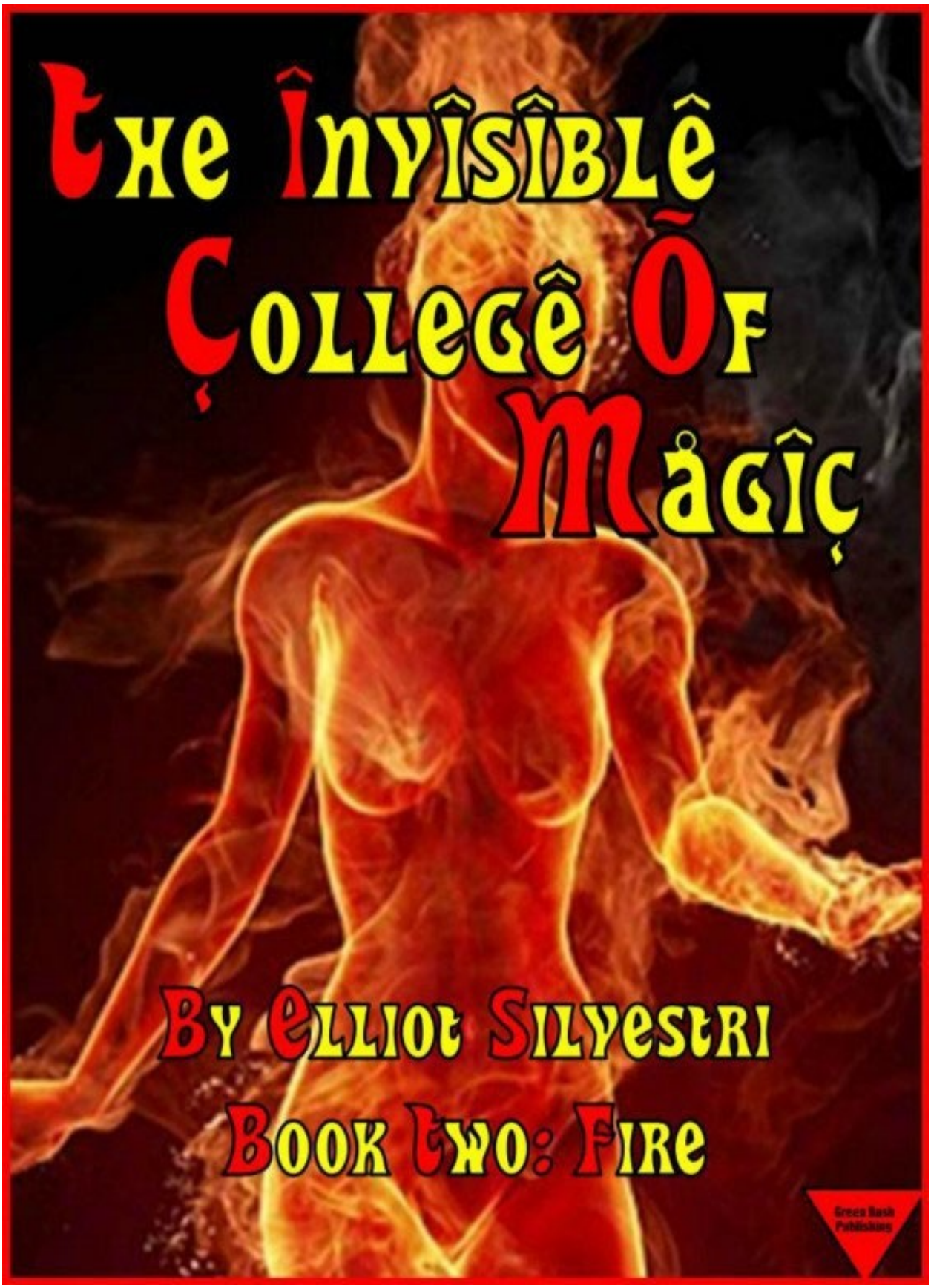
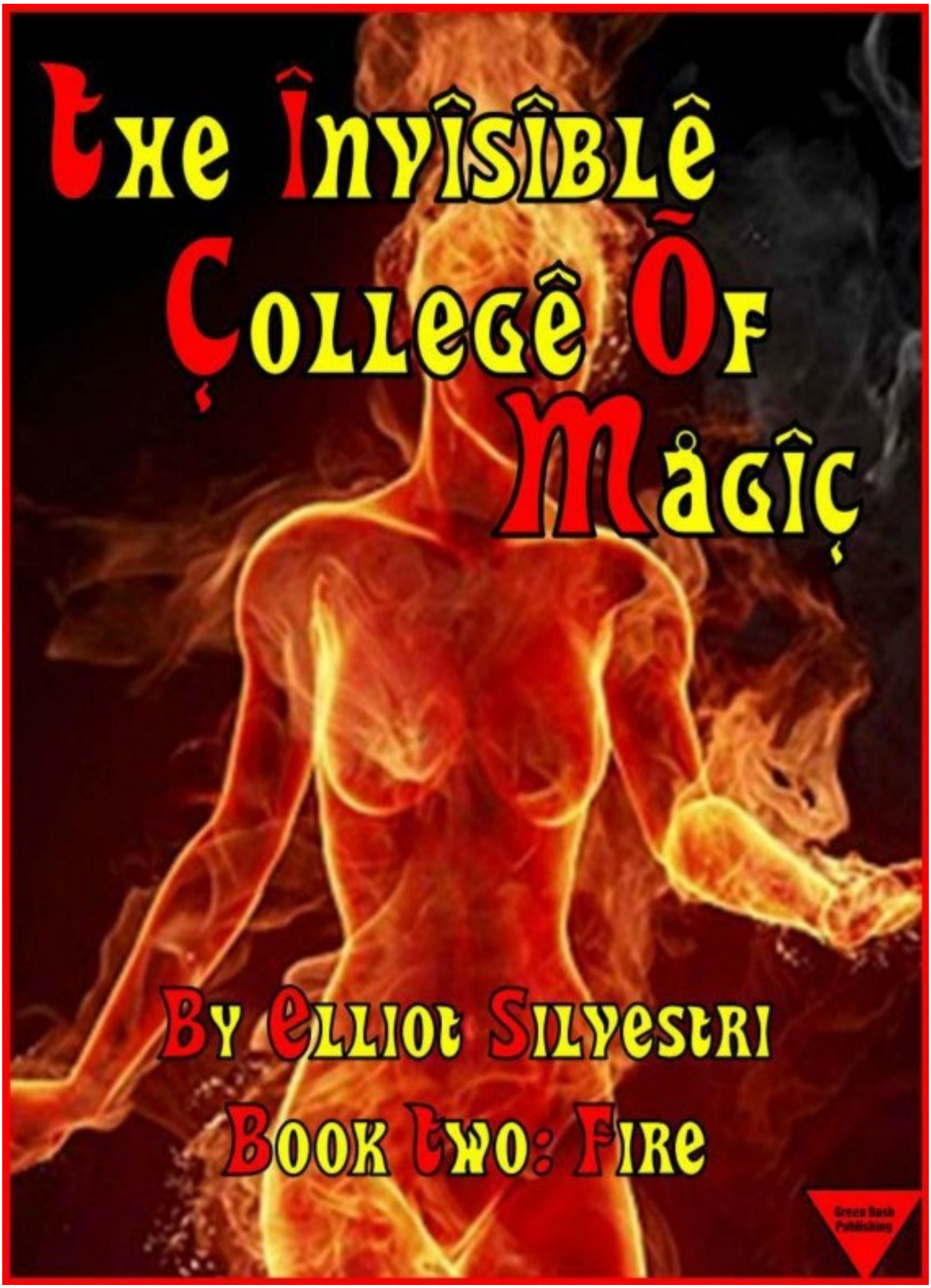

The Invisible College Of Magic
By Elliot Silvestri
Book Two: Fire
Green Rain Publishing


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Book One: Fire

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Smashwords Edition

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The Unicorn Curse

Veroneeka's Time

Table of Contents

Cast of Characters

Book Two: Fire

Chapter One…Estelle Ran Awkwardly

Chapter Two…Shifty Started To Knock

Chapter Three…Tamar Was On Her Back

Chapter Four…The Infirmary Was Quiet

Chapter Five…It Would Have Been Wrong

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

Nurse Ursun – chief chirgeon for the infirmary

The Hunter – an assassin

Chapter One

ESTELLE RAN AWKWARDLY up the dorm stairs. The stairs curved around the outer edge of the tower but that's not what made it awkward for her; it was because her legs and hooves weren't designed to go up stairs intended for humanoids with two legs that ended in feet, not hooves. Being a centaur her assigned dorm room was on the ground floor, but she didn't have time to wait for one of her fellow students to come down and talk to her. Besides, she figured that Shifty would want to know right away.

Luckily his room was on the second floor, not the tenth, the top floor. She banged her fist once on the heavy maple planks that made up the door. There wasn't an immediate answer, so she kicked the door with both her front hooves causing the door to fly open and slam against the wall. She thundered inside the small room.

"The fuck?" Dusty exclaimed as he jumped off his bed and the woman he had been sharing it with.

"Where's Shifty?" Estelle demanded, her eyes casting around the small room, seeking out Dusty's roommate, as if he might be hiding under the bed while Dusty was fucking some random woman.

"I don't know," Dusty snapped at the intruding centaur. "It's my night with the room. Alone." He said it with a little to emphasis, but Estelle didn't notice.

Estelle's eyes went back to the earth wizard as if seeing him for the first time. He was naked with a cock that, while not especially impressive in size, was rock hard, as befitted a where it was second nature to control the very stones itself. She looked him over, quickly discounted him as not being sufficient for her needs, and then glanced at the young women in the bed who was clutching the sheets to her body, as if Estelle's viewing her nudity would cause her to burst into flames or disappear from reality.

And then Estelle realized the woman wasn't a student at the college, she was one of the serving staff. A quick glance at the floor confirmed that; her uniform lay crumpled among the detritus of the dorm room. She glanced back at Dusty who was still standing in the middle of the room, his cock jutting up to the ceiling and she gave a second thought to possibly considering him for a bed partner, but at the moment she had other, more pressing, concerns.

“You shouldn’t be fucking the serving staff,” Estelle said, trying not to sound judgmental but knew she sounded exactly like that.

“Don’t tell me who to bed and who not,” Dusty snapped at her.

“You know the college rules,” she reminded him.

“Shanda and I have a special relationship,” he said, trying to defend himself.

Estelle snorted. “Right.”

“Then would you believe I was using her as a test subject?” he asked.

For that Estelle raised an eyebrow. “That I might believe. What spell?”

Dusty glanced down at his still rock hard cock. “Partial body flesh to stone transformation.”

That idea tempted Estelle, but she needed to speak with Shifty. “Just tell your roommate that I need to speak with him as soon as possible. Tonight would be best.”

“Yeah. I’ll tell him when I see him. Now, if you’d give me and my guest a little privacy?”

Estelle nodded and headed for the door. She noticed that when she had kicked the door open she hadn’t broken the lock. The door hadn’t been locked at all. “If you’re looking for privacy, you should probably set the lock before you start fucking a lady.” She glanced back at Shanda. “Then again, lady might not be the right term.”

“Rude bitch,” Shanda said after Estelle left. She dropped the sheets from her body and showed her breasts to Dusty. “But where were we?”

Dusty grinned and climbed back in bed with her. Shanda wasn’t any stranger to slipping into bed with a student. Or two.

The smooth hardness of Dusty’s cock slipped into Shanda’s pussy. She had been excited before they had been rudely interrupted and she had remained excited—and wet. His cock was literally a rock, a smooth rock with just the right amount

of ridges and bumps in the right places. She was panting and sighing in no time. That was the fun of fucking novice student wizards; they were always willing to try new and exciting things.

Shanda loved to try new things. The day after she lost her first virginity, she was on her hands and knees losing her anal virginity to her second lover. So when she felt her anus being penetrated and opened up, Shanda wasn't the least bit afraid. She was looking forward to it. She hadn't been expecting it, exactly, but she wasn't the sort of woman to say no.

The only really disturbing part was it wasn't Dusty opening up her ass with his fingers or cock. It was someone else. And even that wasn't disturbing. The someone else was under her who hadn't been there a minute ago.

The cock felt good going up into her ass. It felt especially good as it started going in and out of her in counterpoint to Dusty's cock in her pussy. Before she knew it, Shifty was under her body, holding her, reaching around her body and playing with her tits. It took her less than a minute to decide that getting fucked by two men was definitely better than getting fucked by one. She was pinned between them and could barely move—but that was fine. It was a wonderful feeling.

Kissing Dusty was easy. Turning her head around to kiss Shifty was more difficult. "Where were you hiding?" she asked him.

"In the bed."

"In the bed?" She grunted once as Dusty reached particularly deep into her pussy. "You were there and then you weren't."

"Okay, I was part of the bed. I've been practicing. It's easy to hide as an inanimate object."

"Uh-huh," replied Shanda. "But when you're doing fucking me, you'd better go find the centaur girl. She seemed awful eager to find you."

Chapter Two

SHIFTY STARTED TO knock on the very large door that was the entrance to Estelle's room, but then thought better of it. Since she had just barged into his room, he would simply barge into hers. The heavy door easily swung open at his firm push.

It was the first time he had seen a centaur masturbating and he was immediately fascinated. Since it was impossible for a centaur to actually reach her human hands back to her pussy, Estelle—like all centaurs—had to be creative.

She had mounted, to a bench intended for visitors, an enormous stone dildo. Where she had acquired it from, he couldn't say. The dildo was placed into a series of straps that kept it from moving—mostly—as she rubbed her hindquarters against it. It was already slick with her juices having plumbed her depths as she tried to get herself off.

When Shifty walked in she looked at him with wild eyes, not because he had caught her in the middle of getting herself off, but because she desperately needed release and the dildo wasn't nearly sufficient enough.

"Hera's Hooves," she panted at him. "You're here. I need you to help get me off." Her tone was pleading and desperate. The vest she normally wore while walking the college's hallways and paths, the one that covered her breasts, was hanging open and her tits were swaying back and forth with her movements. All in all, she looked quite fetching, not exactly like a mare in heat, but close enough for Shifty's taste.

"That's what you burst into my room for?" he asked, somewhat incredulous, though that didn't stop his cock from starting to rise.

"How'd you know about that?" she replied even as she continued to rub her pussy on the dildo while pinching a nipple.

Shifty froze for half a second and then smoothly recovered. "Dusty told me. He was perturbed at getting interrupted with what's-her-name by you."

"So are you going to fuck me or what?" a desperate Estelle begged him. It was obvious that the dildo wasn't meeting all her needs and Shifty suddenly understood why centaurs had such strong sex drives: they couldn't get themselves off and so always needed the help of a willing partner.

While almost always being up for a metaphorical roll in the hay with someone—anyone—Shifty once again hesitated. Not because he didn't desire Estelle or find her attractive, but he had just fucked Shanda and wasn't entirely certain he could get it up again and satisfy Estelle. Luckily he remembered that as a shapeshifter he had nearly complete control over every aspect of his body, and that include his cock, small and large, limp and erect.

"Sure, I'll fuck you," he said happily as he started to shed his clothes. "But I'm going to do it in human form. I'm still not entirely certain of my centaur shape just yet." He remembered his last encounter with Estelle where he tried to shape as a centaur, but only managed to become a horse.

"Great. Fine. Just stick your big hard dick in me, okay?" Estelle half turned her body so she wasn't backed up against the bench, lifted her tail and presented Shifty with her wet and inflamed pussy.

Using just a touch of magic to make himself extra big—and extra hard—Shifty grabbed her horse hips and remarked to himself how much centaur pussy looked just like human pussy, before slipping his tool into her.

"Oh, fuck yes. That's exactly what I needed," she grunted as Shifty started pumping away. He didn't have an incredibly high need to fuck at the moment—most of his lust having dissipated after cumming in Shanda's ass—but he felt he needed to put on a good show, and it was fun to fuck the centaur, plus it was just good relationship building to always be ready for her when she needed him. He wouldn't want to turn her down now and be rejected by Estelle sometime in the future.

It was still a fun romp for Shifty. He had been given the opportunity to fuck Estelle several times and fucking a centaur was completely different from fucking any demihuman he had ever been with. Her cunt felt different and her attitude was something unlike any normal human. He liked that.

And so did she. Within a couple of minutes Shifty was already on edge and when he blew his load in her, she let out a satisfied grunt and clamped down on his cock with her cunt heightening the pleasure for them both.

After he came, Shifty realized that every time he had had sex with Estelle, it had been standing up. It wasn't that centaurs couldn't lie down; it was that it was very difficult for them to have sex with each other in that position. He didn't

mind fucking her that way, it was just afterwards it was exhausting for him to remain on his feet. Centaurs could lock their knees and easily stand for hours. After pulling out of her, Shifty lost his balance and fell back onto his ass.

“Ow,” he commented.

Estelle looked over her shoulder at him. “I didn’t see that coming,” she smirked.

“You’d think a stargazer would be able to see these things a little better,” he told her, standing up and dusting the dirt from his butt with his hands.

His snide comment made her snap her fingers, having triggered a memory. “That reminds me why I wanted to see you.”

He looked at her blankly. “You mean you didn’t come to my room just looking to get laid?” he asked. She couldn’t tell if he was kidding or not.

Her eyes narrowed on him. “First, centaurs don’t ‘get laid’. We have sex in an upright position, like normal people.”

“Right,” Shifty muttered under his breath.

“And second, I’m not so desperate for sex that I’d break down the door to your room looking for you.”

Shifty held up a finger to protest, but then thought better of it. “So why did you come to my place?” he asked. “By the time I got down here it looked like you had things well in hand.” His gaze fell meaningfully on the stone dildo still strapped to the bench. “So to speak.”

“I got bored waiting for you,” she snapped at him. “And you should be happy I was trying to get myself off when you arrived. No foreplay. All you had to do was drop your pants and fuck me.”

“You know, sometimes men enjoy a little romance too.”

She sighed. “Can we get back on subject here? I came for you—”

“I’ll say!” he inserted, eyebrows waggling.

She ignored him “—because I had a vision.”

“You’re a centaur. Don’t you have visions all the time?”

“No, I was trying a new technique—”

“Is it what you did with your pussy just now?”

“No!” she shouted at him, exasperated. Shifty was the only humanoid she knew that was randier than a centaur. “Shut up and let me finish.”

“I was trying a new meditation technique and I was given a vision in the middle of it.”

“You were masturbating so hard that you that a vision?”

“I was meditating using celestial focus and was struck with a vision that I fear might predict the future.”

He looked at her dolefully. “You know I don’t believe in prognosticating, right?”

She ignored his comment. “I had a vision you—”

“I bet you did.”

“—and I saw you being murdered.”

That was enough to get him to stop. “Murdered?” he asked.

“Just like Brooke was,” she said, referring to the recently killed naiad.

“I was drowned?” He looked on the floor for his pants. It wasn’t the sort of conversation he liked to have while naked.

“No. You were held in some way when changing from one human shape to another. You were trapped between shapes. You didn’t have a full mouth or nose. You couldn’t breathe.”

While that didn’t sound like the way Shifty actually changed his shape, it did sound like an awful way to die. “Unlikely. When I change shape, I don’t close up my mouth and nose. That would actually be more work and make the process

more difficult."

"I'm just telling you what I saw," Estelle said, somewhat miffed that he didn't take her premonition seriously.

"I suppose I should be terrified," he said. "I mean, it's not like a stargazer has ever been wrong…" He meant his comment to come out teasing, but to her ears, it sounded like he was mocking and deriding her.

"I wasn't stargazing!" she insisted. "I was using a celestial focus. They are two completely different things. The celestial focus is much more accurate." The more she spoke, the more her anger rose. While she wasn't a powerful combat wizard or one who could alter the fabric of reality—yet—but she knew her powers were steadily growing and a true prognosticator could tell when a premonition was accurate. This vision she knew had far too much chance of becoming real.

Shifty held up his hands, unable to stop himself from bantering with her. "Well, in that case, I'll be sure not to shut my mouth the next time I shapeshift." He grinned. "Just like a stargazer who can't shut up about her premonitions."

"Fuck you, Shifty," she cursed at him.

He grabbed his chest as if her insult had mortally wounded him. "Oh no. I'm done for." He gasped and wheezed. "Can't go on in this form. Must…save… self." As he played out this little performance to Estelle's eye rolling, he sank to his knees and started altering his form, focusing primarily on his face, melting the flesh and letting it cover his countenance as a blank slate of skin, but eventually opening it back up to his normal appearance with mouth and nose in their correct place. He sucked in a deep breath in relief. "Oh thank the future gods," he praised her. "Your warning saved me!" He bent forward to kiss her leg right above her right front hoof.

She kicked him aside. "Piss off, Shifty. Get out of my room."

Giggling, Shifty rose up to his feet and headed to the door. "I'm getting kind of horny. Want to fuck one last time before I go? I promise I won't breathe heavily in your ear." He laughed.

"Go!" She pointed at the door and lifted up her hands. Even if she wasn't a

combat wizard, she knew some basic spells that would, if not kill or wound him, would certainly sting enough to stop his mockery.

“Going!” he called as he slipped out the door.

Estelle released the spell and a pair of small magical missiles struck the doorframe as he left.

Chapter Three

TAMAR WAS ON her back with her legs spread. Dusty was on top of her slowly thrusting away. He had to thrust slowly because he was in his rock golem form. While this way he was extremely strong but he was also slow, because rock didn't move smoothly or fast.

They were at the edge of the old tower ruins; broken chunks of large rocks were scattered near the edge of the encroaching forest. The tower had fallen decades before, long before either were students at the Invisible College and long before the current teachers were born. It was the perfect location for Tamar's little experiment. Her clothes were neatly arranged in a pile yards away, as were Dusty's. She didn't want to destroy yet another outfit and Dusty had just followed her example.

The lack of sex was Tamar's one regret so far in her life. Everyone back home wouldn't believe her, of course, but bursting into flame the moment she lost psychological control wasn't exactly fun. Burning down her family's house might have been labeled and accident, but she knew the truth. Immolation due to masturbation. Jilling off in her bed was enough to catch the whole place on fire in less than a minute. By the time the fire department had shown up, the place was in cinders and she was all but naked, having found an old set of clothes in the backyard pool's storage shed. As it turned out her parents didn't care. They just rebuilt the house with the insurance money and then shipped her to the Invisible College so she could learn to control herself.

And she had. Mostly. Sex was still a problem. An orgasm caused a firestorm every time. Being jealous of the other students fucking everyone and everything that moved just depressed her. But she figured that maybe, just maybe, Dusty might be the temporary solution to her problem. He was always willing to fuck a new girl, according to Shifty, at least.

It wasn't that she was at all attracted to Dusty—not that he was particularly ugly or crude or whatever—but he didn't have that certain spark of life that excited her in a man or a woman. Jilling herself out in the ruins was fine, but that got old fast enough. And after some time in the college she noticed she had left far too many scorch marks all over the ruins and decided that she needed to do something about her needs. Dusty was just the best solution for the moment because as an earth wizard who could take on a rocky form, he was all but immune to her burning flames.

What Dusty discovered the moment he put his stone hard dick into her was that Tamar was incredibly hot. She was metaphorically hot, of course, with her long legs, red hair that fell from her head like waves of fire, freckles that covered her nose, cheeks, and forehead on pale skin, but she was physically hot as well. On the few occasions he had touched her before their encounter in the ruins, he had a passing thought that she was obviously warm-blooded and maybe even a bit overheated, but once his rock hard cock was firmly seated in her saddle, he realized that her internal temperature was well above human or humanoid standards.

“You’re hot,” he told her even before the first thrust was completed.

Right away, she understood. “I know. It comes from being a fire wizard.”

That made sense, of course. As a fire wizard her body could easily adapt to any temperature and a secondary effect of this was to remain extremely warm at all times, which explained while she tended to prance around the dorm in practically no clothing at all. A trait almost all the male population—and more than a few females—appreciated.

They said nothing for a moment while Dusty found his slow rhythm. It had been agreed she would give him a blowjob while still in human form before he transmuted to his stone golem status; he wasn’t sure he could actually get an erection if he started off in stone form. And even though she was somewhat less experienced than the average Invisible College student, her fellatio skills were still admirable. Once he was hard he transformed to stone which made his skin not alabaster marble smooth, but ridged roughly textured, like lightly smooth granite plates that slide over one another. His featured thickened and became more masculine—almost monstrous—but when she touched him, she could feel his life force just under the surface.

The few times she had had a flesh cock inside her pussy had not been enjoyable, not because she didn’t like sex, but because she couldn’t relax enough to fully enjoy it and cum. She had to hold back her orgasm which she hated. This time she was ready for anything.

“I’m not going to hurt you if I burst into flames, am I?” she asked one more time while she slowly worked up to the delightful peak that was so often denied her.

“Not unless you turn into a volcano and melt me,” he rumbled at her. His voice

had dropped an octave and there was the unmistakable sense of gravel in his throat.

While she considered the possibility of her body becoming a conduit for magma, that was unlikely, and it wasn't like she was in love with Dusty. The college had had other accidents in the past that resulted in a student's demise; she knew she could deal with his death rather easily.

"I'm gonna cum," she grunted after what seemed like an hour of steady sex. Getting pumped slowly by Dusty was fine, but she hadn't anticipated the wonderfully cruel buildup she was getting to her eventual peak. Her desire to cum had grown to so great a point that she honestly didn't care if he died in the inferno of her climax; she just needed to cum.

The resulting firestorm from her flesh at first alarmed Dusty. He wasn't sure if her scream was from her flesh catching fire or from her orgasm. He briefly held his breath so that the flames wouldn't shoot down his windpipe, but then realized he was protected inside and out; the fire wouldn't hurt him either way.

Tamar's orgasm seemed to last forever. It kept going and going. Dusty realized that her flesh didn't actually catch fire; the flames just seemed to shoot out of her skin leaving her unharmed but burning everything else around—except for his granite flesh. The scrubby weeds and opportunistic plants on and around which they had been fucking, quickly withered and died when exposed to the flames, soon leaving them only on the rough bits of stone.

Eventually her little death passed and the flames faded away. She looked up at him with an amazed expression on her face. "That was fantastic," she told him, giving him a kiss as a reward for his labor. His hard skin felt strange under her lips, but that didn't prevent her from making the gesture.

"Good, huh?" He grinned. "Never had a woman get off on my rock dick before."

"Today is a first for a lot of things," she said. "You didn't cum yet?"

Slowly Dusty shook his head back and forth.

"Do you want to?"

"Hells, yeah."

“You aren’t going to shoot gravel into my twat, are you?” she asked. It suddenly occurred to her that might be a consequence of doing it with a stone golem.

“Don’t know,” he rumbled. “Never came when I was stone before.”

“It’s a risk I’m willing to take,” she said.

He nodded and started thrusting again. This time with a little more speed. He was halfway to his orgasm and nothing was going to hold him back now. Briefly Dusty considered what might happen while climaxing as a golem, but that was quickly dismissed as an inconsequential concern as he started to literally pound her between a rock and a hard place.

Shortly the flames returned around Tamar’s body and Dusty grinned in the realization he was giving her another orgasm. She screamed out again and he thought it was wonderful that she was able to fully enjoy her sexuality with him out in the open like this.

And then she kept screaming. And a scent of burning flesh reached his rocky nostrils and Dusty realized something was wrong. She was on fire and Tamar was a fire wizard and that shouldn’t happen.

He pulled up short and cast his eyes about. There, just out of reach, was a black shapeless creature crouching on a ridge of broken stone. There were glowing yellow eyes that were focused on the couple and Dusty realized that Tamar was being attacked.

As fast as he was able, Dusty got off his companion, levered himself to his feet and lumbered across the ten feet to the hunter. A sickening hiss filled his ears but Dusty ignored the sound. Instead he swung his boulder-like fist as fast as he was able.

Either the predator didn’t seem him or didn’t realize Dusty was a threat. When his fist hit, the multi-legged monster went flying across the broken ground of the ruins and rolled into the edge of the forest. Gamely Dusty pursued, but by the time he reached where he last spotted the hunter, it was gone.

Transforming back to his vulnerable and human state, he ran—naked—back to Tamar where she was softly crying on the stone. It seemed her entire body was smoking, but her skin was only bright red with some blistering.

It was still unsettling and he was barely able to focus long enough to whip up a telecom spell and cast his voice to the college infirmary.

Help arrived minutes later. It seemed like an eternity to Dusty as he held Tamar’s hand and prayed to the demon that gave him his powers that she wouldn’t die in front of him.

Chapter Four

THE INFIRMARY WAS quiet. The silence was broken when Tamar sat bolt upright in the bed with a gasping scream. She expected to see Dusty because he was the last thing she saw when she passed out. Instead, her eyes fell on Damian who had his feet up on the edge of her bedframe while leaning back in a chair reading a book. He barely glanced up at her when she woke up.

“What happened?” she demanded, at once grateful she was alive and at the same time experiencing for the first time in her life the sensation of a light burn to her skin. Her skin had some blistering all over it along with red color that nearly matched Damian’s skin.

The half-demon closed his book, put his feet down (they were in boots so Tamar wasn’t able to establish if he had human feet, clawed bird feet, or more traditional demon cloven hooves), and said, “Oh. You’re awake.” He idly rubbed at one of the shiny black horns projecting from his forehead. It was a habit she had learned was an indicator that Damian was worried about something. She hoped his worry was about her and not some other trivial matter.

“Where the fuck am I?” she asked, already knowing the answer but still feeling the need to make demands of her fellow student.

“Infirmary,” he answered and took his hand away from his horn after he realized what he was doing. “You got brought here after you were attacked.”

“Attacked?”

“Nearly burned to death, according to Dusty,” Damian said. “You look pretty good to me, though.” His eyes raked down her body and only at that point did she realize she was completely naked, her skin slathered with a greasy ointment that made it shine. Unnecessarily she snatched at the sheet she had been laying on, covering up her nudity. Tamar wasn’t shy about being naked, but the way Damian looked at her was unsettling. And it turned her on, which she knew was a secondary effect of just being in the same room with a demon.

He was incredibly handsome, both with his facial features and his lean, muscular body, which he showed off by wearing pants that were too tight along with a leather jerkin with its laces open to show his pectoral and flat abdominals. His cock was clearly outlined through his cotton pants. Tamar ran her tongue over her dry lips.

“Thanks,” she said both sarcastically and with a hint of intimation that maybe some time in the future he could get to explore her body. “Where’s Dusty? Why isn’t he here?”

“How the hell would I know?” he asked and chuckled. “Hell. Heh. If he was in a hell, I’d know it though.”

“Very funny. Where is he, though? Was he hurt by whatever it is that attacked us?”

Damian slowly shook his head. “No. As far as I know he’s fine. He’s been walking around the college just fine for the past few days.”

“Days?!”

He looked at her blandly. “You’ve been out almost—” and then he disappeared before he could explain various student had been given babysitting duty with her. He left behind only his clothes and a slight smell of brimstone in the air.

When Shifty was summoned to Dr. Adler’s office, he was fairly certain it had something to do with the disciplinary committee and the death of Brooke Drench. He was wrong.

The bald professor of psionics fixed him with a gaze that made him want to shapeshift to a different body and run out the door. Her glowing eyes were more unsettling that her body. The upper half was undoubtedly human and was also incredibly attractive once he was able to get past her bald head. She had sharp, angular features and almond shaped eyes that would be attractive on any woman. A long neck made her classically beautiful. She customarily wore a corset or bustier that left her smooth, pale shoulders bare and managed to push up her considerable breasts while also enhancing a small waist. From her waist her hips flared out…and that’s where it all fell apart for Shifty. Her very human, very sexy, hips changed over to a long, thick tail covered with green and red scales that were undoubtedly snake-like.

Much like Estelle the centaur, Dr. Adler was a half-and-half, though no one at the college was stupid enough to refer to either of them with such a slur. Adler had never defined exactly what she was, but her upper half was that of a human

woman and her bottom half was that of a giant snake. Shifty refused to listen to rumors that she had hatched that way from a giant snake egg after some supposed warrior decapitated her snake demigod mother and fucked the headless corpse. If anything, he believed that she was the unfortunate result of a particularly bad magical experiment that went awry, combining her human body with a giant snake.

“You wanted to see me, Dr. Adler?” he asked after the door opened by itself when he knocked on it.

“Yes, good to see you, Thomas.” As much as he wanted to hear it, Dr. Adler did not make a sibilant s-sound at the end of her words.

“Call me Shifty,” he said automatically.

She nodded slightly and the glow in her eyes diminished but didn’t disappear. “Certainly. Do you know why I summoned you, Shifty?”

“Um. I assume to discuss Brooke’s death?” It came out as a question.

Slowly she shook her head. Although her office was much like any other in the college with a large desk, shelves of books and scrolls, and various magical artifacts scattered about, there was also the addition of a wooden pole in the middle of the room with various branch-like projections forking off the upright pole. This Adler used as a chair, of sorts, to coil her long snake half around. She did this now, her upper human body moving not at all while her long, strong coils wrapped around the artificial tree. “No. As you know, I needed to peer into you mind during the interview to make sure you were telling the truth.”

“I was!” he quickly insisted.

She nodded. The light from the candle-filled chandelier above her glinted off her smooth pate. “I know. But for many people who aren’t trained in the psionic arts, you tend to scream out—psychically speaking—what you are thinking.”

“Sorry,” he apologized while not knowing what he was apologizing for. The interview had been a bit of a blur.

“Apologies are not needed. I just wanted to confirm that you were actually interested in fucking me.”

His eyes bulged at her statement. “Sorry,” he said again.

Adler shook her head once more. “No need for apologies. I just need to confirm it’s true.”

Her glowing eyes and snake body had Shifty off-kilter. He could only answer honestly. “Yeah, but I didn’t mean for you to know that.”

The grin on that of Adler’s face was that of a predator. “I accidentally learn a lot about people because of my magical abilities. I’ve learned not to take it personally.” Casually, as if she were making a note on a paper or taking a sip of tea from a cup, she untied the laces of her bustier, letting it fall to the floor. Shifty goggled as her large breasts spilled out. He couldn’t take his eyes from them; they were much more mesmerizing that her glowing eyes. “Would you still like to fuck me?” she asked.

Somehow Shifty’s brain managed to still function under the strained circumstances. “Uh…I thought that college rules barred student-teacher relationships.”

Dr. Adler let out a low, throaty laugh. “I am a teacher,” she said, “but not your teacher.”

Shifty cleared his throat. “Be that as it may, how would this even work? I’m human and your…you?” He didn’t want to say “whatever you are.”

“Answer the question, Thomas,” she demanded in a commanding voice accompanied by a flare in her glowing eyes.

“Yes!” Shifty said far too quickly and honestly. “I’d love to fuck a beautiful woman like you. But I don’t know how.” His honesty scared him and he clamped a hand over his mouth.

“I thought so. But you’re not human, are you?” she said. “You’re a shapeshifter.”

Faster than he could follow, Shifty suddenly found himself pulled forward by two coils of her strong tail. His body pressed up against her human torso and they were abruptly kissing.

Except for some slightly sharper than average incisors the kiss was incredible

and he found his body reacting as it would with any other sex partner. Shifty found it easiest if he just focused on her upper half, which was fine because the beautiful Dr. Adler focused on getting him out of his clothes as quickly as possible.

Once he was naked, Adler kissed her way down his chest while pulling at his cock. Getting a blowjob from a professor was much like getting head from any other person, except Adler had slightly pronounced incisors that heightened the thrill and she was obviously a well-practiced fellatrix. Plus Shifty found he couldn't get away from her if he wanted; her muscular snake-coils all but pinned him in place.

Watching her head bob up and down on his cock, Shifty found himself saying, "Is this how it works, you giving me head? Because I'm not seeing where I…?" he trailed off, unable to finish the question.

Adler backed off his cock and laughed lightly. "No. I can have sex like any woman. I just like giving head. It makes me feel in control of the situation." She moved back slightly further, reclining her top half against the low couch along one wall that Shifty had figured was for visitors. Her body was undoubtedly human down to her navel and then a bit more before it changed over from skin to scales. But as she reclined on the couch, a few of the scales split open revealing a cunt that was unlike any that Shifty had ever seen before, but its purpose was obvious. "Prove what you wanted to do to me," she said. "Make it big enough to fill me up," she said while pointing at his cock.

Shifty did as she ordered and enlarged his manhood to the point where he was certain he was large enough for her. Unlike other women he had fucked, Dr. Adler didn't have legs and for a moment Shifty was puzzled as to how to go about fucking her. That problem was easily solved by him straddling her thick lower body and wrapping his legs around her tail while he stuck his large hard cock into her.

If he had been pressed on the issue, Shifty would have admitted to a great deal of nervousness in putting such a vulnerable bit of his anatomy into a person who was, in the back of his mind, a gorgon. Turning into stone was Dusty's thing, not his. But once he was inside her cunt, Shifty realized it felt just like every other female he had ever been with and started thrusting happily away, riding her thigh tail like he would a horse or other mount.

“Fuck me,” Dr. Adler panted. They had quickly gone from disciplinary teacher addressing a reluctant student, to kinky lovers in the space of a few eye blinks. Either Dr. Adler was extremely ravenous for sex or was easily aroused for she seemed to be at her peak already while Shifty was left far behind.

She squeezed him with her coils and clutched at his flesh with her hands. “Fuck me!” she commanded again and again. “Hard! Son of demons! Harder!”

There was a small explosion, almost a bang, and the unmistakable scent of brimstone filled the office.

“—a week now,” Damian finished.

Dr. Adler and Shifty looked over at the half-demon who stood naked in the middle of the office.

“What the fuck, Damian!” Shifty burst out at the same time Dr. Adler said, “Oops.”

Glancing around and then down at his body Damian first said, “Where am I?” and then he added, “Where are my clothes?”

“That’s what I was just going to ask,” shouted Shifty.

The half-demon took a good look at the two other people in the room with him and when he realized what they were doing, he laughed. “Isn’t fraternization between teachers and students forbidden?” he asked.

Shifty said nothing. It was Dr. Adler who had the brilliant idea to make a few gestures in the air. “Go back to whence you came, foul demon!”

“Hey! I’m not fo—”

Shifty looked at Dr. Adler, figuring out what she had done. “Slip of the tongue when I came,” she explained.

“At least you got to cum,” he grumbled.

She wriggled her bottom half. “You’re still hard,” she said. “Why don’t you finish up?”

“—ul!” he complained popping back into existence in front of Tamar who blinked with surprise at his arrival. “Son of a bitch,” he cursed upon his arrival, not at all referring to himself.

“What happened?” asked a curious Tamar who was staring at him in fascination.

“Dr. Adler accidentally summoned me,” he explained, his head a little dizzy from the two quick and unexpected teleportations.

“Is that why you’re naked?” she asked.

“Fuck!” he half covered himself with one red hand. It wasn’t nearly large enough to do the job of hiding his dick. “I forgot about that.”

Tamar was spellbound by the sight of the naked half-demon. Without clothes, he was even more attractive. His cock…Tamar had to swallow and center herself. His cock, while not enormous, was large, more than enough to satisfy even the greediest of women. And it wasn’t just a thick, curved and veiny rod which a little ridged head. No. Damian’s cock had ridges and bumps all over, up and down and around and around. Just the sight of his tool was enough to make her mouth and pussy drool.

“You don’t have to cover up,” she said coyly. “And if I wasn’t burned over my entire body, I’d invite you in here with me.” She half lowered her eyelids and grinned at him while placing her fingers on her slit, opening herself up just enough to expose her inner lips and slit.

Damian raised his eyebrows and shifted his hand from covering his cock to running it along his length.

Before they could get any further with their play, they were interrupted by Nurse Ursun. “None of that in here!” she said boldly having seen far too much going on between students that they shouldn’t have been doing in the first place, let alone in the infirmary. “Put your pants on, young man, or I’ll have you up in front of the disciplinary committee faster than you can ‘port yourself there.”

In a flash Damian’s pants were back on and he was headed toward the door, much to Tamar’s disappointment. Nurse Ursun demeanor was like that of an

angry bear. Her face was much like that of a wolverine, so her commands were generally well-followed.

“And you, young lady,” said Nurse Ursun. “Now that you are alive and awake, it’s time to do something about those burns.”

Tamar looked up at the nurse uneasily. “Won’t they just heal naturally?” she asked.

“I suppose they might, but I can’t have my infirmary overrun by stupid students and their wounds.”

Looking up and down the large ward, Tamar noted it was empty but for the two of them.

Nurse Ursun opened up her kit and said, as she extracted various magical implements, “Now this is going to hurt you a more than the torment of the torture hells.”

Tamar swallowed and shivered with fear.

Chapter Five

IT WOULD HAVE been wrong to describe the man bound to the wooden chair as beautiful, if it weren't completely true. He would have made an incredibly beautiful woman with his long, shaggy chestnut colored hair, soft facial features without a hint of a beard, lean body that wasn't overtly muscular and skin that was too soft to the touch to be masculine. The large erection growing from between his legs was impressive but not obscene. His most striking feature a complete lack of hair on his body below the neck. That was a very deliberate, very intentional choice on his part.

While Professor Orlando Cryfix wasn't a young man, he didn't qualify as aged, not yet anyway. He sported a trim beard and hair starting to gray, but was otherwise just another middle-aged man. And he wasn't too old to get down on his knees and suck the cock of a beautiful young man, which he was doing right now, not that the beautiful youth had much of a choice in the matter since he firmly was tied up.

Cryfix continued to suck the young man's cock even as his slim hips bucked against the restraining ropes and just as the moment of crisis arrived, Cryfix expertly backed off the cock and caught the thick white fluid that erupted in a silver brass chalice. The youth strained both against his bindings and to force out as much cum as possible as he climaxed. Cryfix coolly watched the struggle with impassive eyes, more focused on saving as much of the liquid seed as possible.

When at last the youth's ejaculations were done, Cryfix used the edge of the chalice to scrape up the last few drops that's that had only seeped out of the cock and dribbled down the head. "Very good, Thomas," said Cryfix as he peered into the deep cup. His eyes went up, impressed at the amount of semen the boy had produced. "You did well."

"Thank you, Professor. Can I change back to me now?"

The teacher managed to pull his gaze away from the cooling fluid in the chalice and look at his student. "Oh. Yes. Of course. You did an excellent job of retaining your chosen shape while you climaxed. I think you've finally learned this lesson."

With a sigh Shifty reverted to what most people considered his normal state. He was still naked when he changed back, but he grew some hair and his cock softened and shrank to normal proportions. "Was tying me up really necessary,

Professor?”

Cryfix was lost in thought, staring at the contents of the cup. “Hmm? What? Oh, yes. Very necessary.”

“Can you untie me now?”

A small smile pulled at the teacher’s lips. “I’m afraid that’s your next lesson, Thomas.” Not taking his eyes from the cup, he exited the small office and headed toward his laboratory, the door closing after him.

Shifty struggled against his bonds for a minute. “I should have asked him if I could have just jerked off or did he need to give me a blowjob.” He grunted again, testing the strength of the ropes. The problem wasn’t that he couldn’t shapeshift out of this situation; the problem was that he would have to do it very carefully. His flesh was still human-normal. Shifting too fast or without consideration as to how he was being held could easily mean his death if a rope cut into an artery while he changed.

“Not that I don’t like a good blowjob,” Shifty muttered, “but maybe Professor Cryfix likes giving them a little too much.”

He didn’t need to change his entire shape or completely liquefy and reform himself—an intense and long process—all he needed to do was free one or both hands so he could untie the knots. The problem was solved when he slowly shrank up his right arm into his body enough so that the ropes slipped free. Just to make it easier to untie all the knots, he repeated the process with his left arm. Once both arms were free, it was easy to untie the remaining ropes.

It was only after he was free did he realize that at some point his teacher had absconded with his clothing. Trying the laboratory door was a waste of time; it was locked; whether by magic or mechanics, he didn’t know and knew it was useless to break it down. He could have altered himself for a little modesty, even whipping up some clothing to cover his nudity, but Shifty couldn’t be arsed enough to care. He marched, buck naked, out of the office and through the college’s corridors.

Maybe some of the passing students or teachers let their gaze linger on him more than would be normal, but that was fine with Shifty. He gave himself slightly larger than normal muscles and a little extra heft to his cock. Some strategic

advertising never hurt.

He slammed the his room's door open to find Cybelle, Dusty, and a very cramped Estelle gathered around the small round table in the middle of the room, studying a single leather covered tomb that was so heavy it looked like the table legs were going to shattered under the strain. They all looked up simultaneously.

"Is it that hot outside?" asked a bemused Cybelle.

"Ha ha," said Shifty, drily.

"It can't be that hot," commented Estelle. "I've seen it bigger."

Shifted grabbed a pair of trousers from his storage trunk. "Hilarious."

"Nice cock," added Dusty, trying hard not to laugh.

Shifty ignored his roommate and tied his belt. "What are the three of you up to?"

"It seems Damian has a bit of a weakness," said Cybelle. "Watch, listen, and learn." She read from the book and she moved her fingers in a pattern and said, "Son of a demon, arise!"

With a small crack of thunder Damian abruptly appeared in the corner of the room. Like Shifty had been moments before, he was completely naked. The stink of brimstone filled the room, a scent that Shifty had though he smelled earlier, but dismissed it as the background smell that often filled the dorm.

Estelle and Cybelle stared at the naked half-demon's cock, unconsciously admiring the unusual shape (ridged) and size (large) of Damian's extremely red organ. "Stop fucking doing that!" he insisted. Cybelle licked her lips, thinking about what he could do to her with his tool.

"I think you'd better come up with a defense against unwanted summonings," said an amused Dusty. "We've popped him back and forth ten times now."

"How's Tamar?" asked Shifty, disinterested in what his friends were doing to Damian.

"Better."

“Begone!” Cybelle shouted out.

“Fu—” Damian called out before he winked out of the room.

“Where’d you send him?” asked Estelle.

“To the library.” It was a lie. She had sent him to his room.

“Is this study and torment session going to go on for much longer?” Shifty asked, somewhat annoyed and exhausted. “Or are there big plans going into the night?”

“I think we’re done,” said Cybelle as she headed toward the door, followed by Estelle. “There’s nothing more we can learn today.”

The hunter had senses far beyond what normal humanoids had. The hunter had senses far beyond what even the most powerful wizards could create using their spells. After its first kill, the students of the college took greater care when traveling outside the towers. After its failed second attack, the hunter realized that it needed to find softer targets. Careful observation told it that the students were often relaxed and careless inside the tower walls they thought were in pregnable. The hunter knew better.

Slipping inside wouldn’t be easy. It would also be extremely dangerous. But the hunter lived to the thrill of the chase, for the excitement of stalking. The actual killing was secondary to everything else.

The tower walls were well protected; that was true. The hunter had started to formulate a plan to slip inside unnoticed with a small group of students when the opportunity presented itself. It was patient. It could wait as long as necessary, but a better prospect soon developed.

Every time a body moved from one place in reality to another without actually passing through the space between, it weakened the fabric of reality. That was fine. Reality was strong and self-healing. But when a body moved back and forth many times in a short period, especially though sloppy means, the wound was grievous and took time to heal.

When the red-skinned demon found himself flying back and forth against his will, reality ripped and warped in unnatural ways. The hunter slipped through those wounds and found itself inside one of the towers, safe and undetected.

It was good. Hiding inside was easier than outside. The hunter was protected from the elements and the students were too careless to observe their surroundings closely.

Estelle searched the library for Damian for an hour before she determined he wasn't there. It was a big library that existed in some folded space at the top of the south tower. By the time she realized that Damian wasn't there and hadn't been sent there was Cybelle, it was too late. "Little minx," she cursed her friend. "You wanted him all to yourself."

Cybelle pushed open Damian's door without announcing herself to find the half-demon sitting on the edge of his bed, clutching his head. He was still naked, not having the physical wherewithal to get dressed. "You okay?" she asked kindly.

He barely glanced up at her. "Headache. Nausea. Dizziness. If I didn't know better, I'd say I was concussed."

"Are you?" Cybelle's fingers weaved a strange pattern in the air. Since Damian was looking down at the flagstone floor, he didn't see her minor spellwork.

"Of course not," he snapped. "I'm porter sick. No one is supposed to be able to withstand so many summonings in a few minutes."

"Sorry." The apology was sincere. At the time of their games, no one gave a thought to hurting Damian because demons were supposed to be able to walk through the fabric of reality without difficulty. But Damian was only half-demon. "We got carried away." She released the spell and almost at once, Damian's attitude softened.

"Forget it. I shouldn't have told you I could be summoned so easily. I just thought I was a natural teleporter. And I am. But apparently I need to work on preventing casual summoning." He glanced up at her but missed that her fingers

were still busily moving, this time in a new pattern.

“We won’t do it again,” she promised. “And if you need help preventing summonings, I’ll do what I can. How can I make this up to you?” Cybelle asked as she released her second charm.

To Damian’s eyes—indeed, to the eyes of most humanoids—Cybelle was beautiful, even if she was a bit overweight but to most that was an advantage because her excess of flesh went to her tits, hips, and thighs. It didn’t take much of a charm to get him interested in her. Still, he was half demon and so was naturally resistant to most simple spell. Even so, Cybelle had many charms beyond simple magic. He let out a shuddering laugh. “You wouldn’t say yes,” he said dismissively of his first thought.

“Try me,” she offered. He missed the double entendre.

He smiled and shook his head. “I can do without the humiliation.”

Damian protested that he wanted his dignity, but his cock wanted something else. From where she stood, Cybelle could see it slowly standing up, the head just peeking above his thigh.

The spells and her appearance were more than enough to overcome any reluctance that Damian might have had. Cybelle quickly crossed the room and sank down to her knees between Damian’s legs. Popping his cock into her mouth, she eagerly sucked on the head, drawing out a tiny bit of precum that, unlike most men, wasn’t salty, but spicy like pepper. It burned her tongue a little, but that was fine with Cybelle. She couldn’t help but wonder what Tamar would think of Damian’s flavor.

His oddly ridged and bumped cock was something new under her tongue and as much as she enjoyed sucking him off, Cybelle wanted more than to just have him explode in her mouth. She didn’t need to suck him very long before he was almost too big for her mouth, but more importantly, he was hard enough for her pussy.

When she brought her mouth off his cock, he gasped in shock and disappointment. But then she stood up and her clothes seemed to vanish from her body. Damian wasn’t sure if she just stripped quickly or had used a spell to disrobe, either way, it didn’t make any difference because he was instantly

mesmerized by her beautifully curvy body.

“Demons below,” he cursed.

Her grin was wicked. “I’ll take that as a compliment,” she said boldly as she pushed him back onto the bed and straddled his hips between her legs. Together they guided his big, ridged cock into her cunt and she slowly sat down on his impressive length. His cock was hot—very hot—inside her but Cybelle didn’t mind. Fucking a demon—even a half-demon—was something she had long ago known she would have to do. Enjoying doing it was just a bonus.

“Why?” he asked as she started lifting and lowering her body up and down so they could both enjoy the sensations of enchantress flesh on demon skin. It was Damian who received the most enjoyment out of the process because he got to watch her flesh jiggle and shake in the most incredible manner.

“Why what?” she replied absently, trying to work her body up to orgasm as quickly as possible. She wasn’t sure how long Damian could last, and was determined to get off at least once before he blew his load.

“Why are you fucking me?” he asked, grabbing hold of her hips. His fingernails had been filed down to the point of being passable for human, but they still were as thick and strong as a demon's. They cut into her flesh and Cybelle loved the thrill of pain.

“Because I’m apologizing. And because why in the name of the seven hells not?” She paused as her body shuddered with a thrilling orgasm. “And because I saw your cock and I knew I had to have it.”

That was a good enough explanation for Damian.

“We have to stop, though,” she said to him which almost crushed his ego.

“Why?”

“I can’t have you cum in me. I can’t get pregnant.”

“I’m a demon. I can’t get you pregnant.”

She forced him off her body. “You don’t know that for certain, do you?” she

said. “But I don’t want to stop fucking either.”

Cybelle, by her very nature, got easily wet. She angled her hips up higher and fitted the head of his mighty cock at the entrance to his ass. “I can’t get pregnant this way.”

Damian wasn’t about to say no. He pushed his cock in as far as he dared and they resumed their rhythm.

If he were less of a man and more of a demon, he would have demanded that she reach out and caress his horns while she fucked him, but he wasn’t that bold. When she came it was a great surprise to them both, enough of a surprise for Damian that he came shortly after her.

Cybelle collapsed on his body, exhausted by her efforts and her orgasms. “I can’t limit myself,” she confessed to him, though she didn’t know why.

“Limit yourself?”

“I can’t just fuck one person the rest of my life. I need my variety.”

Damian was happy to be part of that variety.

The hunter pressed itself tightly against the floor of the half-demon’s room. While it didn’t have a shape that it called its normal form, the hunter preferred natural shapes. That of humanoids, or animals, even plants and trees were easy to copy and remain formed of for days, weeks, months. A rug on the floor was an unnatural shape and holding it was difficult, but it was necessary. The predator had arrived right before the half-demon appeared and took the quickest route to safety. It was weak at the moment, having used a great deal of energy to make the transport, and so it remained in rug form while the enchantress had giving head to the half-demon and remained in that state further to study what they did. It would have attacked right then and there if not for its weakened state…and that there were two of them. Two wizards had proved disastrous to the hunter earlier. It wasn’t going to make that mistake again.

Sexual congress was disgusting and fascinating to the hunter. It was unnecessary for its species. Any time a hunter took another creature inside its body, it was to

eat it; not for whatever sexual pleasure was.

End Book Two

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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