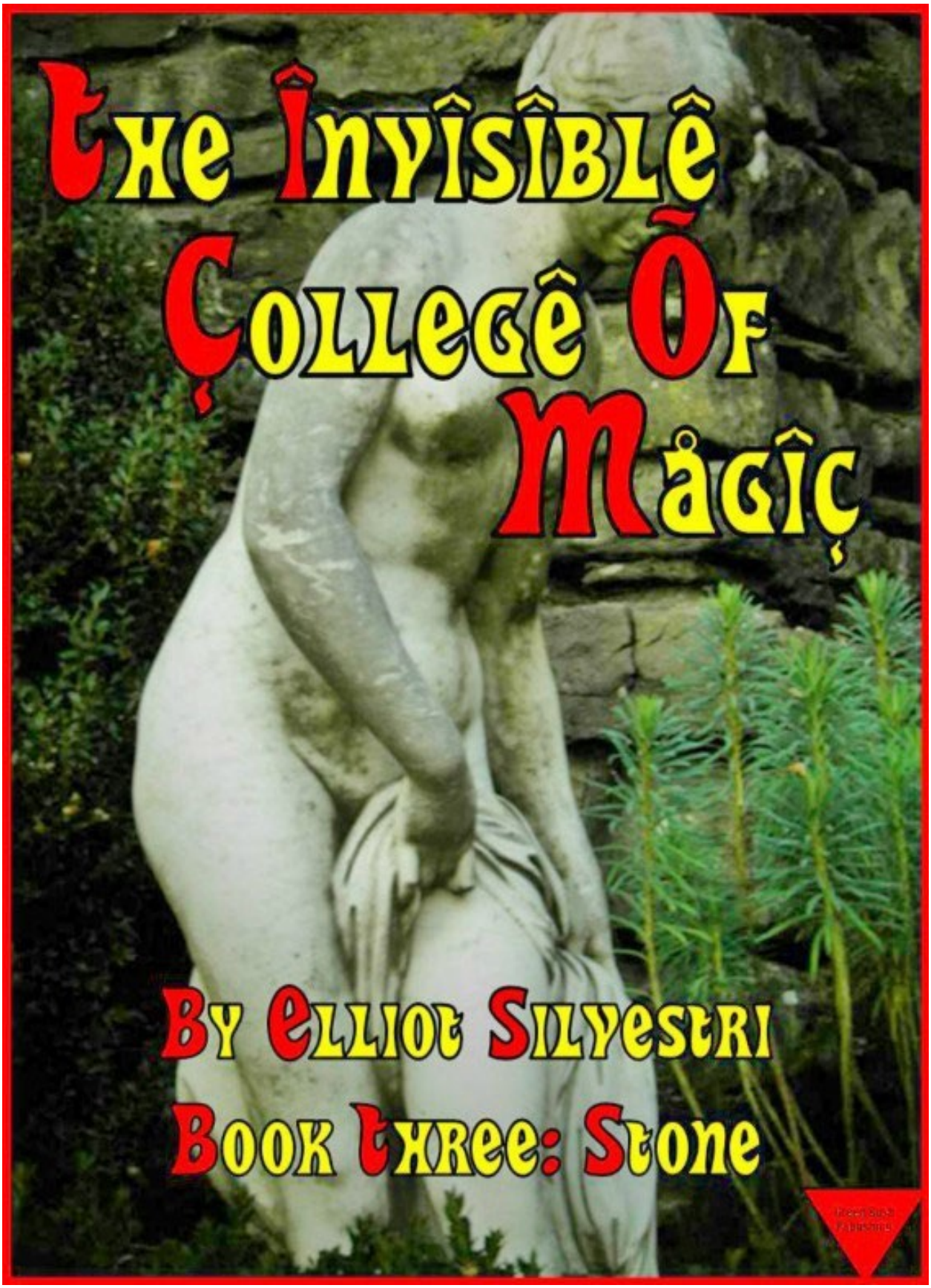
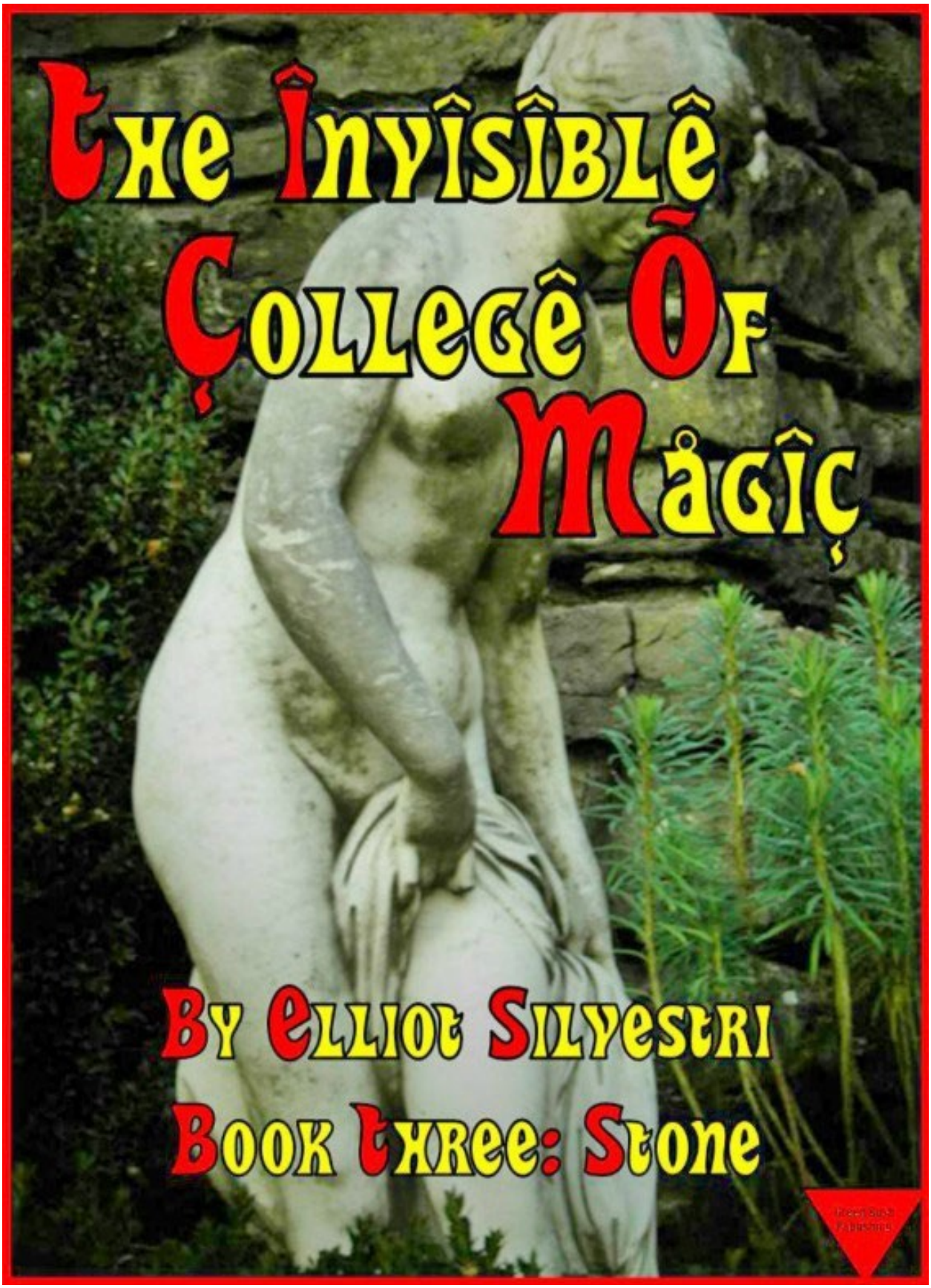

The Invisible College Of Magic
By Elliot Silvestri
Book Three: Stone


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Smashwords Edition

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Veroneeka's Time

Dedicated to Bill Willingham and Phil Foglio, with respect and apologies.

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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

PeeDee Jymes – a male wood elf

Daisy Thornsthistle – a female fairy

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

Syndelle Yellen – a quarter siren magic student

Shanda – a servant for the college

The Hunter – an assassin

Chapter One

“I DISAGREE WITH your decision to bring new students into the college at this time.”

The college council, as one, turned to look at Dr. Adler and her glowing eyes. She was taking a viewpoint contrary to Professor Cryfix which was never a wise decision.

“We have lost one student recently,” she continued when Cryfix glared at her. “And two others attacked. Bringing in new novices when we have no idea who is behind these attacks is a terrible idea.”

“If we’re losing students, Susan, then they need to be replaced,” he said curtly. “That’s the end of the matter.”

IN the college council, Cryfix’s word was as close to absolute authority as possible. No one else dared cross him.

“Any other issues?” he asked. The other three teachers remained silent while Adler glowered at the college head. “No. Then I have an important appointment.” They all stood up and waited for Cryfix to leave. Adler closely guarded her thoughts, which she always did as the school’s psionics teacher, but if she had let down her guard everyone would have silently heard her. Appointment? More like a date, Orlando. What young thing are you going to stick your cock in tonight?

“I’m a screamer,” the servant said.

As much as he hated to admit it, Shifty had already forgotten her name. She was cute enough with a little upturned nose, curly black hair, a little butt that seemed to want to escape from under her skirt. Talking her into sex was easy. He just took on his usual handsome form and charmed her into agreeing to slip back to her small room at the base of the servants’ tower. It was small, but private, which was good because tonight was Dusty’s turn to have the room he shared with Shifty.

“I like girls who are loud in bed,” Shifty said with a grin.

She shook her head. He wanted to say her name was Sindee, or maybe Sierra. Definitely a name that began with an S…or maybe a C. “I’m not just loud. I’m a screamer. My grandmother was a siren.”

Shifty shrugged. He was open to new experiences and an extra loud bed partner was something new. “Never done it with someone who’s a quarter siren before.”

“You have sensitive hearing?” she asked as she pushed open the door to her room. Inside it was small, but cozy enough. She even had a small window though the view was nothing.

“Not especially.”

“Even so, you’d better put some cotton in your ears. Last guy that fucked me and made me cum really hard…well, he’s deaf now.”

Shifty raised his eyebrows. “Maybe I’ll just go deaf while we fuck.”

His attitude didn’t bother the sire’s granddaughter. “Suit yourself. I heard that Nurse Ursun is pretty good, but I’m not sure about permanent hearing damage…”

Shifty silenced her with a kiss. He wasn’t interested in a conversation with the girl, he just wanted to fuck her. Maybe that was shallow, but he wouldn’t have cared if she had challenged him right to his face that he was using her body for sex.

She was almost the same way; she wanted to get laid.

Plus the possibility that maybe she’d wind up carrying the baby of a wizard destined to be rich and powerful wasn’t a bad life plan, especially for a woman who was only a quarter siren and maybe she was slightly attractive and cute now, but in fifteen years her age would be showing. Since she hadn’t inherited any of her grandmother’s magical talents for snaring men with her voice, she would have to snare them with her body.

The kiss led to caresses which led to disrobing which eventually led to the girl on her hands and knees on the bed while Shifty fucked her from behind. He was thrilled that she didn’t ask him to transform into some strange creature or make his cock ten times its normal size. She was happy enough to be fucked by a plain

man who happened to be a shapeshifter and a wizard. Apparently her tastes, even for a quarter siren working at the invisible college, ran to the plain vanilla in the bedroom.

She was eager to get her ass up in the air and his cock in her cunt. Shifty didn't mind; she had a pert butt and when he finally slipped his cock inside her, they meshed together nicely. Shifty ran his hands over her upraised ass as he rocked his hips back and forth, indulging in a bit of relaxation. Her skin was incredibly smooth, making him wonder if it was an inherited trait from her grandmother. She was grasping the headboard of her rough cut bed, lightly moaning with every stroke of his cock.

He couldn't help himself and idly ran his thumb over her puckered anus. The moment he did, she tightened up, as if she feared him touching her there. While this mongrel siren might be willing to fuck an up and coming wizard, she was apparently too good to have her ass played with. Shifty turned that on its head. "You like that?"

The girl's only response was to whimper.

Seeing an opportunity to prove his cocksmanship, Shifty started pounding into her hips faster, holding one of her hipbones with his left hand while keeping his right on her ass, circling the tight bit of muscle with his thumb. "You ever take it up the ass?" he asked her.

To his surprise, she nodded, which immediately made him wonder if she was lying.

"Did you like it?"

The lusty look she gave him over the shoulder surprised him, as did her answer. "I loved it."

"Want me to bugger you?" Just saying the words made him want to do it. He slipped his thumb past the little twist of muscle and she jumped a bit at the intrusion, but immediately settled down when he moved his cock back and forth in her pussy, just a thin layer of membranes between his cock and his thumb.

"Only if you want to hear me scream," she told him. The girl was practically panting now.

Shifty couldn’t resist, not that he could normally resist any woman or man who propositioned him. He pulled his cock out of her cock. It was slick with her juices. The girl arched her back, giving him better access to her ass. Maybe she did it unconsciously, maybe not. It didn’t matter to Shifty.

“I want to hear you scream,” he told her as he ran his wet cock in the crevice of her buttocks.

By now her body was all but screaming out to him. She twisted her arm around behind her body and grabbed his cock, placing the head at her back entrance. Shifty slipped inside with surprising ease, pushing past the tight sphincter. When his head was buried inside her, she tensed up again, but only momentarily. They stayed still for a moment, both settling into the strange sensations their bodies were inflicting on one another, and then Shifty slowly pushed deeper into her, encouraged by the low moans.

If anything, Shifty made his cock a little smaller than normal, decreasing the diameter to make it easier on the servant. She had earned that, at least. It took a minute or two, but their bodies adjusted to each other and Shifty found his hips unconsciously thrusting into her bottom. He reached around and found the girl’s empty cunt. A quick search established the location of her clit and suddenly she found herself being railed from behind while manipulated in the front.

Almost immediately it went from almost too much to take to way too much to take.

The granddaughter of the siren screamed out her pleasure.

Ten seconds later Shifty was running from the room, naked, his semi-rigid cock flopping around spraying semen here and there and everywhere, while he clamped his hands over his ears.

The trollop had cum hard, extremely hard. Shifty was certain his ears were bleeding. She hadn’t been lying about the power of her orgasm, however.

Chapter Two

“WHAT DO YOU know of Syndelle Yellen, Thomas?”

He hated being in front of the disciplinary committee. “I know she’s a servant and, strictly speaking, students aren’t supposed to fraternize with staff and servants.” He sighed.

Dr. Adler fixed him with her glowing eyes. “She’s dead, Thomas.”

For a moment the young shapeshifter just stared at Dr. Adler and her bald head and her glowing eyes, as if not understanding what she was saying.

“Do you understand, Thomas?” Professor Cryfix said.

“Understand what?” He didn’t understand anything. Just yesterday he had sex with Syndelle—and it was meaningless, it was just for fun—and today he was told she was dead. It made no sense.

“That you cannot leave the campus until we are done with our investigation. You were the last person seen with her when she was alive,” Dr. Adler said. “There are those who believe you are the killer.”

“I didn’t kill her,” he said automatically.

None of the members of the disciplinary committee said anything. Shifty was dismissed from the room with one final warning about leaving the campus. “Well?” Cryfix asked Adler.

Her answer was direct. “He believes he had nothing to do with her death.”

“But did he do it?” Master Greystone asked.

“That’s not how psionics works,” she reminded him once again. “I was able to pry into his thoughts. He certainly had sex with the girl—or he has a very vivid memory or doing so—but was driven out of her room by her screams.” She sighed, half in frustration that she couldn’t say definitively that Shifty was innocent and half because he hadn’t had a second thought about sex with another person after fucking her. “He believes she was alive when he last saw her.”

“There’s no direct evidence showing that Mr. Varieg killed her,” commented

Cryfix.

“Indeed,” agreed Master Greystone. “If anything, her room apparently turned into an echo chamber that caused her screaming powers to essentially turn her brain to jelly.” As a dwarf he was the resident expert on stonework and building. “Ironic that a granddaughter of a siren would be living in a room that had the potential to kill her because of her lack of control. A true siren would have been able to withstand the effect, or so I believe.”

“And it was a natural echo chamber?” asked Cryfix.

Slowly Greystone shook his head. “It’s not. There is some echo, of course, but it’s not. I don’t know why what happened to her occurred.”

When Shifty came into the room and sat down quietly the edge of his bed, Dusty knew something was wrong. Normally his roommate was exuberant in all things.

“I’ll bite. What’s the matter?” Dusty put down his quill from where he was copying Cybelle’s enchantment instructions and focused on his roommate.

“They think I killed Syndelle Yellen.” Shifty’s voice was flat with no affect.

“Shit.”

“I know.” Shifty was staring straight ahead.

Dusty snapped his fingers. Tiny fragments of stone burst into the air even though he wasn’t in golem form. “I’ve got the solution. You need to get drunk.”

Shifty looked up. “That’s a solution?”

“Best one at this time,” Dusty grinned. “I’ll call Estelle and Cybelle and Tamar and we’ll all get rip roaring.”

Shifty shook his head. “No. I can’t do that now.”

“Did you kill her?” Dusty asked in all seriousness. When the news of Syndelle’s death spread through the campus, immediately everyone started to panic over

what was happening to the school.

“No.”

“Then you have nothing to worry about.”

“Right.” Clearly, Shifty didn’t believe him.

“Oh! And we need to invite Damian as well.” Dusty jumped to his feet and concentrated a moment. “Son of a pit demon!” he called out in the most authoritative voice he could muster.

Nothing happened.

“I think he’s been working on ways not to get summoned,” Shifty commented.

Dusty grabbed a piece of chalk from his desk and drew a circle on the floor, added some symbols to help focus his energies and repeated, Son of a pit demon!”

This time there was a small crack, no louder than a pair of clapping hands, and Damian appeared in the middle of the chalk circle.

“Nine hells, Dusty!” he cursed at his friend. “Can’t you leave me alone for a day?”

As usual with getting summoned, Damian was stark naked. His large, ridged cock dangled between his thighs which made Shifty wonder what his fellow student had been doing when summoned.

“Can’t you put on some pants, Damian?” Dusty asked, trying hard not to laugh,

The half-demon stepped out of the chalk circle. “You know when I’m summoned only I am summoned. I can’t carry anything with me, clothing included.” He glowered at Dusty a moment. “Unless the person summoning me includes that in the spell.”

“I forgot that,” giggled Dusty.

“No, you didn’t,” Damian reminded him. “And stop fucking summoning me. It’s

annoying."

"Build up your defenses," commented Dusty.

"I am, that's why your spell didn't work the first time. And that's why I'm here, so I don't have to appear every time someone utters my name in disbelief." He spared Shifty a glance. "Hello, Shifty. Why did your roommate summon me?"

"Drinking party," Dusty answered for him. "The college thinks my roomie is a killer and he needs to drink to forget." The earth wizard plucked a glass bottle from beneath is bed and showed it off with a flourish. "He needs to drink to forget his problems."

Damian grunted and absently rubbed one of his horns. "Seems a good enough reason. Let me go get some pants," he commented leaving by way of the door. He was back in a less than a minute, this time wearing a pair of black leather pants and a matching vest that showed off his muscular arms and abdomen. "You know, it's easier to call down the hallway or knock on the wall that it is to summon me, I'm literally next door."

"But it's not nearly as much fun," Dusty giggled as Shifty took a couple of heavy swigs from the bottle. "Hey! Don't hog the rum!"

Since Shifty was the guest of honor and Damian wasn't putting up with foolishness, Dusty was forced to go to the women's rooms to invite them to the drinking party.

"How are you feeling, Tamar?" Shifty asked as the attractive redhead sipped from her mug after the group had heard of Shifty's difficulties.

"Better." Her skin was largely healed after her frightening encounter with almost being burned to death, an unusual situation for a fire wizard. "I'm almost back to normal. My skin is still itchy, though."

Despite his situation and the death of yet another member of the college, Shifty couldn't help himself. "Take off your clothes and I'll put some lotion on you," he offered with the gentlest of leers.

Knowing what he was going through, Tamar didn't shut him down. "Thanks, but right now I'm avoiding partnered sex. I don't need to accidentally kill someone."

“Who said anything about sex?” Shifty asked with an oh-so-innocent attitude.

“It’s obvious, Shifty,” said Cybelle as she swigged from the bottle of rum. “It’s all you ever really talk about.”

“No, it’s not,” he said defensively to the blonde enchantress.

The rest of the group laughed at his weak protest. To change the subject Shifty addressed Damian. “Hey, if you’re a demon, how come you don’t have cloven feet?”

“I’m wearing boots,” Damian said, rather nonsensically, in reply.

“Yeah, but earlier you weren’t, when Dusty summoned you.” The group tittered, knowing that Damian hated not being able to defend effectively against unwanted summonings.

“I’m half and half,” he explained. “One human parent, one demon. Sometimes in that mix, you get certain human characteristics,” he pointed at his feet, “and sometimes demon.” He pointed now at his horns. “It’s pretty random.”

“Which was which?” asked an intrigued Estelle. She barely fit into the dorm room with her large horse parts, but the group was willing to make the sacrifice to have her around. Her body let off a nice earthy smell that overcame the general funky smell of the dorms.

“What was what?” Damian asked, slightly confused and slightly drunk.

“Was your mom or dad human?”

Cybelle laughed at the question. Her giggle was high and loud. “His mother was human, everyone knows that.”

Immediately Damian contradicted her. “Nope. Actually Dad experimented with demon summoning, he lives on Terra Earth you know, and he summoned up my mom one day, partly by accident, or so he tells. Apparently they hit it off well enough to…well…you know.”

“And nine month later along comes little Damian?” asked Cybelle.

“Something like that. He didn’t know he got Mom pregnant at the time, and when she reappeared on her own, I was apparently not an infant, but still pretty young.”

“She lived on Terra Earth for you?” asked Cybelle, charmed by the story, almost swooning, but Shifty would have figured the swooning could have been alcohol-based.

“No. She dumped me on Dad, said I was too human for the Hell she lived in, and he had to raise me.”

The entire group was quiet for a moment.

“Wow,” said Estelle, mistress of the understatement.

Damian shrugged. “Yeah, well, she’s a demon, and I guess motherly instincts aren’t strong with her. But she does come to visit me once a year on my birthday, or what is supposed to be my birthday. And she got me into school here, so it’s all fine.” His eyes didn’t agree with his words, but no one commented on it.

Desperate to change the subject, Dusty said, “My parents apparently either accidentally summoned some earth elemental or were worshipping some rock demon or some such. Either they were really good at summoning or really good at conjuring up pissed off demons or maybe a little of both. Anyway, they’re both normal humans, but when I was born, they figured out pretty quickly I wasn’t normal.” He grinned. “I kept turning into a rock in my crib. Fun fact: I’m from Terra Earth like Damian. What about you, Tamar? How’d you wind up being a fire wizard?”

She shrugged. “It’s genetic. Both my mom and my dad are fire wizards. Boring story, but true. And I’m from Mystic Earth, here. Never been to Terra Earth. Heard it’s boring.”

“It is,” agreed Dusty. “What about you Estelle? How’d you–”

“How’d I get born a centaur? Was Mom a slut and Dad the stallion in the barn?” she asked, more than a bit angrily. “Is that what you’re asking?”

Dusty swallowed. “No. I was going to ask how you wound up with the ability to tell the future.”

“Oh,” she blushed slightly at her assumption of Dusty’s racism. “I’m the third daughter of a third daughter. All of us are precogs.” A smile played around her lips, pride suddenly blossomed across her face. “Actually, I’m the third daughter of a third daughter three times over. My line goes back to my great-great-grandmother. I’m supposed to be this incredible precog.” And abruptly her face fell; the rum was talking for her. “But so far I’ve been a huge disappointment because my predictions have been either obvious or lame.”

Dusty found his game had a certain depressive edge to it. “What about you, Shifty?” He knew a lot about his roommate, but not his origins.

His answer was lame, to put it succinctly. “Don’t know. My adoptive parents found me wandering in the woods—they’re farmers. And they figured out quickly I was a shifter. End of story.”

“Maybe they just say they’re your adoptive parents,” Cybelle joked at him.

“Nope,” he said flatly. “They look nothing like me.”

“Nothing?”

He extended his arms. “What color is my skin?”

“White. Pinkish. Some freckles.”

“Their skin is the color of caramel.”

“Oh.”

It seemed every exchange on this evening was going to end in awkward silence.

“Okay, what about you, Cybelle,” said Shifty. “How did you wind up here? How did you become so naturally talented with magic?”

All eyes went to the curvy blonde who suddenly found herself uncomfortable under their scrutiny even though, with the help of a little drink, she had spoken far too easily about the others. She needed to let them know she was one of them. “My father put me here,” she said boldly.

“This isn’t a prison,” said Damian.

“Well, my father fucked some whore and—guess what?—even powerful sorcerers sometimes screw up and get knock up whores when they don’t mean to. I’m that screw up, but luckily—I guess—I came out of the womb with some magical talent. Dad sent me here to develop those talents. But mostly because I think she wanted to fuck other men and have me out of the way. I can’t come home until I prove I’m useful to her realm.”

“She actually said that to you?” asked Shifty.

Cybelle fixed him with a level gaze that was only slightly tinged with the effect of alcohol. “Of course she did. What kind or cruel sorceress do you think she is?”

Eventually the party, such as it was, broke up and Shifty found himself alone in the room with Cybelle. He vaguely remembered Dusty leaving with Tamar and Damian, but didn’t know where they were headed.

“My head is spinning,” he said, not knowing if she was listening.

“You’re drunk,” she told him.

“Yeah.” He wanted to tell her that he was still worried about the accusation against him, but his tongue wasn’t working. “It doesn’t help,” was all he managed.

“I’m horny,” she abruptly declared.

“You are?” He didn’t know why he asked such a stupid question. The proper answer to a woman saying I’m horny is to invite her into bed, but he couldn’t make that connection in his state.

She nodded too emphatically. “Yeah. Let’s fuck.”

Shifty went along with her suggestion because he didn’t know how to say no to her. Their clothes fell away and eventually he found himself on his back with Cybelle on her knees, straddling his body, trying to insert his cock into her cunt, but he wasn’t hard enough.

“C’mon,” she said to him. “You can change any part of your body. Get yourself hard so I can get off.”

With a nod Shifty focused for a second and abruptly his cock grew much larger and became like a piece of granite.

“That’s what I need,” she sighed as she slowly sank down on the smooth, warm stone-like flesh.

“You lied,” he said to her as she pumped her hips, enjoying the drunken sex.

“About what?” she asked with a giggle.

“Your mother. You told the group that she was a whore your father banged, but you told me that she is some enchantress that passed her powers on to you when she got pregnant.”

Cybelle laughed and tossed back her long blonde hair with a shake of her head which, in turn, made her large tits wobble back and forth to the point where Shifty all but forgot what he was asking about. “Can’t I have several versions of the truth?”

“You’re a liar,” he said, a bemused twist on his drunken lips.

“There’s one truth about me that will never change. I can’t get pregnant. I’ll kill the man who knocks me up. You aren’t going to cum with a stone dick, are you?” she asked as she humped him harder.

He shook his head.

“Good. I’ll cum first and then you can shoot your load. Where do you want it? My ass or my mouth?” When he didn’t answer right away she added, “Or you can shoot it all over my skin.”

Shifty had already done that. He wanted variety as much as Cybelle. “Mouth,” he said. “I want you to swallow it all.”

She nodded eagerly. It had been far too long since she had savored the salty-sweet flavor of cum on the tongue. “Just don’t shove it down my throat. I want to taste you.” A goofy grin spread across her face. “This is where short and thick is definitely the right answer.”

“I can do that,” Shifty grunted as he grabbed onto her hips and thrusted upward,

taking away control from her and forcing her to take what he was giving.

Cybelle loved it and a minute later she was cumming—hard—despite herself. “Yes,” she told him. “Just. Like. That.”

After her orgasm was over—and it lasted so long that Shifty became nervous that he had in some way damaged her without meaning to—Cybelle swiftly dismounted his rock-like cock and slithered down his body, eager to get his tool into her mouth. The moment her lips touched his stony flesh, she paused. She smelled and tasted the familiar tang of her own sex on him, but his rigidity was a little too much, even for a hedonist such as herself. “Want to become a little more human for me?” she all but purred at him, licking the semi-soft border on his body between normal human flesh and inhuman stone.

“Sure,” he said, and with some concentration he was able to convert his cock back to what, in the College of Invisible Magic, passed as normal human flesh.

Cybelle eagerly lowered her mouth onto him. Giving head was a delight. It was an especial delight—according to her mother—when the male partner was tied to a wall and a good enchantress sucked him off, saving all of his seed to be spat out into a copper cup where it was of great us in many spells, particularly love and control charms.

But Cybelle wasn’t saving Shifty’s semen for magical purposes today. She had a physical hunger that could only be sated in one very specific way. Looking down at her Shifty pushed aside her long blonde hair to watch her mouth on his cock and realized that he had kept himself at the dimensions more customary for an insecure lord needing to impress a bubble-headed paramour. He shifted things around so his cock remained hard, but he shortened up and became much thicker.

While the change happened, Cybelle was fully aware of it but didn’t stop sucking on him, not even when he got so thick her jaw started to hurt because she was open so wide. Still, he was true to his word and shorted up his cock so that his rested nicely on her tongue.

The first spurt didn’t take her by surprise—her hand was wrapped properly around the base and she felt the twitch and pulse as he started to bubble up—but the strong flavor was startling. He was much saltier than any other man she had been with. Even though it was difficult to swallow with his thick cock in her

mouth, she managed to do it before his second spurt erupted. This too she swallowed greedily and soon found herself swallowing quickly after each little ejaculation. The semen warmed her tummy and soothed her soul. It was truly a feast for the gods.

His orgasm seemed to last almost as long as hers. Cybelle couldn't remember swallowing this much semen ever before in her life. Shifty didn't allow her to pull away after the fourth or fifth spurt; he put his hands on the back of her head and kept her in place, forcing her to swallow repeatedly, closing her lips and tongue around his super-sensitive cock, drawing out and enhancing his climax. Her hand went around his balls that were drawn up tightly to his body. She could feel every pulse of energy that went through them.

And finally—finally!—it was over he released her and Cybelle pulled back, a thin strand of saliva mixed with semen extending from her lips to the tip of his cock. "How was that?" he asked her with some satisfaction at having controlled her actions.

Unknown to him, Cybelle was the one still in complete control of Shifty. It was a minor magic, to be sure, but having his seed—his essence—inside her body, she was able to exert subtle control over him. It was more an influence to his actions, but it was there and he didn't notice that she had done it to him, he probably wasn't even aware it was possible because it wasn't the strong, powerful sort of magic that was taught at the college, but a delicate piece of sway that was passed quietly from teacher to student.

"It was perfect," she told him while wiping the strand of fluid that still connected them from his cock. She made sure to catch it all on her fingers and then brought them to her lips so that she might lick up the last bits of him. He watched with an egotistic grin on his face.

"You know I'm going to cum in your pussy someday," he informed her.

"Not for a long time," she told him. "I'm not giving up my magic just yet. You'll have to be happy with my mouth—or ass, I'll be happy to offer you that. If you want to cum in a pussy, you'll have to hire a moonshadow woman."

"I don't pay for sex," he said.

"All men pay for sex."

“I don’t.”

They each missed the other’s meaning.

“Then you’ll have to find some other piece of ass that’ll satisfy your cravings for cunt. Or have you already? You’ve fucked Estelle, haven’t you?” She collapsed down next to him, her stomach still warm with his cum. “Do you like horse cunt?”

“Don’t let her hear you say that,” he warned. “And it’s like every other pussy I’ve fucked, warm and wet and welcoming.”

“You fancy yourself quite the cocksman, don’t you?” she asked with a shake of her head.

“I am quite the cocksman. I can be the perfect cocksman for every woman,” he said as he changed his shape while she touched him. He became taller, more muscular, and then leaner and softer, almost like a beautiful boy pretending to be a woman, and then he was a woman, with soft breasts and shapely hips, and then he was himself again, and Cybelle realized she didn’t really know him at all.

Chapter Three

DUSTY SLAMMED THE door open startling both Cybelle and Shifty out of his bed. She wound up on the floor, sprawled like a common trollop while he perched on the bedframe, having taken the attitude and appearance of some quadrupedal predator.

“Son of demons!” Shifty swore.

“Sorry!” Dusty shouted, but his apology was drowned out by the minor thunderclap of Damian’s appearance, summoned by Shifty’s curse. As usual he was naked, but this time he was lying down on the floor, having been woken from a deep sleep by the summoning.

“You really need to put a protective circle around your bed,” observed Cybelle with a lick of her lips. Her eyes didn’t leave his cock even while he hauled himself to his feet and staggered out of the room.

“It’s too fucking early for this shit,” he told them. “I’ve got a fucking hangover.” He slammed the door behind him, cutting off Cybelle’s view of his taut buttocks.

“Do you think he’d look better with a tail?” she asked the two men in the room.

“I haven’t given it any thought,” said Dusty. “Big news,” he announced. “You’re off the list of murder suspects, Shifty.”

“Great,” his roommate mumbled around large fangs as he slowly changed back to his human form. “Why is that?”

“Dr. Adler did a scrying last night. There’s an intruder in the college.”

Shifty’s head throbbed softly but steadily as all the students in the college gathered in the stone theatre to listen to Professor Cryfix’s announcement. “After an exhaustive search on the part of Dr. Adler, it appears we have an intruder within the walls of these hallowed towers that we call our college. The intruder is making himself or herself or itself hard to find. Either they are well-hidden or have taken over the appearance of someone already in a place of trust. Creatures and humanoids with invisibility, perception control, or shapeshifting abilities are all real considerations.”

“Shit,” Shifty cursed under his breath as the majority of students glanced his way.

“Don’t worry,” the wood elf sitting next to him said out of the corner of his mouth. “I don’t think you killed ‘em.”

Shifty glanced at the slim figure next to him. Like all elves he was short but since he was sitting, it was hard for him to say exactly how tall the elf was. Most elves, especially wood elves, saw themselves as part of the natural world and eschewed metal and leather as much as possible, seeing those materials as harsh and outside what they considered normal. This wood elf had metal rings piercing both his long, pointed ears, at least seven hoops through the cartilage of each ear and he also sported a single ring through his left nostril. He wore leather breeches, leather boots, and a leather vest over a soft cotton shirt, the only garment he wore that wasn’t made from the hide of an animal.

“Thanks?” said Shifty. “And you are?”

“Call me PeeDee,” the elf said, extending a slim hand. Each finger was decorated with a ring.

“Be wary,” Cryfix said, starting to wrap up his speech. “Individual students will be brought before the disciplinary committee as needed. That is all. Return to your classes.”

“So, do you like to suck cock?” PeeDee asked Shifty.

The noise and motion of the students around them initially covered Shifty’s indifferent response, but PeeDee held his gaze and took the attitude of someone who wanted a firm answer one way or the other. Dusty was on Shifty’s other side and had already stood up to leave. He adopted the attitude of someone impatient to get going.

“What was that?” PeeDee asked, a lopsided grin on his face.

“On occasion,” Shifty said, not wanting to commit himself to anything or any firm answer.

“That’s great. I’ll see you around,” he said and jumped out of his seat. It was easy for the slim elf to slip out between the other, larger students. He walked

away with a swagger that had no place on a person who was little more than four feet tall.

“Who was that?” asked Dusty as he and his roommate made their way much more slowly through the crowd.

“Wood elf,” said Shifty, uncomfortable revealing exactly the exchange he had had. “Name’s PeeDee.”

Dusty shrugged. “Must be new to the college. I’ve never heard of him.” He grinned. “Maybe he’s the killer. Disguised himself as a non-threatening wood elf and is looking for his next victim.”

“Hilarious,” commented Shifty. “Don’t disparage us shapeshifters. We can fuck up your life by pretending to be you.”

“Asshole.”

Other than his practice encounters with Professor Cryfix where Shifty’s entire focus was maintaining an alien shape, he had never been with another man. Or, more accurately, he had never been with a male of any race: human, elf, dwarf, centaur, or troll, just to name a few.

Just showing up at PeeDee’s door took a certain amount of bravery, confidence, and curiosity that he wasn’t sure he had. “I knew you’d show up sooner rather than later,” PeeDee said, admitting Shifty into his room. “I didn’t invite you here for the romance,” he continued as he threw aside his vest and shirt. “You just need to suck me off. It’s been over a week since I’ve had someone new and that’s just too damned long and hard, like an oak branch.” He grinned. “Get down on your knees.”

Shifty did as he was told and immediately saw and realized two things. The elf had tiny silver rings through his nipples and, even kneeling, his head was on level with the elf’s chest, not his crotch. Unconsciously Shifty started changing his size so that he would be more on par with the elf.

“Don’t!” PeeDee insisted. “You’re human, right? A shapeshifter, right? If I wanted to face fuck an elf or a fairy, I’d have found an elf or fairy. I want a

human today."

This minor problem was solved by PeeDee standing on a box while Shifty hunched down enough to bring his mouth down where it needed to be. He also, very subtly, altered his build to make the task easier.

Shifty had never undressed another male before. It was easy enough to open up PeeDee's leather breeches and expose his cock. He didn't know exactly what to expect, but what he found wasn't anything that he had imagined.

PeeDee was only semi-erect, but his cock was long and smooth, almost no bumps or veins in evidence. Overall his cock wasn't huge, but on the slim, short elf it looked large. The head was like the head of every humanoid cock Shifty had ever seen, except this cock had a rather thick silver ring coming out through the pee slit and circling back up to the shaft to pierce it right behind the ridge of the head.

"I didn't think elves wore metal," Shifty said, marveling at the cock in front of his face. He wasn't shy. He reached out and cupped the elf's sack which was smooth and nearly hairless. Under Shifty's fingertips he could barely detect the peach fuzz-like hair that lightly covered the wrinkled skin. He didn't sport any hair on his stomach or chest so the triangle above his cock was smooth as well. Shifty didn't know if this was because the elf removed the hair or he was naturally that way; he had never before been with an elf of any sort. It didn't matter.

Showing no hesitation, Shifty lowered his mouth onto the impressive, hairless cock. The sensation of the hard metal ring intersecting with the firm, ripe flesh was odd on Shifty's tongue. But it was exceedingly easy to quickly grow accustomed to any partner's body. He cupped PeeDee's balls with one hand and held the base of the shaft with the other while bobbing his head up and down the length, in imitation of what he had seen any variety of females do to his own cock on many different occasions. Sucking and tonguing the cock in the manner he liked was almost an insult to the women he had been with; no matter how many times he had told his partners exactly what he liked and wanted, they always seemed to do it a little bit wrong and somehow failed in the perfect blowjob.

"Very good, you know how to suck cock. I bet you've sucked a lot of cock in

your life.” PeeDee kept up a steady patter of comments and questions as Shifty blew him. Shifty didn’t answer for the simple reason that his mouth was full of cock which was a good thing because he wasn’t exactly sure what he would have said.

“I’m gonna blow my load,” PeeDee suddenly announced. “Suck it good and hard. Swallow it.”

Shifty’s neck and jaws were getting tired, but sensing he was near the end, he soldiered on, even increasing the speed of his efforts until finally PeeDee grabbed his head with both hands as his small cock erupted in Shifty’s mouth.

Even though Shifty hadn’t been with a man before, he had tasted his own cum on women he had fucked, and had tasted on men’s cum on and in women who had just been fucked by other partners. PeeDee’s cum tasted nothing like that. Instead of salty with a slightly acidic flavor, the elf’s was light and sweet, almost like the juice of a ripe fruit. The surprise was a delight and Shifty sucked eagerly, swallowing every drop, grabbing the elf’s small, firm buttocks so he couldn’t escape and leave Shifty unsatisfied.

Finally, the elf’s orgasm came to an end and he pulled free of Shifty’s mouth, much to the shapeshifter’s disappointment. “Very good,” PeeDee complimented him. “I can’t wait to properly fuck you, but a blowjob will have to be good enough for now. I have a class shortly.”

Frustration rolled through Shifty’s body. “That’s it?” he asked, angry and let down at the way the elf treated him.

PeeDee pulled his pants back up and hopped down from the box. “I’m not sure the excuse I was in bed with a new lover would be effective with Master Cornelius.” He lightly patted Shifty on the cheek and gave him a light kiss on the forehead. “Think of today as a promise for next time.”

“You’re an arrogant little prick,” said Shifty, rising up from his knees. He didn’t mind servicing others. He’d done it before with several different women and Cryfix seemed to have an obsession with his ass. But he’d done it with the others as a tacit agreement that there would be more reciprocation in the future. PeeDee seemed to think that he would get what he wanted and take what he wanted and Shifty would be there to amuse him to no end.

“Yes,” agreed PeeDee. “I certainly am. Dominants have that streak about them. I’m a dominant and most of the world is full of submissives, even in this college full of powerful wizards-to-be. I’m going to fuck just about every submissive in this place before I’m done.” He grinned as he pulled his shirt on and adjusted his vest.

Shifty just laughed at him which made PeeDee frown. “I don’t know where you came from, PeeDee, but you have a twisted view of the world.”

With that he walked out of the elf’s room, his head held high.

“Where have you been?” Dusty asked when Shifty finally returned to their room late that evening.

“Out walking in the ruins,” he answered. “Thinking.”

“You shouldn’t do that.”

“Why? Because it’ll hurt my head?” Shifty asked sarcastically, trying to beat his friend to the very obvious joke.

“No, because the ruins is where Tamar and I were attacked. You shouldn’t go there alone.”

“Would it amuse you more if I told you before that I was sucking elf dick?” Shifty asked, more than a little edge in his voice.

Dusty just stared. It was Tamar, sitting quietly in the room’s corner studying a small brass plated tome, who said, “That would amuse me.”

Despite Shifty’s anger, Dusty still laughed at his friend’s expense and then, as Shifty threw his pack and himself onto the bed, “Whose cock were you sucking?”

Realizing his anger had gotten the best of him, Shifty just answered honestly. “Wood elf that was sitting next to me at the meeting this morning. Name’s PeeDee.”

Tamar clapped her hands over her mouth and tried not to burst out laughing.

“What’s so funny?” asked Dusty, clearly amused.

Between her fingers Tamar managed to say, “He’s got quite a reputation. He’s propositioned me twice since arriving here. I think he hit on Cybelle several times as well. We both said no.”

Trying to take the focus off his experimentation, Shifty asked, “Are you and Dusty back together again?”

They both ignored his question. Dusty commented, “I know he fucked Helene Mixold, the alchemy student. But, if you believe rumors, he also bedded Kevan, Jysin, and Mallor, all in the magical combat arts school.”

“You’d better be careful, Shifty,” Tamar warned him, putting her book back up in front of her fact to continue reading. “You don’t want to catch a disease from him.”

“Or worse,” added Dusty. “You don’t want to catch his reputation.”

Chapter Four

THE DORM WAS woken by the sounds of battle in the courtyard. Those who were already awake rushed outside to protect the college. Those asleep simply pulled blankets and pillows over their heads and wished themselves back to sleep. Those involved in sexual relations at that moment decided sex was better than fighting and carried on as normal.

The scene in the courtyard would have been horrific if it weren't so cute. PeeDee the wood elf was squaring off against Daisy Thornthistle, a winged fairy. It was impossible to say at the moment who had thrown which spells, but minor damage littered the courtyard, PeeDee's normally green-toned skin was spotted with bright blue polka dots while the fairy's pale skin and butterfly wings were striped like a prismatic tiger. Both were drenched in what appeared to be a sticky amber liquid—maybe honey—and one of Daisy's antennae was smoking slightly.

Obviously many powerful combat spells had been cast without much damage. The amount of damage was inversely proportional to the size of the combatants. PeeDee was barely four feet tall while, at a stretch, Daisy was three feet when she wore her elaborate and ornamental high heeled slippers.

"No, fuck you!" Daisy screamed as she waved her hands elaborately to produce some magic missiles that streaked across the courtyard starting as zigzag shaped bits of energy and transformed into solid objects to ineffectively bounce off the invisible shield PeeDee had created in front of himself.

"I wouldn't fuck a fairy if someone cut off my dick and used it as a dildo," PeeDee retorted and, foolishly, let loose a minor curse that, in most instances, would have withered the fairy into an old crone, but it missed and simply shriveled the grass and flowers near the fine-featured fairy.

"What's this all about?" Shifty muttered to Estelle. He had spotted the centaur in the clump of students who were watching the battle. She had remembered to wear her vest but hadn't closed it and one nipple was peeking out of the edge of the fabric.

"Got me," she replied and yawned, stretching a bit, exposing her other breast before adding, "I came out with everyone else."

"Lovers spat?" asked Dusty who had followed Shifty. He moved around

Estelle’s large body, putting him closest to the fight.

“Nah. Fairies and elves hate each other,” the centaur commented.

“As is shown,” Shifty added, pointing at the two combatants. Daisy now reached up toward the night sky and Shifty was recognized the gestures she made. “Oh shit! Back up!” He jumped behind a large shrub so he missed it when a bolt of lightning sizzled down from the heavens. However, it was a clear night and the lightning that was summoned did little more than raise the hair on PeeDee’s scalp, which made him look like a ridiculous troll, but had no other effect.

The elf sneered and extended his hand, palm up, fingers curled. “Never fuck with a wood elf, fairy bitch!” he snarled.

From the ground underneath Daisy, roots, vines and tendrils suddenly erupted and snaked around her legs. At once she tried to lift off, her large butterfly wings flapping desperately, but it was no use. She was quickly dragged down and the animated vegetation wrapped around her body, squeezing it unmercifully. The crowd quickly realized she was being crushed to death, but no one knew what to do.

Daisy wasn’t out of the fight yet. “Nature abhors the unnatural,” she wheezed out, her tiny hands clenched into fists. At first nothing happened, then her eyes blazed and unnatural red and PeeDee screamed in pain, clapping his hands to his ears and then abruptly to his crotch.

Smoke slowly rose from PeeDee’s body where his metal piercings, glowing red, were burning his flesh. Daisy was silent, unable to breathe as the vegetation steadily constricted around her.

“Enough!” came a roaring voice. There was an upward breeze as Professor Cryfix descended from the top of the tower, his body’s fall slowly by the air itself. A pair of thunderclaps deafened the crowd. PeeDee’s jewelry turned cold and he collapsed to the ground; the roots around Daisy withdrew to the ground and she drew in a shuddering breath. “Go back to your rooms,” Cryfix called, his voice magically amplified. “The disciplinary committee will deal with these two.” Using another spell the college’s head levitated the two combatants. Neither were done fighting.

PeeDee shot his hand out, attempting one final spell against the fairy. A silver

bolt streaked toward Daisy. She quickly countered with a counterstrike of her own. The resulting collision of energy went spiraling into the crowd. There were screams of terror and as Shifty climbed out of the bushes he saw that Dusty had been turned into an unmoving stone statue.

Daisy giggled as Cybelle pushed her legs wide open. The fairy was of small enough stature that this was necessary for sex with her. Luckily the fairy was very limber, as befitted her race, and it was easy for her to open up to Cybelle.

“I feel dirty doing this,” Cybelle said with an eager grin on her face that was just inches away from Daisy’s sex.

“That means it’s going to be good,” Daisy promised.

“But you look so…young,” Cybelle said helplessly. Even the youthful look of the fairy wasn’t enough to fully dissuade her from initiating their very adult behavior. Daisy looked young with her small breasts and lack of pubic hair on her pussy, but that was normal for a fairy. Her race was so long-lived, and Cybelle was plainly shocked when Daisy revealed that she was forty five years old and had had more lovers of different races than Cybelle had years.

“I’m a fairy,” she said flapping her butterfly wings under her slim body. “We look young right up to the day we die. Now are you going to eat my pussy or do I need to find a different lover?”

Her grin firmly plastered on her face, Cybelle kissed Daisy at the top of her slit, felt the smooth skin of her hairless sex, and then plunged lower. To Cybelle’s way of thinking Daisy’s pussy lips opened up just like a flower’s petals. It was, plainly, a beautiful pussy: pink and just slightly swollen and scented like strong lavender and perfectly formed like a tiny spring flower.

Daisy groaned and arched her back. Her wings fluttered under her, showing she was on the edge of climax already. This Cybelle knew about fairies, they were eager lovers and happy to get into bed with almost anyone, but the males rarely lasted more than a minute. However the females—the females!—they could have orgasm after orgasm which explained why female fairies sought out companionship from others outside their race. The males couldn’t satisfy them. Female fairies didn’t discriminate; they would have sex with anyone willing to

play, male or female or other, human, centaur, satyr, troll, or dwarf. But not elves. Never elves.

Cybelle inserted her finger into Daisy's tight pussy and searched upward for her hidden pleasure spot. The fairy came hard, clamping down on Cybelle's finger and squirting out enough liquid to make it seem like Daisy was a mermaid and not a fairy. When she reached up with her other hand to pinch the fairy's small pink nipple, Daisy came again. Cybelle, curious, then applied her tongue to the fairy's hidden clit, and pulled another orgasm from the fairy. The curvy enchantress was thrilled with the response from her lover. It became a game for her when she realized she could make Daisy cum as easily as she could snap her fingers.

"Stop! Stop! Stop!" Daisy finally cried out, pushing her lover away, scrambling to get free of the enchantress's hands, beating at her with her brightly colored wings. Cybelle laughed and licked her fingers, enjoying the strange flavor of the fairy.

"Too much?" she asked between giggles. "Fairies are such easy lovers."

"I know," Daisy replied with an equally broad grin. "We can't help ourselves."

"Your pussy is so small and tight. How do you fuck men?"

"Very carefully," said Daisy lifting her already highly arched eyebrows which made her small antennae flap back and forth. "They need to get me worked up first. Really wet and then they can get their cocks in me. I stretch," she said with haughty authority.

"I bet," Cybelle replied and put her hand between the fairy's legs again. This time she inserted a pair of fingers into the fairy, scooped up her copious lubrication, and tasted more of the fairy's essence.

Daisy swatted her hand away. "My turn." Though she was small, she was strong. The fairy jumped up and with the assistance of a few flaps of her wings, had Cybelle on her back in the blink of an eye. They kissed, a small tongue darting around the enchantress's mouth, and then the fairy was sucking on Cybelle's nipple while stretching her arm out to its maximum length to explore the enchantress's pussy, specifically her clit.

“Don’t you get intimidated fucking people so much bigger than you?” Cybelle asked as she let her head flop back, enjoying Daisy’s attention. The fairy’s small cunning fingers quickly found her clit and she was soon shaking with delight at her lover’s attention.

“Nope. Well, maybe the first time I fucked a human male, but you get used to it. And they think we’re so beautiful they would never intentionally hurt me.”

Cybelle’s thighs closed on Daisy’s hand as she came with heavy gasping breaths. “That’s because you are beautiful.” The enchantress would know; half her skills lay with her beauty.

“It smells like lavender in here,” said Shifty, dropping by Cybelle’s room for her promised assistance with a moderately difficult mind influence cantrip.

“Does it?” she asked, acting unconcerned. “Tamar must have brought some flowers in.”

After letting his eyes pass over Tamar’s side of the room Shifty commented. “I don’t see any flowers. Anyway, lavender’s not in season.” His eyes narrowed. “And you have that familiar glow about you,” he grinned. “You got laid recently. Who was the lucky lad?”

“No one,” she replied too quickly.

“Or lady. I know you prefer the distaff.”

“None of your business!”

“So you have been laid!” he deduced. “Ah ha!”

She rolled her eyes. “Can we get on with this?”

A bit of trivia bubbled to the top of Shifty’s brain. “You fucked a fairy!” he accused. “Fairy pussy smells like lavender, everyone knows that, even me and —” he stopped abruptly. “There’s only one fairy on campus that I know of.” His eyes narrowed. “Did you fuck Daisy Thornsthistle?”

One skill that Cybelle knew she needed to work on was keeping her face neutral when confronted by uncomfortable or incriminating information. “Maybe,” she hedged, but Shifty could easily read her face.

“Well that’s a yes. When did you fuck her?” he demanded.

Sighing, Cybelle decided to be honest. “This morning.”

“I can’t believe you had sex with Daisy after she turned Dusty into a statue!” Shifty railed at Cybelle.

“Relax. Professor Cryfix said the effect is only temporary and Dusty will be able to change back. He’s an earth wizard after all.”

“You fucked the fairy that turned Dusty into stone!” he insisted.

“To be fair,” she countered, “it was at least half PeeDee Jymes fault.”

“You still fucked her. I thought you were friends with Dusty? And me!”

“Have you ever been the target of a horny fairy?” asked Cybelle, more than a touch of anger in her voice. “They don’t take no for an answer. Just breathing the same air as them is an aphrodisiac. I couldn’t say no. I physically couldn’t.”

Out of complaints, Shifty just stood there, seething. Finally he blurted out, “I suppose you enjoyed it?”

“Gods yes!” she crowed.

Her enthusiasm too Shifty aback. “I’m glad,” he said with dripping sarcasm. “If you’re going to fuck a fairy, you might as well get off on it.”

“Many times,” she said. “And I’m still horny.” She grabbed his hand and brought it to her pussy, covered only by her thin legging. “Want to help me out with that?”

He could feel her heat radiating from her cunt and he most definitely wanted to help her resolve her lust issue.

Chapter Five

ESTELLE FOCUSED ON the star chart spread out before her on the window ledge of her room. She had briefly considered going to the top of the tower for a better view, but it was always a pain in the ass for her to climb the narrow stairs designed for bipedal legs. Besides, with the warning about the killed stalking around the campus, she was safer in her room.

Forecasting the future was always difficult, but usually the stars gave her some insight. Tonight, however, they weren't cooperating and the centaur was having a difficult time interpreting their movements.

The more she focused on her forecast, the more the rest of the world faded away. It wasn't her fault, entirely, that she became an easy target for the hunter. It was designed to sneak up on its victims and take them by surprise. Changing shape, fading into the darkness, taking advantage of every little weakness was part of its nature. The hunter couldn't help itself. It was a killer and killed to please its master and killed to survive on the sweet, sweet nectar of fear that its victims let out as they expired.

The hunter didn't kill because it was ordered to or because it like to or because it had to. It killed because of all those reasons, no one more important than the other.

If the hunter had one weakness, it was that the physical weapons it was given were weak. The strength of a hunter was the way it turned its prey's skill against it. All it needed to do was get close enough to use that hidden talent.

With Estelle distracted by her stargazing, it was easy for the hunter to silently sneak up on her. She didn't notice a thing. When she lost focus of the stars in her sextant, Estelle tried to adjust the knobs and then rubbed at her eyes and when she realized what was going on, it was far too late. She fought and tried to breathe, but it was to no avail. Eventually the world turned dark and she struggled no more while the hunter feasted on her soul and her fear.

Found the next morning by a servant girl, the scream from the bottom of the dorm filled the students' tower. Those who rushed to see what happened and to render aid were far too late. Estelle had collapsed to the stone floor, literally asphyxiated by the star chart that should have revealed the future of the world to her, but it didn't tell her the centaur the most important bit of information: how to save her own life.

“How did a sheepskin parchment even get shoved down her throat?” asked Master Greystone.

“Not really down her throat,” said Nurse Ursun. “It was more down her windpipe. Very far down her windpipe.”

“Maybe she killed herself?” asked Dr. Alpine. “It wouldn’t be the first time a student committed suicide here.”

Professor Cryfix shook his head authoritatively. “Not a chance. Centaurs do not kill themselves. And that’s just wishful thinking, my friend. She was murdered like the others.”

“This doesn’t bode well.”

Cryfix looked at Dr. Adler, her upper body swaying slightly back and forth on top of her long, muscular tail. “How so?”

Adler looked up from the body. “Normally I can detect the remains of a person’s spirit or soul or essence after they have died. It takes a while for that energy to pass on to the next realm. Here, with Estelle, I sense nothing at all. It is like her essence has been…destroyed.”

End Book Three

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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