

Broken Veil

Chapter 4

Bell looked at her reflection, took a moment to admire herself.

She was pretty, no denying that. For as long as she could remember, she'd been using her dazzling smiles and girlish charms to win guys over. That was all it took, really. A smile at the right time.

And, if the smile failed, all she needed to do was flaunt her body a little. Lean forward in a low-cut top, bend over and let 'em get a nice look at her backside – covertly, of course. She was never blatant about her actions. But they were hers all the same. Her will being imposed upon them. Her desires being fed.

Did she want information? Dress to entice. Revealing clothes, but not too naughty. Enough to distract, and to give the subject of her interrogation a reason to comply. Make them want her, make them think they had a chance, collect the information she needed, then bail. Easy.

Did she want respect? Dress to impress. Formal wear and neat make-up. Not over-done, but professional. No wide smiles, or laughter. She'd make herself seem in control, powerful. Speak first, speak confidently, and guys would fall in line.

And if she wanted to make a good first impression?

Well, *ordinarily* she'd dress casually. A regular t-shirt or blouse, make-up understated, nothing too revealing or too formal. The best way to make a first impression was to behave like that person was already her friend to begin with. Strike up an easy conversation, smile and laugh – but never over-doing it or trying too hard. To make a good first impression, she'd dress normally and let her charm and wit guide her.

Unfortunately, that wasn't an option today.

Her reflection frowned.

Hard to dress 'casually' when she was restricted to wearing what amounted to a tiny breast wrap and a makeshift loincloth. Two items of clothing that left *nothing* to the imagination.

She might as well be wearing nothing at all, for what her current clothing hid. Her nipples were out of view, sure. But the way her chest-wrap was positioned, they'd slip free if she didn't walk carefully. Her breasts were squeezed together, showing off their ample size and perkiness with audacious blatancy. And the loincloth? It might as well have been a thong for all that it did to hide her private parts. Her crotch and slit and butthole were hidden, but the rest of her – ass and thighs and everything - was totally exposed.

But... it was fine. Right?

She'd be *expected* to wear this. It was tradition.

And down here, in the city under a city, they had different rules and ideas on modesty. None of the Fae people would judge her for wearing what she had on, surely.

Aedamar had told her it'd be fine.

"You can do this," Bell told her reflection. "You've got this."

She nodded her head firmly, watched her black ponytail bounce.

"Confidence," she said, forcing a more confident expression onto her face. Blue eyes feigning eagerness. "That's the key. You've got this!"

It was difficult to keep that expression in place as she made her way through Aedamar's tower. Bare feet on a cold floor, chilly air on her near-naked skin. It was as Aedamar had said – the traditional clothes of a beginner would help 'encourage' her to learn magic sooner. A nice spell to create heat and warmth...

On the tower's ground floor, Aedamar stood waiting for her.

He wore a long black robe, hair slicked back and eyes narrowed. As Bell approached, her mentor – master – crossed his arms, scowled at her.

"About time," he muttered. "Never keep a superior wizard waiting."

Bell blushed, lowered her gaze.

"Sorry, master."

The man huffed, turned and began walking towards the tower's entrance. Bell followed after him, heart thumping in her chest.

Finally! After being locked in this tower for what felt like an eternity, she was going to get out and have a chance to see the Fae city! Aedamar had business he needed to attend to, some place he had to go, and he was taking her along with him!

"Don't speak unless spoken to," Aedamar told her, reaching for the handles of a pair of massive doors. "Don't stare at anyone, especially if they look odd to you. Don't question any commands I give you, just follow them. From here on out, you represent me. Everything you do will reflect upon me. Do *not* fuck up."

"Y- yes."

Aedamar turned the handles of the door, pulled his hands away. Slowly, the doors opened by themselves.

Bell's jaw dropped open.

A wave of sound hit her. People bustling about, people and creatures and impossible things moving along cobble streets – some chatting and others quiet. The sound of footsteps and hoofs, the clattering of horseshoes and a tinkling hum. High above, wings flapped and crystals sang.

In an instant, she'd gone from total silence to having her senses attacked by the hubbub of an active – if small – city.

Stone steps led down from the tower onto the street, where people and creatures walked in a steady flow. She saw men and women in robes like Aedamar. A pale skinned man in a business suit and a red cape. A woman with furled wings and a golden halo above her head. She saw a tiny fairy flying around, what looked like a leprechaun in a bright green suit, a bulky minotaur carrying a stack of cardboard boxes. There were flying horses, griffins, and a dozen other creatures that Bell had never seen or heard of before.

She tried to take in all in, absorb the strange sights.

But when Aedamar began walking forward, descending down the steps towards the street, Bell had no choice but to follow quickly behind. She sucked in a breath of fresh air, grabbed hold of her breast strap, and rushed down the stairs after him.

Behind her, the tower's doors shut by themselves.

Her breasts bounced as she raced down the steps, but she managed to keep herself decent – holding the breast strap where it belonged, covering her nipples. When she hopped off the last step, landed on the street behind Aedamar, Bell couldn't help but wince at how cold the floor was.

Her master didn't spare her a glance, though. He just kept on walking.

Bell followed him, removing her hands from the strip of cloth over her breasts and placing them by her side. If her boobs bounced free as she walked, there was nothing she could do about it now.

Eyes turned to look at her as she followed behind Aedamar. Human eyes, and non-human eyes.

She saw surprise in a lot of those gazes. Amusement in others. What looked like pity in many more. She didn't dare meet any of those eyes, though. What if she accidentally offended someone? This place was so alien to her. Who *knew* how she was supposed to react to all those wandering eyes.

So, she kept her own gaze forward.

Red-faced. Skin prickled from the cold. Back straight.

Aedamar led her down several streets, taking turns here and there. He nodded to a few creatures he passed along the way, smiled pleasantly at another wizard. His robe fluttered behind him.

And then, out of no-where, he stopped.

Bell almost walked right into him. She stepped on his robe, stopped herself at the last moment, quickly took a step back.

He glanced back to scowl at her, then turned away – walking off the street and towards a small stone cottage. Bell followed after him, body tingling.

Aedamar didn't knock on the cottage's door. Instead, he pushed it open and stepped inside without a care in the world.

As Bell stepped in after him, she was struck by an odd sense of vertigo. A wrongness that it took her several moments to place. She looked around in wonder, mouth dropping open in awe.

She was standing inside a massive, elegant waiting room. So huge that it couldn't possibly have fitted inside the small cottage she and her master had entered. There were multiple floors, with wide staircases connecting them. On the walls were portraits that looked like they belonged in museums – old and regal and rich.

"Vindor!" Aedamar called out – voice echoing inside the wide, open space. "Come on out, coward!"

Bell tensed, glanced around. She shuffled a little closer to Aedamar.

"Aedamar!" A deep voice boomed from all around – shaking the walls and floor, causing paintings and ornaments to shudder and clatter. "You *dare*?"

"Aye," Aedamar called, a grin on his face. "I dare!"

The rumbling walls grew louder, vibrating Bell right down to her bones. She felt the air tingle with energy, felt a power pulsing and writhing in front of Aedamar.

She had to fight down the urge to crouch down and brace herself, resist the desire to grab onto Aedamar for support. He'd protect her, wouldn't he? She didn't have any power of her own yet. Whatever was about to happen, surely he'd-

The building stilled.

In front of Aedamar, the air flashed.

Bell blinked, stared in confusion at what she saw, blinked again.

A short, stubby man with a large gut. Balding, wearing a robe similar to Aedamar's, a wide grin on his face.

"Aedamar, you son of a shrew! Where have you been?" The man said, voice less a rumble and more of a squeak now.

"Busy," Aedamar chuckled, stepping forward to embrace the short man. "There's been a lot going on."

"I see that," Vindor said, nodding to Bell. "Your new pet project, I assume? Very bold, Aedamar. Perhaps a little *too* bold."

Bell's master turned to look at her. "What's life without a little risk?" He said, turning back to the balding man. "I mean, just look at her. How could I resist?"

"The Council isn't happy," Vindor said.

"They never are, my friend. When the time comes, I'm sure Isabelle here will be able to win them over."

Vindor stared at Bell for a long moment, lips pursed.

"Come on then," he sighed, turning away. "Sitting room's this way. Same drink as usual?"

"Always," Aedamar smiled, following the short man.

Bell hesitated a moment, unsure if she should go with them. But she hadn't been told to wait, so...

She hurried after her master.

Bell gagged, had to pull back.

The cock in her mouth twitched. But, annoyingly, it didn't cum. Her master's essence remained as elusive as ever.

She teased the underside of his shaft with her lip and tongue, massaging it and

rubbing it. The salty, bitter flavour in her mouth had become so familiar to her at this point that Bell was almost *happy* to taste it again – if only faintly right now.

“Any news from the Blood Court?” Aedamar asked casually, resting his hand atop Bell's head.

“Err...” Vindor said, sounding awkward for some reason. “Not that I've heard. You know vamps, like to keep to themselves. You'd be better off going to old Penelope when it comes to Blood Court politics.”

“Penelope?” Aedamar groaned. “Really?”

“What's the problem?” Vindor chuckled. “With your *charming* abilities when it comes to the opposite sex, I'd have thought getting information from one lil' vamp girl wouldn't be an issue.”

“Lil' vamp girl,” Aedamar stated dryly.

“Okay, lil' vamp *woman*.”

“Have you seen Penelope's rack?” Aedamar grunted. “Calling her *little* is hardly fitting, don't you think?”

“Fine, fine. *Short* vamp *woman*. Better?”

A painful tingling in the back of Bell's skull.

She'd stopped sucking, had been listening in on her master's conversation. That was bad! She shouldn't be snooping...

Bell forced her mouth down Aedamar length, pushed his big cock as deep down her throat as it would go. Her throat constricted around it, eyes watering reflexively. Her entire body shuddered as she pulled back, felt the cock drawing back. Then she pushed forward again – slowly fucking her mouth with Aedamar's meat.

Until she had magic of her own, this was the only way. When Aedamar felt his power rising, it was her job to absorb it!

“Your girl seems quite eager,” she heard Vindor saying.

She shut her eyes, tried not to listen. Her only job right now was urging her master's power out. Everything else was just a distraction!

“You have no idea,” Aedamar chuckled.

A moment later, it happened.

A burst of warmth in her mouth, a tickling down the back of her throat. Bell shuddered, moaned. She gulped down her master's essence hungrily. Lapping his cock with her tongue, sucking up every drop. Spurt after spurt, all for her!

When she was done, when the last of Aedamar's essence had been drained, Bell removed the cock from her mouth.

She stood up, walked to an empty armchair and took a seat.

“What about the Packs?” Aedamar asked, cock dangling out of his robes – slowly deflating.

“Huh?” Vindor mumbled. His eyes were on Bell, on the saliva dripping down her chin. On her *very* exposed cleavage, her body. “Packs?”

“The Wolf Packs,” Aedamar said, sounding amused. “Have the mutts done anything noteworthy recently?”

“Oh!” Vindor blushed, looked away from Bell. “No. Nothing but the usual rivalries and territory disputes.”

Wolf Packs? As in *werewolves*?

Bell's head snapped to Aedamar, eyes wide.

“I have a favour to ask,” her master said with a smile. “There's a mutt I need you to track down...”

“Focus,” Aedamar barked, pacing behind her. “You have to *focus*.”

Bell tried. Eyes narrowed at the wooden table and the lone apple atop it. She pictured that apple moving; rolling over, bouncing in place, flying across the room. She

pictured it exploding, catching fire, freezing, disappearing. She could feel the veins in her forehead bulging with the effort.

Nothing happened.

"There's enough magical cu- *essence* in you. Or, at least, there *should* be. You can *do this!*"

She felt the tingling in her gut. The power.

Closing her eyes, she tried to grasp that power – to shape it to her will. To make it *do something*. But nothing happened. The apple was still there when she opened her eyes, unmoved.

"Breathe," Aedamar commanded, voice firm. "Inhale. Hold. Exhale. Picture what you want to happen, take the power you have inside you, and *make* it happen."

Bell held out her arm, like people did in films, fingers extended. She focused – pictured the apple melting or changing colour or shrinking. Her entire body tensed with the effort, heart thumping heavily in her chest. She inhaled, held it.

Do something, she commanded the apple mentally. *Anything!*

It remained in place, motionless and unaltered.

Behind her, Aedamar sighed.

The disappointment in that sound cut Bell to her core. Her face heated, her eyes dropped. Her heart stung.

"Every magic user," Aedamar stated clearly, "from wizards to witches to druids – you name it – has a *talent*. Some area of magic that they excel in. For me, it's mind magic. Vindor? He has a natural talent towards spacial manipulation. Whatever your talent is, you'll find it much easier to learn that type of magic than any other."

Bell glared at the apple. Stupid fruit. Who even liked apples, anyway?

"A magic user's talent is instinctual. That's what this test is for. To discover what your talent is. You picture the object – traditionally an apple – being altered or manipulated in a myriad of ways, while simultaneously pushing out your innate power. When you happen to picture the apple being altered or manipulated in a way that aligns with your talent, your power kicks in and what you pictured becomes reality."

And yet, nothing she'd imagined so far had worked. Stupid apple!

"The apple test works for the majority of magic users. There are other tests for when it fails – the apple didn't do anything for me when I first took the test, as it doesn't have a mind. It may be that you have a special talent like me, and this apple test simply won't work for you."

Bell turned to look at Aedamar.

He was wearing a relaxed business get-up. Unbuttoned white shirt and business slacks, slippers instead of shoes. His robe was set down on a separate table.

"Or," he said, eyes locked onto Bell's. "It could be that you have no talent. No magic."

"But I have to!" Bell said before she could stop herself. "I did everything you said! I can feel it in me. I *know* it's there!"

"That might be so, Isabelle. If it is true, if you *do* have magic in you, then it might simply not be enough. Or it might not be potent. A watered down drink when you need something strong. It could be the method we've been using up until now - you receiving my *essence* orally - might not be enough."

"What do you mean?"

She had to make this work! She just had to! If she couldn't become a wizard or whatever, she wouldn't be allowed to stay down here. She'd be forced to forget all about the Fae and their hidden cities. She'd be made to forget her childhood saviour.

That wasn't an option. She wouldn't accept it!

"There are *other* ways you could receive essence. Other *places*. Your mouth is only one orifice, after all."

Bell gulped. Felt a tingle inside her skull. Nodded her head.

“And... My essence might not be enough for you alone. Powerful as I am, I'm still only one man. I can only provide you so much. It might be time for you to start searching for more sources of essence to drain. There are plenty of Fae out there that I'm sure would be willing to help.”

More essence. That's all she needed. More essence deposited in other parts of her body.

She could do that.

Draining Aedamar of his essence took time. But, better to spend a little more time doing that small task than the alternative – forgetting about this place and everything else along with it. Plus, if more Fae were willing to help her – to be included in her essence gathering – all the better. It'd certainly give Aedamar time to recharge his supply.

“I...” There it was again. That odd tingling in her head. What was that? Could it be a sign of what her talent was? “I'm listening...”

Aedamar smiled at her.

His hands moved to his business trousers, began unzipping.