentacles. The central knot of tentacles pulled away from her nipple while the creature clung to both her breast and palm with equal fervor.

The idea of letting it have full access to her cunt made her nervous, but Lisha glanced at her other breast and then cupped it.

The tentacle creature tugged and pulled at her breast as it reached for the other. Then with a faint ripping sensation, it unwove itself until half the mass crossed the distance between her tits to clamp onto her other nipple.

She wasn't expecting the speed it engulfed her breast nor the wave of pleasure as the creature teased and tugged and probed at both breasts at the same time. Her mind couldn't track any one tentacle or touch as she was assaulted.

Digging her fingernails into her breast, she arched her body as a ripple of an orgasm rolled through her body. "F-Fuck!" she cried out as she shuddered. Her wetness coated her thighs as she writhed back and forth under the creatures's assault on her tits.

One leg shot out and she slipped against the bed to land on her back. She moaned and reached down with her other hand to jam her fingers deep into her dripping snatch, curling deep as she pumped hard and fast. The wet staccato her fingers against her cunt filled the room as she dug the fingers of her other hand into her tentacle-covered breast.

The creature grabbed her wrist and arms, touching and caressing with the same fervor that it assaulted her breasts. There was no rhyme or reason, no over-polished fantasies. She couldn't predict any movement under the waves of pleasure and the unexpected ignited the flames of her lust even higher.

"F-Fuck!" she screamed as an orgasm rose up. It was hot and sharp, bursting from her cunt and ripping through her fingers as she reached down with both hands to pound her pussy with all her might. Wet splatters of her juices sprayed out, filling the room with the scent of her orgasms.

As the orgasm faded, she felt another rising up. It seemed to come from her entire body, as if the thousand touches were moving along her sides, belly and even between her legs. She could almost feel the tugging against her clitoris as she groaned with the effort of shoving fingers deep into her spasming tunnel.

The second tsunami of pleasure crashed into her, followed by aftershocks that left her quivering and shaking on the ground. She finally slumped in a puddle of sweat and juices, panting as she smiled giddily.

There was no way she would get tired of this.

A tickling between her thighs caught her attention. Something was pawing at her lips, prying them apart as whisper-light touches explored her clitoris.

She lifted her head to see that the tentacle creature was covering the entire front of her body, from tits to cunt, in a fine webbing of writhing tendrils. Below, the last of the knot was stretching from the palm pressed against her pubis and her swollen lips.

For the briefest moment, she realized she had dragged it down when she fingered herself, but then the tentacles had wormed their way into her opening and began their pleasurable assault on the opening of her sex. They found every millimeter of her sensitive skin as they explored and tugged and probed with countless chaotic touches.

She lifted her hand and watched droplets of her juices run along the fibers that connected her hand to her pussy.

Then a tentacle drove deep inside her. It was only the thickness of a pencil, but the nearly invisible tendrils along its length explored her insides as enthusiastically as they continued to maul her breasts.

Lisha's vision blurred the excitement of being penetrated slammed into her. She yanked her hands away from her pussy, giving the creature full access to her most private of places as she planted her hands against the ground and arched her back. Her cry of pleasure rose up as she came just at the idea of it crawling over every centimeter of her body, touching and teasing her until her mind broke under the ecstasy.

Or she ran out of energy and the spell keeping the summoned creature bound to her reality evaporated.

Either way, she was going to enjoy the ride for as long as she could.



# Taking Risks

# 10

Lisha moaned as she cracked open her eyes. The warm light of late evening stream into the window but her exhaustion made it hard to keep her eyes open but she needed to lever herself out of bed. She had been drifting in and out of sleep for hours, waking up to occasionally stroke herself back into unconsciousness. She licked her dry lips and held up a hand to block out the stream of sunlight that washed over her face.

Her entire arm was covered in gossamer threads, like she had walked through a spiderweb in the middle of summer. They clung to the nearly invisible hairs on her arm and wrapped around her fingers into threads. She looked at it and a smile crossed her face as the pleasurable memories brought a welcoming warmth to her pussy.

She had kept the spell going as long as she could, enjoying one orgasm after the other without paying attention to the rest of her surroundings. She was vaguely aware of when morning came, as well as when the sun had set, but she wasn't sure if it had been a day since she had used the forbidden spell or more.

Her bladder, on the other hand, decided to remind her that it could not be ignored. The steady discomfort added to the pleasurable ache of her pussy lips and inner thighs. Her stomach added its own opinions, a gurgle that brought a hissing into her ears.

Shaking slightly, she poured herself out of bed and slumped to her knees on the ground. The smell of her cunt was strong on the carpet and the material was still slightly damp from her orgasms.

She could see more webbing clinging to the blankets, floor, and even the nearby walls.

Lisha grabbed the bed and pushed herself up to her feet. Her eyes locked on the book on the other bed.

Her first thought was to crack it open and cast the spell to lose herself in another round of endless pleasure.

Her stomach clenched and her headache throbbed to remind her that she had limits.

She glanced down and saw strands of the webbing was sticking to every part of her body. Her pubic hair was no longer loose curls over her mounds, but a mat of hair and webs. It still glistened with her juices and she could feel it tugging on her skin. She reached down to push into the mess and realized why Penelope had started shaving her sex soon after she started using the spell; having a tentacle monster touching and grabbing everyone, leaving endless webbing behind, was beyond mess.

The rest of her body was also covered in threads and a haze of her juices that had dried on her skin. With her getting more awake, she couldn't escape the stench that clung to her body: stale sweat and sex.

She rubbed her belly and tiny flakes cascaded down. Pulling a face, she yanked her hand back. "Shower..."

Her stomach clenched.

Lisha winced before she said, "Food, shower, then shave."

She grinned. "Snack, shower, shave."

Padding over to the door, she reached out for her robe but thn hesitated. There wasn't anyone outside the room, why not go naked?

The thrill of exhibiting her body tickled her senses. She blushed at the thought of some of Penelope's stories, where a nude woman was forced into embarrassment due to some wardrobe failure or a dominating master.

She giggled at the thought of being caught out of the room, then she had a doubt. Inching over to the door, she cracked it open and peered outside. Her breathing came faster as she looked down the empty corridor and listened carefully for anyone.

No one.

She glanced at her robe.

Taking a deep breath, she decided to risk it. With her pulse quickening, she threw open her door and strode naked into the hallway.

“Snack, shower, and shave,” she said to herself as she thought about the tasks she needed to do before she summoned the creature again. If she hurried, she could be screaming out orgasms before it was dark.

*D. Dancer*

# Shower Time



Lisha's hand ached from gripping the bar in the shower but she didn't dare release it. It was probably the only thing keeping her from standing up as she pressed her chest against the tiles with her feet spread wide apart. She was up on her toes as her other hand plunged three fingers into her cunt with deep strokes.

The hot water poured down her back, splashing on her buttocks before running down her sides and between the crevice of her buttocks. It washed away the countless tiny hairs from her supernatural lover.

It was a losing battle as the tentacles ravaged her pussy and breasts. The thousands of tentacles continued to caress, probe, and writhe against her skin. The water only gave it weight and the heat added an sharpness to the sensations that were just as erotic as they were the first time she had summoned the beast.

She panted and pressed her lips to the tile as she changed the angle of her thrusting, resting her palm on her smoothly shaved pussy, and then spreading her lips open.

The tentacle creature took advantage to plunge into her pussy, stretching her insides as it wormed its weight in and out of the sensitive opening.

Lisha's eyes crossed with pleasure as she clamped her inner walls on it, enjoying how the tentacles would stretch her out even more as they assaulted every centimeter of her depths. She shivered at the tentacles squirmed at her deepest points, exploring her cervix with the same fervor as they clung to her clitoris. Every ripple of her pussy was touched. The creature also had tentacles writhing out

of her opening as it clung to her buttocks, thighs, and even up against the wrinkled rosebud.

She had to admit, it felt good to feel the delicate touches against the opening. The creature didn't penetrate but the erotic stories and her fantasies kept the thought "what if" in her thoughts as she quivered from the orgasms that rippled through her body.

The creature latched onto her clitoris and perineum and pulled itself free of her pussy. The wet sucking sensation bore through her as she let out a cry of pleasure. The tension ran clear up to her breasts as it used the tight grip on her nipples to help its movement.

She shoved it back in, enjoying the pressure as it clung to her outsides before burrowing deeper. The hot water from the shower poured along her palm, flooding her cunt with searing heat along with the squirming tentacles.

After a few seconds, it pushed out again. It didn't need to breathe, she knew that from day of using it, but it constantly moved as it found something new to grab and caress

Lisha repeated pushed it back in, fucking herself on the constantly writhing and squirming mass that pleased her from the inside. Her wrists ached from the effort but she wanted just one more orgasm before she got out.

Finally, she jammed it deep into her cunt and held it there, her fingers baring it from escaping as her fingertips rested against her clenching asshole and the base of her palm ground into her clitoris.

The tentacles spread out from underneath her hand, but the bulk of the creature remained inside, squirming from one end of her pussy to the other, sliding with a pleasure that curled her toes even more and brought little moans of need to escape her throat.

Her grip tightened, her long finger pressing directly on the opening of her ass. It felt good with the pleasure flooding through her and she continued to increase the pressure until she felt the very tip slid into the tight opening.

Lost in her erotic pleasure, it felt good as she fingered her ass. Her squeezing turning into a short stroking as she pushed her fingertip in and out of her asshole. It felt so go with the tentacles assaulting her cunt and the hot water splashing against her backside.

The sphincter began to loosen.

Her fingering grew bolder, plunging to the first knuckle before sliding out. It felt foreign, forbidden, erotic. She cried out as she pumped harder, plunging in and out as she lost herself in the rush of excitement.

She almost missed when the first tentacle followed her finger in. The feather light touch against her sphincter was almost like the caress of water, but water couldn't squirm its way past the tight right and tease against her insides.

Lisha froze as she felt more tendrils following the first as the creature began to touch and caress the insides of her tight ring. She wasn't even used to her own finger before it was assaulting her and the sensations were overwhelming.

She yanked her fingers clear, but the creature had already been invited it. More tentacles plunged into her asshole, stretching it open as they squirmed deeper inside. She let out a whine as she sank to her knees as the pleasure grew.

It wasn't just exploring her ass, the tentacles continued their pleasuring of her clitoris, pussy, and every millimeter of skin between the two.

Lisha's hand slipped from the rail as she hit the ground. She reached down to grab the tentacles, half afraid it would plunge into her rectum and never escape. Her fingers couldn't catch the writing body as it forced itself deep into her asshole. Every time she caught a tentacle, it slipped away.

It brushed against new nerves in ways that she had never been touched before.

Her entire body shuddered with the intense pleasure as she was pleased from both openings. There was no pain, just raw nerves being probed and caressed. It felt good, forbidden and foreign, but more pleasurable than anything she could imagine.

Lisha's efforts to pull it free faded quickly as she spread her legs further apart and let the creature violate both holes, shuddering through one orgasm after the other as she rocked her hips into the air and felt the hot water hammering her from before.

Her breasts were attacked with the same curious touching, setting off fires as she humped the air as one orgasm blended into the other, blinding her to anything other than the ecstasy that tore through every inch of her body.

The thought that she could dismiss the spell at any minute was violently thrust aside as she lifted her face to the pouring water and lost herself in pleasures that promised to never end.



# Unexpected Audience

# 12

Lisha was in the wonderful state of being half-awake and already into her third orgasm. She had one leg draped over the edge of the mattress and other knee pressed up against the wall. Every few seconds, she rocked her hips up and down just to enjoy the tugging sensation as the tentacle creature continued to plunder her two holes, driving deep with a thousand touches as it caressed and tugged at her clitoris and ran along her thighs.

Her eyes were still sealed shut; she didn't have the energy to open them when she woke up and cast the spell blindly to bring her into the morning in a steady wave of pleasure that left her mattress soaked and a thousand tiny webs covering every inch of her body.

Wanting more, she reached down and grabbed a handful of the tentacles and tugged them up. The wet, writhing pulling sensation shook through her body as she brought the creature up to her right nipple. As it reached out to grab the crinkled tip, she dug her fingernails in to maul herself as another wave of pleasure rose up.

"F-Fu-Fu...." she gasped as she jerked violently.

There was a spark of pleasure and she let out a cry as her hips lifted from the mattress and she jammed her other hand to thrust into her squirming hole. The tentacle creature worked around her digits, tugging and touching them as it caressed her hand, cunt, and everything else at the same time.

The pleasure rose, sparking along her senses, until even her ears ran out from the orgasm.

With a rush, the tension slipped out and she dropped to the bed.

The tentacle creature continued to writhe inside her, never stopping as it continued to pleasure her as long as she fueled the spell.

It had been days since she had learned the spell and Lisha had kept it going almost every waking moment. More than once, she fell asleep to orgasms only to wake up in the middle of another. Sometimes, she would crawl into her roommate's bed to enjoy herself and more than a few times she had done it in the dining area and shower with the thrill of being caught adding to the sharpness of the orgasms that wracked her body.

She moaned and twisted slightly to cup her breast, enjoying how the tentacles grabbed her fingers and almost pulled her digits back into her sopping tunnel for another round. With a grin, she reached down with her other hand and shoved two fingers in each hole, stretching it out as she began to pump.

Someone cleared her throat.

Ice crashed into Lisha and raced down her spine, causing her heart to skip a beat. It struck the back of her spine and radiated in a wave of terror.

"You know—," Sorrel started.

The fear exploded inside her like an orgasm, ripping through every part of her body with blind panic. Screaming, she tried to yank her hands out of her pussy at the same time she sat up. But, instead of immediately cowering, her limbs got tangled and she felt a sharp pain as her fingers twisted inside her cunt and both wrists caught on her pubic bone.

She tried to snap her knees shut to hide her humiliation, but the one knee over the edge of the bed caught on the mattress and she folded violently to the side. With her thighs clamped on her hands still trying to free herself, she couldn't stop as she rolled over the edge and smashed into the carpet below.

"F-Fu—!" she screamed before her face planted into the carpet.

An explosion of white blinded her and she blinked at the dried tears from eyes that hadn't opened since she woke up. Her face burned from humiliation and the rasp of forcing her eyes open.

The tentacle monster continued to tug on her fingers, pulling them back into her pussy even as she tried to concentrate through the daze to force one hand out of her wet hole.

Something heavy landed on the ground. “Don’t panic!” snapped Sorrel.

Lisha continued to panic, writhing on the ground as she tried to clamp her thighs together while prying her fingers loose.

Lisha cried out as her vision to clear, only to see the senior student looming over her.

Sorrel knelt down next to her and pressed one gloved hand against her skin. It was icy cold. Flecks of melting ice and snow dripped off onto Lisha’s heated skin.

Lisha jerked to the side.

Sorrel slammed Lisha’s shoulder against the mattress with one firm hand.

The burning sensation stopped Lisha for only a heartbeat.

It was enough. With her other hand, Sorrel shoved her hand down and caught Lisha’s right wrist. The ice was already melting as the senior student tightened her grip and then pushed down and toward her, guiding the spasming fingers until they escaped Lisha’s clenched cunt with a wet burp and a surge of juices.

Sorrel’s eyes flashed as she repeated herself. “Calm down.”

Lisha whimpered and shook her head.

Lisha’s cheeks burning and her mind still panicked, she sobbed as she tried to push Sorrel away even as she blindly tugged at her other hand. In fear, her fingers weren’t responding enough to slip out from the tentacle creature that still gripped and mauled her from the inside.

Sorrel grabbed her other shoulder.

Lisha flailed blindly, striking her free hand against Sorrel’s cheek with a wet smack.

With a grunt, Sorrel shoved Lisha’s naked back hard against the mattress before she shoved her face right up to Lisha’s. “Dismiss your spell,” came the order, the older student’s voice beat against her.

Humiliated, Lisha finally calmed down to cut off the energy from the summoning.

With a wet snap, the tentacle creature disappeared.

An empty feeling radiated out from Lisha’s sudden empty rectum and pussy, a hollow that only lasted a second but left an intense pang of longing and fear behind.

“Calm down,” Sorrel said as she panted.

Lisha looked at her face and the red mark that she had left on Sorrels’ cheeks. Then a sob rose in her throat. It burst out as tears ran down her cheeks. “No... I’m so sorry—!”

“Don’t worry—”

“I-I’m going to get kicked out! They said I couldn’t—”

“You aren’t—”

“I can’t—!”

“Sha, listen—!”

“I’m sorry!” bawled Lisha.

A flicker of annoyance crossed Sorrel’s face. Then she reached back with one hand and smacked Lisha hard across the face. There was a burst of heat and light from the impact.

Lisha froze, her lungs aching from her sobbing.

Sorrel held up her hand again, her other hand still pinning Lisha to the side of the bed.

The younger student quivered.

Slowly, Sorrel lowered her hand. Then she glanced down. A ghost of a smile crossed her lips. “You probably want to get your other hand out too.”

Lisha looked down. Her other hand was still buried to the second knuckle in her pussy, the swollen lips clinging to her digits and juices frothed out from the opening. Humiliated beyond compare, she slowly pulled it out and shook. She wiped her eyes, smelling her pussy on her fingers and the sting of her juices but no longer caring. “I-I’m sorry.”

Sorrel rolled her eyes and released her shoulder. “I’m not going to tell anyone.”

“W-What?”

Shrugged, Sorrel grinned. “What? Do you think you’re the first student to jill themselves sick during winter break? I mean, even Missy got put in the infirmary because....” Sorrel’s mouth snapped shut before she said anything about her roommate.

Lisha shivered. She glanced down. Her entire body was covered in gossamer webs, sweat, and melting snow. Her eyes slowly traveled around the room where more webbing seemed to cling to every surface, from the blankets to the carpet to even a few clinging to the

ceiling. The smell of her pussy, stale from days of orgasms, filled the air along the other other scents of her spell.

“T-They said if we used any spells, we... we would....”

“I’m not going to tell anyone.”

“I...”

Sorrel’s eyes flickered down and her cheeks colored. “How... how about I meet you in the kitchen after you get a chance to clean up, take a shower, and maybe get dressed? You’re a little distracting right now and I think you need to take a deep breath before we continue.”

“I—”

Sorrel stood up and turned away. “I promise you, I won’t rat you out. But... you need to take a deep breath so I can finish a sentence.”

Lisha struggled with a response.

Sorrel stopped at the door. “I expect you in the kitchen area after your shower. If you try to run, I will hunt you down.”

Another wave of fear ran.

“So don’t run.” Then Sorrel gave her a smile before leaving.

*D. Dancer*

# Questions

# 13

Despite Sorrel's words, Lisha's stomach twisted in pain as she finished drying herself off. The steam from her shower clung to the mirrors and tiles and the garbage can in the corner had two handfuls of the webbing she scraped off her body before she stopped plugging up the drain.

Without the rush of orgasms or the thrill of being naughty, she couldn't help but notice how sensitive her body was. Her nipples and pussy ached from being pleased for hours. They were also red from the scrubbing and the hot water. She gingerly touched them but then drew back; she needed at least a few hours to let them recover before she cast the spell again.

Lisha's train of thought ended as she thought about the senior student waiting for her. That could have been the last time she cast the spell, though a small part of her knew that she had the spell memorized and there was nothing that would prevent her from using it even if she was kicked from the college.

That was a cold comfort. She loved school, having a roommate, being someone useful, and not at home. A tear ran down her cheek as she looked at the haggard image in the mirror. She couldn't remember the last time she had left the room for food, but it looked like it had been days.

She considered brushing her hair out, but she didn't have her brush. With a sigh, she ran some fingers through her hair but it was too tangled to do anything besides get the worst of the snarls.

Her stomach rumbled and her ears rang out.

She tugged on her robe and tied it shut. Her hands quivered with her emotions as she wished she had brought underwear or clothes

with her, but she had rushed out of her room without thinking about anything other than Sorrel's command.

Taking a deep breath, Lisha walked out of the shower and into a cloud of cooking food. It smelled like roast chicken and warm bread. Her stomach rumbled with desire and her mouth grew wet as her hunger made itself present.

Unable to resist, she turned away from her room and headed into the kitchen area. It felt like entering an executioner's chamber but it had been days since she had anything significant to eat.

Sorrel had taken off her coat and gloves. Underneath, she wore a tank top and a skirt that barely reached her knees. There was a small gap between the two to reveal a toned body underneath. Her outfit was a deep purple trimmed with silver. Her red hair was pulled up into a pony tail, a matching amethyst tie holding it place and a small butterfly clip at the end that waved back and forth as she emptied out a box of supplies into the cupboards.

On the cooking surface, a pot of soup steamed next to a glowing heating rune.

On the table in the center of the room, she had set up a pair of flatware. A loaf of bread and crock of butter sat in the middle.

Lisha wanted to run away, but her stomach rumbled again.

"With you groaning that much, you better start eating or I'll be thinking you are summoning some horrible monster. I'd hate to defend myself before you had a chance to eat."

Lisha flinched at Sorrel's amused tone. With her cheeks hot with embarrassment, she inched forward until she reached the nearest chair and down down. The thin material of her robe did little to cushion the hard chair underneath her ass. She reached out and took up the bread, slathered it with a healthy smear of butter, and then took a bite.

It had been a while since she had eaten anything fresh. Her stomach rumbled happily as she swallowed it and then took another bite.

"I have some beef soup with chunky vegetables. You said you liked potatoes and celery, right? There are some winter onions in there too."



Lisha was impressed that Sorrel remembered. It seemed like a tiny little detail but somehow it made her think that Sorrel had paid attention to every thing she said that night. “Y-Yes.”

Sorrel looked at her and smiled. “I’m not going to tell anyone.”

The flush grew hotter. “I-I wasn’t thinking that!”

“Really?”

Lisha looked away and took another bite. “... not at this moment.”

“But you were in the shower?”

“... yes.”

“So you don’t believe me? Or you thinking about me?” Sorrel’s smile grew wider.

Lisha couldn’t answer that.

Sorrel poured two bowls of soup before setting the pot aside. She carried both over, her heavy boots thudding on the ground as she lifted one leg and straddled the chair. Lisha got a flash of bare thighs before the older student sat down. “Well, then I’m going to keep saying it until you believe me. I’m not going to tell anyone.”

Lisha took another bite. Her stomach felt tight but she forced herself to swallow it down. “W-Why?”

Sorrel shrugged and then gestured to the wall with her chin. “You know why they tell young students not to cast spells?”

“It’s dangerous?”

A snort of amusement. “Please, most of your spells are baby spells and blow apart with a little disruption. They tell you so you don’t even try. Or at least, don’t try until you are sure you are capable of controlling your magic. It cuts down on accidents when you think about your spell instead of thinking about what it can give you.”

Lisha pulled the soup closer. It made sense, there was a spat of accidents when the students first learned how to cast spells. The summoners took the longest before they could summon anything, but there were at least three fires and a couple ice patches before the edict was impressed on them. Lisha wasn’t among them though, she had listened from the first day.

She took a bite before she asked a question. “Then how do we know when it is safe?”

Another shrug. “You just do, I guess. I mean there comes a point when it is the most natural thing to melt the snow off your boots or

use a shield to keep the rain off your head. That was my forbidden first spell. Missy and I were caught in a rain storm because we took too long to get back to town and I kept us dry. She had used a spell to keep things dark so we could sneak back in before the floor mistress caught us.”

Sorrel smiled to herself and a faint color rose to her cheeks. “That was a good afternoon. We learned a lot about ourselves those days.”

Her eyes lifted to Lisha and she smiled. “So, was that summoning your first one?”

Lisha’s cheeks burned. “Y-Yes.”

A pause. There was a tension in the air.

“Were you casting it before we had dinner together?”

Lisha shook her head. “No, I didn’t... I wasn’t....” Her voice trailed off.

“Oh? Was it after you went home?”

She didn’t know why her skin was growing hot. “Y-Yes.”

Sorrel grinned and leaned forward. “Were you thinking about me when you cast it?”

Lisha whimpered as her skin almost ignited into flame. She turned away from Sorrel as she tried not to hide her face or give away her thoughts. How could Sorrel had known that she had been masturbating to stories with her before she cast the spell?

Sorrel said nothing, but that made it even worse.

Lisha peeked over but the senior student was looking down at her soup. Lisha turned back and tried not to think about the moisture that was gathering underneath her robe or the way her skin felt like it was on fire. She was close to her recent crush and the hours of fantasies and memories were welling up; it took willpower to force them down and concentrate on what was going to happen instead of the impossible scenarios.

Sorrel broke the silence after a minute. “I know pretty much every spell in your books. I’ve never seen that creature before. That was a novel spell. A gossamer spirit? Yours?”

Lisha started to respond but then realized that Sorrel didn’t know about Penelope’s involvement. She hesitated, unsure how to answer.

Sorrel grinned. She set down her soup and then laced her fingers together before resting her chin on them. “Penelope was the one

who created it, huh? Missy said that Pene was talented at pushing limits and finding loopholes. She would try anything, would she?"

"Y-Yes."

"But Missy also said you had power to burn compared to most of the other students. Pretty honest commentary since usually she just talks about how fuckable you two were."

Lisha gasped with surprise. Missy had complemented her? After hours of tutoring, she was getting better.

Then the rest of the words sank in. With a whimper, she stared down at her soup and tried to stop her hand from shaking the spoon. She tried to take a sip but her stomach twisted.

"How long does the spell last?"

To avoid shaking, Lisha pressed her hand down on the table. She wasn't always sure when she cast the spell since she had woken up with the tentacle creature still pleasuring her. "It... um... about an hour when... she casts it."

"And you? Longer?"

"Y-Yes."

"How long?"

"I... I don't remember."

"Oh," Sorrel said with a grin. "You came so hard you passed out?"

Lisha whimpered. "I... occasionally felt asleep and then woke up while maintaining it?"

Sorrel's eyebrow rose.

"I think."

"How many times do you remember casting it?"

It was hard to talk. Lisha tried a few times but her mouth felt like it was filled cotton. She clamped it shut as she thought back to the number of times she was sure she had thrown the spell. "Um, three times."

"Three times in seven days?" Sorrel whistled. "That is impressive. Not even veteran combat mages can keep most summoning spells going that long."

Lisha smiled shyly at the compliment. She nodded and took another bite of her soup, working her way as a silence stretched between them.

"Hey, Sha?"

Lisha whimpered.

“I’m not going to bite.” Sorrel sounded amused.

Trembling, Lisha looked up into the senior student’s smile.

“There you go. You have such a pretty smile. You know I’m not going to tell anyone, right? No one is going to get in any trouble. I swear.”

There was something in Sorrel’s eyes that brought a heated rush to Lisha’s skin. It danced along her nerves before sinking between her legs.

It was lust, a hunger for something that Lisha didn’t think was possible. Then she blinked and she struggled with the doubt that it was her fantasy putting lust in Sorrel’s eyes instead of reality.

Lisha pressed her thighs together as the two worlds smashed together again her mind.

“What is a word you would never use in public?”

The sudden request threw Lisha. “W-What?”

“A word that would be improbable to ever escape your lips unless you wanted to say it.” Sorrel’s voice was almost a purr as her intense gaze caressed Lisha’s skin.

Trembling with the growing heat, Lisha didn’t understand the request but she thought back. “Um... soliloquy.”

Sorrel cocked her head. “That’s a good word.” Then she pushed her soup over to Lisha. “I’ll get you some more bread.”

Lisha looked down to see that she had polished her own soup off and the entire loaf of bread. The questions left her dizzy and confused, but she started on the second bowl of soup.

# One More

# 14

An hour of chatting later, the tension in Lisha's shoulders had finally eased and she was almost relaxed. Her stomach was comfortably full with hearty food, probably the first she had eaten in almost a week and the aches that she had been ignoring during her rush for the next orgasm had finally faded.

She felt human again.

Sorrel finished drying the two bowls. She had to stretch up to put them away and Lisha's eyes flickered down to see the bare legs and the way the hem of her skirt rose until it was only centimeters away from revealing the globes of her ass.

"Feel better?"

Lisha looked up to see Sorrel smiling at her over her shoulder. She let out a squeak and looked away. "Y-Yes, thank you... for checking on me."

Sorrel's boots thudded as she relaxed. She knocked the cabinet door close before she chuckled. "Always good to have a friend checking on you. You never know when you need to be seen."

The words were almost a purr. Lisha felt them vibrating along her skin, setting off little flashes of heat. She shivered and tried to force her fantasies down. "I... I probably should have taken more breaks. Maybe got some hot food."

Sorrel stopped next to her and gestured for Lisha to stand up. "Maybe. I was hoping you would. I hung around every night in hopes you'd come back."

Lisha's cheeks grew warmer. "You did?"

"Of course? I like being with you. You are fun to talk to."

Lisha didn't know how to answer.

“Come on. I’m sure your room is a lot more comfortable than these chairs.” Her eyes glanced down at Lisha’s hips where the thin robe was doing little to cushion against the hard chair.

“It’s a bit of a mess.” Lisha stood up, wincing as she realized how hard her nipples were and how they stuck out of the material. Her inner thighs were also damp and she was sure it wasn’t because of the shower after talking so long in the kitchen. In the back of her mind, she wondered if she could make it until Sorrel left and she would have to enjoy a few new fantasies of her own.

“I cleaned up while you were in the shower, just enough to burn off most of the webbing and air it out.” Sorrel took a step forward.

Lisha followed and they started back. “B-Burn?”

Sorrel lifted her finger and a flame danced along it. “As I said, baby spells. Gossamer webbing evaporates with heat above forty degrees. It isn’t even hot enough to scorch fabric.” She waved her hand and a burst of heat rolled down the hallway head of them.

Lisha watched as a few errant strands of webbing in the carpet burst into mist before disappearing. Her humiliation rose as her indiscretions were so obvious and she had to have a senior student clean up for her.

At her room, she hurried forward and turned her back to the door. “You don’t have to walk me all the way.”

Sorrel didn’t stop. She smiled as she stepped sharply forward.

Lisha let out a squeak and backed through the door, her body growing hotter as she held up her hands before she realized she was about to palm Sorrel’s breasts. With another squeak, she stumbled back and shoved her hands to her side.

The room was neater than it had been in a while but it was obvious that Sorrel had only straightened the blankets and picked up the papers from the ground. Penelope’s spell book was on the table between their beds, along with the stack of erotic stories that fueled Lisha’s earlier fantasies.

The entire room smelled of the incense Lisha kept in her bottom drawer. There was also a hint of citrus, though it wasn’t a scent that Penelope or Lisha had. Despite the smells, Lisha could still taste the hint of her orgasms permeating the air.

Realization that Sorrel had to have read at least some of the words on the pages struck Lisha. That meant that Sorrel knew exactly what Lisha used to turn herself on.

“Relax, I’m not going to tell anyone.”

Lisha glanced at her, her body growing tight. She took a deep breath and let it out. “I know, I trust you.”

“Good.” Sorrel’s smile lit up the room. She gestured to Lisha’s bed. “Come on, sit down.”

Lisha found it difficult to disobey as she stepped over to her bed and sat down on it. She didn’t know what to do with her hands, so she rested them on her lap and tried not to think about the wetness between her thighs or the ache that begged for her to shove both hands between them and finger herself; she could wait until after Sorrel left for that.

Sorrel sat opposite of her, resting both knees together and to the side as she straightened her back. She straightened her skirt, then tugged down her shirt. There was a brief moment where the material caught on the large globes and hard nipples.

Lisha struggled with her own fantasies as her own nipples ached. She wanted to do something, anything. She desperately wanted the fantasies to become true, but she didn’t have the courage to make the first motion. She wasn’t sure if she was reading Sorrel right.

After a few moment, Sorrel took a deep breath. Then she smiled broadly. “I promise I will never tell anyone.”

Lisha giggled. “I know, you keep saying that.”

“Yes...” but there was something more, words that were lingering.

Lisha’s heart beat faster. Her mouth felt dry. Was something about to happen?

Sorrel looked to the side and smiled coyly. “... but what if?”

Lisha’s cunt grew sloppy in an instant. Her breath came in soft pants as she stared at the most beautiful woman she had seen. One that was coming on to her?”

Sorrel glanced at her. “What if... we pretended otherwise?”

Fighting back a moan, Lisha clamped her thighs together. “Otherwise?”

Sorrel worried her bottom lip and then grinned. "What if..." her voice was soft and hungry. "... what if I said I was going to tell everyone if unless you did something for me? Um, to me?"

The world spun around Lisha as she whimpered.

"Only if you don't say 'soliloquy' though. As soon as you do, then we stop. Instantly. No hesitation, no matter what. A word that will end it all."

Lisha's skin was burning. She wanted to scream "yes" and do anything. Her mind spun with the fantasies over the last few weeks, the submission and sex. It was going to come true! And she wanted it more than anything.

She struggled for the words. "I..."

Sorrel's smile froze, her eyes locking on Lisha.

Lisha knew the words, had whispered them into the night with her fingers mauling her body. "I'd... do anything, anything at all."

Both of them let out their breath in a rush at the same time. Sorrel's thighs flexed as she smiled.

"Anything?"

Lisha whimpered and nodded, wanting it more than anything. "I can't get kicked out of the school." It was a fantasy, but saying the words to Sorrel made them as powerful as a spell; a rush ran through her veins as she found it hard to breath.

Sorrel's smile grew wider, then she lifted her hand up. "Stand up."

Lisha shook as she stood up. Moisture dripped down her thighs as she shivered at the intense moment that wrapped around her. She felt sick and turned on and dizzy at the same time. Her nipples and clitoris were aching hard, almost the point of being painful.

"Give me the belt from your robe." The command was a whisper but could have been yelled with the way it struck Lisha.

Shaking with need, Lisha untied it. She started to open it but then realize the thin material was about to separate. With one hand, she clamped the opening tight before tugging the belt clear.

Sorrel reached out. "No, I want to see your beautiful body." Her fingers caught the opening and tugged it open.

Lisha panted as she let the material slip from her grip, and then shivered at the cool air as she was exposed to Sorrel's hungry gaze.



Sorrel's eyes roamed up and down as she pulled the robe fully open, sliding it until it was barely hanging on Lisha's shoulders and Lisha breasts and hips were completely revealed. "You are utterly fuckable, you know. More than I could have imagined."

Her eyes flickered down and she looked back up with a smile. "Shaved?"

"The... webs... were...."

Sorrel chuckled. "Oh, I get it. Though, I like to think you were getting ready for me because I'd rather taste all of you without worrying about hair in my mouth. Though, usually I like a little bit on top so you don't look like a little girl."

Lisha whimpered, a heat flashing through her body. She had only read about oral sex in the stories, but she couldn't imagine what it would feel like herself.

"But, you look so sore and red right now. I'm thinking maybe you need a night without someone playing down here, don't you think?"

If there was anything Lisha wanted in that moment, it was to feel Sorrel's breath against her pussy. She whimpered. "N-No."

Sorrel took the belt from her slack fingers. "Turn around."

"W-What?"

A frown crossed Sorrel's face. "Do you want the school to know what you've been doing? Turn around."

Lisha whimpered again as she turned around. She didn't know what was going on, but every movement and every word was somehow making her more turned on than she thought possible. She reached for her pussy but Sorrel caught her wrist and pulled it behind.

Then there were soft breasts pressed against her back and Sorrel's breath tickled her ear. "Now, I think this naughty student is having trouble with touching herself."

"I—"

Sorrel started to wrap the belt around Lisha's wrist. The soft material was icy against Lisha's burning skin as other stories rose up, of bondage and submission.

Lisha's knees started to buckle but she caught herself.

Sorrel finished tying one wrist. "Remember, baby girl. All you have to do is say that one word and I stop."

Panting, Lisha shook her head violently. She was absolutely sure she didn't want to stop pretending.

"Good, I was hoping you'd say that. But, you've been abusing your little bunny, haven't you. We both know we need to keep everything away from that for at least a night. So, do you know what I'm going to do?" she asked as she tied Lisha's other wrist together.

"N-No...?" Lisha said while hoping it would involve being forced to pleasure Sorrel.

"You're going to spend all night convincing me not to tell anyone."

Lisha's knees buckled.

Sorrel caught her with a quick arm around her waist. "No, no, you'll get on your knees soon enough."

With a moan in Lisha's ear, Sorrel pushed her hand down along the curves of Lisha's belly and down between her legs. The touch was electric and burning, the stinging nothing compared to the intense heat that danced along Sorrel's fingers as she slipped into Lisha's wet slit.

"Oh my, you are soaked."

Pleasure exploded from the fingertip as Sorrel slid back and forth. Lisha trembled as she let out a cry. "Oh, gods... gods..."

"Maybe you'll be coming first? What do you think?" Sorrel continued to draw her finger back and forth along the lubricated channel, her fingertips dancing around Lisha's hard clitoris. Every touch was intense, the first time any woman had ever pleased her. Fantasies and memories smashed together as the pleasure ignited into flames.

Lisha's moans grew higher pitch as she pushed her hand against the fingers. She needed to come, no matter what.

"So greedy. But I'm going to punish you if you come—"

"P-Please?"

Sorrel's grip on the belt tightened as she fingered Lisha faster, sliding her fingers back and forth with wider strokes until they began to plunge into the clenching hole.

Between the scenario and the touches, it only took seconds before Lisha's orgasm exploded. She let out a cry as her knees began to buckle again and her right leg shook violently from the pleasure that tore through her body.

Sorrel caught her, holding her up as Lisha lost herself in her orgasm. As soon as the quivering slowed, she set down the younger student and giggled. “Oh my, you’ve been thinking about that for a while, haven’t you?”

Panting, Lisha nodded. “Y-Yes.”

“Tonight?”

A nod.

“All night?”

“Y-Yes, s-since you caught me.”

“What about this week?”

With her cheeks flushed from her orgasm, Lisha nodded twice.

Sorrel pulled her fingers from Lisha’s sore pussy and held it up. Thick strands of juices connected her fingers. She held them up in front of them and then brought them to Lisha’s lips.

The smell of cunt was strong, a sweet and tangy smell that Lisha was intimately familiar with but one she could never force herself to taste.

But in that moment, with fingers pressed against her lips, her mind didn’t resist as she opened her mouth.

Sorrel pushed her fingers into Lisha’s mouth.

Lisha tasted her juices for the first time. It was sweet from her intense orgasm. She clamped her lips around Sorrel’s fingers so she could lap and explore with her tongue, tasting herself as another ripple of pleasure raced through her body.

“Oh, so greedy,” Sorrel said. “Such a greedy, baby girl.”

Her world spinning, Lisha sucked the flavor off Sorrel’s fingers. She shuddered with the tiny orgasms that continued to ripple along her body. Even though her clitoris and pussy was still sore, she wanted to feel the fingers once again between her legs.,

Sorrel pulled them out before she kissed Lisha’s ears. “You okay?”

Lisha panted and nodded.

“Good, because you need to be punished for coming first. We’re trying to take care of your bunny, not finger you until you come like a fountain.”

With a blush, Lisha said, “I’m sorry.”

“You won’t be,” Sorrel said with a smile. She turned Lisha around before she sat down on the bed, spreading her knees. With one

hand, she tugged up her skirt to reveal that she wasn't wearing any underwear or panties herself. Her pussy was glistening wet, with soft lips rosy and swollen with desire.

A new smell rose up, a sweetness of a cunt that Lisha had never seen before.

Sorrel bit her lower lip as she reached over and grabbed one of Penelope's pillows. With a soft moan, she tossed it on the ground between her knees.

Lisha stared at the pussy before her. She knew what to do, but she was also dazed with lust. "What do I do?"

"Get on your knees, baby girl. I'm sure you can figure out the rest."

Gulping, Lisha inched over to the pillow and then lowered herself. The heat and warmth of Sorrel's thighs felt like fire as she stared as the glistening folds in front of her. She wondered what it would taste like but the answer was right there, all she had to do was lean forward.

Having her wrists bound behind her made every movement even more intense as she took a deep breath.

Sorrel reached down to gather up Lisha's hair and pull it over her ear. Then her fingers slid along her scalp to gently tug Lisha closer. "Come on, kiss it."

Lisha adjusted her position then brought her lips down. She was anxious and nervous and scared, but the gentle pressure and the intoxicating smell gave her the courage to press her lips against Sorrel's wet lips.

She tasted different than Lisha guessed, musky but sweet. It wasn't bad and she kissed it again, enjoying the softness on her lips as she planted a line of kisses along the seam.

Sorrel wasn't completely bare, but she had a small tuft of hair neatly shaved above the top of her slit. It was a reminder than she was an older woman but still left every fold and crevice bare of hairs.

"Harder," whispered Sorrel. "Please, please harder."

Lisha gulped and then pushed her tongue out. She took swiped it along the length.

On other side of her head, Sorrel's thighs quivered. The hand on the back of her head tightened, guiding but not forcing.

A rush of excitement filled Lisha. She lapped again, licking her lips to savor the taste of her first pussy. Deciding it well worth the orgasms, she lapped harder with long strokes as she burrowed the tip of her tongue into Sorrel's folds.

"Oh... yes!" Sorrel's pussy grew wetter and her hand grew more insistent.

Squirming to try relieving the moist ache between her own legs, Lisha planted her face into Sorrel's cunt and laved as much as she could. Her tongue circled around the hard nub of her clit before delving down into the tangy opening below. She brushed her lower lip against the thin strip between Sorrel's pussy and her ass before dragging her entire face up along the seam to kiss the clitoris again.

She didn't know what she was doing, but every time she sucked and nibbled and lapped, Sorrel's body would quiver delightfully and the grip holding her place would tighten. It was clear she was doing the right thing and it made Lisha throw herself into her role in hopes of feeling Sorrel orgasm underneath her lips.

After only a few minutes of lapping, the thighs clamped down on other side of her head and the fingers dug into her scalp as Sorrel let out a cry. A flood of juices poured out and Lisha had to gulp to keep them from filling her mouth.

"Fuck!" screamed Sorrel as she shuddered through an orgasm, crushing Lisha between her thighs.

Lisha tried to keep licking, but the pressure prevented her. Instead, she opened her mouth and kept gulping as she felt the super-heated skin underneath her lips jerk a few more times before the tension seeped out of Sorrel with a rush.

The grip on her head relaxed and her thighs splayed open.

Lisha pulled away and felt the strands of juices snap in the heated space around her. The smell of sex, the heady mixture of Sorrel's pussy, filled her and she breathed in deeply. Panting, she looked up at the flushed woman ahead of her. "Was that right?"

Sorrel grunted as she pushed herself up to a sitting position. There was a smile on her face. "Fuck, you're good for a first time."

"I... I had to guess what to do."

Sorrel glanced at the papers on the table. "I'm not surprised you knew the answer with those stories."

"Y-You know them?"

“Of course, someone is always sneaking into the stacks to make a copy in the library. Missy saw your roommate a few weeks back, that is what got us talking about how...” Sorrel paused to reached down and tugged Lisha to her feet. As she did, she hooked her legs behind Lisha’s knees. “... utterly fuckable you are.”

Sorrel caught Lisha’s left nipple in her mouth and sucked on it. The wet pleasure brought a moan from both of them. Her hands reached around for the rope. She popped her mouth off. “I need to take this off.”

Lisha whimpered. “W-What? Why?”

“I want to ride your face right.”

The image of Sorrel straddling her brought a rush. It would be so hot being bound in place, unable to escape with the wet heat against her lips and nose. But she could easily imagine the pressure of taking Sorrel’s weight with her shoulders behind her. She moaned and tugged at her wrist. She nodded sharply.

Sorrel stared at her, then a smile grew. “Baby girl is getting into this, isn’t she?”

Lisha moaned and nodded. “I like you using me.”

She blinked and then grinned. “I mean... I would do anything to keep my secret, Miss Sorrel.”

“Anything?”

“Yes.”

Sorrel cocked her head as she removed the belt. “Anything anything?”

“What do you have in mind?” Lisha said hesitantly. She was sure the stories were only a hint of the perversions that could possibly in Sorrel’s head.

“You know, there is another hole down there.”

“You want me to lick it?”

Sorrel grinned. “Why not? I’m planning on licking yours tomorrow, then maybe sticking a finger or two in there while I try to make you come so hard you pass out.”

Another wave of heated lust. Lisha had already been violated in both of her openings, and the idea of a wet tongue thrusting against her brought a surge of longing. She started to not, then asked a hesitant question. “Are you clean... down there?”

“Very and deeper than you can possibly reach. I used a spell before coming over her.”

Lisha looked at her curiously.

Sorrel shrugged. “What can I say? I’ve been doing more than thinking about you too. So, up to anything anything?”

Lisha nodded with a grin. “To keep my secret safe? Yes.”

Sorrel pulled Lisha onto the bed. “Good.”

In a matter of seconds, Lisha was on her back with her hands above her head and grabbing Penelope’s headboard. She squirmed as she watched Sorrel finish stripping and crawl up on the bed.

Naked, Sorrel was more beautiful than Lisha could imagine. She had a tight body of a combat mage, with a hint of abdominal muscles and lines along her limbs. A faint network of scars and scratches covered her. Her breasts stood up strongly, like firm melons tipped with puffy nipples.

“Like what you see?”

Lisha nodded.

Sorrel stood on either side of Lisha’s head. “Here, let me give you a closer look. Remember, if I’m getting too much or you need to stop, let go of the headboard.”

Lisha tightened her grip. Her palms squeaked against the wood.

“Good girl,” Sorrel whispered before she knelt down.

Reaching up, Lisha opened her mouth to catch Sorrel’s pussy with her lips. Her nose shoved right up against her lover’s clitoris as she began to lap and burrow her tongue into the tight hole presented to her.

Sorrel moaned and rocked forward, dragging Lisha’s face along her seam until her ass was pressed against the probing tongue.

With only a brief hesitation, Lisha lapped at the opening, exploring it. It didn’t taste as bad as she thought and she was encouraged to run her tongue along the tiny folds she found, exploring the wrinkled hole as she grew bolder about sticking her tongue into it.

The pressure on her face increased as did the wetness. Her eyes and nose were soaked instantly as the air cut off.

Lisha closed her eyes tightly and lapped harder, half-holding her breath and half breathing in the moist air from between her lovers thighs.

Sorrel's body trembled as she shoved down on the tongue exploring her rear passage, thrusting against her as much as Lisha was driving into her. Each time, she shuddered as more juices splashed against Lisha's face.

Lisha twisted her grip as she thrust up, spreading her legs apart for balance as she lapped harder.

The wet pressure moved up, giving her a chance to draw in a breath before she was positioned back to the wet opening that was soaking her. There was little Lisha could do besides lick at whatever Sorrel wanted her to; an intense rush filled her as she realized she was being used for pleasure.

Then a hand was against her pussy. It may have been tender but she didn't care as the firm grip spread her neither lips and plunged two fingers into her cunt.

Lisha cried out into Sorrel's pussy as she instantly came on the pleasure. She released the headboard with one hand to clamp her arm down on Sorrel's thigh and held her down as she ground her face into the wet hole to suck and gulp with all her might.

Sorrel continued to finger her, thrusting harder and faster than Lisha had ever done herself. Each one felt like a battering ram that ended with little bursts of pleasure that blinded Lisha.

Lisha clamped her other hand on Sorrel's thigh.

Sorrel started to pull up but she yanked her back down, working her face up along the drenched seam to suck hard on the clitoris until Sorrel was squirming as much as she was.

"... down..." Sorrel pushed back, moving up Lisha's face until her ass was once against pressed along Lisha's exploring tongue.

This time, there was no hesitation as Lisha shoved her tongue as deep as it would go and lapped and slurped. She twisted as she felt Sorrel orgasm on her face again and again.

Her own hips thrust up against the fingers that were plunging into her. It was so rough and erotic and she wanted more. She needed it, craved to feel the hand until it was practically buried into her belly.

The world grew darker and her lungs hurt but she didn't care. She moaned into Sorrel's ass and lapped harder before yanking down to move her tongue back to the wet pussy and continue her assault.



Sorrel lifted herself up and moist air flowed into Lisha's lungs. "Are you—?"

Lisha hauled her down and clamped her lips on Sorrel's clitoris. The shudder that shook her world rewarded her only seconds before a flood of an orgasm drenched her chin and throat.

Sorrel grabbed her hair with one hand as her other hand continued to plunge into Lisha's pussy with deep strokes. She was already up to three fingers, stretching her out more than even the tentacle monster as she pounded Lisha's clitoris with her palm and curled her fingers deep inside.

Lisha's orgasm rose up like a ritual spell, building in power until it was causing her ears to ring out and her nerves to dance with power. Every movement threatened to set her off but she wasn't going to let it happen until she couldn't contain the power anymore. She cried out as she buried her face back into Sorrel's asshole and laved with all her might.

Then, as another wave of orgasm poured across her face, she came with a scream muffled by the pussy suffocating her.

*D. Dancer*

# Waking Up

# 15

Lisha slowly woke up in a world of warmth and pressure. It reminded of her of the cold winter days and snuggling underneath a heavy blanket. But for all the comfort, she also felt sticky as if she had been sweating all night. There was also a taste on her mouth and she licked her lips as she tried to identify the musky taste that teased her waking thoughts.

She scissored her legs to work one foot free into the cooler air.

A pressure held her in place, pinning her legs to the mattress and preventing her from moving. She could feel how it ran the length of her sides instead of being just a book forgotten on the side.

She kicked harder as she reached down but the same pressure kept her arms from moving.

With a sickening lurch, she realized she was trapped completely against her mattress. That had never happened to her before, not even when she woke up with the tentacle monster still writhing inside her holes or wrapped in blankets after shivering from the cold.

The pressure on both sides of her, and along her head. She could feel the a firmness against her ears, muffling the noises around her.

Panic ripped through her sleep-addled thoughts. She let out a keening whimper as she tugged at her blankets, pulling on them as she tried to sit up.

“Oh shit!” Sorrel said sharply. “I’m sorry!” She sat up and yanked her feet up off the blankets.

The binding holding her down instantly lessened.

As soon as the pressure, Lisha sat up gasping. The blanket slipped off one shoulder to expose her breast to the cool air.

Sorrel reached over to cup the side of Lisha's face. "Sha? You okay?"

Lisha stared at her in confusion, wondering how the most desirable woman on campus was on her bed. Her eyes drifted down, widening as she stared at Sorrel's naked body.

Everything about the evoker was stunning, from the faint abdominal muscles to the tension of her inner thighs. Lisha's gaze slipped toward the center, toward the splayed open pussy that had little bits of haze and dried cum on it.

"Um... wow... I... um...." Lisha couldn't form any words.

Sorrel grinned. "Never woke up with someone before?" She cocked her head. "I would have expected a pretty girl like you to be used to it, even if it was with your roommate."

Lisha snapped her head up. She stared for another second before the words registered. "N-No, I never..." Then she remembered the night before, the role-playing and orgasms.

Her cheeks colored and she inhaled sharply.

Sorrel leaned forward, her large breasts jiggling. She was remarkably flexible as she brought her lips centimeters way from Lisha's. "Remembering what happened?"

Lisha giggled and blushed even hotter. "Yes."

A sly smile. "Remember your safe word?"

"Sol—?"

Sorrel's face froze as did the word on Lisha's lips.

"—yes," Lisha said meekly. She started to fold her hands in her lap, but then her knuckles brushed against the inside of Sorrel's thighs and she was reminded how close she was to a naked woman, one that had her legs around her head for most of the night.

If she had woken up in less of a panic, the first things she would have felt was her face pressing against Sorrel's pussy. She could almost imagine the warmth and smell of it enveloping her. A faint sadness filled her, why didn't she?

She gazed at the pussy in front of her. She could still taste it on her tongue and she felt a strange longing to slide onto her belly and resume last's night submission. The delicate folds were begging to be licked again and Lisha wanted to taste Sorrel as she brought her new lover to repeated orgasms.

But as Lisha was fantasizing, she almost missed when Sorrel reached out and cupped Lisha's sex with her hand. It was warm and firm, but insistent as she ran one finger up and down Lisha's slit.

Lisha let out a soft whimper as pleasure blossomed from the touch.

"Now, before you think about begging for me to keep your secret," Sorrel said with a grin. "I think there are a few things we need to do first."

As she spoke, Sorrel wormed her finger deeper, sliding along the folds that quickly lubricated with her excitement. She circled around Lisha's opening before trailing back to smear juices from clitoris to the opening and back.

Lisha looked up, shivering with desire.

"The first is that before we spend a few hours in bed, I'm thinking you have to pee."

The last thing Lisha wanted to do was get up. "No, I'm—"

The power of suggestion was a terrible force. Her bladder twinged with the pressure.

"—now I have to."

Sorrel grinned and pulled her fingers away. She scissored her legs over Lisha and then pulled herself to the edge of the bed. With a little "hup," she stood up and turned around to hold out her hand. "Come on, first we'll deal with nature, then a little something in your mouth—"

Lisha blushed as she took Sorrel's hand.

"—to eat and then back to the room for what I've been dreaming about."

On her feet, Lisha looked around for her robe but Sorrel was striding toward the door without a stitch of clothing. Her athletic body was poetry in movement as was her reddish hair that swirled behind her. It was as if Sorrel had no worry about striding naked in public.

Nervously, Lisha followed. "What were you dreaming about?"

Sorrel looked over her shoulder and grinned. "I said I was going to eat your ass. I like to follow through with my plans, you know."

Lisha froze, a flush of heat filling her.

“So you better make sure that little pucker of yours is squeaky clean because I’m going to stick so many things in it.” Still grinning, Sorrel flung open the door and strode out in the empty hallway.

With a whimper, Lisha followed after her. Her hand fluttered against her sex as heat and anticipation boiled inside her.

# Chores

# 16

An hour later, Lisha was much cleaner with a light breakfast in her belly and a warmth on her cheeks as she leaned against the counter while washing dishes. In the back of her mind, the anticipation of going back to her room and enjoying Sorrel pushed her to complete her chore quickly.

Behind her, Sorrel swept up the kitchen area. The soft scuffing of the broom was a comforting sound. Being naked didn't bother the combat mage at all, she twirled around as she worked the piles of dust and debris into the center of the tile room.

Lisha had to peek over her shoulder to enjoy the jiggle of Sorrel's breasts and buttocks, or the little flashes of pink that greeted her when she bent over to pick up something.

She had to admit, there was something casually sexy about the way they were both nude in a public area or the mundane chores that contrasted with the erotic scene from the night before.

"Oi, finish up."

Lisha tore her thoughts away and focused on Sorrel.

Sorrel leaned against the broom, a slight twist of her body with one nipple pressed against the wood. She gestured with her other hand for Lisha to turn around. "Come on, I'm getting horny and this isn't really satiating me."

"Sorry," Lisha said and turned back with a grin. She grabbed the next dish and dunked it into the hot water. With her bare fingers, she scrubbed away the food before transferring it to the other side of the sink with the cold, clear water.

Sorrel's hand stroked her right ass cheek as she stepped up.

Lisha smiled and let out a little moan.

“Taking your time?” Sorrel asked with a grin. Her fingers tightened their grip on Lisha’s cheek, pulling it away from the other.

“Just trying to do it...”

The words trailed off as Sorrel ran her finger down Lisha’s cleft. With a purr of her own, she increased the pressure and drew it back up, tracing up and down as her fingers wormed up against the sensitive openings.

Lisha lifted her head with another moan.

“Focus and hurry up,” Sorrel whispered in her ear. “I’m waiting for you.”

Ducking her head, Lisha concentrated on the plate as she fought the urge to shove everything into the soapy water and ignore it.

Sorrel’s fingers wiggled deeper, reaching Lisha’s slit and tracing the slick opening.

Lisha whimpered.

“Come on,” Sorrel said. Her breath was hot on Lisha’s ear. “I’m waiting.”

“Do you want to help?”

“No,” Sorrel said. “Wait, I can help.”

“Why don’t you take—”

But Sorrel was whispering the words to an unknown arcane spell. The curls of power were not a summoning, but they were definitely a low powered spell.

Lisha’s hands slowed as she tried to identify the spell.

Sorrel finished with a kiss on her ear, sending a little shiver of pleasure coursing along Lisha’s nerves. Moments later, the purpose of the spell became obvious as her fingers began to heat up rapidly.

At first, it was just a little warmth tracing along Lisha’s pussy but then it grew until it was equal to the hot water in the shower and then beyond. But there was no burning, just a faint stinging as the fingertips slid along Lisha’s slick furrow.

The heated juices felt like oil as Sorrel pushed two fingers into Lisha’s pussy.

Lisha’s moan rose out of her throat as she clamped onto the edge of the sink. “Oh, gods.” The plate in her hand clattered to the bottom of the sink, the sounds muffled by the soapy water.

Sorrel chuckled and plunged deeper into her pussy. “Come on, aren’t you going to hurry?”



Lisha panted. "This is a little hard."

"No, not yet," came the whisper. Then the fingers plunged their heated length deep into her cunt until the webbing between Sorrel's pussy and ass and her thumb ground against her pucker.

Moaning, Lisha leaned into the sink to lift herself up.

"There we go, baby girl," Sorrel purred. "Is someone a little horny slut?"

Lisha nodded. "Y-Yes."

"Not doing a good job of convincing me to keep your secret, are you?"

Body trembling, Lisha turned her head to look at her. She looked at Sorrel pleadingly. "Please?"

"Please what? Let you finish?" Sorrel's fingers were just on the edge of burning hot. The spell followed her fingers, with the heat radiating from deep inside Lisha's pussy and then out, dancing along sensitive nerves as Sorrel fingered her.

Lisha was painfully aware of the slick sounds that were coming from her own body. The pleasure and discomfort were blending together, magnifying both as she found it hard to concentrate on anything, much less the dishes in front of her.

"Oh, poor baby girl. Here, let me stop teasing your bunny."

When the heated fingers slipped out of her sex, Lisha fought the urge to whimper. As much as she was trying to get back to her bedroom to fully enjoy Sorrel, the pleasure was hard to fight back.

But it wasn't gone for long. Sorrel trailed her fingertips back over Lisha's perineum and then pressed the two slick fingers against her asshole.

Lisha's eyes widened as her grip tightened on the sink. "Sor—"

"Miss Sorrel," Sorrel said and pushed. The pressure increased as the tight sphincter resisted the two fingers.

Lisha whimpered louder as she rose up on her knees. The feeling of being penetrated with erotic and exotic, forbidden but more pleasurable than she could imagine. She lifted her head as she moaned.

Between the heat and slickness, there was only a token resistance before Lisha felt her rosebud give way. The tight ring clenched around the fingers as she felt Sorrel's trimmed fingernails slip into

the ring. Then every ridge and bump of her digits as they pumped in and out.

She gasped as she quivered against the sink, her eyes no longer seeing anything as all her senses focused on the heated digits penetrating her asshole.

“There we go, baby girl. You’re going to be giving up this ass so many ways today.”

“Y-Yes... Miss Sorrel.”

“That’s right, tell me who owns this ass.”

Lisha sobbed as she bent forward to give Sorrel more access. “You... do.”

“What?” Sorrel shoved harder, then pulled out. There was a moment of emptiness before the two fingers drove back. “Who’s ass?”

Lisha’s head was only centimeters above the water. Her breasts dipped into the soapy water, the heated liquid almost as hot as the two fingers impaling her. “Your ass. Your ass, Miss Sorrel,” she gasped.

“That’s right. And I’m tired of waiting for my ass to get ready.”

“S-Sorry.”

The fingers pulled out.

Lisha started to look up but Sorrel caught her shoulder and pushed down. “No, bitches stay there.” She was moving.

Trembling, Lisha held herself against the water as she felt Sorrel kneel behind her. There was a hot breath against her cheeks, then the still-heated fingers were sliding back up her thighs.

Tenderly, Sorrel parted her cheeks and exhaled.

At the warmth brushing against her sensitive rosebud, Lisha let out another soft noise. She pushed back, trembling as she clung to the water. The soapy water made ripples as her nipples were dragged through it.

“Yummy,” Sorrel said before her lips pressed against skin.

Lisha’s vision blurred as Sorrel’s tongue lapped at her asshole. It was slick and hot.

Then Sorrel had her lips pressed tight against her as she used the tip of her tongue to explore Lisha’s opening.

“Oh, So... Miss Sorrel!” Lisha said.

No answer came except for the heated fingers sliding back into her pussy. They were so hot as they drove deep, but then Sorrel curled her finger against some sensitive spot and began to thrust at the same time she was spearing Lisha's sphincter with her tongue.

Sorrel moaned as she shoved a third finger into Lisha's pussy. The opening strained around the girth, but the stretch added to the delicate balance of pleasure and discomfort.

Lisha's entire world became nothing more than her two holes, balancing on the wet slickness that impaled her ass and the hard thrusts that filled her cunt. She leaned into it, rocking against it as the pleasure rose until she was on the edge of an orgasm.

Sorrel pulled back. "Almost there?"

Lisha nodded, not trusting her words. The sharp edge of her orgasm receded, leaving her longing to feel the burst of pleasure. She slumped. "Y-Yes."

"Good." Sorrel stood up while pulling her fingers free.

Lisha's hips pushed back to keep the fingers inside her but they were gone.

"You should hurry up with cleaning dishes," Sorrel said. Her hand rested lightly on Lisha's cheek, one heated finger on the cleft of her cheeks with the fingertip against her ass.

Moaning, Lisha pushed herself up from the sink. Water dripped off her nipples, little teasing pleasure as she took a deep breath.

Sorrel switched sides and hands. The fingers that turned to her ass were no longer super-heated as she worked the ridge of her thumb against the two openings. With her other, she stretched out her hand over the cold water side of the sink.

Fire magic danced along her skin. It colored the air with a blush and the air wavered around it.

Lisha looked at it and thought about how Penelope had the same haze around her before she left. But she had never thought about how good it would feel to have something so hot against her forbidden places.

She clenched her thighs as new thoughts.

"Got a little heated," Sorrel said. She sighed and plunged her hand into the cold water. Little spurts of steam rose up and then the water settled.

Glancing at it with curiosity, Lisha shoved her hands back into the warm water to find the plate she had abandoned while being pleased.

Sorrel began to whisper something else.

Lisha froze as she heard the new spell. Her fingers clamped down on the plate as she glanced over.

The water on the cold side was steaming as little flecks of white appeared on the surface.

She looked up at Sorrel who grinned back.

“You really want to hurry up, baby girl.” Sorrel grinned.

Lisha let out a whimper as she resumed scrubbing the plate. In the corner of her eye, she saw the water haze over as a wave of cold washed over her naked skin.

She didn't realize how cold the other side had gotten until she rinsed off the plate. There were ice forming along the surface around Sorrel's wrist as the battle mage swirled her hand around. She looked like she was gathering the ice in her hand.

Lisha stared in shock, not sure what was going on.

Sorrel lifted her hand with a pile of ice gathered in her palm. With a grin, she used her thumb to swirl and push it around. Every few moments, she would dip it back into the water and covered it in a fresh later of water that would instantly freeze.

Lisha set aside the plate but couldn't look away.

Without saying anything, Sorrel continued to gather more ice as she shaped something in her hand. It looked like a mushroom, but the tip was more pointed. The smooth head grew thicker before it pinched down into a stalk. At the bottom, the mage had shaped a flared ending that was almost as wide.

Lisha glanced at her lover. “What is that?”

“Better hurry,” came the cryptic response.

Distracted, Lisha grabbed the last plate and began to scrub it. She kept her eyes on whatever Sorrel was shaping her palm.

It looked small, maybe about five centimeters thick at the two widest points and double that in length. But Sorrel kept working over the head, making it a blunted end that made it even longer. With every dip into the water, it gained another layer of ice and grew minutely thicker.

Then, as Sorrel pushed it between two fingers, Lisha realized what it was. It was a butt plug made of ice.

“No, no,” she whimpered as she clenched her thighs together.

“Better hurry.” The cryptic words took on a more sinister tone.

Whimpering, Lisha focused on finishing the last dish. She scrubbed as quickly as she could as she watched the plug being shaped.

Then, as she was about to dip into the water, Sorrel stepped back and changed sides again.

Lisha sobbed as she shoved the plate into the icy water and swirled it around. She gave it a good hard shake.

Sorrel slid the ice tip of the plug down Lisha’s buttocks. The touch was burning, icy and wet.

“Oh, fuck!” Lisha said as she almost threw the plate to the side. It clattered loudly as she settled into place.

Sorrel leaned into her, her breasts sliding along Lisha’s arm. “Aren’t you going to dry it?”

The icy tip pressed against Lisha’s asshole. It was already melting, but it was so cold.

Lisha let out a little sob. “No, I can’t.”

“Really?” Sorrel said. “Your secret is not that important?”

She twisted the plug and it began to ease into the tight hole. The saliva and juices that had lubricated it added to the melting water and it pried Lisha’s opening apart before slipping deeper.

For the first time, Lisha considered using her safe word. She looked pleadingly at Sorrel, trying to form the words to ask her to stop even as Sorrel pushed the ice deeper into her.

Sorrel’s eyes were locked on hers, scanning, hesitant, waiting.

In a flash, Lisha knew that Sorrel would stop if the word was said. Somehow, having it there made it even hotter.

With tears in her eyes and her senses focusing on the icy smoothness that was invading her, Lisha managed to reach out and grab the plate and the towel.

“That’s a good girl,” Sorrel said. Then she shoved the plug harder.

Lisha’s hands clenched on the plate as she cried out. “Oh, it’s so cold.”

“You should keep quiet, someone might hear you,” Sorrel said with a grin.

The ice butt plug sank deeper.

Lisha let out a loud cry.

Sorrel’s hand wrapped over lips, clamping down. “Just keep going, baby girl, it won’t do any damage but it’s going to feel good when it melts.”

Lisha let out a muffled screamed as the plug drove deeper. She could feel her sphincter straining around the widest part as she was stretched further and further open.

Having Sorrel holding her mouth shut while forcing the plug into her ass made it even hotter. She sobbed as she struggled to dry the dishes. Every second pushed it deeper as she felt herself pried open, forced to strain until she didn’t think she could take it anymore.

And then, with a wet slurp, the butt plug reached its thickest point and then plunged its icy length deep into her rectum.

Lisha came in pleasure and pain. She screamed out in ecstasy as the plate dropped into the sink and cracked.

She didn’t care.

Clamping her hands on the side of the sink, she bent over as her legs lost their tension. The pleasure ripped through her as the plug settled into place, sealing against her ring and filling her with cold and liquid.

High-pitched screams ripped out of her, one after the other as she shuddered through her orgasm.

Then, as the pleasure escaped her, Sorrel pulled her away from the sink.

Dazed, Lisha could only be led over to the table. When Sorrel set her down on her ass, she felt the plug shifting inside her, spearing her insides.

She squirmed.

“You broke a plate, bad girl.”

“S-Sorry.” Lisha tried to find a comfortable place but the butt plug was too deep inside her. She spread her legs for balance and arched her hips back to lift her asshole over the edge of the table.

Splatters of melting water splashed on the ground.

Sorrel pushed her back on the table, between the napkins that were still to be folded and the plate mats.

Lisha stared in confusion as she felt back against the hard surface.

Sorrel stood between her thighs. Then with a grin, she smacked her hands together and said a few words of power. Arcane runes appeared in the air around her hands before she pulled her hands apart.

Instead of an empty space, energies coalesced into something between her palms. At first, it was a sphere of power but then bits of snow and ice floating in the air sank into it and the ball grew into a rod.

Sorrel continued to pull them apart, but then began to rotate her hand around one end to smooth it off. Her smile reflected the light of her spell as she released one end to hold up a dildo made of ice.

Lisha panted as she stared at it. It was thicker than anything she had in her, but compared to the ice that was forced into her ass, she knew it would push her to her limit and toward an orgasm that she couldn't imagine.

Sorrel hefted the dildo and grinned. "And this is what happens to bad girls who break plates."

She brought her other hand down to her crotch. Pressing it against the skin at the top of her slit, there was a wet sticking sound as it sealed into place.

Sorrel winced but then pulled her hand away from it.

It stood there, bobbing in the air.

Lisha's pussy clenched as she spread her legs.

Sorrel giggled, breaking the mood. "Wasn't sure this would work."

Reaching for her, Lisha beckoned.

Sorrel grabbed her fake cock and stepped up to her. "This is only going to last a few seconds, you okay with being punished like this?"

Lisha answered by grabbed Sorrel and pulling her tight.

The ice cock slid into her heated pussy. It began to melt immediately, flooding her with icy liquid as the pleasure burst inside her.

She gasped as she stared at Sorrel. "Fuck me," she commanded.

Sorrel grinned and grabbed her hips, spreading them apart and down against the table as she shoved her hips forward. The icy dildo drove deep into Lisha's body, pleasure and pain mixing together.

She drew out and back in again, quickly finding a rhythm until she was pounding Lisha's cunt with wet, sloppy strokes.

The melting water poured out onto the floor and table but neither of them cared.

Lisha clamped around the slick shaft, enjoying how it was constantly reshaping around her as it danced across her nerves. Orgasms rippled through her body as she clutched Sorrel tighter, pulling them closer as the dildo continued to melt inside her.

Her final orgasm was short but intense, a burst of pleasure that snapped the dildo inside her.

Ice water and her juices poured out of her as she let out as cream of pleasure that echoed off the walls.

When they finished, it was just their two naked bodies ground together on the table, legs intertwined and their slick bodies tight against each other.

Sorrel kissed her. "I was going to make you crawl down the hall with that thing in your ass."

"It melted."

"You are rather hot."

Lisha moaned and arched her back against her lover. "You can still make me crawl, Miss Sorrel."

Sorrel smiled brightly. "The ice spirit's heart would melt with you." She kissed Lisha passionately, her hands roaming until breaking.

She stood up, the remains of her toy glistening on her thighs. "Well, then, baby girl, you were a bad girl and you better crawl back to the room so you can beg me for forgiveness."

Lisha moaned in pleasure and then slipped off the table. Her knees splashed into the floor. With a wiggle of her ass, she crawled across the tiles gingerly until she got to a softer area of carpet.

Taking a few steps, she looked back at the puddles of water in the kitchen area. "What about those?"

Sorrel glanced at them. Then she said three words of power.

A burst of flame-less heat burst inside the room, instantly vaporizing the water into steam as the super-heated air burst through the hall. It rippled down the length before booming against the furthest areas.



With steam clinging to the air, Sorrel turned back, put her hand on her hip, and then pointed down the hall. “Crawl, you fucking slut!” she commanded with a grin.

*D. Dancer*

# Volunteer Effort

# 17

“You awake?”

Lisha opened her eyes and rolled her head to the side. Her entire body felt like floating over the last few days of orgasms, submission, and waking up in Sorrel’s arms... or between her legs. “I am.”

Sorrel sat on the edge of the bed wearing nothing but a towel over her shoulders. Her breasts peeked out underneath the fabric and she smelled of soap. Reaching out, she stroked Lisha’s cheek. “Want to do something fun?”

Lisha enjoyed the heat that rippled along her body with anticipation. Sliding her thighs together, she rubbed the slick folds of her sex together. Without a word, she nodded.

Leaning forward, Sorrel kissed her.

Lisha raised her head for more, but her lover pulled back.

“First,” Sorrel said while wrinkling her nose, “you need to shower.”

Rolling her eyes, Lisha groaned.

“Now,” came the command.

“Yes, Miss Sorrel.”

She rushed through her shower, scrubbing carefully. It was two, maybe three days before, that she had skipped a step and Sorrel had spanked her ass until she was crying out. She couldn’t sit for hours, not even on the edge of the kitchen table. When she finished, she dried off and returned to the room.

Sorrel was sprawled out on the bed, one knee up and her other spread apart.

Lisha moaned and crawled up on the bed. She lowered her head to draw her lips up Sorrel’s trim thigh and up to the moist opening.

The familiar smell flooded her nostrils and she drank it up, warming instantly to another round of sex and submission.

She kissed Sorrel's pussy. "You are so beautiful."

"Let's see if you agree in an hour."

Lisha froze, looking up.

Sorrel gestured for her to roll over. When Lisha did, she got up on her knees and stroked her knuckles along Lisha's breast. "I want you to summon that tentacle creature."

They had played with the creature a few times. Sorrel had never wanted it inside her, but she did use it to fuck Lisha's pussy and ass while pulling Lisha's mouth into her own cunt.

Lisha grinned and closed her eyes. She had the spell memorized and easily ran through the components, casting out the energy and pulling it through into their realm.

The acorn quickly unfolded as it reached out for her pussy. Lisha wasn't sure, but it felt like the tentacle creature knew exactly what it was for and it longer curiously looked for something to touch but reached out for what it wanted.

Sorrel cupped Lisha's hands and pushed it down between Lisha's thighs.

The tentacles caught the edges of Lisha's pussy and it pulled itself forward, nuzzling into the slick folds before burrowing deeper. The delicate tendrils caressed both holes before it wove thicker tentacles to penetrate her.

Lisha's knees came up as she shuddered with pleasure. The tentacle creature always found new places to touch her. Having the squirming length puling into her body blurred her vision with ecstasy.

Sorrel clicked her tongue. "Oh no, just her pussy tonight," she whispered. With her fingers, she pulled the tentacles penetrating Lisha's asshole and guided the creature fully into the waiting cunt.

The pressure increased as the tentacle creature seated itself into Lisha. It squirmed and expanded, trailing the tips of its tendrils along every square centimeter of her insides. Every touch was followed by little waves of pleasure.

Lisha moaned as she arched her back. "Oh, that feels good. So good."

Sorrel stroked her fingers up and down Lisha's slit, stuffing the tentacle creature deeper inside her.

Unsure of what her lover had in mind, Lisha could only watch with growing anticipation.

Finally Sorrel was satisfied by the burrowing tentacles that filled Lisha completely. Then she pressed her palm against the dripping slit and leaned over. "Now, we're going to play a little game tonight."

The creature never stopped squirming.

Lisha whimpered as it continued to assault her.

"Yes...?" Sorrel's eyebrows lifted with the expected response.

"Yes, Miss Sorrel."

"Then, you keep this creature summoned or you will be punished. As usual, if you use your safe word, you can dismiss it instantly because the game will be over. Understand?"

"Yes." Lisha's pussy was dripping with growing excitement. She ground her crotch against Sorrel's palm, coating it with her juices as she squirmed at the tentacles that continued to writhe inside her depths.

Sorrel's eyes flashed as she began to whisper a spell. It wasn't one of her usual elemental spells, but a twisting spell that sounded like a ward or a lock spell.

Confused, Lisha listened as she tried to puzzle out the spell.

When she finished, Sorrel, pulled her hand back.

The tentacle creature continued to twist and writhe.

Lisha gave a hesitant squeeze of her inner muscles.

Instead of starting to slip out as usual, it remained inside her.

She whimpered as it stretched her out before folding on itself. A tiny tendril slipped out of her pussy, burrowed through her lips, until it grabbed onto her clitoris. It tugged and she felt the knot of tentacles slipped toward the opening but it didn't pull out.

Instead, it just reached out and tugged itself deeper, rocking back and forth.

The pleasure was maddening.

Lisha looked at Sorrel. "What did you do?"

Sorrel slipped off the bed. "Sealed it in you."

"W-What?"

Sorrel turned and picked up her clothes from the floor. “Just a temporary ward. It’s stuck in that pretty bunny of yours until I release the lock or you dismiss it.”

The casual way Sorrel spoke worried Lisha. “W-What are we going to do now?”

Sorrel gestured to Lisha’s dresser. “You’re getting dressed. We’re going out.”

The tentacle creature took that moment to blossom out and fold itself. The liquid surge of movement blurred her vision as she was pushed toward an orgasm, but then the creature was back at her entrance, reaching out to explore her nether lips but never pulling away.

Lisha gasped.

“Come on,” Sorrel said. “Get dressed.”

Putting on clothes was harder than Lisha expected. Every time she moved, the tentacle creature would squirm and move. She could feel her juices gathering and sloshing around the creature, but Sorrel’s spell kept even her moisture inside and it was only getting wetter and slicker.

She had to lean against her dresser as she pulled on a skirt.

“You won’t need panties.”

Lisha panted as she finally pulled on her shirt. Every second felt like it was an eternity of pleasure. Trapped inside her, the creature wasn’t able to push her toward an orgasm but it was impossible not to feel the squirming and writhing inside her.

“Don’t forget your boots, we’re going to get dinner.”

Lisha froze, her eyes wide. “W-What?”

Sorrel grinned as she tugged on a light jacket. “We’ve been fucking for a week now. There isn’t a lot of food here and I want to get more supplies. Not to mention, they probably need our help for a few hours.”

Lisha’s knees wavered. “A... few hours?”

“It will go faster if you don’t think about that creature in your snatch, rubbing and stroking and flopping around in that pretty pussy.”

Every word made even harder to ignore it. Lisha gasped as she clutched the dresser. “I-I can’t.”

“Come on,” Sorrel said. “Boots. Coat.”

Terror mixed with her pleasure as she grabbed her outdoor outfit and pulled it on. A small part of her was thankful that even her juices were sealed inside her because she would have been dripping on the floor as she had to make frequent stops to handle the overwhelming squirming that filled her pussy with pleasure.

She put on the easiest outfit she could assemble: a long skirt, a button-down blouse, and a pair of knee-high socks.

While she finished, Sorrel turned the knob to turn off the occupied light and then took Lisha's arm to lead her outside. Outside, the air wavered as a bubble of heat surrounded her.

Every step was a movement in pleasure and torture. Lisha had to hurry to keep up with Sorrel. She rested on hand on her belly, as if to quell the squirming but the creature did nothing.

A small part of her wondered if she could dismiss the spell without Sorrel knowing, then put it back. But she knew it would be impossible to recast the summoning without being caught.

By the time they reached the dining hall, she was only half aware. The constant presence of the creature fogged her thoughts and she had to grip the table to keep her knees from buckling.

There were two dozen people in the hall. Lisha was only barely aware of them as she was introduced to two students and a professor that were manning the food tables and serving.

Lisha didn't know what to do. She inched to the end of the table in hopes of keeping out of way.

Sorrel had other ideas. She handed Lisha a tray of food. "Table eight," she said.

Staring at the steaming food, Lisha tried to comprehend walking across the room when she was being assault. She lifted her gaze to give Sorrel a pleading look. The tray rattled from her shaking.

Sorrel leaned over to kiss her. "When I finally let you come, you are going to be seeing another world."

That was poor motivation but a firm swat on her ass promptly informed Lisha that Sorrel had no intent of letting her hide.

Lisha took a hesitant step toward the table.

The tentacle creature twisted inside her, dragging tentacles along her inner walls as it slurped up to the entrance of her womb and ground against it.

The tray almost slipped from her hand.

“Careful!” Sorrel said cheerful.

Fighting back tears, Lisha clamped her hand on the tray and made her way across the room. She could imagine every single person was staring at her, wondering why she was taking small, mincing steps.

At the table, she set it down.

The student didn’t even look up from their book. “Thanks.”

Lisha flinched as the creature shoved its tentacles out of her pussy and clamped onto her clitoris to pull itself to the bottom of her sex. She gasped before she realized she had made a noise. With a sharp inhalation, she clamped her jaw shut.

The student glanced up.

Cheeks burning bright, Lisha turned and hurried back.

Sorrel was smiling with a flush on her cheeks. “So sexy,” she whispered. Then handed her another tray. “This is for the two professors at table two.”

Lisha managed to deliver the food, then she realized it was one of the literature instructors, Ms Crum.

The older woman had black hair streak with white and a body that was on the fat side of plush. She always had a smile on her lips and Lisha couldn’t imagine that she ever frowned. She was friendly with students, but rather touchy with her hands. She was always hugging and touching and stroking the students, though it rarely came off as creepy.

As Lisha approach, Ms Crum was in the middle of a conversation with her companion, a mage from the divination classes. Her hands swirled around as she was telling a story.

Hands shaking, Lisha quietly set the tray down in hopes of escaping without. She stepped back, but when the tentacle creature gave a twist, her boots scuffed on the ground.

Ms Crum suddenly stopped. “Oh, Lisha! I didn’t know you were staying for winter. I thought you were going home.”

“Y-Yeah,” Lisha said as she fought to keep her struggles from her face. “Probably not for another few years.”

Mr Crum sighed. “Oh, I’m sorry. You’d probably be traveling all break if you left during winter.”

“Yes, madam.”



“Bah,” Mr Crum said with a wave. “I’m no madam and you know it.”

“S-Sorry.”

“Oh, you’re flushed.” Ms Crum reached up to feel her forehead.

Lisha fought back a whimper. She tried to flinch but froze when Mr Crum pressed her palm to her forehead. “I-I’m fine, just came in from the cold. Nothing wrong.”

“You’re eating okay, right?”

“Y-Yes, Ms Crum. Sor... I’m making sure I get enough in my stomach.”

Her professor suddenly pressed her hand against Lisha’s belly. “You have to be careful, you know. You don’t want to get a sick tummy.”

Lisha almost fainted. Her muscles clenched as the tentacle creature twisted roughly as it stretched out again. Her pussy clenched tightly around it, causing it to flutter inside her.

Ms Crum’s smile froze for the barest of moment. Then she looked up with a curious look on her face.

“Ah?” she started before pulling her hand back. She leaned back to look behind Lisha at the serving tables and then back again. “You’re one of Sorrel’s friends, aren’t you?”

Lisha’s cheeks began to burn.

The professor patted Lisha’s belly again before turned back. “Don’t worry, I’ve been where you’ve been. She’ll take good care of you.”

The words didn’t make sense but Lisha could tell there was an innuendo. She took another step back and glanced at the other instructor who was looking at Mr Crum with confusion. Then, it was clear that she wasn’t needed.

As soon as they gathered their food, Lisha snatched the tray up and hurried back. She stumbled with an enthusiastic squirm inside her pussy and fought back the urge to moan loudly.

Sorrel leaned over the table and grinned. “Wow, that’s was hot. I bet your heart stopped when she was feeling you up.”

“She knows!” Lisha whispered.

Sorrel’s eyes twinkled. “Maybe, but you have nothing to worry about even if she did. She’s the kind of woman that likes to have her

tits slapped and someone's fingers jammed into the back of her throat."

"Sorrel!" Lisha glanced at Ms Crum who was still telling her story.

Reaching over, Sorrel pulled Lisha into a kiss. Her tongue plunged into Lisha's mouth, forcing her way as she held them tightly.

Lisha whimpered as she was assaulted at both ends, her tongue exploring Sorrel's as the tentacle monster continued to ravage her insides. For a moment, the pleasure was almost enough to push her over a crest but then Sorrel broke the kiss.

Sorrel's grip tightened, keeping Lisha close as she whispered, "There is a hidden world here, Sha. You just have to know when to listen, who to talk to, and before you know it, you'll find there is a lot of fucking going on in the shadows."

Panting, Lisha stared at her as her imagination began to fill in the gaps.

"If you want, I'll be glad to show you all the secret handshakes, where to shove your fingers, and when you should be getting on your knees."

Lisha's pussy clenched.

"But first, take this tray to table five."

# Delayed Gratification

# 18

Two hours later, Lisha had been broken. Her body shuddered with orgasms that would rise up but refuse to crest. She felt she was always falling off a cliff as she walked back and forth across the room, her knuckles white on the tray as she served the endless stream of students, instructors, and staff.

Her insides felt liquefied, as if the tentacle creature had churned her insides completely and there was nothing but writhing tendrils, ceaseless pleasure, and cruel teasing.

The tray rattled on the table as she set it down. She tried to look up, but she wasn't really seeing anything more. Her world was focused on the pleasure that she blindly obeyed any command given to her, be it someone at the table or one of the ladies behind the serving table.

The tentacle monster never stopped moving. It continued to writhe and twist and fold on itself. It stretched and collapsed, always moving in a new manner.

The idea of dismissing her spell never crossed her mind. She wasn't going to give up; for all the torture and struggle, the pleasure was far more intense than anything she had experienced on her own. It wasn't a story on a page or a fantasy in her head, she was living it and the experience had left her longing for more.

“Sha?”

Lisha panted as she looked at Sorrel. She opened her mouth but no words came out, only a little drool out of the corner of her mouth.

Sorrel's smile faded into an affection look. “Aww, poor baby girl. Are you okay?”

Lisha clenched her inner muscles, trembling with the effort as she nodded. She tried to say something, but the words froze in her throat.

She needed to come so badly. It was almost a physical pain, a longing that flooded every iota of her being. The only thing she could think about was the release and how she would do anything, sacrifice anything, be anything to finally feel an orgasm rip through her mind.

Sorrel looked down the line. Then she set down her towel. “Hey, Lynn?”

A fifth year student glanced up.

“We’re done for the night. You okay with cleaning up?”

A nod.

Sorrel came around the table. She slipped an arm around Lisha’s waist and tugged her toward the door. “Come on, baby girl. Let’s get you home.”

Lisha moaned as she clutched her stomach. She could feel the tentacle creature moving around her insides, bulging her abdomen even as it was tugging on her clitoris and trying to reach her ass. The constant pleasures was a knife of pleasure drawing across her sensitive nerves.

The sense of time and place grew liquid. Before Lisha knew it, they were walking in the dark between the buildings. She didn’t have her coat, but a bubble of warmth kept her close to Sorrel.

“Did you have fun?”

Lisha nodded. “I... I really....”

“Really want what?”

“I need to come.”

Sorrel stopped her in the middle of the snow-covered sidewalk. “You do?”

“Please? I need it,” Lisha begged. “I need it so badly.”

“Bad enough to strip right here and now?” Sorrel said with a grin.

Lisha grabbed her shirt and tore it open. Her fingers ached as she pulled them open.

The air that rushed in was icy, even with the magical heat that surrounded him.

Her nipples hardened even more as she tugged at her shirt. "Please," she whispered. "I need it."

Sorrel's eyes widened. "Wow, I need to be careful with games like these."

That didn't stop her from sidling up and cupping Lisha's breast. Her hand was burning hot as she stroked around the smooth mound and teased the nipple.

Lisha whimpered. "Please... Miss Sorrel, I've been a good girl."

"Oh yeah," Sorrel moaned as she kissed Lisha's neck. Her hand continued to caress and squeeze the breast in her hand. "You are such a good girl."

Then she pushed her hand down across Lisha's belly to her skirt. Her fingers delved underneath the waist and toward her pussy.

Lisha reached down to yank it open.

"No," Sorrel said.

With a whimper, Lisha froze.

"Hands on my shoulder. Look into my eyes."

Trembling, Lisha obeyed. Her pussy clenched with desire around the invader inside and she rocked her hips up for the fingers that were dancing just above her pubis.

Sorrel smiled and shifted her position so she could reach down and work the knot loose. "I don't want you to rip any more clothes off. It would be hard to explain bringing you home naked in this cold."

"S-Sorry."

"No, baby girl. We went too far and too fast. But I'm going to make you feel really good in a moment."

Lisha sobbed. "I need it. Please, I need it so badly."

"Just a few more... seconds... for..." Sorrel's voice trailed off as she struggled with the knot. Then she managed to slip it loose.

The fabric slid off Lisha's hips, dropping into the snow and leaving her wearing only a pair of heavy boots, thigh-high socks, and a ruined shirt.

The air was icy around her, but it felt good against her heated skin. She moaned and clutched Sorrel's thigh. "I'll do anything, I swear."

"I know. Step out of your skirt."

Lisha obeyed. Even the effort of lifting her leg caused the tentacle monster to squirm inside her, twisting and drawing across nerves as she moaned. Her breath came in short pants, leaving little clouds of steam in the air.

Sorrel picked up the skirt and draped it over her shoulder. Then she trailed her hand down to Lisha's bare pussy. Her fingertips were light but they were burning as she ran down each side of her tortured lips.

Lisha leaned into her, glancing down to see the shimmering energy that kept the creature bound inside her. Then she looked up.

"Look into my eyes."

"Sorry, Miss Sorrel."

Sorrel kissed her. "I'll forgive you. You were such a good girl."

Then her palm was pressing against Lisha's clitoris. The sensations were muted by the spell, but the touch was so intense that her knees buckled.

Sorrel sank with her as Lisha knelt down into the snow. The icy ground was nothing compared to the infernal boiling inside her.

Their breaths fogged the air around them.

"On three, I want you to dismiss your spell."

Lisha whimpered. She clenched her muscles on the creature inside, crushing it as it squirmed.

"One."

The tentacle creature squirmed more violently, as if it knew something was about to happen.

"Two."

Sorrel's fingers suddenly plunged into Lisha's pussy. Three of them drove deep as the curled inside the wet confines.

"Three!"

Lisha cut off the spell.

The creature winked out of existence, leaving an empty void for her lover's fingers.

Before her insides could collapse into the void, Sorrel said a single word of power.

Heat blossomed inside Lisha's cunt, a muted pressure wave that hit every single nerve in a single wave of intense heat. She could feel her insides blossom for a moment as her inner walls were stretched to their limits in a burst of pleasure.

Primed after hours of being denied, Lisha came.

Every sense turned into a white-hot pleasure as she lost the ability to see, taste, touch, or even hear. The only thing she felt was the tsunami of pleasure that dominated her body, tearing her mind free of her sanity for the briefest moment.

The world melted away from her as she lost the sense of her being became only pleasure.

Flashes of another world, a land of gossamer webbing and plant-like terrain flashed through her mind. She felt her orgasm expanding into the other world for a moment.

Then the pleasure ended as she was pulled back into reality with a surge. She let out a cry as a second muted explosion inside her set off another wave of an orgasm.

She was pushed once again into the gossamer realm, her mind and body briefly leaving one reality for another. When she came back, the twisting sensation of being dragged across an indescribable barrier of worlds set off a chain reaction of pleasure that burst across her world, blinding her with flashes of light and deafening her with the beats of her own body straining to contain her pleasure.

Lisha slumped against Sorrel, her steaming body shuddering she let out a long wail of relief and pleasure.

Sorrel was tense against her. She slowly eased her fingers out of Lisha's sopping cunt. Then she hugged her lover tightly, holding her as they both knelt in the snow and ice.

Lisha struggled to find the words. "W-What just happened?"

"I don't know," Sorrel said. "I mean, you came harder than I have ever seen someone come, but then your energies suddenly surged and it felt like you were casting a high level summoning, but nothing came out."

Images of the other world flashed through Lisha's mind. She could feel them in the back of her head, as if the barrier between her the gossamer realm had thinned. She could feel the creatures on the other side, shifting and reaching but unable to reach across. It would just take the smallest bit of effort to stretch her senses and catch one.

The air behind Sorrel grew hazy as something started to reach across.

Lisha tensed and pulled back.

Sorrel pushed away, spinning around as her hand ignited into flames. The energy elongated into a flaming blade turned an intense blue in color.

Whatever was coming across was gone.

Lisha stared in shock then down at her hand. She could feel the other realm still, as if she had forged a connection with it. She let out a soft gasped. “Oh, fuck.”

“What!?”

Sorrel’s head snapped back.

The look of concern was too much. Lisha needed something else, she needed a loving hand, not a protector. She forced the energies down as she held out her hand. “No! No, it’s okay. I just... I think I just pushed it too much. I need to go back. Now. Please.”

Sorrel’s chest rose and fell as she watched Lisha. Her eyes flickered back and forth as she was looking for something in Lisha’s eyes.

“Please, Sorrel, Sol... soliloquy?”

In the instant the safe word passed her lips, Sorrel’s mood changed. All concern, protectiveness, and lust disappeared into determination. The flaming sword disappeared as she swept Lisha off the ground and picked her up away from the ice.

Lisha shuddered and then leaned. She felt protected in her lover’s arms. “I just need to be held.”

“What ever you need, my love. Just ask.”



# Returning Home

# 19

Lisha walked between two buildings with a storm of emotions battering her from the inside. The sidewalks had been completely cleared off with magic, the sharp edges between paving stones and a sheet of melted snow could only be done with magic. She had just passed two students unloading their luggage from a wagon. She could smell horse droppings and magic in the air as little flashes of forbidden spells were brought back to the formerly quiet college.

She had her first guest to her floor the night before it was just a matter of days before her floor mates returned. Thankfully, she knew there was a chance she would be surprised and no longer walked around the kitchen and shower areas naked without a concern that anyone besides Sorrel would see her.

The familiar hugs and greetings were bittersweet. She was excited to see her friends and associates again, but at the same time, she was going to miss bending over the kitchen as Sorrel fingered her to a screaming orgasm, the blow jobs in the shower area, or the staggering home from volunteering in the mess hall with a tentacle monster writhing inside her pussy. No more clutching the shower walls while being eaten out or tasting her own juices on the vegetable that had just been in her cunt moments before.

Even after three weeks, Lisha found herself craving Sorrel's company and touches. It didn't matter that it was less than an hour since she was underneath the older student's skirt behind a curtain in the theater, or that she could still taste pussy on her lips. Sorrel was addictive and wonderful.

It wasn't only the sex either. They talked for hours before, during, and after fucking. She never thought she would enjoy love-

making while talking about higher-order magical spells, debate on ethics of abjuration with something squirming inside her asshole, or even just talking about girlish fantasies while resting her cheek against Sorrel's taut buttocks.

Lisha had fallen in love.

But three weeks had passed and now it was coming to an end. She hefted the last bag of supplies she would get from the mess hall; the first welcome back dinner was scheduled for that night and volunteer efforts, like Sorrel and Lisha, weren't needed anymore with the staff already settled. Though, not everyone was ready to join the crowds so having food in the eating area would make it easier for everyone.

A tear burned in her ear and she wiped it off with her mitten.

Either Sorrel or Lisha should have talked about what would happen next. Neither seemed to want to talk about it and Lisha was afraid that she would be cast aside now that Sorrel's roommate, Missy, had returned.

Sorrel had heard many stories about the closeness of the two roommates, including late-night fucking and the occasional threesome with a happy lower student. Sorrel was close to Missy as Lisha was to Penelope; even closer actually given that they pleased each other when the mood struck.

To Lisha's frustration, the last few days had been stolen moments and frantic fucking that left one or the other in a place they couldn't talk and the words Lisha needed to hear hadn't been said.

She took a deep breath. It would work out. She had to convince herself of that.

The weight of the bag began to dig into her palm. She glanced around. Seeing no one close, she reached out with a little bit of her power and easily sank into the barrier into the gossamer realm. Catching a tendril, she tugged it into reality and used it to wrap around her hand until it covered her skin like a glove.

One thing that surprised her is how easily she could summon gossamer creatures now. Ever since her mind-blowing orgasm, she didn't to formulate a spell for trivial uses of summoning. She just imagined what she wanted and there was something willing to do it with just a little push of power and a twist of her mind.

She smiled to herself and headed into her dorm. It was a long climb up the stairs, but she had done it so often in the last few weeks that it wasn't any struggle; Sorrel insisted they go out every few days until they were spending their nights in the mess hall serving others before she came back to her room to serve Sorrel for the rest of the evening.

Her pussy grew wet with the memories. She licked her lips to taste Sorrel's pussy. Less than hour after one orgasm, she was ready for her next.

As she came around the final bend of the stairs, she heard Penelope.

"Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

Stumbling to a halt, Lisha stared up the last flight of stairs as she heard her roommate's cries clearly echoing in the hall.

A passing student gave an awkward smile as she hurried down. Her cheeks were flushed.

Feeling a little warmth herself, Lisha hurried up to her floor. Opening the door only made the screams louder as she looked down the hall.

Penelope's luggage was stacked next to the door to their room. Across the hall, there was more piles in front of two other rooms. Later, they would bring them down to storage until the next break.

One of her floor mates, a young evoker, came out of her room to set an empty box on top of her supplies. Their eyes met and she looked pointedly at Lisha's room.

A loud moan of pleasure ripped out of the door. "Oh, blessed the gods... not there, not there!"

Lisha smirked.

She dismissed the summoning that protected her hand as she walked past her room. Inside, she could hear Penelope writhing and making some effort to mute herself, but the gasps and cries were far more frantic than her friend had ever made in the past. They would be interrupted by a muffled noise, as if her friend was trying to clamp her hand over her mouth, but that would end with a shudder and a thud.

"Oh, fuck the dogs! G-Gods! Gods!"

Feeling the slickness between her legs, Lisha continued past to the eating area and set down the supplies she had brought. She had

to quiet Penelope soon, but there was something illicit about her roommate having such an orgasmic time that she wanted Penelope to enjoy it for a few seconds before bringing it to an end.

A pair of divination students, twin beauties with long black hair, came up. The only difference was one wore cat ear headbands while her sister wore dog ears.

Kitty gestured back. "Your... roommate got back about an hour ago."

"I can hear," Lisha said with a grin. She could imagine Penelope's naked body on the bed. There was no question that she had summoned her tentacle monster, but it surprised her about the noise. Penelope had always been careful to keep her dalliances quiet while using the forbidden spell.

It took all of Lisha's willpower to open up the bags and start pulling out pre-packaged meals to put into the ice box and cabinets.

Puppy rested a hand on Lisha's hand. "You might need to deal with her now. Her Royal Highness, the Resident Assistant Emily, is going to be arriving in about twenty minutes."

No one liked Emily.

Emily didn't like Emily.

Kitty dragged a bag closer. "Emily had a terrible trip and is in a really bitchy mood right now." She popped her lips.

Puppy glanced at her sister. "Poor Emily, her boyfriend dumped her while she was at school for a baron's daughter. But he was too much of an ass not to tell her that he was going to be a father until Emily showed up wearing her best naughty outfit."

Lisha regarded the twin sisters. "Were you casting divinations on your fellow students?"

Kitty blinked slowly. "No, it was just an accidental flash."

"A mere glimpse." Puppy smiled.

"Insight, maybe." Kitty popped her lips and dug into the bag.

"Oh," Lisha said as a playful urge rose up. "And what flashes of divine insight did the Pet Sisters get about me?"

Both of them looked back at Lisha with their usual stoic expressions.

Lisha stared back, thinking about the hard look Sorrel had given her that made Lisha slick with desire. There was something about

the hardness in Sorrel's eyes, a dominating pause as if waiting for the right answer.

Blushes grew on both of the twin sister's cheeks. As the seconds grew by, they turned redder and redder as the color crept down their necks.

Puppy straightened her back slightly.

Kitty twisted her hips.

Both of them struggled to keep their faces expressionless.

Lisha giggled. "Perverts. All right, I'll deal with the screamer."

"We will put away food," Kitty said with sigh of relief.

"And not thinking about what and who you were doing in the shower this morning," Puppy followed. Then her eyes widened and she clapped a hand over her mouth.

"Puppy!" gasped her sister.

Lisha grinned and turned around. It felt good to make them blush, it gave her a thrill of control that she never knew she enjoyed. Maybe a bit more of Sorrel was rubbing off on her than her fingers.

Lisha strolled back down the hall and then slipped into her room.

The smell of pussy was strong in the air as were the floating threads of gossamer silk that danced in the air. Even with the shades drawn, it was hard not to mistaken the smell of the tentacle monster's spell or the heavy desire in the air.

Penelope's cries beat against the wall. She was naked on her bed, one hand gripping the headboard as her legs kicked out. Her body, slender and lithe, twisted one way and the other. Her free hand kept trying to cover her mouth, but then it would slip off as she reached down for the writhing mass of tentacles that boiled between her legs.

Up close, Lisha watched as the countless tendrils plunged into her roommate's pussy and asshole, squeezing past the other members as they reached and pulled. For every one that plunged into the hole, another was withdrawing. There were more that just twisted and spiraled into the tight holes.

Penelope hadn't shaved for most of her trip. Her pubic hair, bright red, was already matted with threads and squirming with the tendrils that threaded through the hairs to give in the impression it was alive.

“Oh, gods. Gods, S-Sha! I’m—” Penelope’s eyes were wild as she pawed at the tentacles violating her holes. Her entire body seized up with an orgasm and a fresh spray of juices soaked her sheets.

Lisha had never stood above her roommate and watched the orgasms ripple through her body. It was beautiful and sexy.

“I-I can’t stop it!”

There were a hundred things Lisha could do. The easiest was to cancel the spell; it would only take a surge of power.

Instead, she reached over and planted her hand over Penelope’s mouth, muffling her.

Penelope’s eyes bulged out with surprise.

Lisha leaned forward. “You should finish,” she said casually, as if she wasn’t bringing her hand to cup her roommate’s cunt and press the tentacles deeper into the two holes.

Penelope’s hand grabbed onto hers, not to pull it off but with a tight grip to hold it tighter against her mouth. Her lips kissed Lisha’s palm. Her hips rose up to meet Lisha’s fingers and her sweat-slicked thighs pinned Lisha’s hand to her sex.

Lisha smiled and shoved her fingers deeper into Penelope’s pussy, forcing the tentacles to the side as she delved deep into the hot, slick depths of her roommate.

Her eyes locked into Penelope’s. Like she imaged Sorrel saw, she saw a submissive hunger burning in Penelope’s gaze. It was needy and desperate, but also excited beyond anything Penelope had imagined in her stories.

Lisha could easily imagine the knife edge of pleasure that she had felt when Sorrel gave the same stare back. “That’s it, baby...” No, “baby girl” was Sorrel’s term of affection. It wasn’t right for Lisha. She smiled. “That’s it, my little flame, come for me.”

Underneath her fingers, Penelope’s body tightened into steel-hardness as an orgasm ripped through her. She pulled Lisha’s hand tight against her mouth as she screamed out, the muffled noise barely audible over the slurping of Lisha’s fingers and the tentacles that ravaged her.

Lisha didn’t need to say anything more. She kept pressing down and fingering her roommate through the orgasm until Penelope finally slumped down.

Then, Lisha finally dismissed the spell. Even though Penelope had summoned the creature, it was trivial to find the right energies to disrupt the familiar magic and send it back across the barrier.

When Lisha pulled her hand back, it was dripping with Penelope's juices. Without thinking, she sucked on it and enjoyed the flavor of her roommate's orgasm on her fingertips.

Shaking, Penelope stared at her.

Lisha grinned at her and popped her fingers out of her mouth. "Welcome back."

*D. Dancer*



# Almost Caught

# 20

“This place reeks. Could you have cleaned up your filth at least once during the break?”

Lisha did not miss Emily.

The resistant assistant controlled the floor as if she was a queen. It earned her the nick name “Her Highness” which she took as a compliment but it was anything but. At least there was no chance of overthrowing the monarchy, which gave Emily a sense of entitlement and the air of importance.

She took another step into the room and lifted her button nose into the air to make another sniff. A delicate wrinkle crossed her brow and the large lenses of her wire-framed glasses making the arch of her eyebrow even more noticeable.

Lisha took a deep breath, breathing in the smell of incense and the faint scents of scorching. They didn’t have much time to clean up after catching Penelope and teasing an orgasm out of her before Emily showed up.

Fortunately, after weeks of playing with Sorrel, Lisha knew to have Penelope using her summoning power to summon the heat fairy that she also used to burn away the webbing while she set incense and straightened the blankets. The windows were cracked open just a little to air out the place, not enough to let the full blast of winter in but enough to add a little crispness to the scent of pussy that lingered in the air.

Emily went to flip her hair off her shoulder but her bare knuckles only caught air. She blushed as she glanced at Penelope and then pressed her fingers to her short hair, a pixie cut. Before the trip, she had shoulder-length tresses that rolled in mahogany waves but now

she was almost shaved on the sides and she had gotten a third hole pierced in her ears.

Lisha couldn't help but think about the Pet Sisters' warning. She would have to thank them but no doubt they already have something in mind. One of the joys of working with diviners, they usually knew what they were going to get long before the situation came up.

Emily spun on her heels, her skirt flaring up and stepped back toward the door. She turned to Lisha. "Clean this up before dinner otherwise you are going to stink up the place. No one wants to smell your stench."

Six weeks ago, Lisha would have flinched at the sharp tone. But she didn't fear Emily as much as she used to anymore. Weeks of Sorrel had given her a taste of true domination and Emily was only a poor shadow of what pleasures Sorrel could give. Beyond that, there wasn't much Emily other than give her penalties that weren't much worse than serving in the mess hall every night with a writhing tentacle buried inside her cunt.

Lisha smiled sweetly.

Emily's glare faltered and she inhaled sharply.

"I'll see what we can do, Emily."

"RA—"

Lisha interrupted her. "Emily."

From the door, Kitty spoke up. "E-Excuse me, Your Highness?"

Emily spun away from Lisha. "What!?"

"The porters are here and there is still... um...." Kitty's eyes sparkled for a moment. "Not everyone has emptied out their luggage in time."

Emily huffed. "I told everyone to—"

Puppy stuck her head in. "Do you want them to take your travel chests with—"

Emily gasped and rushed out of the room, shoving the Pet Sisters to the side.

Puppy leaned on the door and grinned.

Kitty winked at Lisha before taking her sister's arm and pulling her down the hall to stroll past Emily's frantic unpacking.

"Oh, those bitches are going to be trouble," Lisha said with a throb of hunger and a smile. The two diviners had been distant to

her before the trip, but things had definitely changed. For the better, she hoped.

She walked over and closed her door. Turning around, she hugged Penelope. "Welcome back, Pene."

Penelope sighed and hugged her tightly. "Sorry about that. I was...." Her voice trailed off as she realized what she was about to say.

Lisha grinned and rested her chin on Penelope's shoulder. "Missed your boyfriend?"

"Yeah, I almost turned around the carriage when I realized I had left him behind."

"Poor girl, couldn't get off for five weeks."

Penelope tensed, then she giggled. "I didn't say that. I just said I missed him. I just... must have forgotten how intense he was after, you know, usual boys."

"Little grabby?" Lisha grinned as she tried not to think about the tentacles probing her insides. It would be harder to steal orgasms of her own, but at least she didn't need the spell anymore. Even if she didn't have it summoned, she could easily pull the creature across trivially; if she was good enough, she might be able to do it under her covers without Penelope ever knowing.

Penelope broke the hug and sat down. She leaned over to pull the summoning book out from underneath her bed. With a flush on her cheek, she opened it up and began to straighten the bent covers.

Lisha sat down across from her.

With a softer voice, Penelope sighed. "I never lost control of a summoning before. I mean, it always felt good but this was different. There was no hesitation, no exploring. One moment, Noodles was just a little nut in my hand and then the next he was ramming his tentacles into... all my holes."

She pressed her thighs together. Her cheeks grew redder.

"I mean, he's never done that opening. I thought about it... read about it... but never had him there. And then he's reaching so far I could almost swallow him."

Confused, Lisha cocked her head. Penelope never had the monster inside her ass? Lisha could have sworn that her roommate had enjoyed the creature to her fullest. Her pussy grew hotter remembering all the times she came with tentacles plunging into

her ass, pussy, and mouth at the same time. The thousand plucks along her nipples and sides.

She cleared her throat and ground her thighs together. “D-Did it feel good?”

Penelope giggled nervously. “Yeah, really good. Just unexpected. And then you came in.” Her eyes lifted up. “And you just... you didn’t panic. You just... just...” Her chest heaved as she stared at her roommate.

It was Lisha’s turn to turn redder. “I just need you to a quiet kitten.”

With a start, she realized she had just quoted one of the submission stories that Penelope had left behind.

Penelope’s mouth opened. “Oh my gods, you summoned him!” Her voice rose up shrilly.

Lisha squirmed and looked away. “... yeah. A few times.”

She was getting slick between her thighs when she peeked back. “A lot of times. Probably why he was a bit grabby. Sorry about that, I thought you and he were already doing it. I was just borrowing him while you were good, I didn’t mean for it to go so far.”

At Penelope’s stare, Lisha felt even more humiliated. She squirmed and blushed hotly.

Then Penelope smirked. “Is that why my stories were out of place?”

“I sorted them back... yeah. Wait, what you mean out of place?”

Penelope giggled. “I pulled all the good parts in the front.”

“Damn it.” Lisha groaned. “I didn’t think about that.”

Penelope picked herself up.

Lisha tensed, worried about her roommate’s response.

Instead of storming out or being upset, Penelope only switched herself to the same bed as Lisha and sat down next to her. Her body was warm and her cheeks flushed as she looked into her eyes. “Was he good to you?”

Memories of the time with the creature flashed through her head, endless orgasms and screaming pleasures. “Oh yes, very much.”

Penelope leaned closer until their lips were only centimeters apart. “Do you think you could join me next time? I would like that very much.”

Lisha took a shuddering breath as her body grew even hotter. Her pussy drooled with anticipation as she leaned forward. "I can show you a lot more."

Then they kissed.

Penelope moaned as she slid her hands along Lisha's back and caught her hip. She tugged as she ground her soft lips against Lisha's, touching and caressing.

Lisha welcomed the embrace, half-lifting herself up so she could turn into her roommate and began to kiss more frantically. Her hands ran along Penelope's small breasts and down to her hips. She leaned more until she was on top of her roommate, kissing her passionately as her knee nestled between Penelope's legs.

"Oh gods," Penelope whispered. "I never thought you'd be so commanding."

"I had a good really winter break," Lisha whispered. Then she lowered her head to catch the hard nipple sticking up from the fabric of Penelope's dress. It was wide and puffy, but the moan that escaped Penelope's throat told her it was just as sensitive as her own. She nipped it lightly and then tugged on it.

"Gods," moaned Penelope. Her hands stroked along Lisha's shoulders as she tugged her roommate tighter to her chest.

Lisha lifted her knee to push Penelope's dress up enough to plant it again. Her fingers brushed against bare flesh as she explored the delicate skin leading up the heated stickiness that she found underneath.

Penelope didn't have time to put on panties before Emily had shown up for her inspection and there was nothing beyond the dress before Lisha's fingers found her friend's slit. With a grin, she slid two fingers up and down the slit as she worked her digits into the wet hole that welcomed her.

Penelope moaned as she arched her back. "Oh fuck."

"Do you want to be fucked?" Lisha murmured around the nipple in her lips.

Penelope nodded. "Y-Yes!"

Lisha thrust her fingers deeper, plunging in and out. She had to get out of her own clothes, but she didn't have the hands. With a surge of power, she summoned tentacles from the gossamer realm

to reach out and pull at her clothes, tugging off her pants as she lifted one leg and then the other.

It was like having a lover caressing her at the same time and it only inflamed her lust as she stripped her bottom away without pulling her mouth away from the hard nipple or stopping her thrusting.

Second later, she heard the rustle of fabric puddling on the floor and her pussy was bare.

The tentacles stroked along her own pussy, spreading the already soaked lips before plunging inside. They twisted and knotted inside her, filling her pussy until her inner walls felt stretched open.

Lisha moaned as she was filled. Even with the pleasure coloring her thoughts, she had no trouble guiding the spell with her intent. She had the tentacles fill her firmly before reaching down to cup her hand.

The tentacle creature caressed her palm as she rotated around it. The tendrils wove together, following the shape as Lisha imagined a thick cock sprouting from her pussy.

The tentacles obeyed her will, twisting and weaving into a squirming length of shaft about fifteen centimeters long and the girth that she could just barely hold between her finger and thumb. Every millimeter was writhing with the tips of tentacles peaking out from the weave.

Penelope squirmed and moaned, unaware aware of what was about to happen.

Lisha pulled her lips off her roommate's nipples. "Want me to show you?"

"Y-Yes."

Lisha spread Penelope's thighs and pulled her up into her tentacle cock's head. She couldn't feel the head as it pressed against Penelope's sex, but she felt it as her roommate's eyes grew wide and then crossed as the writhing shaft sank into her pussy.

"Oh—"

Lisha clamped one hand over Penelope's mouth as she pushed with her hips. The pressure grew as her fake cock slipped into the snug confines of Penelope's cunt. She moaned herself as she drove it deep and pulled it out, miming a male fucking her.

Penelope was already lost, her mouth opened and a thin line of drool out of her mouth. Her body writhed and jerked as she came hard. Her screams were muffled underneath Lisha's hand as she tugged for more, her hands frantically grabbing Lisha's hips and yanking her down.

Lisha gave Penelope what she wanted and thrust deep. She found a rhythm that seemed to sent off a wave of orgasm through Penelope with every stroke. Her own pussy clenched around the knot of writhing tentacles that kept the fake cock in place. Her own juices dribbled down her thighs as she came herself.

"You fucking perverts!" gasped Emily.

Lisha and Penelope froze as they looked at the resistant assistant standing in their doorway. Underneath her, Lisha could feel Penelope's muscles clenching from the orgasm that was just ravaging them.

Emily's shock quickly turned into anger. "I knew it! You've been casting spells outside of school. That's it. I'm going to send your winter ass back to home and you'll never—"

Lisha dismissed her summoning with a thought. Her fake cock disappeared as her bare sex pressed against Penelope's pubic mound. With only a few strands of gossamer webs floating in the air, there was little signs that illicit magic was used. If she was lucky, Emily wouldn't have any proof that there was magic being used.

"Oh, don't try that," Emily pointed out. "I've been here for eleven years and I know what fucking lesbos smell like. I'll be damned if I'm going to let you sneak around my floor doing that!" Her smile was triumphant and cruel.

Lisha didn't know what to do. She held herself still as she waited for the next words.

Then Sorrel's head showed up behind Emily as the battle mage stepped into the room and closed the door with a click.

Emily spun around. "How dare you... Sorrel!?"

Sorrel stepped into the room with a grin. She wore her workout outfit, a simple top over a strap for her breasts. She was slightly sweaty.

Emily staggered back. "W-What are you doing here?"

Underneath her, Penelope's body shuddered. "Holy shit, that's Sorrel!" she whispered. Both Lisha and Penelope had a crush on her

before the trip, but Lisha didn't know how to reveal that she had seen a lot more than flashes of the beauty that was dominating the room.

Sorrel reached up and cupped Emily's chin. "Oh, checking on my favorite girl."

"M-Me?" whimpered Emily as she brought her hands down. Her voice was filled with longing. "You'll let me come back?"

"No," Sorrel said.

"N-No!?" came the whimper. "No?" It sounded like Emily almost sobbed.

Sorrel stroked Emily's cheek. "You said you never wanted to play again, remember? That you couldn't face yourself by being my pet." The words were quite but forceful. "You said those words and you told me that you would always say them forevermore."

"I-I..."

"Sha, on the other hand, kept me good company this break. Really good company."

Penelope gasped and squeezed her thighs. "S-Sorrel!?" she whispered. "You were fucking Sorrel!?"

Sorrel leaned over and grinned. "Pene?"

Lisha squirmed. "Yes, Miss Sorrel."

"Miss... Sorrel?" sobbed Emily. "S-She gets to call you that also?"

Sorrel turned her attention back to Emily. "Are you going to say it? The stop word?"

Emily shook her head. "P-Please no. I want to come back." She pressed her hands together. "Please, I beg you. I miss being yours."

"Then lock their door and kneel right between the beds."

"Y-Yes, Miss Sorrel."

Lisha watched in shock as Emily, the bitch, walked over to their door and locked it from the inside. Then she turned and walked to the center of the room. Slowly, she ducked her head and lowered herself to her knees. She had a blush on her cheeks as she held her hands in front of her crotch.

Sorrel sighed happily and stepped around her. "Little horny?"

"Yes, Miss Sorrel." Lisha ground her bare pussy against Penelope's.



“I realized we never talked about how this was going to continue. So I figured it was now or never, but I didn’t realize you were planning on raping your roommate as soon as she came home.”

Penelope squealed and buried her face in her hands.

“It just happened. And she was willing.”

“Oh?” Sorrel said. “What’s her safe word?”

Lisha blushed. She never asked that. It never occurred to her. She ducked her head.

Sorrel gestured toward the blushing Penelope.

Lisha felt a surge of pleasure. Sorrel was interested in Penelope and her, maybe at the same time. She spread her thighs slightly to get Penelope’s attention. “Hey, Pene? What’s a word you’d never use?”

Penelope peeked through her fingers. “W-What?”

“What’s something you would never say in conversation. Just a word that you could say in case things go too far?”

“A-Amethyst.”

Lisha leaned into her and kissed her knuckles. “Mine is ‘soliloquy.’ If I say it, it means that we stop any game, any thing we’re doing.”

Sorrel said, “And if you say ‘amethyst,’ the same goes for you. Instant stop, mid-thrust, mid-tie, mid-orgasm.”

“O-Orgasm?” Penelope shuddered. Her pussy was growing hotter and slicker. Her clitoris ground against Lisha’s as she let out a shuddering breath.

Sorrel gestured down to Emily. “And Emily’s—”

Emily’s eyes grew wider. She gave a minute shake of her head. But even as she said it, her fingers were curling up against her crotch to stroke herself underneath her skirt.

“—is ‘quagmire.’ It doesn’t matter if she’s being a fully bitch, or sobbing for forgiveness, you will stop if she says that word. And I expect she will do the same if she ever hears yours.”

Lisha gulped. “What’s yours?”

Sorrel’s eyes glinted. “Mosbottom. But I won’t every say it with you baby girls.”

Lisha felt a surge of excitement.

Emily gasped. “Does that mean, you’ll give me another chance?”

Lisha glanced over to see that Emily had shoved her panties to the side and had one finger plunging into her pussy while her other hand fingered her clitoris. She was almost completely bare, with only a tuft of dark hair above her slit.

Sorrel leaned over her. "It's been a few years, but there is going to be some new rules. You might be a queen bitch on this floor, but in private, you're going to be under these two beauties. Whatever they say, you do."

Emily's eyes grew wider as her breathing sped up.

"That means if Sha here decides you need to do your rounds with that squirming tentacle monster sealed up in that pretty cunt of yours, I'm going to want to hear about you being a royal bitch without letting anyone know you're drooling down your legs. You'll have to keep your moans quite as you scream her out, even knowing she's going to punish you in private. I want to hear about how horrible you are while you're eating out her cunt in front of me. Do you understand?"

"Y-Yes, Miss Sorrel."

"No threats about going public. Not this time."

"I-I swear! I will never."

"No, Emily. You won't. Ever again. If you play again, then you will never, ever threaten to reveal these secrets." Sorrel's voice grew harder. "This time, we won't give you a truce. Do you understand?"

"Y-Yes, Miss Sorrel! I swear, I swear."

Sorrel kissed her forehead. "I know, baby girl. Right now, I need to have a little talk with Sha here, so you and Pene are going to be good little fuck dolls and let the mommies talk."

Underneath her, Penelope shuddered. She moaned as she ground her slick pussy along Lisha's. "Is she... what is she going to do?"

Sorrel pushed her shorts down to reveal her bare skin. "She is going to ride your face while making out with your girlfriend. Have you ever thought about shoving your pretty lips against my pussy?"

Penelope moaned.

"Then she and I are going out to dinner so I can remind her that she's going to be my bitch even if she's topping the two of you. She probably isn't going to be coming home tonight."

Lisha moaned with a surge of need. Her inner walls clenched with anticipation and she ground against Penelope as she gripped the small breast underneath her.

Sorrel crawled up on the bed. “You okay with that, Pene? With me sitting on your face until you make me come?”

“Y-Yes!” Penelope licked her lips. She had no doubt thought about Sorrel’s pussy before, but probably never imagined that she would have it pressed against her face.

Sorrel straddled her. She grinned and moaned. “Oh, she’s eager. So, what were you two doing before Emily caught you?”

Lisha glanced at Emily who was watching with tears in her eyes. “We were talking, but then we started making out. Then I was fucking Pene with my cock.”

“How?”

With a grin, Lisha summoned the fake cock again. It filled her with squirming pleasure as she thrust it back into the wet hole.

Penelope let out a muffled moan.

Sorrel’s eyes glazed over a moment. “Oh, yeah, she liked that.”

She reached down to slid her fingers along the sides of the cock jutting out of Lisha’s pussy. Her fingers were firm as she squeezed up in the space and then down to the clitoris that was being ravaged by the tiny little tendrils along the shaft’s surface.

Lisha’s eyes fluttered as she shoved up against her lover’s fingers, burying more of the hard length into her best friend’s cunt.

Sorrel smiled as her eyes focused against. “We can do a lot with this.”

She pulled Lisha into a kiss. Their breasts ground together as Lisha began to thrust into Penelope, fucking her with slow strokes with a cock that squirmed and writhed inside her roommate.

Their tongues swirled as they both rode Penelope, little moans escaping all three of them.

It didn’t take long for Penelope to come, but neither stopped.

Finally, Sorrel broke the kiss. “We never talked,” she whispered.

Lisha moaned, her body shaking with her thrusting. “I want you.”

“I know. But, we aren’t ever going to be exclusive. That isn’t possible with our world, you know that?”

Lisha nodded.

“In fact, I might even lend you out to the others in the college. Would you like that? Being a submissive slut to the teachers and other students?”

Lisha whimpered and nodded more vigorously. Her pussy was swamped with desire. She could imagine being dominated by others, or even being occasionally dominate to others. She never forgot that Ms Crum wanted to be degraded and she wanted to feel the rush of power as she smacked her professor.”

“That’s it, baby girl. You’re going to be a beautiful addition to our little perversions.” Sorrel moaned as she ground her hips into Penelope’s hips. “But, first, I want you to fuck Pene hard until she screams into my pussy.”

“Yes, Miss Sorrel. As you wish.”

# The Next Lesson

# 21

Energy crackled along Lisha’s body as she intoned the final words to the summoning spell. It was a more advanced once, easily two grades above her current, but she felt no danger or even nervousness as her spell reached across the barrier into the realm of stone and rock.

It was a much different feel than the gossamer realm, but the differences still brought a little thrill as her senses were dragged along ridges of stones and delved into the tight tunnels that made up the otherworldly realm.

The spell knew where to find its target, a small rock mole. It was tugged along the path by the well-worn path that countless students had followed. The book that she read was the same, with faded words and splotches from too many hands. The leather was worn and soft on the edges.

To her surprise, she was bored. A year ago—even a few months ago—this spell would have been the limit of her ability. Instead, she found herself wanting to pull out of the spell’s groove and search out something more, something bigger, something that measured up to the changes that five weeks had done to her, mentally and magically. It would be so easy to push up away, to burrow deeper into the rock for something that would challenge her.

The energies around her brightened and she felt the tone of power change.

“Careful, you’re losing control,” sighed Missy. Their teaching assistant was in charge of lessons today but she looked just as restless as Lisha did.

Missy sat on a stool just outside of the summoning circle. Despite having bright blonde hair, she wore a black uniform with matching stockings. Heavy boots more appropriate for mucking in stables or climbing mountains wound up her legs clear to her knees. The intricate lacing had to be magical, there was reason for the chaotic weaving between the eyelets but Lisha couldn't discern the purpose.

The teaching assistant wore a corset underneath her uniform, as the half of the open buttons revealed a generous cleavage and black lace against her pale skin. A thick ring of mascara and black lipstick finished her appearance, making her stand out among the relatively uniformed of the women who attended the college.

She was a final year student, she was allowed to express an opinion.

“Careful!” snapped Missy.

Lisha realized her thoughts were drifting. She concentrated on the spell and let her senses return to the realm of rock. The distracted had brought Lisha almost to her limits and she had long since lost the path to the mole. Instead, she felt herself being drawn into something larger and more powerful.

Feeling her limits, she latched onto it and wrapped the power around short, stocky legs and the pebbled surface that she found. Glimpses of a dorsal fin flashed in her mind as she caught the beast.

With a tug, she pulled it across.

The bulette landed hard in the middle of the summoning circle. The weight of its nearly solid stone body cracked the stones underneath it as the landshark let out a low, grating snarl. It had a bullet-like head that stretched into a dorsal fin and a ridge to protect its body. Behind, the bull-like body had broad paws with sharp diamond claws.

Lisha stared it, her heart pounding but she wasn't afraid. Even though the spell was only intended to summon a much weaker creature, she could feel the domination she had over the beast. It wouldn't attack her or anyone else she didn't want it to.

Someone screamed.

There was a scramble as the other students backed away.

Missy's eyebrow rose, a sparkling gem of her piercing glinting in the light that shone from the fading spell.

The bulette's eyes, pitch black obsidian, rolled toward her and focused on her.

Lisha stared back, enjoying the thrill that beat through her veins as she regarded what she had summoned.

"You still have control?" asked Missy, the boredom in her voice fading.

Lisha nodded.

"Then dismiss it." Even though Missy's words sounded as if she was only telling someone to take away a plate of food, she was standing up and preparation of responding herself.

With a twist of power, Lisha snapped the spell and shoved with her energies.

The bulette remained in place.

A prickle of concern filled her.

She pushed harder, slamming her might into ramming the creature back through the barrier between worlds.

It resisted her, but the body dissolved after only a few seconds.

Excitement hummed in her veins as she felt sweat prickling her brow. She had summoned something deadly, more powerful than anything she had ever done before. With a grin, she gave Penelope a grin.

Penelope was one of the few still standing there, but she looked shaken. She gave nervous smile. She pushed her hair back over her ear and Lisha spotted a few strands of gossamer webbing from their earlier break of a quick fuck in the shadows of a building.

Warmth filled Lisha and she turned back just in time to see Missy given the instructor, Ms Kavidar, a curious look.

Grace Kavidar, the famous summoner who fought in the battles between Franome and Emberka, smiled and nodded back before returning to her page. Slowly, she brought her hand between her legs and Lisha could see the muscles flexing as she pressed against her own sex.

The warmth grew inside Lisha. There were perversions in the college, delicious and wonderful promises of domination and submission. She only knew hints of it but she wanted to experience more, just like learning new spells. She smiled to herself and feel moisture gathering at the idea that Kavidar was part of the network of lesbians that enjoyed themselves. There was something about the

idea of being submissive to the statuesque women who had saved an entire city and had a fierce reputation of being almost brutal to those underneath her command.

Her pussy grew slicker with curiosity and anticipation.

Missy sighed. "Poor self-control, that was not the spell you were supposed to use."

"I'm sorry."

"You barely able to dismiss it. Your recklessness endangered the class."

Lisha flinched. "Sorry, Miss Pon."

Missy sighed and waved her hand. "After that little shock, we aren't going to get through any more of the exams today. Class dismissed but I want to keep talking to you, girl, and to determine if this is the appropriate plate for someone with such poor skill as yourself."

The fantasies of lust faded into guilt as Lisha nodded. Sudden tears blurred her vision.

Penelope inched closer. "May I stay?"

Missy scoffed and looked her down. "Did exactly what you were supposed to do and passed your test. Are you really sure you want to go down this path with someone like Lisha?"

Penelope clutched Missy's hand. "She's my friend. She didn't mean to harm anyone."

Missy glanced at Grace.

The instructor looked over her shoulder. Her red eyes took in Penelope slowly, like someone looking over a piece of jewelry or a hunk of meeting. She smiled and then shrugged.

Missy turned back. "Fine, you can share her misery. Everyone else, get out!"

Lisha flinched at the sharp words. She clutched Penelope's hand as she watched the others leave the classroom. There were sly looks at her and whispered words, nothing good. She could feel the humiliation burning on her cheeks.

It felt like forever until there were only four of them in the room.

Missy took a deep breath, her breasts rising and falling. She clicked her tongue and stared at Penelope. "Are you sure you want to do this?"

Penelope was trembling as she nodded.

Missy grinned.



“Remember, all you have to do is say ‘amethyst’ and we stop this game.”

Lisha gasped in surprise.

Next to her, Penelope let out a strangled moan.

Missy grinned, a smile filled with predatory lust. She turned to Lisha and stepped up closely. Their breasts pressed against each other as she caught Lisha’s chin. “You are a talented summoner.”

Lisha’s pussy was already drooling.

“I don’t know what my roommate did to you, but if turning you into her personal slut advanced you so far, imagine what I can do as someone who can guide you into the world of summoning.”

Lisha whimpered, her thighs clenching together.

The door creaked as someone entered the room.

Lisha started to look but Missy held her tightly in place.

“Listen to me, you little slut. I’m about to treat you as a worthless, incompetent little slug in public. I’m going berate and humiliate you, break you down until you cry, and then grind you into the ground.”

Trembling, Lisha couldn’t escape the black eyes that bore into her.

“I’m going to push your limits more than anyone else ever had. I’m going to teach you spells you could never have imagined and send your mind into realm that will terrify you. I’m also going to stuff your cunt so tight with everything I can find that has ridges, and wiggles, and pulsates, and crawls into every little cranny you haven.”

Lisha’s knees buckled but she managed to remain standing.

“And you and your little girlfriend here are going to learn what it is like to go weeks without an orgasm or exactly how long you can spend between my thighs before you need to breathe.”

Penelope was fingering herself already, stroking herself through her uniform as she panted with need.

In the corner of Lisha’s vision, she saw Sorrel walked over to Grace’s desk and sit down on it. She had a grin on her face as she kicked her legs apart. She pulled up her skirt to reveal her glistening pussy.

Grace, the most famed summoner in the world, pulled her chair over and lowered her head between Lisha’s lover’s thighs.

It was going to be the year that everything changes for Lisha.  
She was already drooling at the thought of finding out exactly how far she would be taken.

# About the Author

D. Sadie is a non-binary erotic writer who enjoys writing a wide variety of genres and settings. They love loving stories, filled with consensual people enjoying themselves, and with just a little spice with the occasional adventure.

Their writing can be found on their website, [dsadie.com](http://dsadie.com). Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

*D. Dancer*

# About the Publisher

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