

## Broken Veil

### Chapter 2

The city under a city was alive in a way that the real world could never be. Balls of light zipping around the place, dazzling blues and greens and pinks and yellows. Buildings on either side that belonged in fairy tales and fantasies. Creatures walking the streets that couldn't *possibly* be real – and yet there they were.

Fairies and goblins and frog-looking people. A few centaurs, a minotaur with a top-hat. Unicorns and horses with wings. And more than a few regular-looking humans wearing clothes that might've been in fashion a few centuries ago.

Many of the men and monsters turned to look as Bell and her guide walked by. All of them looking at the man – Aedamar. Not a single one looking at Bell herself, or showing any interest in her at all.

High above, a griffin soared through the open cavern.

"Soak it all in," Aedamar told her – the first words he'd spoken since guiding her out of his office. "Seeing all this must be a surreal experience. We'll have time to talk later. For now, just take it all in. The *real* world."

Bell nodded her head, eyes roaming her surroundings.

Everywhere she looked, she found something new. Something impossible. Beauty beyond description.

When the two finally arrived at their destination, a tall stone tower, Bell was hyperventilating. Her heart racing, her mind reeling. She tried to breathe, to calm herself. But all she ended up doing was gasping for air.

Aedamar took her hand, led her inside the tower.

She was too busy suffocating on air to notice her surroundings. One moment she was clutching her chest, the next she was sitting on a wooden stool choking and gasping.

"Calm down," Aedamar told her. "Relax."

Bell felt a tugging in her head. Felt the panic dimming.

She inhaled a deep breath, let it out slowly.

"Another," her guide said. "Deep breath. In and out."

Bell did as she was told. Sucking in air, holding it, slowly exhaling. In, hold, out. Over and over again, until her heart stopped racing and her panic vanished entirely.

"There," Aedamar grunted. "Much better."

"How..." Bell managed to say, voice a soft whisper. "How is it possible? How can all *that* exist and nobody knows?"

Aedamar tilted his head, smiled.

"The Veil," he said simply.

When Bell said nothing, the man continued.

"It's a set of rules and laws we live by," he told her. "An oath we all swear to follow. The Veil is what keeps us hidden and keeps our nature a secret from your world, Isabelle. And, if you're going to become one of us, it's the most important thing you'll need to learn about. The Veil is what keeps our two worlds separate. And *breaking* The Veil is the greatest crime that can be committed."

Bell forced herself to sit upright, forced herself to listen and memorise every word her guide spoke.

"The rules and laws themselves, as well as punishments for breaking The Veil, are different depending on species. Vampires, for example, have specific rules regarding blood sourcing and creating new vampires. Werewolves have certain restrictions placed on them during the full moon. You get the idea."

Bell nodded her head quickly.

"For now, you don't need to worry too much about the rules. I've made alterations to your mind that'll prevent you from being able to communicate any of this to regular

humans.”

“You altered my *mind*?” Bell gasped, eyes wide.

“I did,” the man shrugged. “It was either that, or erase your memories entirely. Which I can still do.”

There was another tugging, a pull on Bell's brain.

“That's... fair,” she admitted.

“The only way you'll be allowed to stay here,” Aedamar said, eyes flicking from Bell's face to her chest, “and the only way you'll be allowed to *remember* this place even exists, is to become one of us. A member of our community.”

“How... How do I do that?”

The man shook his head.

“There are some matters I need to look into first,” he told her. “By not erasing your memories outright, I've threatened to break The Veil. You, for the remainder of your stay here, are my responsibility.”

The remainder of her *stay*?

Wait. Was she not allowed to *leave* this place?

For how long?! She had work tomorrow!

Bell opened her mouth to speak. A tugging inside her skull silenced her.

“There's a bed in the basement,” Aedamar told her. “Go there and sleep. When you next wake up, I'll have all the information and answers I need. Go.”

Bell rose from the stool.

Her legs moved by themselves, guiding her through the tower and down a spiral staircase. The basement was an open space – empty save for a single, king-sized bed in the centre.

Wordlessly, Bell walked over to it.

She climbed onto it, laid herself down.

The moment her head touched the pillow, she blacked out.

“The rules state I, as a wizard, may choose anyone I deem worthy. It makes no specifications about that person needing magical talent or blood. Only that I may choose who I want. So, as of now, you will be my official apprentice.”

“Y- Yes,” Bell said.

“Follow me,” Aedamar commanded, turning on his heels and walking away from her.

Bell followed after him, heart thumping loud in her chest.

“Since you have no magical potential of your own,” Aedamar said as he led her up through the tower, “you're going to have to 'borrow' magical potential from others. But, unfortunately for you, the old method for doing so is forbidden now. Highly taboo.”

They ended up in a small room. A single armchair and side table were the only pieces of furniture. On the side table was an ancient-looking tome.

“The world's first vampire,” Aedamar told her, sitting down on the armchair and patting the old tome, “was a regular human. On your knees, woman. Stop standing there like a dolt.”

Bell dropped to her knees instantly.

“Depending on who you ask, there are either two or three types of 'beings' in this world. The two are Human and Fae. The three would be Human, Semi-Human, and True-Fae. Both types of classification are true in their own ways; but the only thing you need to worry about right now is this – humans have no inherent magic.”

Bell opened her mouth to speak – point out that Aedamar was human and also a wizard. But no words came out. Her tongue refused to move.

“I am Semi-Human,” Aedamar stated. “As are all wizards and witches. Likewise, vampires and werewolves and other changelings are also Semi-Human. While not True-Fae, I possess Fae blood – Fae *Essence* - thanks to my ancestry. *You*, do not.”

Bell shut her useless mouth. Knelt there in silence.

"In the old days, giving you magical powers would've been as simple as giving you some Fae blood to drink. Mine would do the trick, but True-Fae blood would've been much better. It's how my ancestors gained magic originally, and it's how vampires came to exist. A human man with no magical potential drank a whole lot of Fae blood and used that power - that Essence - to alter himself."

The idea of drinking blood, it made Bell's stomach churn. Made her want to gag. But... Hadn't Aedamar told her that drinking Fae blood was forbidden?

"However," Aedamar stated clearly, as if he could read her mind. "Drinking Fae blood is taboo. Forbidden by The Veil. To do so, under any circumstances, is to sign your own death warrant."

Bell nodded her head.

"Blood is, therefore, a no-go. But, there might be *another* way for you to ingest Fae Essence. Another way for you to become my apprentice in truth."

She lowered her head, pink creeping into her cheeks.

"Other *fluids* you could drink."

There it was again, the tugging inside her skull. A dull throbbing, an ache that vanished as quickly as it'd come.

"Bodily waste contains no Fae Essence," Aedamar said matter-of-factly. "And saliva contains only a tiny, inconsequential amount. In order for you to ingest enough Fae Essence to perform magic, there is only one viable option..."

Bell looked up, a wave of resolve washing through her.

This was the only way she'd be able to stay here. The only way she'd be allowed to keep her memories. If she wanted to be a part of this hidden, secret world – this was the *only* way.

Aedamar spread open his robe, reached down to his business suit's belt and unbuckled it. A moment later, he'd unbuttoned his trouser front, yanked them and his underwear down to his knees. A long, hard cock pointed towards the ceiling.

"You know what you have to do," Aedamar said, voice echoing in Bell's skull.

"Couldn't..." She breathed, panted. Body filling with heat. "Couldn't you, *you know*, into a cup? Then I could drink it that way and-"

"The Essence would disappear," Aedamar smiled. "No. It needs to be from the source. The only question, Isabelle, is if you're willing to do what it takes to stay here."

Her skull throbbed painfully.

Slowly, Bell nodded her head.

She inched closer to the armchair, to the man and his long cock.

This was the *only* way...

She pressed her lips to the tip of his cock.

Save for a faint saltiness, it didn't taste of anything. Just skin and shame. She didn't move her head, didn't allow more than the tip into her mouth – that much was required, but not the rest.

Bell lifted her right hand, slowly began rubbing the long cock with it. A slow, steady handjob.

He just needed to cum, right?

And it needed to end up in her mouth.

That didn't *necessarily* mean she had to suck him off.

As long as her lips were around the tip of his cock when he climaxed, his cum would end up in her mouth and – after she swallowed it – his 'essence' would be inside her.

Still, as she stroked the cock, tried not to think about what she was doing, her mouth began to water. Saliva filling her mouth little by little until she was forced to open her lips a little – let the spit dribble down Aedamar's length.

The coating of saliva made her hand slide much easier up and down the warm cock.

Above her, the wizard loomed.

Bell could feel him staring at her, feel his gaze on her head.

She didn't dare look up, didn't risk him seeing the revulsion in her eyes. Hopefully, he'd be fine with this much. He wouldn't demand she do more. Just a handjob with her lips on the tip of his cock. It was all she'd need to-

Something tugged on her mind.

An echo deep inside her skull. Words. She couldn't make out what the words where, or where they were coming from. It was more a vibration than anything else. But she *felt* it.

She wanted to make Aedamar cum. She *had* to make him cum.

Was what she was doing *really* enough?

Slowly, cautiously, Bell opened her lips wider – pushed them a little further down the man's cock.

Just the head. She could keep jacking him off while sucking on the head. No need to do any more than that.

But, as she slid the man's cockhead into her mouth fully, she didn't stop. Her body acted before Bell could think to stop it. It kept going, lips sliding another inch or so down the cock's length before coming back up again.

She had to make him cum.

She had to make him *feel good*.

That tugging sensation inside her head. What was that?

Her tongue moved, began twirling around the cockhead as she sucked on it. She closed her eyes, pretended it was a lollipop. It felt warm inside her mouth, was so much *bigger* than any lollipop she'd ever eaten before. But.. It was a lollipop. Just like a lollipop.

She moved her head lower, slid her lips down the length of the cock one again – this time taking in another inch of its length before pulling back. Then down again, struggling to get more and more of it in her mouth each time.

The sounds she heard felt alien.

Slurping and sloppy lip-smacking, quiet gags and moans.

Moans? No, that couldn't be her... Could it?

Before long, her hand started getting in the way – the one she was stroking the cock with. It was making it difficult for Bell to do her duty. So she removed it. Planted her hands either side of her body, using her mouth and face only.

She moved her head up and down the cock, gagging each time it hit the back of her throat. Slow at first, then faster.

Her brain felt like it was burning.

Her body trembled with anticipation.

Cum. She wanted it. She *needed* it.

She downed the cock so hard, forced so much of it into her throat, that she felt the hair on Aedamar's balls scratching her chin. And still, she didn't stop. She sucked on it as best she could, gulped on it, suffocated herself with it.

When the cock tensed, grew thicker and firmer, Bell froze in place.

A heart-beat later, the cock twitched. And the first burst of cum shot itself down Bell's throat.

She coughed, choked on it. Instinctively, she pushed back – her mouth sliding up the shaft as she pulled the cock out of her throat. Lucky, she still had the mind to not pull the thing *entirely* out of her mouth.

Instead, she sucked hard on the cockhead. Both her hands holding the cock in place as she drank down every drop of cum Aedamar had to give.

Even after the cock spurted for the last time, the last of his seed spent inside her mouth, she kept sucking. Kept licking his cockhead and drinking down saliva and whatever

remnants of cum she possibly could. She took it all hungrily, desperately. Not relenting or stopping until she felt a man's hand atop her head.

Bell looked up at him, dazed.

He spoke then, and Bell swore she'd misheard him. Surely he'd said 'witch', not the 'b' word, right?

"That's a good girl," Aedamar told her with a smile. "We'll make a true bitch out of you yet."

"Now all we have to do," Aedamar said, watching as Bell wiped the saliva off her face. How in the world has her cheeks and chin gotten so *messy*? "Is wait. Your body will digest the fluid and the Essence will enter your bloodstream. It won't be as potent as if you'd drank my blood, say. But it should be enough to begin with."

"Begin with?" Bell asked, shooting him a glance.

"But of course," Aedamar smiled, nodded his head. "You didn't think this would be a once and done type of thing, did you? You'll need to continue ingesting Fae Essence regularly if you're to have any hopes of being my apprentice."

He gave her a sharp look, eyes twinkling.

"You *do* want to be my apprentice, don't you Isabelle?"

Bell's brain hummed.

"Yes," she answered truthfully.

"Yes *Master*," Aedamar corrected. "If I'm going to be your master, you'll need to address me as such. It's tradition."

"Yes... Master," Bell spoke softly.

"As I was saying," Aedamar smiled. "You haven't ingested very much Essence yet. Not enough to perform even a basic spell or curse. But it *is* there. As long as you continue ingesting Fae Essence on a regular basis – say, three times a day, every day, - you'll be a junior wizard in no time."

Three times a day? Bell's eyes shot wide open.

"The only real issue with using this method instead of blood," Aedamar told her, "is your body's ability to adapt. In the old days, a man or woman who drank enough Fae Blood would find that their own body had adapted and began producing Fae Essence by itself. The wizards and witches of old. That, I'm afraid, is not going to happen with you."

Again, that tugging on her mind.

Oddly enough, Bell felt like she was beginning to get used to that unusual sensation. She might even, in a tiny little way, be beginning to *enjoy* it.

"The only way *you'll* ever be able to get Essence is by 'procuring' it from others. And, in order to cast spells and fulfil your obligations as a wizard's apprentice, you'll need to build up quite a large *reserve* of Essence. One that you'll be required to refill constantly"

Building up a large Essence reserve?

How many magical cocks would she have to suck for *that*?

"I need to know now, before we continue. Are you, Isabelle, ready to do whatever it takes to become a part of this world?"

"I..." Slowly, Bell nodded her head. "I am, master."

It was an hour or two later when she felt it.

A tingling in her gut. So tiny she could barely feel it. A buzzing energy. And, as she focused on it, she felt it move. Slowly, over the course of many minutes, it began to spread through her body. Her arms and legs, her head and chest. Flowing inside her like a gentle tide.

Was that it? The Essence she'd swallowed?

A voice inside her skull whispered the answer.

Yes. Yes it was.

A smile spread across Bell's face.

She should tell Master immediately!

But first... First she needed to finish making Master his dinner. She wasn't a very good cook, she'd tried to explain to him. But he hadn't listened. It was an apprentice's duty to cook and clean for their Master – a tradition, he'd told her. One they both had to partake in, like it or not.

Bell skipped over to the stove – checked on the stew she'd been instructed to make.

It wouldn't taste good. She was certain of that.

But her Master had ordered it, and so she'd deliver.

And then, once they were done eating, it'd be time for her first real lesson on magic!

Bell couldn't help it! She giggled with excitement.

The tiny hint of power inside her vibrated along to her girly, happy giggles.