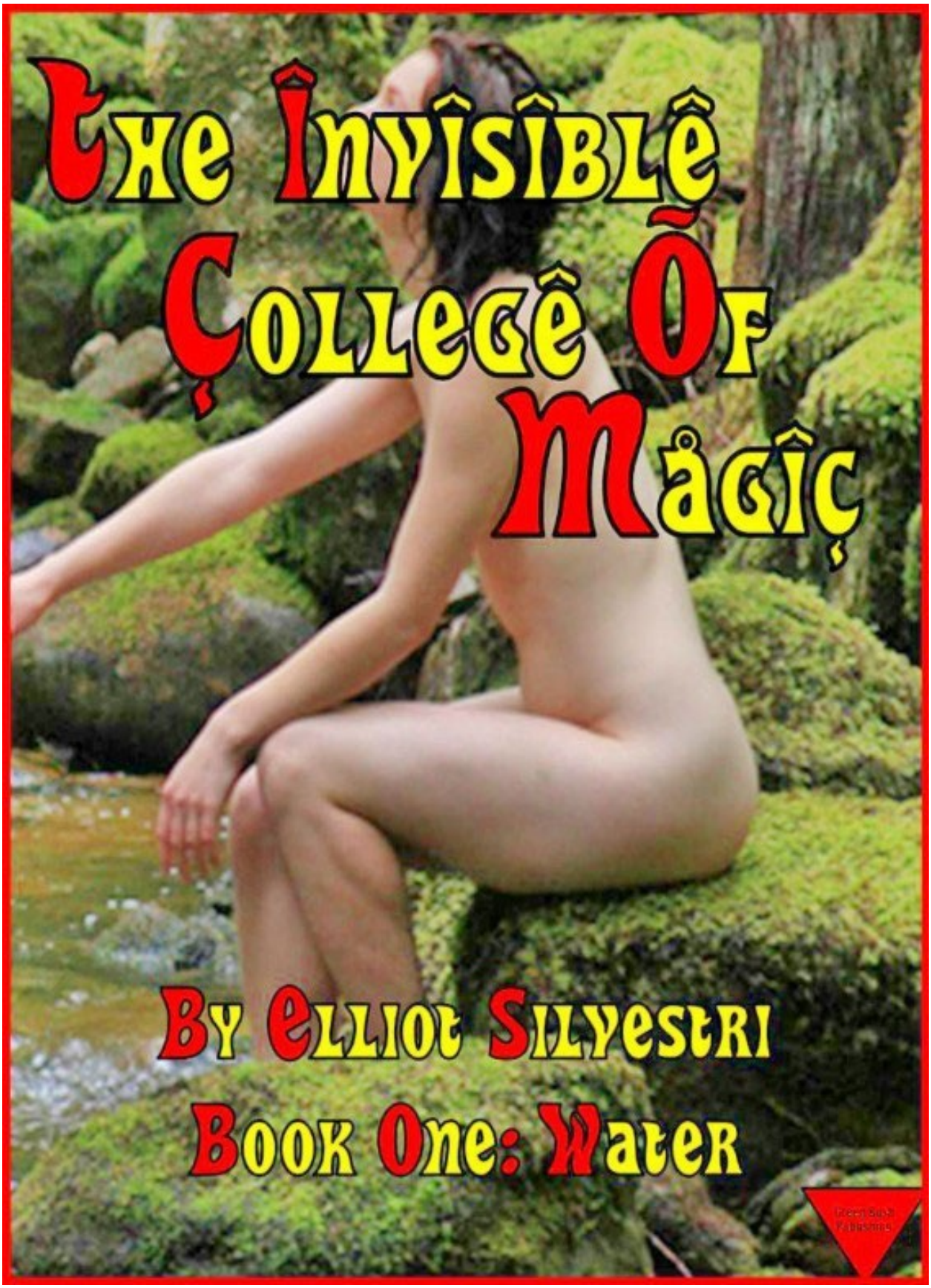
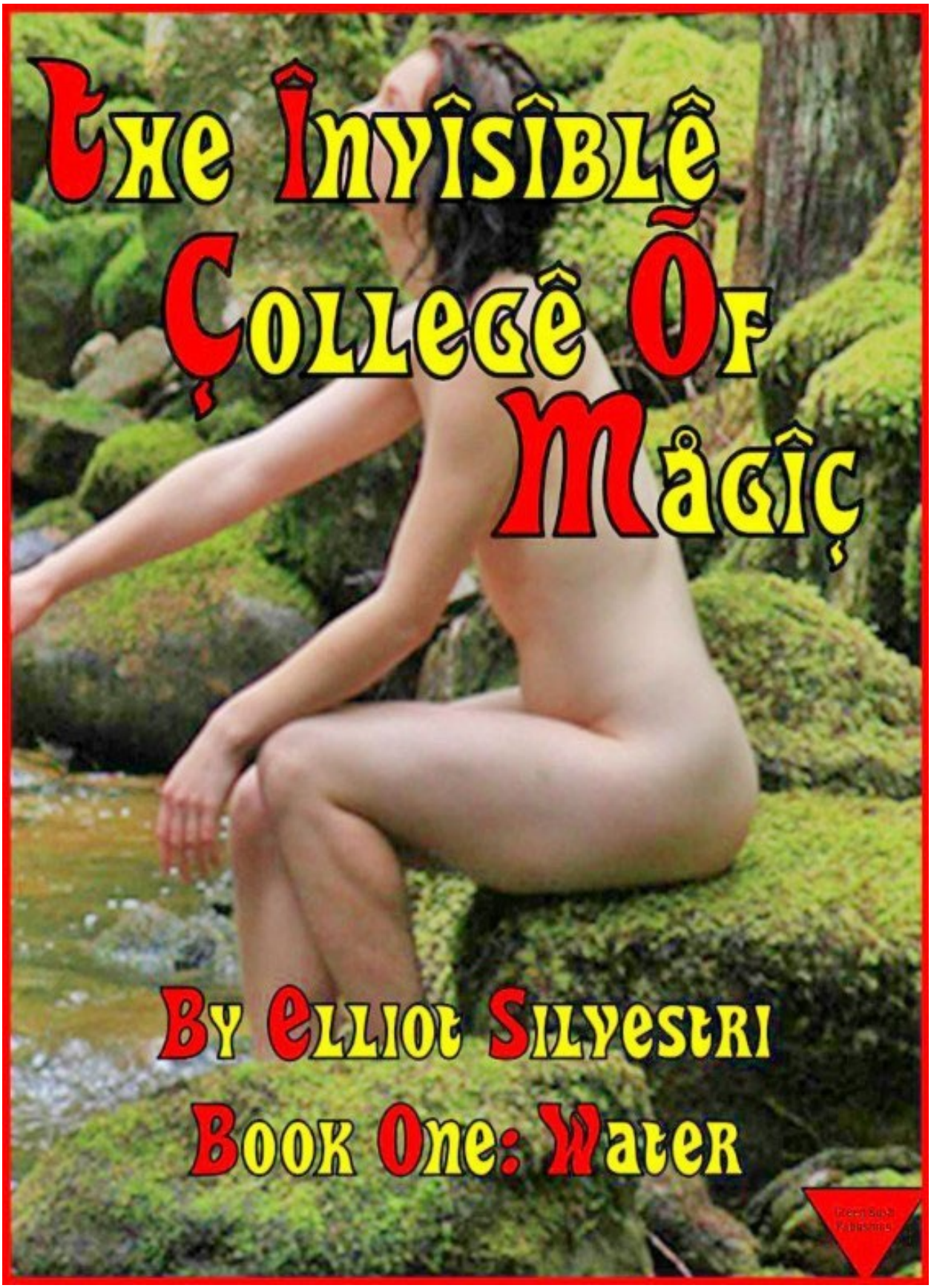

The Invisible College Of Magic
By Elliot Silvestri
Book One: Water


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Smashwords Edition

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About the Author

Cast of Characters

Primary

Tom “Shifty” Varieg – a human shape shifter

Cybelle Charmand – a human enchantress

Estelle Ciratoga – a female centaur

Damian Anamol – a male red half-demon

Tamar Flammel – a female human fire wizard

David “Dusty” Stone – a male human earth wizard

Secondary

Professor Orlando Cryfix’s – Headmaster of the Invisible College of Magic

Dr. Susan Adler – bald female a half snake, half human professor of psionics

Dr. Herbert Alpine – a male human professor of herbology

Master Greystone – a dwarf earth magic teacher

Brooke Drench – a naiad

Lecter Harmon – a meditation specialist

The Hunter – an assassin

Book One: Water

Chapter One

TAMAR WALKED INTO her dorm room to see her roommate fucking a statue. True, the statue was laying on its back while on Cybelle's bed and she was on top of it so it was more like she was masturbating with a stone dildo attached to a statue, but in the end she was the one doing all the work. Cybelle had long beautiful blonde hair that fell almost to her waist, which only served to accentuate the fact that her ass was a little fat. Still, Tamar was enchanted enough by the view to watch Cybelle's ass go up and down on the long stone cock for a minute before she said anything. It was long enough that she wondered if Cybelle knew right away when she opened the door and just didn't care, or if the blonde enchantress was so into her masturbation routine, everything else fell away from her senses.

"Should I leave and come back later, or are you going to cum soon?" Tamar asked.

Cybelle tossed her hair to the side and looked over her shoulder at her roommate. She did not stop rocking her hips back and forth still taking pleasure on the very rigid outcropping on which she had pricked herself.

"Soon," she muttered and doubled the speed of her hips.

For her part, Tamar closed the door and stepped to the side, never taking her eyes off the jiggling flesh of her roommate's ass. It was beautiful and Tamar felt a familiar burning in her loins. It was too familiar and she tamped down her lust. She knew that what she should have done was left with Brevard's Book of Elemental Summoning and gotten to her class, but instead she just licked her lips and tried to memorize every bit of Cybelle's form for later, when she was alone and could masturbate in privacy—and safety.

"Do you mind if I watch?" Tamar asked, still a little uncomfortable about being a voyeur. Cybelle knew that she preferred women, but she didn't know where Cybelle's preferences lay.

The blonde enchantress's smile was intoxicating. "Please." Tamar wasn't sure if Cybelle was giving her permission to watch or if she was simply vocalizing her desire to cum. Despite the risks, Tamar slipped her hand down into her leather pants and strummed on her cunt.

Cybelle was getting close. That was obvious. Her breathing, her moans, the

motion of her body—and then the statue started to melt away. It wasn't really melting, Tamar realized after half a second and with two fingers stuffed up her twat, it was transforming back into a human. It took her another second to realize that Cybelle must have transmuted her victim—or partner?—into a statue and taken advantage of him.

"No! No! No!" Cybelle begged out lout, but either she had lost control of the magic or the spell had met its duration. The speed of her hips increased again, but the spell was at its end. The cold, white statue transformed back into a human, a young man of good looks and muscular body. Tamar could see why her roommate had chosen the youth as her toy.

The moment his prick changed from stone to a mere flesh erection Cybelle jumped off his body with a cry of frustration.

"Hey!" he complained, suddenly coming to his senses. "What in the nine hells!?"

"Get out!" Cybelle screamed at him. "Get dressed and get out!"

He lay there a moment, stunned, his hand on his cock, rubbing it, trying to finish what she had started. "Can't I—?" he started to ask, but Cybelle picked up his clothes from the floor and threw them at him. Tamar noted the clothes were there uniform of the college's servants.

The servant quickly got dressed while Cybelle stood in the corner glaring at him, her arms folded over her breasts. Apparently she wasn't worried about him looking at her snatch, but the breasts were off limits. The moment he had fully transformed Tamar had pulled her hand from her pants; she wasn't sure if the youth even noticed her.

"Fucking prick!" Cybelle cursed when the servant was dressed enough and had left.

"Well, obviously," giggled Tamar. "What were you doing with him anyway?" She pretended to search her bookshelf for her Brevard's but was really just stalling to get more information from Cybelle.

"Practicing transformations."

“Okay, but anyone can transform a floppy dick to hard one. There’s no magic in that.”

“Ha fucking ha. No. I did change him into stone—a beautiful marble statue if you didn’t notice.”

Tamar’s eyes narrowed. “How’d you get him out of his clothes and get his prick hard after changing him into stone?”

Cybelle arched a fine, thin eyebrow. “I transformed him while I was giving him a blowjob,” she shrugged.

Tamar was taken aback. “You know we can use servant volunteers to practice on, but you’re not supposed to do it without permission!”

Cybelle smiled confidently and then started rooting around in her storage locker. When she turned around Tamar couldn’t help but stare at her ass. “I had his permission.”

“Getting it when his cock’s in your mouth doesn’t count!”

Finding what she needed, Cybelle straightened up. Tamar tried not to goggle at her bouncing breasts. She shrugged. “Semantics.” In her hand was an exquisitely carved tool, and it was exactly that, a tool. A large cock shaped from a piece of iron oak.

“You’re also not supposed to be having sex with the servants. You know that!” Tamar wasn’t sure why she was defending the college’s rules, but she felt like she had to say something.

Cybelle threw herself on her bed and spread open her legs. “I know,” she said as she ran the smooth iron oak between her moist lips. “But I don’t care.” She pushed the fake cock all the way into her pussy. “You don’t achieve anything by following the rules.” And then she started masturbating in earnest.

As much as she wanted to stay and watch—and join in—Tamar just grabbed her book and left. She was fairly certain that Cybelle was just teasing, taunting her. Fairly certain. It was far too dangerous for her to have a nice little climax in the middle of the room with all sorts of flammable materials. No, she’d have to wait for later. Besides, she didn’t want to humiliate herself in front of Cybelle only to

be rejected.

Chapter Two

THE BEAUTIFUL YOUTH was bent over the hard stone table in the middle of Professor Orlando Cryfix's private office and laboratory. He wasn't tied down, but his hands were roughly gripping the edge of the table because Professor Cryfix's cock was buried in the youth's ass. He was surprised at the sounds he was making. It wasn't that it was painful for the youth, if anything he was rather enjoying being buggered by Cryfix's big cock and that's what disturbed him.

"Nothing more perfect than a virgin boy's ass," the professor grunted as he continued to pound into the youth. The youth was completely naked while Cryfix had only deigned to lift up his robes to free his cock and bugger the young man.

The youth wasn't humiliated by the treatment; it was the reason he had come to the professor's office. He wasn't upset at their disparity in dress; it was what he had expected. "Thank you, Professor."

"Say it again," commanded the old man. He might have been more than three times the youth's age but he was still physically commanding even if he had graying hair and beard he kept trimmed short.

Just as the youth was about to follow the order, Cryfix reached around the boy's hip and grabbed his hard cock. Despite the situation the youth had found his body responding in a way he hadn't predicted. Cryfix's hand felt good and the youth found himself on the verge of climax in a matter of seconds.

"Thank you, Professor!" he cried out as the man's busy hand brought him off. Thick globs of cum splashed against the table and onto the floor. That wasn't surprising. The surprising part was when the youth's body shifted. He became a little older, a little less handsome, a little taller. The changes weren't drastic, but were strong enough that they were obvious.

Cryfix pulled his cock out of the young man's ass without finishing. He didn't need to finish; he had more control than anyone in the college. He came only when and where he wanted.

"You didn't hold your form, Thomas," Cryfix said as he rearranged his robes.

Shifty slammed his hand against the stone table. "I know, Professor. I know. You don't have to tell me."

“But apparently you need reminding to keep control. Transformation is a wonderful thing, but at this point you are all raw potential and no skill or experience.” One of the greatest advantages of a shapeshifter is the ability to hide anywhere to anyone’s eyes. If you can’t hold your form in times of stress, you’ll never be of use to anyone or even yourself.”

“I know,” Tom repeated. “You don’t have to keep reminding me. But I didn’t come here today to get fucked in the ass.”

“And you’ll never know what to expect when you’re spying on someone or are hidden within an army of enemies. You can’t have a simple little roll in the hay with someone without losing control, you’ll be dead, not just useless, Tom.”

“Okay, Professor. Just don’t call me Tom, okay? Call me Shifty.”

The old man smirked under his whiskers. “I’ll call you that when you deserve it.”

Chapter Three

DOCTOR HERBERT ALPINE liked to teach his Roots, Twigs, and Berries class outdoors because he didn't like the confines of the college's stone towers and he enjoyed nature walks as a general rule of thumb. Besides, he reasoned more than once with students and teachers, it is better to learn about something in the real world rather than in the classroom.

His students couldn't disagree more, and they had year after year. Getting to class was hard enough in the very early mornings when he insisted on holding class, but making them do physical exercise rather than just sitting slack-jawed in the classroom was pure torture, in their opinion. This year's class was no different from previous years and were a more motley group of fools and wizards to be than ever before, in his opinion.

"We'll come back later in the week when the moon is full to cut down the mistletoe berries with silver sickles, that is when they are at the height of their powers," he said as they wandered out of the oak grove and to the break in the woods that was mostly filled by the slow moving stream that was the main supply of water for the college.

"Great, a midnight class," muttered Shifty under his breath.

"Shush, the old man will hear you," softly commented Cybelle. In truth, Dr. Alpine wasn't that old, but he did sport shockingly white hair and was nearly as deaf as a post.

"Now, at the edge of the water we'll collect several plants today that are useful in several different spells and potions," Dr. Alpine continued. "You'll see on the banks a rather attractive—oh my!" He broke off when he saw a pair of naked female legs that were attached to an equally naked pair of buttocks. They were shapely and youthful buttocks and legs, which might have been the cause for Dr. Alpine's distress.

"Heh, I recognize that ass," chuckled Damian Anamol. The other students looked at the tall red-skinned half demon.

"Please, Mr. Anamol," said Dr. Alpine, laying his hand on his chest as if he were having palpitations from seeing naked skin. "Class, turn around and we'll head back to the towers." He tried to usher the group away from the stream, but it was an impossible task. Once a class is distracted by the task at hand, it is all but

impossible to get them back on track, especially if the distraction is naked female flesh.

“It’s Brooke Drench, the naiad,” Damian said with confidence.

“How would you know?” asked Estelle the centaur.

“I’m more than passingly familiar with that ass,” Damian grinned. “What’s she doing with her head in the water?” he wondered out loud.

“Drinking,” someone commented. The class shuffled around, trying for a better look at the youthful naiad’s naked form.

“Breathing water,” said someone else.

“But why isn’t she moving?” asked Shifty.

His question silenced the class quicker than anything that Dr. Alpine was doing to get them under control.

“Is she dead?” a voice asked quietly.

That question made Dr. Alpine turn around and reconsider his initial thought on the matter.

“Drowned!” shouted Dusty as he slammed the door to the dorm room.

“What?” asked Shifty looking up from the oversized tome he was examining with Estelle. Neither was good with basic summoning.

“Drowned!” repeated Dusty as if that explained everything. “It’s how Brooke died. She drowned according to Nurse Alcome. That’s the rumor on campus.”

“Don’t believe every rumor you hear,” said Estelle, tossing back her long hair and repositioning her hindquarters in the small space of the room Shifty and Dusty shared. It was already small enough, but the addition of a third person who was a centaur meant that there was no extra space available.

“How’d you get in here?” asked Dusty of Estelle, quickly measuring her size

with the dimensions of the door.

“Very carefully,” she replied tartly and adjusted the vest over her chest. Centaurs as a race tended not to like wearing any clothing; the vest was the one concession to attending a college of magic populated primarily by humans and humanoids. Still, it was small enough to show enough breast and cleavage to easily distract Dusty.

“Isn’t it odd that a naiad drowned?” asked Shifty in spite of himself. He was more interested in studying with Estelle than having a conversation with his roommate. And he was more interested in using studying as a pretense to seduce Estelle than actually studying.

Dusty answered his friend, but didn’t take his eyes off the centaur’s barely hidden tits. “Yes. Very unusual. Professor Cryfix said he was going to lead an investigation as to how a naiad drowned in a small stream of water.”

Estelle rolled her large brown eyes and headed toward the door, carrying the huge tome with her. “Shifty, I came here to study, not wonder about how a naiad died. Dusty, you’re a distraction. I’m going back to my place to study. Are you coming, Tommy?” she eyed he carefully and started easing her large body out the door. It took some maneuvering, but she managed to pass through the portal.

Shifty pointed at his roommate. “She’s right, Dusty. You’re a distraction. I’ll be back later.” Taking a second to make sure that Estelle’s head was already well into the hallway, Shifty winked at Dusty, made a circle with his left index finger and thumb while penetrating the circle with his right finger.

Taking the hint, Dusty nodded and looked enviously as his friend followed Estelle’s shapely rear end.

Shifty was at the college to refine his natural shapeshifting skill. Estelle was there to learn the finer points of stargazing and premonition. They were taking the summoning class because the college required of all students to be able to perform a variety of basic magic, including summoning otherworldly creatures. Considering that nearly half the student population was from other dimensions, it seemed a little unnecessary, but it didn’t make that any easier on those not skilled in that particular discipline.

After forcing an imp into reality for a few seconds, giving the black-skinned little monster just enough time to extend a clawed middle finger at Shifty and Estelle before escaping back to its own dimension, the two students decided they had studied enough for the day.

“So, how powerful is your premonition ability?” Shifty asked her. Estelle’s room was on the dorm tower’s ground floor and was closer to a stable than a student’s room, but it was nearly three times the size of his room which pleased Shifty. And she didn’t have a roommate, which was even better for privacy’s purposes. “Do you know what’ I’m thinking?”

She rolled her big, beautiful brown eyes at him. “That’s telepathy, not precog or premonition. And I can tell what you’ll be doing in about five minutes.”

“Oh? What’s that?”

“You’re going to be fucking me.”

Shifty knew an invitation when he heard one. He stepped close to Estelle and kissed her. She eagerly kissed back as he pulled at her vest. The buttons came open quickly and easily, allowing him to cup her very human tits. Not giving any thought to what he was doing, after playing with her tits a bit, Shifty slid one hand down her back, looking to grope her ass, but instead encountered her very equine withers. It caused him to pull back from her kiss.

“What’s the matter?” asked Estelle, already knowing the answer and a bit angry at it.

“Nothing! I’ve just never done this with a centaur before.”

She smirked. “And I’ve never done this with a human boy before. So what? You going to leave?”

“Of course not!” he protested, offended that she’d think he’d give up a chance at pussy. Shifty didn’t discriminate between human and centaur pussy. It was all good to him and he was always willing to try a new experience.

“Then why did you stop kissing me?”

“I wanted to ask if you would like me to go down on you?” he lied. “I’ve never

tasted centaur pussy before."

"Why don't you find out?" she said. "It seems the least you could do."

Estelle dropped to her front knees, but kept her back end up in the air, the customary position for pussy eating in the centaur community. Overall centaurs aren't nearly as tall as their equine counterparts, most topped out at just over six feet, so it was easy for Shifty to directly face Estelle when they kissed and it was easier still for him to kneel down behind her and press his face into a pussy that was familiar and strange at the same time. Normally it was covered by her tail but this she raised up to expose herself and give Shifty access.

A true hedonist, Shifty didn't hesitate to lick and suck at her pussy. Estelle was immediately pleased with performance and found herself clutching at her tits, pinching her nipples because she didn't know what to do with her hands. Her hooves clopped against the stone floor and she had to keep at least some of her wits about her so as to not accidentally step on and crush Shifty's foot or leg.

When she let out a sound that was neither human or horse, Shifty knew he had found her sweet spot. "You like that?" he asked, backing off from her pussy. His face was covered with her wetness and the grin on his face let the world know he was pleased that his lovemaking technique worked well on human women along with centaur women.

"Uh-huh," she moaned, one hand still gripping a breast while the other steadied her body against the cool stone wall. It was a testament to Shifty's skills that he was able to make a four-footed person like Estelle, doubt her natural stability.

"Want more?" he asked running his fingers along her wet slit and fingering her bulging clit.

"No. I don't want your tongue. I want your cock." The pause in his cunnilingus was long enough that she had managed to gather her wits about her.

That was all the permission that Shifty needed. He stood up and tossed off his tunic and pulled off his leggings. His cock was already hard so there was no difficulty in mounting her—at this thought Shifty giggled to himself. He had mounted horses before but this was the first time he had sexually mounted any member of the equine form—he kept silent on that thought. Centaurs hated to be compared to simple horses.

She was warm, wet, and inviting. Shifty grabbed her back end and started thrusting happily. Everything was doing wonderfully until Estelle looked over her shoulder at him. “Is it in?” she asked, a disappointed look on her face.

While he knew he wasn’t hung like a horse—sadly in this case—never before had a woman of any species complained about Shifty’s size. While Estelle was bigger than the women he had been with in his life, she wasn’t that much bigger, or so he thought.

“I am in you,” he almost barked at her.

“Oh.” The tone of her voice all but crushed him. “I was hoping you’d be bigger.”

“Sorry.” He stopped moving his hips.

“I thought you were a shapechanger,” she said, frowning. “You can make yourself bigger, can’t you?”

“I can,” he said, a bit offended, “but I need a little practice. I just don’t go around making my dick huge. You’d be surprised at how many women are put off by a giant cock.”

Annoyed once more, she rolled her eyes. “Well you’d better figure out a way to get me off!” she demanded.

A flash of inspiration hit Shifty. “Okay, this won’t be my best work, but I’m sure it will do.”

He could imitate fairly easily, the appearance of anyone whom he had touched. That was just natural for a shapeshifter. This wasn’t going to be an exact duplicate, but it was close enough. The only real modification was a gender swap and Shifty had the advantage of actually touching Estelle while doing it with both his hands and his cock. He liked that idea.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“Hold on a moment,” he replied, closing his eyes and concentrating. The actual change took just seconds, his flesh flowing like a river, muscles and bones altering to suit new function, but when it was over, something wasn’t quite right but Shifty couldn’t say what it was.

The gender swap had gone perfectly. He could feel his much bigger cock buried deeply in her pussy. She hadn't tightened up; he had grown. Everything else seemed correct. He had never tried a centaur shape before, but he definitely had four legs ending in plain hooves. His pale skin was now covered in fine brown hair that matched what he usually had on his head. Something was off, though…

Estelle had turned away during the change, probably because of the electric thrill it caused whenever he changed while touching someone. One village moonshadow woman he had been fucking loved it when he shifted while buried balls deep in her cunt. She said the electricity made her cum each time. When Estelle turned back she gasped in surprise. It wasn't from the sexual thrill.

"A fucking horse!" she exclaimed. "You turned into a fucking horse?"

Shifty opened his mouth to explain, but the sound that came out wasn't common speak, it was a neigh. Internally he cursed. He immediately figured that since he had only been touching her back side, her horse end, he had only picked up on that aspect of her body.

Estelle was offended. Too many humanoids figured centaurs were just the result of a man fucking a horse. That was straight up racist. Centaurs were their own race and horses were just animals. Still, she was open-minded and knew it was Shifty who was fucking her, and she was pleased by the large cock that was deeply buried in her pussy. "You fucked it up," she said. "But since we're already halfway there, you might as well finish me off."

Shifty eagerly nodded his head and started thrusting with his lower hips. He couldn't speak because horses didn't truly have voice boxes. Still, he was going to get off one way or another and he was determined to make Estelle cum as well. She grunted and groaned in all the right ways as he plowed her so he knew he was doing something right. He was glad she didn't ask him to change back. He could have reverted to his customary human shape, but would have been too exhausted to really have sex or change to something else.

They rutted like animals and they both loved it.

When Shifty came, it felt like he was emptying a gallon of cum into his centaur partner. Estelle was pleased at the way his hot cum jetted into her. Getting fucked by a horse was just fine with her, but she didn't want it to become public knowledge.

After he came, Shifty was proud of himself for being able to maintain the shape of a horse, but then, coming down from the endorphin rush of orgasm, he lost strength and his body slipped back to its natural state.

A wide grin plastered on her face, Estelle turned around and gave Shifty a tremendous kiss. She broke the kiss by slapping his across the face. “I never want to hear anyone call me a horse fucker or you’ll never get my pussy again, understand.”

“Perfectly,” said a slightly stunned Shifty. “When can I get your pussy again?” He always pushed his luck.

“I’ll check the stars tonight and let you know.”

Chapter Four

“HOW CAN A fucking naiad drown?” asked Tamar. “Aren’t they made of water?”

The group was sitting in the circular common room of the dorm tower in their customary study group. While each student at the college was focusing on a particular discipline of the magic arts, they all had to take History of Magic and they all hated it. Professor Crock taught it and, as was common knowledge in the college, he didn’t need to learn most of the history he taught; he was so old he had lived through most of it.

“Actually, naiads are magical elemental spirit beings that can shift between a humanoid form and one of their element. In the case of Brooke, water. They aren’t really made of water. Common misconception,” lectured Shifty.

The entire group glared at him.

“Thank you Professor Doctor Thomas Varieg,” said Cybelle sarcastically.

“I’m a shape shifter,” he protested. “It’s incumbent upon me to know all about those who can alter their own forms.”

Dusty chimed in with new information. He worked in administration offices of the college and often had inside knowledge. “Word has it that she drowned in the stream because she couldn’t shift back to her liquid form,” he said. “As a humanoid, she drowned.”

Shifty still shook his head. “Makes no sense. Even in humanoid form, naiads can breathe water. By definition, they can’t drown.”

“Maybe she was strangled to death,” suggested Tamar with a shudder. As a fire wizard she had a natural fear of any body of liquid larger than a bowl of soup. “The scary part is someone was murdered on the campus.”

“The office is saying drowned, not strangled,” repeated Dusty. “And you saw the body along with us. There weren’t bruises around her neck or anything like that.”

“What if something took away her magical nature,” rumbled Damian. All eyes went to the red-skinned half-demon. It was rumored on campus he had a

demoness for a mother and a human for a father who raised him, though how that came about was anyone's guess and he wasn't speaking about it.

"How would that happen?" asked Cybelle.

Damian rubbed one of the short horns that sprouted from his forehead. "Well, I know there are ways of stealing souls," he said.

"You should know," buttered Tamar under her breath.

He ignored her. "And there are ways of stealing the magic from a person."

"But from a naiad?" said Shifty. "Come on! Whoever did it would have to rob her of her entire magical essence. I'm not saying that's not possible, but this is a naiad you're talking about. An elemental being."

"A half elemental being," corrected Damian.

"Still, that only something an incredibly powerful wizard could do. And even then, it's not easily hidden. That's world-altering level magic."

Dusty shrugged again. "That's all I know. And it's not like we're going to find out anything else. The administration here never says anything about any problems with magic getting out of control, or magic being used by someone not authorized."

An unsettling silence covered the group. To break the hush Cybelle asked, "So when did you and Damian break up, Tamar?"

Immediately her roommate snapped at the enchantress. "We didn't break up! We were never a couple!"

The rest of the group chortled but they were polite enough to pretend to cover up their laughter.

"One date," was all Damian said to them.

"That's not what I heard," said Shifty. "And I heard plenty through the wall."

More laughter. It was impossible to tell if Damian was blushing since he was

already red, but Tamar's face was as red as dragon fire and it wasn't embarrassment, it was anger. "Is nothing around here private?" Tamar raged. "One fuck and you'd have us married! One fight and you'd have us mortal enemies. Enough!" She jumped to her feet and stomped to the door. The desire to make a dramatic exit overtook her common sense. Stopping at the door she thrust he hand down toward the floor and a gigantic envelope of flame surrounded her.

It had been her plan to disappear in the flame, but halfway through the spell, she faltered. As a fire wizard, she could have entered the flames she created and exited another set of flames—the ones in the fireplace of her room was her original choice. Or she could have used the flames as a distraction to slip away in the smoke, light, noise, and confusion. But Tamar couldn't decide which she wanted even as she was forming the spell and in essence, went nowhere.

Open flames are a decidedly dangerous thing which is why fire wizards are carefully trained—and always trained inside stone buildings. The dorm was stone so it suffered no damage, but her clothes were not so lucky. In the few seconds it took the flames to die out, Tamar sensed that the room had cooled considerably. "Shit," she said.

"Wow," commented Dusty. It was an understatement.

Tamar could feel everyone's eyes on her and it took all of her self-control not to cover herself with her hands and run shrieking with embarrassment down the dorm hallway. Her sudden nudity confirmed to her fellow students that Tamar was indeed a natural redhead—as are most fire wizards—but the moment also revealed that her breasts were much larger than anyone had guessed—except Cybelle who knew the truth—and she had decorated her flat stomach with a tattoo of a comet streaking across her skin.

"That's hot," commented Shifty. The other's laughed, not so much at Tamar, but at Shifty's sly comment.

Before Tamar could explode with anger again, Cybelle leaped out of her seat and used a simple transformation cantrip to change a piece of parchment from the table into a serviceable cape. She swirled it around Tamar, covering her up.

"Fuck you, Shifty," Tamar spat.

“Anytime, love,” he replied with a grin.

Tamar stomped out of the room with her head held high, even if her dignity wasn’t fully intact.

A few hours later Shifty knocked on Cybelle’s dorm room door. Unfortunately for him, it was Tamar who answered it. “What do you want?” she demanded. She only opened the door enough for him to view her face.

“I’m here to see Cybelle,” he answered. In his hand he was holding a small bouquet of roses he had transformed from some grass clippings. The bouquet wouldn’t last long, but he decided to believe it was the thought and gesture that counted. “But I would like to take the opportunity to apologize for what I said earlier today. It was in appropriate. I did it to try to amuse everyone, but that was at your expense and that was not funny.”

Cybelle brushed a few stray red hairs off her forehead and raised her chin. “I get the impression that you do a lot of apologies like this.”

“I wouldn’t say that,” he answered. “Is Cybelle here?”

“Why?” Tamar snapped.

The door was abruptly yanked the rest of the way open. “We have a date,” Cybelle told her roommate.

“You’re going on a date with him?” Tamar was plainly angry at her roommate’s choice of date.

“Yes.”

“After what he said today?”

“You should have just continued the firestorm,” Shifty said to her. “It would have been frightfully impressive and given you a hell much more impressive exit.”

“Gee thanks. Like I hadn’t thought of that ten minutes after I left.”

He shrugged. “Just trying to be helpful.”

“Next time be helpful by not saying anything.”

“Can do,” he answered and thrust his roses at Cybelle. “For you.”

“Thanks.” She sniffed them. “You magicked them, didn’t you?” It was half question and half accusation.

“Of course.” He grinned impishly. “You don’t think I could actually grow roses, do you? It’s not like I’m passing Dr. Alpine’s class.”

They opted to take a walk through the woods. Years ago the college had carefully maintained all sorts of gardens. That had largely passed into history, but a wide variety of plants and flowers still filled the campus.

“I find it freaky that a naiad was killed right over there,” Cybelle said, pointing across the small stream at the murder site.

Shifty shrugged. “It happens, I guess. Plenty of magic users have graduated from this college and gone on to kill plenty of demons, monsters, people, and who knows what else. Maybe someone’s getting an early start.”

“That’s still unsettling.”

“True,” Shifty nodded. “But what’s more unsettling is that I don’t know why you asked me out on a date.” He took her hand and gazed at her.

Cybelle laughed nervously. “Curiosity,” was her answer.

“Curious about finding out what an interesting person I am?”

“No. Curious about the extent of your shapeshifting abilities are.”

His brow furrowed. “What do you mean?”

“Can you know...what shapes can you do?”

He knew she was dancing around the issue, but he played along. “Just about any

human or demi-human form. Imitating a specific person is tougher, but I'm working on that. I'm working on animal forms as well."

"Can you…change one aspect of yourself?" she asked. "Like your hair color?"

Shifty blinked once and his hair changed from boring brown to the flaming red that Tamar sported. He also lengthened it to match hers as well.

"Tamar would hate that. What else can you do?"

Shifty held up his hands and slowly they expanded to three times their normal size. "Ow," he said as they slowly deflated.

"It hurts?"

"A little when I go unnaturally large."

"How large?" she asked.

"About that large," he said holding his hands apart, implying something else entirely. She wasn't sure, but was fairly certain his hands were larger than she remembered them being.

"I don't day men who aren't…well endowed," she said boldly. "And I figured that you must be capable of being as large as you want."

"I didn't know you have specific needs," he grinned at her.

"I'm an enchantress," she said. "I have very specific needs. I'm just looking for someone who can supply those needs."

"Right now I'm tempted to show you exactly how large I can get. Is that because I want to or because you've enchanted me?"

Her smile was evasive. "I've use no magic on you," she said. "But many have said I'm beautiful enough to charm any man naturally."

"So my urge to show you my cock is just my general bad nature."

"Yes," she agreed. "You're very bad." She stepped closed and kissed him, cupping her hand around his crotch, feeling his cock through his trousers. "You

can make things larger," she said between kisses.

"How large would you like it?" he replied, tugging at strings to her dress's bodice, opening it up.

"How large can you make it?"

They fell onto the mossy grass next to the stream and helped each other out of their clothing. Shifty had a good eye for bodies, women's bodies in particular, and knew that Cybelle didn't have the perfect classical shape of a goddess, but even so, he was pleased with her slightly over-large breasts and ass. There was nothing wrong with the shape of her body, it was just the proportions were slightly off, but off to Shifty's liking. Of course, since he could alter his body at will—with some effort—it was hard to classify Shifty's body with any real authority. And since he was about to bed Cybelle he, consciously or not, made subtle alterations to his appearance, mostly a more handsome face, well-defined muscles, and, of course, a cock that would make any mother gasp in astonishment and go weak in the knees and wet in the crotch.

Cybelle kissed his chest and licked his nipple as her fingers traveled down his solid abdomen twisting through the little trail of hairs until she grasped his cock. She had already seen how large he could get—and it was an impressive erection she saw—but it wasn't until she tried to wrap her hand around his shaft did she fully appreciate how big Shifty could make himself.

"Is this natural?" she asked. Her fingers couldn't fully encircle the organ at all.

"What's natural, if you really think about it?" he replied, watching as her fingers wandered up and down his shaft, keeping him on the edge of pleasure. "Especially with us magic-users."

"I mean," she said as she lowered her mouth to the point where he could feel her breath on the tip right before she licked away the drop of precum that had formed. "Is this the natural size of your dick?"

"I've been changing shape and size since I was six years old," he told her. "I'm not even sure if this is my natural face. "

If Cybelle heard the answer, she didn't care. One lick, one taste of his slippery precum was enough to distract her from philosophical questions to the more

immediate question of how many times his enormous cock could make her cum.

“Can you make it bigger and smaller?” she asked as she rolled on top of him, displaying her large tits for his viewing pleasure while handling his massive cock, ready to insert it into her pussy.

“Sure,” he happily agreed. Shifty wasn’t at all sure if he could. When he jerked off on his own, he made his cock a size that was fairly easy to handle and pleasure himself with. When he was with other women, he generally picked a size that he sensed they found pleasing—and then added a little extra to impress them. But since she made a special request, Shifty closed his eyes and focused for a second, concentrating on inflating this one piece of anatomy.

Cybelle watched with shimmering eyes as his cock grew to dimensions that made it in no way safe to put into her body. It was horrifying and mesmerizing at the same time—and she was ashamed at herself for being so easily manipulated by a display of simple flesh enhancement. As it grew up between her thighs were she straddled him on the grass, she wondered if he had an upper limit, but it was already the length of her arm and as thick as her leg. “Can you make it smaller as well?”

He chuckled. “Sure.” With a bit of effort the size decreased, but it stayed in rigid form, and even when he was done and opened his eyes, the decrease was marginal at best. His cock still wouldn’t fit into her cunt.

“Way to big, killer,” she said. “How about something a little more human sized and not horse sized.”

His eyes flew open at her words, but she seemed to have no inkling about Estelle. It was just a passing phrase. And still he couldn’t help him nature not to tease. “I can make it as tiny as a needle if you’re a virgin,” he told her as he slowly shrank himself under her watchful gaze.

“And you’re really willing to be properly called a needle dick?”

“If it pleases m’lady, I’ll make my cock whatever size she desires.”

“Stop!” she said he had nearly reached human volume, and yet was still larger than her forearm and almost twice as thick. “Perfect!”

“Perfect?” he questioned her decision. “I’m not sure that’ll fit you.”

“It’ll fit me just fine,” she said with great confidence as she rose up on her knees and fitted the enormous bulb of the head between her slickened nether lips. The split apart pleasingly and slowly the enchantress started to slide down the entire length of his cock, much to Shifty’s amazement.

It took a bit of effort, some up and down motion to her hips and thighs, but eventually Cybelle managed to rest her body on top of his, the enormity of his cock nestled deeply into her welcoming cunt. “It’s like fucking magic,” he breathed.

Her wicked grin got the best of Cybelle. “It is fucking magic. You should be honored to be allowed to fuck this enchantress’s pussy.”

“Is your cunt a portal to another dimension?”

“Yes,” she admitted. “A pleasure dimension.”

And then there was no more need for talking as he grasped her hips and she started pumping her thighs up and down. Their words devolved into moans and grunts.

As much as she had wanted to take a huge cock into her body, Cybelle was still amazed that she managed the task because the one that Shifty created was much larger than any one she had ever fucked or sucked before. For his part, Shifty was nervous that he was hurting her with his big dick. No matter how big he made himself, he received no extra pleasure from it; this was all for her. Even so, his huge member made it much easier to have two nice little peaks of pleasure.

“Don’t cum in me,” she ordered as his face twisted into an expression telling her that he was on her verge of cumming.

“Why not?” he asked, pausing in mid stroke.

“Just don’t cum in me!” she barked at him. “I’ll suck you off, if you like, or you can cum all over me, but don’t you dare fucking cum in my pussy!”

“Okay,” he agreed knowing that if he did cum in her that he’d never get a second chance at her pussy.

It was with some regret he pulled out of stroked his cock with both hands—one fist being too small to wrap around his massive took—until he finished with heavy spurts of creamy white cum that landed first on Cybelle's face, then her chest, and finally her stomach, the last few drops dribbling out to land on the top edge of her yellow pubic hair.

"You look pretty," he told her in a moment of unguarded emotion.

"Thanks," she said sarcastically as she wiped his cum off her skin. "Why men get off on seeing their cum decorating my skin is something I'll never understand."

"Sorry," he apologized. "But why can't I cum in you."

"I can't get pregnant," she said. "If I do…well, my family will disown me."

"Couldn't you just magic it out if you are pregnant?" he argued as he dropped his body to the soft moss next to her.

"Yeah, but I'll still be despoiled," she replied as she wiped his cum off her hands and onto the moss. "I'm useless to my family if I don't have my magic."

"Wait, I thought that if a woman is no longer a virgin, she loses her ability to manipulate magic."

Cybelle scoffed at him. "Don't be stupid. Maybe that's the way it works in some families, but not in mine. Pregnancy is the problem. Magic passes from mother to daughter and I plan on keeping my magic for as long as possible."

Shifty was taken aback. "That sounds like a sexually transmitted disease."

She frowned at him. "In my family, it sort of is. And I want to keep it for as long as possible, that's why you aren't cumming inside of me."

"Did you enjoy yourself, at least?" he asked looking down at his now limp cock as it slowly deflated and resumed a more normal size for an average human male. He knew he could have walked around with a gigantic dong swinging between his legs, but it would have looked ridiculous and the logistics of actually walking with the equivalent of a third leg was a nightmare to consider. As his cock returned to normalcy, so did the rest of his body. Shifty in his natural

form wasn’t ugly, but neither was he the image of the handsome rogue that he tried to project at every moment.

“Yes. Very much so. I love a good fuck. That’s part of the curse as well, heightened sexual need, that goes hand in hand with the risk of losing my powers.”

He grunted and started putting back on his clothes. “How do you deal with that?”

“Masturbation, mostly,” she answered as she looked for the opening at the bottom of her dress. “Lots and lots of masturbation. Toys. And I’ve bedded more than a few girls in my time as well. Goddess, I wish Tamar wouldn’t be so distant. She’s one I’d like to fuck. She’s hot.”

“Literally,” Shifty joked.

Cybelle didn’t take his response as humor. “I wonder if her pussy is as hot as the rest of her body,” she pondered aloud.

“Literally,” Shifty said again, looking for a laugh.

She paused and looked at him. “Because she’s a fire wizard and she’s immune to flames so naturally her body is literally hot and metaphorically hot because she’s attractive and the joke isn’t funny if I have to explain it,” he said with a sigh.

“No, no, it’s funny,” said Cybelle. “I was just fantasizing.”

Shifty was confused. “Do you prefer sex with women?” he asked. “Because if you do, that’s great. Strokes my ego when lesbians want to have sex with me.” Once again, unconsciously as always, his appearance shifted, becoming slightly more attractive and muscular as his thoughts drifted to his libido. “Which do you prefer, men or women? Or something else?” he asked, thinking of his encounter with Estelle.

“I don’t know,” she answered honestly. “I’m so used to fucking women that I think I like them better, but maybe that’s because I haven’t fucked enough men because I’m preserving my magic.”

He nodded his head sagely. “These are tough times we are living in, not knowing

ourselves as well as we think.” They finished dressing and, hand in hand, they headed back to the towers.

Chapter Five

THE HUNTER WATCHED the copulating pair from the safety of a large tree branch thirty feet above them. The best option would have been to drop down and kill them both at the same time, but the hunter wasn't sure if its skills and talents were powerful enough to overcome the magical abilities of two wizards. Granted, both wizards were still students, but there were still two of them nonetheless and the hunter was better at one-to-one conflict.

It was fascinating and disgusting to watch two beings put their bodies inside one another. That was not how the hunter lived. When they finished, they put their coverings on and left. That was another bit of fascination for the hunter: why they covered their bodies. Presumably they were weak and exposed, but why would such creatures exist?

The hunter would wait. It had certain targets given to it by its master. Patience was the key. Eventually all within the towers would come out and become prey and then victims. The first monster was just a taste, to see that it could be done. The next monster would be a proper objective.

Shifty shifted uncomfortably back and forth on his feet in front of the disciplinary committee which, at this time, consisted of the college president Professor Cryfix, Master Greystone, the dwarf earth magic teacher who barely came up to Cryfix's belt, and Dr. Susan Adler, the bald half-human, half-snake, psionics teacher.

"Are you familiar with the situation of the naiad Brooke Drench?" Professor Cryfix asked Shifty as soon as the servants closed the heavy maple doors as they left.

"I supposed. She's dead, that's all I really know. Didn't know her personally."

"Do you know how she died?" asked Greystone.

"Drowned, or so I heard." At that moment Shifty realized he was being interrogated and he wasn't sure why. He knew he didn't know a thing about the naiad's death. Well, nothing beyond what the other students said. He stopped himself before he said, I didn't know that naiads could drown. That would show he knew a little too much.

“Did you know it was possible for a naiad to drown?” asked Cryfix.

“No. I just assumed because they’re water elementals, they couldn’t.”

“You’re a shapeshifter, isn’t that right Mr. Varieg?” This question also came from the dwarf. The were-snake or whatever she was remained silently, carefully gazing at Shifty with her slitted eyes.

“Yes.”

“Any history of doppelgangers in your family?”

“I…don’t even know what that is, sir.”

Cryfix answered. “A person or creature that can perfectly imitate another person.”

“I can’t do that,” Shifty said quickly. “You know I can’t.”

“Hmm,” was all Greystone said.

Cryfix picked up from there. “You do have some basic knowledge of bewilderment charms.”

“So does every student here,” Shifty protested far too quickly.

“Yes. But a bewilderment charm combined with a person who can imitate any shape or person he wants might have been enough to confuse the naiad Drench so she could be killed,” explained Cryfix. “Please change into a freetwin.”

“A what?” Shifty was confused. “I don’t even know what that is!” He was getting nervous; this wasn’t what he expected. And Dr. Adler was making him twitchy the way she stared and never blinked.

“We need to see your shapeshifting as it progresses,” said Greystone. “Please change into the form of your roommate.”

Shifty looked uneasily at Professor Cryfix. “Do as Master Greystone has ordered.”

Although he was loath to admit it, Shifty could easily imitate Dusty and did so;

the transformation took only a second. “Satisfied?” he asked in Dusty’s voice.

“Now change into a log of wood, like one would find in the forest outside the college.”

It was a strange request, even coming from Master Greystone, but Shifty obliged. It was always weird to be an inanimate object because his body wanted to imitate the object of his choice, but there was normally never any analog so he simply felt out of place. “And back to your human form,” prompted Cryfix.

Shifty did so. He tried not to be unsettled by the fact his clothes were now on the floor and he snatched at them pulling on his trousers to hide his cock, but not before he was certain Adler had gotten a good look at his junk. He wished he had had the presence of mind to show off a bit and make himself as large as possible without hitting the critical point of scaring her off.

It didn’t seem to matter. Dr. Adler didn’t seem at all impressed by Shifty’s nudity or abilities.

“Very well, Mr. Varieg. Thank you. Please don’t leave campus without permission; we’ll be monitoring you.”

Shifty glanced one more time at Dr. Adler. Even for being half snake, she had a certain sexiness about her that was heightened by the fact she only wore a bandeau around her breasts. Otherwise everything was skin and scales. Shifty wondered how those scales would feel under his fingers, how those coils of muscle would squeeze him, and where he would stick his dick to fuck her.

When he was gone the two male staff members looked at Dr. Adler. “Well?” prompted Professor Cryfix.

“He was telling the truth, of that I’m certain. He doesn’t hide his thoughts well.”

“Do you think he was involved in the murder of Miss Drench?” asked Greystone.

Slowly Dr. Adler shook her bald head. “No. He was nervous but not hiding anything and didn’t display any special mind control abilities that would have been necessary to accomplish her unusual murder. He’s not the killer.”

“Can you be sure?” pressed Cryfix.

Adler nodded her head now. “He was more concerned in my sexual interest in him. He has other more pressing concerns in his life than hiding a murder from us.”

“What sort of concerns?” Cryfix was always interested in his student’s extra-curricular activities.

She carefully considered her answer. “The typical concerns of youth.”

Greystone snorted. “Sex.”

Tamar raised her hand to knock on the door, but then remembered where she was and simply opened it and walked in. Cybelle was sitting at her desk, a tiny book of parchment bound in a brass cover before her. She squinted at the tiny print as she copied the text and made notes about in on the rough paper she kept on the table. Cybelle was a poor scribe and her feather pen had dripped ink from the bottle all over her notes and desk. “Fucking gnomes,” she said by way of greeting to Tamar. “Tiny little fuckers make it impossible to read their books.”

“Word has it that the disciplinary committee is interviewing everyone about Brooke,” said Tamar as she casually went to her bed and fell down on it, kicking off her knee high boots.

“Mmm-hmm,” said Cybelle absently.

“Are you going to be studying here long or are you going to go to class or the library?” Tamar asked as she loosened the strings to her tunic in preparation to taking it off over her head.

Cybelle barely looked up. “Why?”

A strange grin played on Tamar’s lips. “Lecter Harmon taught me some new control techniques today. I wanted to try them out.”

That puzzled Cybelle. “Try them out how?”

Tamar abruptly yanked her tunic over her head, leaving on her thin silk camisole through which her bright red nipples were clearly visible. She stood up and unbelted her breeches before pulling them down. Her silk undergarment was as thin as her camisole exposing her bright red pubic hair. “I was going to jill off to see if I could keep from bursting into flames.” She cocked her hip to one side and ran her fingers down the comet tattoo on her belly, wiggling her fingers into her panties. “It should be safe enough in here.”

Cybelle stared at her roommate a minute and then unconsciously licked her lips. It was half an invitation but more than enough for Cybelle. “Do you need me to leave?” she asked, her voice suddenly dropping half an octave as her lust rose.

“Only if you want to,” said Tamar. With her right hand still in her panties she used her left to drop the straps to her camisole, fully exposing her tits.

“What are you doing?” Cybelle asked, not taking her eyes off her roommate.

“Isn’t it obvious?” Tamar asked ask she sat back down on her bed and busied her fingers inside her panties.

Cybelle shifted in her chair, feeling her arousal making her wet. “Do you want me to join you?” she finally asked as Tamar’s eyes closed and she burrowed deeper into her pussy.

“Uh-huh.”

Not believing she was actually being given this opportunity—and that she was actually doing it—Cybelle rested one hip on the Tamar’s bed and reached for her final remaining garment. Together the two women slipped the fine silk from the redhead’s body.

Tamar’s scent was strong in the air and Cybelle swallowed as she stared at her roommate’s wet and open sex. There was no subtlety about it; Cybelle just locked eyes with the redhead and asked, “Can I?”

Tamar nodded eagerly as Cybelle lowered her face to the fire wizard’s pussy to explore it with her tongue and lips. This was a new experience for Tamar, having a woman eat her pussy, but Cybelle had more than enough familiarity with Sapphic love. What Cybelle did to her was incredible. No man had ever eaten Tamar’s pussy with such enthusiasm and skill as did Cybelle.

For her part, Cybelle was thrilled—and relieved—that her roommate had given herself over to a bit of experimentation. Cybelle felt much safer having sex with women than with men. She was able to relax more and therefore here orgasms were more powerful. But before that, she'd have to make sure Tamar was completely sold on the idea. She was going to make the pretty redhead have the climax of her life.

Cybelle wiggled her pinky against Tamar's tight sphincter as she slipped a pair of fingers into her cunt while simultaneously focusing her tongue on Tamar's clit. It didn't take long, much to Cybelle's delight, for Tamar to wiggle and pant and then arch up her hips with a tremendous shout as she came, soaking Cybelle's face when she squirted in conjunction with her orgasm. Pulling back just a bit, Cybelle laughed in delight and wiped her face. "I see you liked that." She licked a bit of Tamar's flavor from her fingers. "And you didn't burst into flames. Thanks for that, by the way."

Tamar laughed nervously. "See. I just needed a bit of training and some practice. I don't want every one of my lovers to turn into impromptu barbeque." She reached down for Cybelle, gently pulling the other woman up toward her. They shared a kiss and Tamar had the full intention of helping the enchantress out of her clothes when the dorm room door banged open.

"I can't believe they're calling fucking everyone in front of the disciplinary committee," raged Tamar as she barged in under a full head of steam. Steam was literally coming out of her ears and floating above her head; it was one of the many not so wonderful parts of being a fire wizard. She was headed for headed for her desk when she glanced at her bed and saw Cybelle tangled up with a woman who looked exactly like herself. Tamar froze in mid-stride.

Cybelle glanced between her lover and her roommate, both of who had the same face and body. "What the fuck!" she spluttered, half pushing away from the woman on her back.

"Oh shit," muttered the Tamar on the bed, who grimaced at the awkward situation.

"What are you doing!" the standing Tamar demanded. She wasn't sure if she was demanding this of herself or an imposter, or Cybelle for that matter. While she certainly found herself attracted to the pretty if slightly overweight blonde, she

wasn’t going to screw up their good roommate relationship just for a roll in the hay. It would have to be an incredibly good roll in the hay for that. And here she was having that roll in the hay and she wasn’t even getting to enjoy the fruits of the game.

“Having sex?” the naked Tamar suggested unhelpfully.

Cybelle was looking back and forth between the two Tamar’s, momentarily confused. Abruptly she reached out and slapped the naked Tamar across the face, hitting the woman with who she had just had sex, leaving a light pink palm print across her cheek. “Shifty! You piece of shit! Why did you fucking seduce me pretending you were Tamar!” She slapped the redhead again.

Neither Tamar did anything for a second and then they exchanged a guilty glance, and then accusatory ones.

“You were supposed to wait in the forest until I came and got you,” naked Tamar said.

“You said you were only going to invite her to the ruins!” the clothed one replied. Her hand went to the dagger at her hip, but she quickly decided that killing her fellow students—or even attempting to kill by steel—was a stupid and foolish endeavor. “You were supposed to get her ready for me!”

“Wait. What?” Cybelle was confused. She looked back and forth between the two Tamars. “Shifty change to your normal self of so help me—!” She left the threat unspoken as she jumped off the bed, but the way her green eyes glowed unsettled both the others in the room.

On the bed naked Tamar’s flesh became soft and liquid, but then quickly coalesced back into a familiar human shape. Shifty was on the bed, naked, and both women, despite themselves, couldn’t help but glance at his extraordinarily large cock. Even knowing his secret that he could change his cock size at will, Cybelle was impressed. “Sorry,” he apologized to her. “But it’s not like we haven’t already have sex. And besides, it was for a good cause.”

“Good cause? What good cause?”

The real Tamar spoke. “He was supposed to seduce you and invite you outside to the ruins of the old classroom tower where we could have sex in safety. In case I

exploded into flames."

"What about me?" snapped Cybelle.

"I have a fire protection spell ready," Tamar said.

"I meant about being seduced by one person and having sex with another." She reached out and twisted Shifty's nipple.

"Ouch! Hey. Quit it. It was her fucking idea," he said, pointing accusatorily at Tamar as he jumped out of bed and gathered up the clothing he had borrowed from Tamar. Without thinking he pulled on the silk panties, realized what he had done, shrugged, and pulled them up around his hips, shrinking his cock slightly to make them fit, before pulling on the tunic and breeches. There was definitely no need for the camisole.

Cybelle whirled on Tamar. "Why didn't you just ask if you wanted to sleep with me?"

"She's too shy," explained Shifty. He tried pulling on Tamar's boots, but they were too small. He opted not to alter his feet and just kicked them to the side. He'd walk back to his room barefoot.

"Yeah, I'm too shy," Tamar agreed, a half second too late.

Cybelle eyed them both; she didn't fully believe either of them.

"Look, I'll just leave you two girls alone," said Shifty, headed toward the door. "This is getting a little too crazy for me and it's more than obvious you two have the hots for each other—literally, Tamar, ha ha—so I'll be going and allow you to work it out." He slammed the door behind him.

Tamar and Cybelle looked uneasily at each other. Uncomfortably Cybelle wiped the last bit of wetness Shifty—Tamar?—had left on her cheeks and glanced out the window where Tamar's gaze had gone. "So?"

"So," agreed Tamar. "You like having sex with women?"

"I like having sex with men and women," Cybelle informed her. "I don't have a real preference."

“Do you want to have sex with me?” she asked softly.

“Yes. I just did. I’ll do it again,” Cybelle said nervously.

“I think I should cast the fire protection spell first. I don’t want to burn you or the tower down.” She pulled her tunic over her head revealing spectacular bare breasts which made Cybelle wonder how Shifty had copied them exactly.

Outside in the ruins, as the sun went down, the hunter snuffled angrily. It had been certain the trap was perfect. It had overhead the conversation between Tamar and Shifty and was certain that ambushing Tamar amongst the ruins would have been easily done, but she didn’t show up at the appointed time and it was far too late in the evening to wait any longer. It would have to find another victim.

But there were plenty around.

End Book One

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

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