

Broken Veil

Chapter 3

It was impossible to decide.

Maybe, if she'd spent more than a day or two down in this city under a city, she'd have *some* idea what she was supposed to wear. As an apprentice to a wizard, what was Bell expected to waltz around in?

Her basement room's wardrobe was extensive. Everything from ball gowns and elegant dresses that'd gone out of style hundreds of years ago, to robes in a dozen different colours and styles, to regular, modern-day clothes like jeans and tank tops. There were business suits, sports gear, even a suit of armour! Too many different sets and styles of clothing for Bell to have any hope of figuring it out.

What was a wizard's apprentice expected to wear?

Aedamar seemed to like a mixture of modern and magical. Every time she'd seen him, the man was wearing a modern-day business suit paired with a robe that belonged in some magical fantasy.

A magical fantasy.

That's *exactly* where Bell was now. A hidden, impossible world.

Should she emulate her 'master' and wear a business suit and robe?

But... What if that crossed some kind of line? What if robes were only meant for fully-fledged wizards? What if, by wearing one before she was deemed ready, she unintentionally offended her host?

What if *not* wearing a robe ended up offending him?

She sighed, turned around and stepped out of the walk-in closet. The door slammed shut behind her without her needing to touch it, causing Bell to flinch a little.

Magic doors. She still hadn't gotten used to *those*.

Her designated living area – it was, after all, far more than just a simple bedroom – was in the basement of Aedamar's tower. A huge, circular room with a king-sized bed set right in the centre. All around the room were doors. And, behind those doors, were several impossible rooms. A chandelier hung from the ceiling, holding candles that never seemed to burn down or blow out or drip wax. And, around the rim of the room, a circular staircase that led up to the tower's ground floor.

When she'd first set foot in this basement area, she hadn't noticed it. She'd been too tired then. Now, though, she saw it clear as day. The room's floor wasn't flat. Rather than being completely level, there was a very slight incline towards the room's centre and the king-sized bed there. A little hill with a bed at its peak.

Was there some mystical, magical reason for that? Or was it just a meaningless design choice?

"I," Bell sighed again, "have no fucking idea."

About the floor. About what to wear. About *anything*.

How many days had she been down here now? Forbidden from leaving the tower, instructed to stay in the basement, nothing to do but explore the strange rooms that surrounded her living area.

"I'm totally fired," she said, shaking her head.

Not that she needed her old job any more.

She looked down at herself. Once again frowned at the sheer white nightie she had on. Soft and comfortable, and pretty with its lace and frills.

Whatever she was *supposed* to wear for her lesson today, Bell was absolutely certain this nightie was *not* it.

Thoughts clouded with questions, Bell circled her room. Walked past door after door after door. All made of different materials, shapes and sizes. One was a regular wooden door with a brass knob – like the kind you'd find in a rich person's home. Another door was

arched at the top, made of what looked like white stone – marble, perhaps. The door after that was metal – triangular, rather than the regular rectangle shape.

Most of the doors were locked, though none had visible keyholes. The ones that weren't, Bell had discovered, led to basic rooms; kitchen and bathroom and walk-in wardrobe and the like.

"Fuck it," Bell grumbled after pacing several circuits around the room. "I'll wear a suit 'n' robe. That's gotta be okay. Right?"

She barged right back into the walk-in wardrobe, was once again momentarily stunned by the sight of it.

Rows and rows of shelves and drawers. A miniature warehouse filled to the brim with clothes, where no two items seemed to be identical. A wide open space that couldn't possibly fit under Aedamar's tower. Yet here it was. Racks of clothes stretching out in all directions.

Mind set, Bell headed straight to the correct sections; picking up what she needed and moving on without stopping.

Grey business blazer and matching pencil skirt, white blouse and shoes with modest heels. A bit of make-up from that section of the room, then a flowing black robe. Putting it all on took a few minutes. Then it was time to go look for her 'master'.

"Your reserves of magic," Aedamar told her, "are still too low."

Bell bobbed her head to let him know she was listening. She swirled her tongue around, savoured the taste of his cock. Moving in slow, delicate motions, she squeezed his shaft with her lips and massaged his balls with her fingers.

"Soon," Aedamar sighed contentedly, "you'll have enough in you to begin practising. You'll need to renew your stores daily, but I'm sure that can be arranged."

Her jaw ached and her throat felt sore. But that was to be expected. As her master had told her, being a wizard meant stretching and training muscles she'd never known she had. To begin with, it would be straining. But the more she practised, the more powerful she'd become!

"A more immediate concern," Aedamar continued, "is your choice in attire."

Bell froze at the words. Pulled her head back along her master's cock, looking up at his face. He frowned down at her, shook his head. His hand moved, gripped hold of Bell's hair. Using that hold, he dragged Bell's face back down his cock – didn't let go until the hair on his balls were ticking Bell's chin.

"I didn't say stop," Aedamar scolded her. "A magic-user can't afford to be distracted so easily. Focus on your task, girl."

"Mm'mm," Bell mumbled around the cock in her mouth.

She closed her eyes, let her body take over. Hips swaying slightly, back moving forwards and backwards, lips caressing the length of her master's cock. Slow and steady. Little by little. There was no rush, after all. And the longer it lasted, the more essence she'd be rewarded with at the end.

"In the old days," Aedamar said, leaning back in his armchair, "there was a tradition amongst magic-users. Druids and wizards and witches and the like. Back then, long before the Veil, we were a tribal peoples. Members of feuding communities."

Bell listened, moaning joyfully at the tugging on her mind. She slid her mouth up the cock, back down it. She circled it with her tongue, felt it squeezing open the back of her throat.

"Druids and wizards, proud of the magical talent, would display it on their bodies. Specially, they'd paint themselves with blue ink – give themselves woad tattoos. The more powerful they were, the more of their bodies they'd cover in woad."

An image flashed behind Bell's eyelids. Her, naked. Covered from head to toes in intricate, blue markings. Powerful beyond compare.

"Now, in battle, that was a good thing," Aedamar went on. "You see a naked man charging at you in full woad, you know you're about to get fucked. But outside of battle? Those markings were a dead give away. All you had to do was go to an enemy tribe one day and see how many people there had woad markings, and how intricate those markings were. Not very smart to be displaying that kind of intel for your enemies, is it?"

"Mm'mm," Bell shook her head slightly, ran her tongue along the underside of her master's cock.

"So, those druids and wizards and witches got into the habit of wearing clothes to hide their markings when they weren't on the battlefield. The more powerful they were, the more clothing they'd have to wear to hide it. Makes sense, right?"

Bell nodded her head eagerly, shuddering as Aedamar's cock rubbed the back of her throat.

"And so a tradition formed. One that outlived the use of woad tattoos and the tribes that used them. Powerful magic-users would hide their skin proportional to their overall strength. Lots of clothing for the strong, little clothing for the weak. That tradition persists to today. Modern wizards like myself wear thick robes and full suits, and apprentices and novices wear... less."

Bell slurped, felt that tugging on her mind again. Her entire body trembled with satisfaction.

"Personally," Aedamar said, reaching down to pat her head, "I don't mind you stretching that tradition a little while here at my tower. But, whenever we're outside, I expect you to embrace it fully. If you want to be a respected member of Fae society, following these age-old rules and traditions is a must. You understand?"

"Mm'hm," Bell hummed happily.

"Good. Good... Now, keep on sucking. Your daily dose of essence is on its way..."

Once again, Bell stood in her wardrobe room.

Her clothes; robe and skirt and blazer and blouse and heels and tights, it all felt too uncomfortable. Too *heavy*.

She felt like a fraud. A phony.

How many days into her instruction was she? Three? Four? She hadn't even *used* magic yet, for Pete's sake! What was she doing wearing *so much*?

She hadn't earned this. Not even slightly.

Sure, she could feel it inside her. The tingling of power. The whisper of potential. She could taste the remnants of it in her mouth, the salty and bitter taste of her master's essence. The thing that, one day, would allow her to become a powerful wizard.

Or was it a witch? She was a woman, after all.

Either way, she wasn't one yet. And wearing the kind of clothes she was – strutting around as if she owned the place in bulky, concealing attire – was wrong. So very wrong.

How had Aedamar not been *insulted* by what she'd chosen to wear?

"He's a good man," Bell sighed, shaking her head. "He knows I'm new to all of this, and didn't want to make me feel bad about it."

But, even so, she *had* been insulting.

He might not have taken offence, but that didn't change the fact that she'd done something wrong. In wearing what she had, she'd trampled all over the traditions and heritage of this place.

"Stupid!" She berated herself. "Stupid, stupid, stupid! What made you think wearing *this* would be acceptable?"

She glared down at herself. At the business suit and the robe.

Without a second thought, she began tearing it all off.

Slipping out of the robe, tossing the blazer aside scornfully, unbuttoning the blouse and dropping it to the floor. Piece by piece, she shredded the inappropriate outfit until she

was left standing there naked.

She picked up the discarded clothes, put them all back where she'd found them earlier.

And then she went in search for something *proper* to wear.

What had Aedamar told her after he'd given her his essence? Something about new wizards traditionally wearing loincloths. She'd been too busy coughing and choking at the time to listen properly, but Bell was certain he'd said something about loincloths motivating students to learn faster.

If loincloths were traditional attire, then there had to be some in this massive wardrobe, right?

Bell nodded her head, walked towards the underwear section.

Her breasts swayed as she walked, butt bouncing with each step.

She had a nice body. She'd known that ever since she'd started developing it years ago. All the boys had suddenly grown interested in her, and all the girls had grown jealous. Before that, she'd been practically invisible.

That, she liked to think, had been her first great metamorphosis. Transforming from an invisible nobody into a beautiful and sexy young woman. Her second metamorphosis was now – starting as a human, and becoming something much greater and grander. All thanks to Aedamar's generosity.

After a minute or so of searching through drawers, Bell found exactly what she'd been looking for.

Two long lengths of white cloth.

The first one took a lot of trial and error to get right. She had to first circle the cloth around her waist, then wrap it between her legs in a way that wasn't too uncomfortable. She tied it at the side with a little bow. Not the cutest thing she'd ever worn, that was for sure – the thing looked almost like an adult diaper. But it'd do.

Next up was the top-half of her outfit. A makeshift, loincloth bra. In theory, it should be easy enough to put on. And, if Bell's breasts hadn't been quite as big and full as they were, it would've been. As it was, however, attaching the loincloth around her chest proved frustratingly difficult. Very quickly, she gave up on tying it behind her back and settled for having the knot at the front, between her breasts.

It took a lot of effort – a lot of struggling to tie the knot without making it so tight that it was uncomfortable or so slack that it'd slide off her with the tiniest motions.

Finally, though, she got it.

She danced over to a fully body mirror, making sure to jostle her chest as much as possible – better to test her makeshift bra now, than have a wardrobe malfunction later!

Her reflection was flawless.

A beautiful, black-haired woman with a killer figure and the kind of dazzling blue eyes that'd make men drool. Sharp features and soft curves. Clad in two bits of white; the loincloth tied at one side, and the strap around her chest that was tied in the middle.

Bell pursed her lips, thought for a moment.

How best to describe this outfit? It wasn't like *anything* she'd ever worn before. It was...

"Different," she hummed, shook her head. "Cute? No, not quite. It's not really 'elegant' either. Hmm..."

It was on the tip of her tongue. The edge of her mind.

"What's the word I'm looking for?"

It'd bug her all day if she couldn't figure it out now.

"Ah!" Bell beamed. "That's it!"

She turned left, then right. Admired her reflection.

"I look *magical*."

"My," Aedamar smiled when he saw her. "Look at you..."

"After what you said earlier," Bell blushed, "I figured I should wear appropriate clothing. It's not too much is it? I can take the top off if that's more fitting. I'll just-"

"No, no," her mentor chuckled. "What you've got on is perfectly fine, Isabelle. More than fine. Come, take a seat."

He nodded to the fireplace, the shaggy rug in front of it.

Bell beamed, hurried over and took her place in front of the fire – grateful for its warmth. The loincloth outfit she had on, while appropriate for her position, was far from snug. In this old, stone tower, she had chills whenever she went.

That, she supposed, was the 'motivational' part of the uniform.

The sooner she learned some magic, the sooner she'd be allowed to wear more clothes to fight off the chill in the air.

"Fae society," Aedamar said, once she was seated on the shaggy rug, "isn't like human society. A lot of things that're normal up above are taboo down here. Modern technology, for example. The Fae hate it for what it has done to the forests and rivers of the world. Likewise, there are a lot of things the Fae consider normal and acceptable that our counterparts upstairs would find abhorrent."

"What kind of things?" Bell asked eagerly.

"Not important right now," Aedamar said with a wave of his hand. "All you need to know right now is that humans – full, true humans like you – are not seen very fondly by the Fae. Especially the True Fae. As long as you're down here – until you've proven yourself – expect them to be *hard* on you."

Bell nodded her head, looked down at the rug she was seated cross-legged on.

"It's the price you pay for being a member of this society," Aedamar added with a shrug. "The benefits will outweigh the effort you'll have to exert and the strain you'll have to endure. Once you're accepted as one of us, you'll have the freedom you need to search for your werewolf saviour."

Her body went rigid. Slowly, she looked up at her smiling master.

"That *is* why you want to become one of us, isn't it?" He asked. "Why you were so desperate to keep your memories."

Stiffly, Bell nodded her head.

"Don't worry, you'll get your chance to find him. Assuming that it was a 'him' who saved you, not a 'her'." Aedamar chuckled. "Don't suppose you remember seeing a big, red werewolf dick when you were being rescued at all?"

Bell shook her head quickly, face red.

"No matter, no matter. He or she, whatever, you'll find the werewolf that saved you. And, provided you study hard and don't disgrace me as my student, I'd be happy to help you do just that."

"You will?" Bell beamed. "Really?"

"But of course," Aedamar grinned. "You and your werewolf champion. Now *that's* a reunion I can't wait to see. But, for the time being, the only thing you need to focus on is your studies. It wouldn't do for a student of mine to lag behind. Like it or not, Isabelle, you're my apprentice now. Everything you do reflects upon me. Your success, and your failures."

"I won't fail," she swore. "I won't."

Aedamar leaned back in his armchair, studied her for a long moment. He rubbed his chin thoughtfully, then smiled.

"I believe you," he said at last.

Those three words glowed warm and comforting inside Bell's chest.

"Good," Aedamar grinned. "Very good. Now, why don't you go ahead and turn the stove on? There's plenty of food in the cooling cupboard for you to choose from. Though, I must admit, I would quite like something spicy for supper tonight."

Bell glanced back at the fire, felt a pang of regret at having to leave its warmth.

She stood all the same, bowed to her master and left his study.

It was an apprentice's job to cook for her master. So that's exactly what Bell would do. But, one day, she wouldn't be a student any more. And, when that day came, she'd become a fully-fledged wizard. Or witch. Or druid? Aedamar had never really been clear on that. Whatever the case, she certainly wouldn't have to cook food for him any more!

With an eager smile on her face, she skipped to the tower's main kitchen and got to making her master's supper.