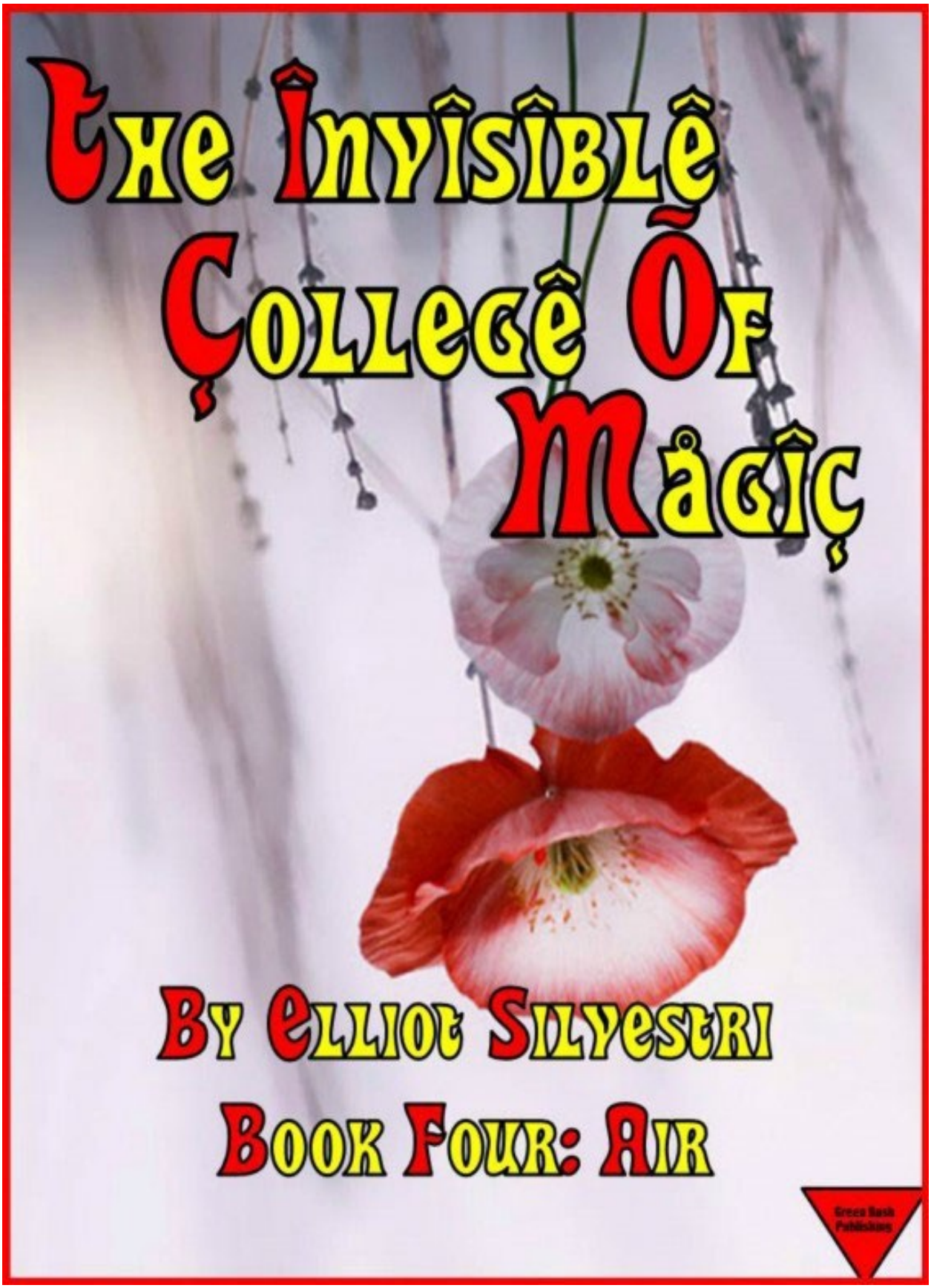
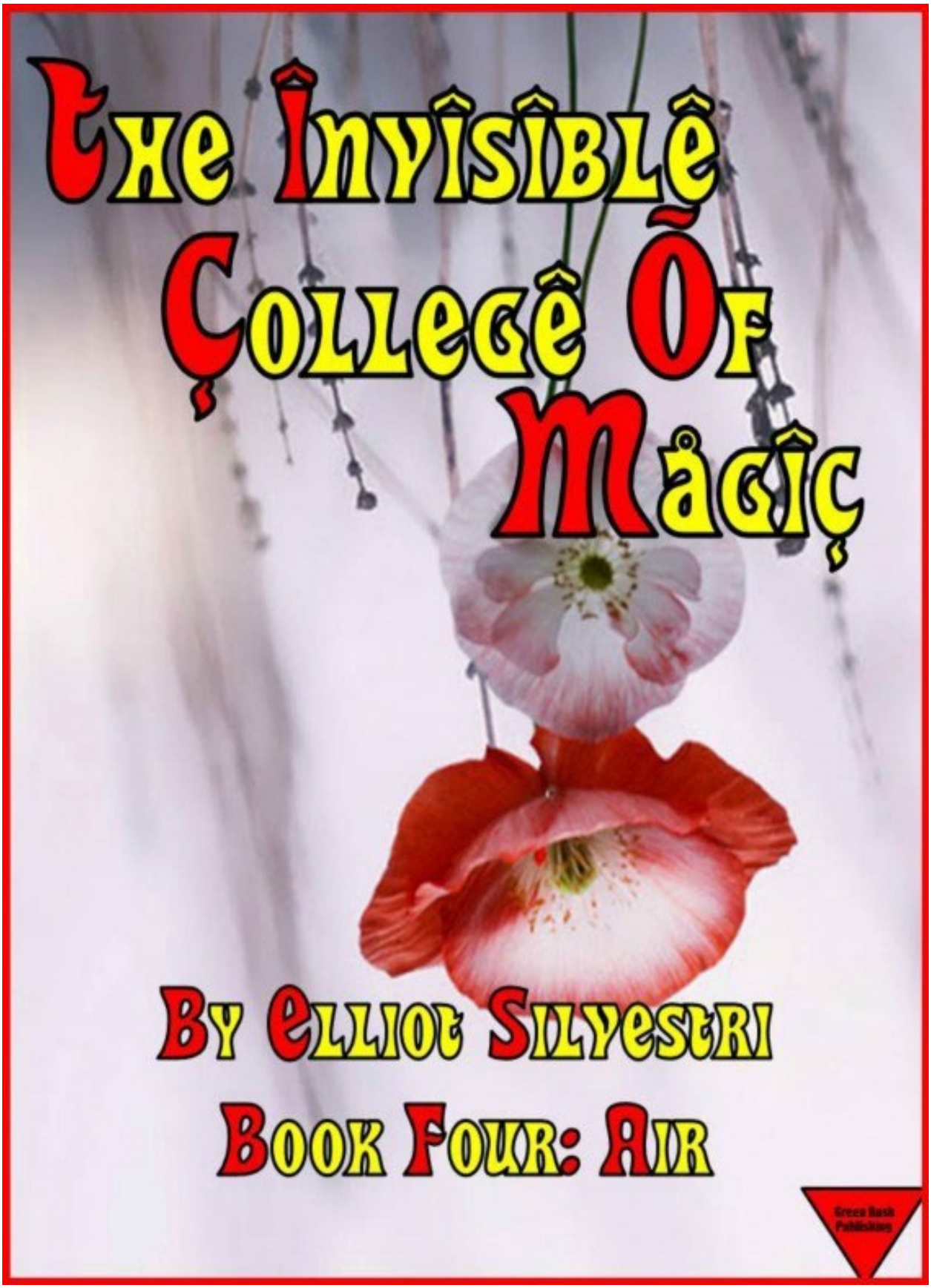

The Invisible College Of Magic
By Elliot Silvestri
Book Four: Air
Green Bush Publishing


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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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About the Author

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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 Harshaw Boys – identical twin cousin potion makers

The Hunter – an assassin

Chapter One

THE COLLEGE REQUIRED a weekly lecture on the nature of magic. No one liked it, not even the professors who were roped into doing the lecture. After Dr. Alpine finished his admonitions on the general dangers of magic and how a fifth of the graduation class could expect to die within two years from mistakes and errors on their parts and others while manipulating magic, he disappeared. Not literally, he simply made a quick exit. The majority of students sat quietly in the small lecture hall considering his words on the death of Estelle Ciratoga, the centaur that Shifty had eagerly—and often—fucked.

“Hmm. Our resident centaur precog killed by our mysterious resident killer,” commented PeeDee trying to make an ironic observation. “I bet she didn’t see that coming.” He grinned, looking around for some wry chuckles or other appreciation of his dry—and misplaced—humor.

No one laughed. No one even cracked a smile.

“Oh, c’mon,” he complained. “Nothing? That’s comedy gold right there.”

“Fuck off and die,” said Shifty. Without further word he got up and left the room.

“He’s just upset because he didn’t get enough of my cock,” laughed PeeDee. Slowly the rest of the students filed out, leaving Shifty alone.

“I can’t believe you fucked him,” Cybelle said to Shifty. They had met up in her room to commiserate about Estelle’s death, but the moment he walked in, she attacked him, not with magic but with words, which was much worse.

“I didn’t!” It was an impulsive reaction, to deny and then dig himself out of the hole.

“That’s not what I heard. He bragged that you went to him room and it was glorious.” While she was exaggerating, it wasn’t untrue.

“It was a fucking blowjob! Nothing more!”

She looked askance at him. “And a blowjob doesn’t equate with fucking him?”

Shifty rolled his eyes. “I can’t believe we’re getting into semantics.”

“You’re the one splitting hairs,” she snapped.

“And you fucked what’s her name, Daisy the fairy!”

“So? It’s not like I tried to keep it a secret!”

Indeed, after her encounter with Daisy, Cybelle had been more than eager to tell anyone with the slightest inkling that she had fucked the fairy. It wasn’t an especially difficult achievement; fairies were apt to fuck anyone of moderate attractiveness who showed an interest in them. In a similar vein, it wasn’t terribly difficult to fuck an elf, especially wood elves like PeeDee who were eager to prove themselves as equals to other humanoids.

Shifty opened his mouth to shout out an insult, but then gave pause and reconsidered. “Why the fuck are we arguing?” he asked, mostly of himself.

“Because Estelle’s dead and we don’t know who to blame so we look to make villains out of friends,” replied Cybelle.

It took two blinks of his eyes, but that was enough time for Shifty to acknowledge her insight. “When did you start plumbing the depths of souls?”

Cybelle looked away, almost embarrassed. “I’m an enchantress. I have to know what other people are thinking and feeling for my magic to really work.”

“Oh. That makes sense.”

“But that’s not really why we’re arguing,” said Cybelle.

“It’s not?”

She closed her eyes and prepared herself for the next question. Cybelle wasn’t completely sure if Shifty was purposely playing stupid or if he actually had no clue. After opening her eyes she asked, “We you in love with her?”

“What?”

Cybelle frowned. “You certainly fucked her enough times. Were you in love with

her?” she repeated.

“Well…no,” he answered honestly. It was a harsh truth to speak, but as much as he liked fucking Estelle and spending time with her—plus he got off on fucking members of other species—he didn’t truly love her. “I mean, I suppose I could have changed myself into a centaur and lived the rest of my life that way, but I wasn’t in love with her enough for that.”

As he rambled on Cybelle shook her head slowly at him. “You really have no clue, do you?”

“Clue about what?” he asked.

She just rolled her eyes and sighed in frustration. Before anything else could be said there was a knock at the door.

“Expecting someone?” he asked trying to keep the mockery out of his voice.

Cybelle frowned. “No.”

Without her permission Shifty opened the door to reveal the small, slim form of Daisy Thornthistle reaching her tiny fist up to knock a second time. “Hello,” said Shifty.

The fairy wiggled her butterfly wings and straightened up her antenna in response. “I was looking for Cybelle,” she said in her high, squeaky voice.

“She’s right here. And I’ll be going.”

Daisy pushed by him. “You don’t have to leave. We don’t need any privacy for studying.”

“Do you know Shifty?” asked Cybelle by way of introduction for the two.

“Oh, the shapeshifter! I thought your name was Tom.”

“I go by Shifty.”

The little fairy nodded. “Makes sense. Is this your normal face?”

“I…yes. But what difference does it make?”

“Other than I like to know what people actually look like? None at all,” she said haughtily, an attitude that she pulled off with great élan considering the way she carried herself. “But I only fuck those I find interesting, cute, or sexy. Or all three.”

He had been about to leave, but Shifty was easily tempted back into the room by her words. “And which of those criteria did Cybelle meet?” he asked archly.

“All three, of course,” said the fairy, laying an overly familiar hand on the taller enchantress’s hip.

Shifty didn’t know what to say. Cybelle, however, sensed a way to make a connection between the two. “Shifty is Dusty’s roommate.”

Daisy immediately clamped her hands over her mouth when she gasped wide and loud. “Oh! I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to get into a spat with that complete ass—I’m not even going to say his name.” But then whispered, “PeeDee,” before continuing. “I can’t stand elves. I know it’s not a good trait, but if I’m being honest, I have to say so. I’m not sorry about getting into a fight with him; I’m sorry about what happened to Dusty. Have they been making any progress getting him out of his stone form?”

Shifty shook his head. “No. Not yet. But they don’t give me daily updates. I have to go ask.”

“I’m so sorry,” she repeated. “It was a complete accident on my part. Well, partly my part, but mostly his assness’s fault. How can I make it up to you?” She gave him a slight smile and a knowing wink.

Despite the situation, Shifty still found himself unable to resist his lecherous nature. “I can think of a few ideas.”

“I bet you can,” Daisy flirted with him.

“Oh please,” Cybelle said. “It’s obvious what she’s implying, Shifty.”

Teasing, the fair said, with a shake of her head, “He’s not cute enough.”

To that Shifty easily altered his face from its normal, bland appearance to one of a slightly younger boyish visage.

“Not sexy enough now,” said Daisy.

Shifty bulked up his muscles and grew a few inches.

“Well, that’s two. But what makes him really interesting?”

“He’s a shapeshifter,” Cybelle whispered in the fairy’s ear. “He can be anything your heart desires. Even if your heart desires something so dirty, naughty, and nasty your family would disown you for the very thought.”

“Can you take on the appearance of a wood elf?” asked Daisy far too eagerly.

In response, Shifty altered his face, body, and—most importantly—his ears to look like a cousin of PeeDee Jymes, but without the piercings.

“Do you like to mix a bit of pain with sex?” asked Daisy, leaving nothing to Shifty’s imagination.

“Only physical pain,” said Shifty, his voice modulated to that of an elf’s. “It’s the emotional pain that I can’t stand.”

“This is the problem with fairies,” said Cybelle, mostly to herself. “They’re always willing to hop into bed with their next new partner.”

“Doesn’t have to be a bed,” said Daisy as she reached up and untied the string that held her blouse closed. Because of their wings fairies were somewhat limited in what they could wear around their torsos. Most, like Daisy, simply chose a loose-fitting blouse that snugged up under the wings on their backs while just barely covering the shoulders. As a bonus, it was easy to remove. On this day Daisy was wearing a combination outfit where the blouse was attached to the skirt. After she opened the cotton blouse the rest of the garment fell to the floor and she was naked.

Shifty took in her lithe body and small breasts topped with tiny areolas and nipples. Between her legs she didn’t have a hint of hair, but her hips were more than flared enough to indicate her womanliness.

“I do believe she wants to fuck you, Shifty,” said Cybelle.

“And you too,” said Daisy. “That’ll make it interesting. Three in a bed…or

elsewhere."

Cybelle watched in fascination as Shifty, in the form of an elf, and Daisy kissed. It was like old lovers meeting and Cybelle felt a thrill of jealousy mixed with uncontrolled lust. She wasn't sure where here jealousy lay since she had bedded both Daisy and Shifty, but told herself that Daisy was just a passing fling and Shifty was…she couldn't have a long-term relationship with a shapeshifter.

Shifty, in his elf form, stripped off his clothes while pushing Daisy back to Cybelle's bed. In reality, Shifty was much bigger than the fairy, but as a wood elf, he was just slightly larger. She folded her wings and Shifty pushed her legs apart, already rooting about for the entrance to her pussy. Although she had silently told herself she wasn't going to, Cybelle pulled up the hem of her dress and tucked her fingers into her panties, seeking out her wet slit. Even as an elf, Shifty's taut bottom made her stomach flip-flop and watching him fuck the fairy filled her with a burning jealous rage that couldn't easily be extinguished. Daisy was her lover and Shifty was her lover and it was hard—impossible—for the two of them to be having sex in front of her but they were and she was so incredibly turned on by it.

It was obvious by watching their bodies and faces that Shifty had entered her. Daisy's face was screwed up into intense concentration and her short legs were wrapped around Shifty's thighs. Her antenna were pulsing up and down and Cybelle wanted to join them, but her hand was already busy in her pussy. Her desire overtook good sense and she yanked her dress over her head, leaving her in panties and corset. She climbed on the bed next to the rutting pair, hand still between her legs, and shared a kiss first with Daisy, and then Shifty.

"Is this what you want, little fairy?" Shifty asked Daisy, punctuating each word with a thrust of his hips.

"I hate fucking elves," Daisy spat back at him as she reached for his face with fingers clawed. Shifty quickly grabbed her hands and pinned her down to the bed.

"Oh, that's so hot," Cybelle said, amazed at the violence and the passion between the two. Daisy struggled against Shifty's grip, unable to escape, but enjoying the process. She was actually arching her hips up to better receive each of Shifty's thrusts. "She likes being fucked," Cybelle told Shifty. "Do it to her

harder. Make it hurt."

The two almost looked like they were fighting and they both looked like they were in pain which made Cybelle blurt out, "Are you gonna cum?"

Daisy answered first. "Not until he does."

"She's. Gonna. Cum." Shifty promised, his face a rictus of lust.

"Cum in her," Cybelle whispered. "Fill her up."

The grunt that Shifty made sounded like he was being strangled. His buttocks tensed up and Cybelle placed her hand on the taut muscle, feeling the power of his orgasm and he emptied the contents of his balls into the little fairy.

As he started cumming, the fairy let out a little shriek of pain and thrill. Her eyes popped open and she managed to slip her hands out of Shifty's grip. That gave her the opportunity to run her nails down his back as she screamed out her orgasm.

"He came in me, he came in me, he came in me," she repeated over and over.

"Was it good?" Cybelle asked, a broad grin on her face, eager for the obvious answer.

"It was so good," Daisy reported.

Cybelle pushed Shifty off the small fairy's body. It was all too much for her to comprehend. "Did he hurt your pussy?" she asked. The hairless organ was red and wet and dripping with Shifty's leavings. It was impossible for her to tell if Daisy was in pain and frankly she didn't care, but she still kissed Daisy's pussy. The scent of sex and Shifty's cum were strong, so strong that Cybelle easily forgave herself and started licking and sucking on her friend's cunt, savoring the slick liquid that leaked from the fairy along with the pungent cum that Shifty had left behind. She was debasing herself, but she didn't care.

Daisy, however, enjoyed the attention the human enchantress was showering on her. Already primed from Shifty's cock, it was easy for her to reach another quick peek from Cybelle's tongue. Her reaction encouraged Cybelle who made the little fairy cum again and then a third time before she finally backed off,

pleased with how she controlled Daisy, but also a little embarrassed.

“Goddess!” she exclaimed while wiping her face with the back of her hand. “I don’t know what came over me.” She knew her face was still slick with the other’s sex juices, but didn’t care either.

“It’s fine,” said Shifty, somewhat bemused by her eagerness to eat the fairy’s pussy. “It was an exciting show. I liked it.” That was apparent from the way his cock stood out from his body. “Would you like me to fuck you?” he offered, generously and eagerly. Daisy just watched the little scene from the bed, her legs still open, her eyes glazed with lust.

“Yes!” When the word slipped from her lips, Cybelle was embarrassed at how eager and lust-addled her voice was, but Shifty didn’t comment on her need for sex and Daisy barely seemed to be aware of her surroundings.

“Don’t move,” said Shifty as he changed his position from lying next to Daisy to behind Cybelle. “Now lean forward.”

Since she hadn’t moved from between Daisy’s still open legs, leaning forward put her face back within inches of the fairy’s pussy, which she figured was intentional on Shifty’s part. He didn’t bother to remove her panties, he just shoved them to the side to expose her cunt—she was humiliated at how wet the garment was—and changed his form so it was easy enough for him to push his rock-hard cock into her. A quick glance over her shoulder told Cybelle that he was still mostly an elf, but a strangely tall and muscular one. All thoughts of racial differences and relations left her mind when he fully got his cock buried into her waiting cunt.

“Oh, yes,” she moaned and, with a little gentle encouragement on his part, lowered her face all the way to Daisy’s tiny pussy. Because she knew that Shifty could alter any part of his body, including his cock, she wasn’t entirely sure if she had gotten a natural rise out of him, or if he was just showing off to please her. Either way, it didn’t matter because getting fucked by Shifty’s rock hard cock while eating the fairy’s pussy was better magic than any spell she had ever cast. Nowhere in the fifteen levels of Elysium was there a greater pleasure to be found.

And yet, because of her determination to maintain and improve her magical powers, she managed to remember that one critical component of sex with a

man. “Do not cum in me,” she ordered Shifty, picking up her face from Daisy’s pussy and looking over her shoulder.

“As always, my princess,” he said, half agreeing and half mocking.

It was good enough for the moment. Cybelle lost time between Shifty’s cock and Daisy’s pussy. An orgasm overtook her and caused her to forget who she was and just live in the moment, experiencing everything she could all at once. But, sadly, reality came crashing back down when Shifty pulled out of her and shot his second load all over her back and ass.

Somewhere in the back of her mind she heard her mother telling her she should feel humiliated, but she wasn’t. She was invigorated and proud. Nothing they had done was wrong and, if anything, it served to make her more powerful with both herself and her friends.

Chapter Two

“HOW ARE WE going to find the killer?” asked Damian doubtfully. “We’re really just students, we’re not professional bounty hunters or magical huntsmen.

“I’ve been thinking about it, and I have an idea that might work,” said Shifty. They were all gathered in his dorm room. There wasn’t much space with all the bodies crammed in, but no one complained, especially since there was more space than usual with the absence of Estelle.

“Whatever it is, I’m in,” said Dusty.

“Don’t you want to hear the plan first?” asked Shifty.

“No. You try being trapped in a body you can’t move for three weeks and see how you feel about it.” Dusty had only that morning been restored to his normal body. He had refused to say exactly what the venerable mind-trust of the college had for him—and perhaps he didn’t know for certain—but he was back. He was moving slowly and stiffly, but much to Shifty’s relief, he was back and alive.

“But it wasn’t the hunter’s fault that you were turned into a statue,” said Tamar, who had been sitting next to Dusty, holding his hand. She was glaring at Daisy who kept her eyes focused on the floor. “Curses and spells were being tossed around by a couple of fucking idiots without a thought to anyone but themselves.”

“Hey!” Daisy protested.

“Say it isn’t true,” the fiery redhead spat, jumping to her feet so she literally towered over the small fairy. Everyone else pulled back in case a fight did break out…not that six inches would have made much of a difference in safety.

The fairy was rightly cowed, but she didn’t let it end without a protest. “It wasn’t completely my fault and I’ve already apologized to David. What I did was foolish and I don’t have an excuse. My…personal feelings about wood elves overtook my good sense.”

“But her personal feelings about wood elves certainly get her wet,” Shifty whispered in Cybelle’s ear. She elbowed him and kept her face neutral.

“As if that’s enough—” Tamar began in defense of her boyfriend who didn’t

need to be defended.

“Let it go, Tam,” said Dusty. “She apologized. It was an accident. PeeDee hasn’t said a word to me. I’m fine with Daisy being here.”

“Why is she here?” asked Tamar as rudely as possible.

“Because we’re going to need all the help we can get to find this killer.”

“Why?” asked Damian. “It’s not our job.”

“Because it killed Estelle,” Shifty pointed out. “And it nearly killed Dusty and Tamar. And it killed Brooke and Syndelle. How many more are going to die before we decide we need to do something?”

“Isn’t the college…?”

The question was left to hang in the air. “They’re probably doing something,” agreed Shifty. “This is all my idea and I have no reason to bring it to the administration because…it’s stupid and risky and they’d just tell me no. You all can so no right now. I don’t know if what I’m going to propose will get you killed or kicked out of school, but I won’t hold a grudge if you don’t want to participate.

“I’m in,” said Tamar, wrapping her arm around Dusty. It wasn’t until that moment that Shifty realized their relationship had changed and they were definitely a couple.

“I’m in,” agreed Dusty.

Daisy and Cybelle both quickly agreed as well and then all eyes of the small gathering fell on Damian.

He hesitated.

“I’m not sure. You’ve got five people already,” he said. “What do you need me for?”

“I need you,” said Shifty and Dusty couldn’t but help to snort and giggle. The three women rolled their eyes and shook their heads. “I need you because you’re

the lynchpin of this operation."

"It's much bigger than a pin," commented Cybelle.

"Really," asked an eager Daisy.

"Not now," barked Shifty. "The problem here is that we don't know who or what or where this killer is, so we need someone who can teleport like it's second nature." He looked meaningfully at the half-demon.

Damian groaned and rubbed at his left horn. "And that would have to be me."

"Unless you know of some other teleporter here at the college," he answered. "I'm willing to listen to suggestions."

Alone in her room Cybelle carefully sketched a white chalk circle on the stone floor and added a few symbols of power at the cardinal points before adding a second circle containing the power symbols and her original ring. Pausing a moment, she thought and tilted her head to the side before she unlaced the strings to her dress and let the garment fall to the floor, leaving her naked.

"Son of a demon!" she abruptly cried out raising her hands above her head.

Nothing happened.

"Cunt slut whore," she muttered under her breath and refocused herself.

"Son of a demon bitch!" she called out, arms this time at a forty five degree angle from her shoulders, fingers pointed.

There was a small bang and the smell of burned hair filled the room. "Hell's bells," Damian complained. "That gave me a headache, which I suppose is good because that means I'm resisting, I guess." For a demon he didn't have a lot of self-confidence.

"I had to try twice for it to work this time," Cybelle told him.

"Yeah, I felt the first pull and resisted that." He blinked at her. "Where are your

clothes?”

Cybelle smiled wanly. “I didn’t want you to feel uncomfortable when I teleported you here. I knew you’d be naked.”

This was all part of Shifty’s plan. Damian needed to hone and perfect his teleportation abilities in order to capture the killer, but if he could be summoned at the whim of anyone, he was useless. The wizards-to-be in their small enclave had been tasked with summoning Damian at random points in the day and he would either resist or send someone else in his place to be trapped in the restraining circle.

“You could have just had a pair of pants or a robe for me,” he pointed out. Damian would have been a handsome man if not for the twisted horns growing out of his forehead along with his red-black skin tone and black nails. Still, Cybelle was more than willing to overlook all of that because her eyes were locked on his impressively sized and unusually surfaced cock.

“I do,” she said, pointing at a neatly folded pair of pants just outside the circle. “Just step outside the circle and grab them.”

Damian attempted to do so, but the restraining circle was unexpectedly powerful. He could either wait in the circle until she erased one of the power symbols or until he teleported back to where he had come. “I can’t,” he said.

“That’s good for Shifty’s plan,” she commented as she walked once around the circle, admiring Damian’s muscular body, which she attributed to his demon mother, and wondered if he would be sexier with a tail. “What do you think of me?” she asked stopping in front of Damian who had been gathering his thoughts in preparation of teleporting himself back.

Immediately Damian was wary. “I think you’re fine,” he said cautiously. “Everyone else says you are pretty powerful when it comes to charms and enchantments.”

She rolled her eyes. “I’m not talking about my magic skills,” she told him. “Me. My body.” She posed, twisting her hips slightly, bent her knee, pointed her toe, and leaned forward slightly to accentuate her curves. It was obvious she wasn’t the least bit shy about showing off her skin to Damian.

He, however, had been keeping his eyes from roaming all over her body. “I… I’ve been focusing on not staring at you.”

She laughed at him. “When I stripped down just to get a reaction out of you? I’ve been watching and your cock hasn’t gotten the least bit hard. Are you gay?”

“What? No! We had sex only a few weeks ago.”

She shrugged. “Yeah, so? You wouldn’t be the first gay male to have sex with a woman to prove something…or just get off because there wasn’t a man around.”

He lifted his eyes to the ceiling. “I don’t need this shit.”

“I’ve been doing some research and it’s pretty rare for a half-demon to get a human woman pregnant,” she said conversationally.

“Um…okay?” He was confused.

“I want to know what it’s like for a man, or even a half-man half demon, to cum inside me. But it might be that women don’t get pregnant from half-demons is because it’s incredibly rare for women to have sex with them. And the women in my family are incredibly fertile.”

Damian was shaking his head. “I really don’t know what you’re asking,” he said, confused but intrigued.

“I want to have sex with you,” she said flatly, spelling it out for the half-demon.

“Well, why didn’t you say so in the first place?”

She smiled, lowering her chin slightly. “I’m an enchantress. I like to play coy. But answer the question.”

Despite her offer, Damian was unsure. “There might be a problem with what you want,” he said.

For just a second Cybelle was unsure of herself. She knew her body wasn’t perfect, but Damian had fucked her before and she knew with the simple application of a charm spell he would be helpless to resist her, but she didn’t do that. “What problem?”

“Um…you and Shifty,” he said which explained nothing.

“What about Shifty?”

Damian proceeded cautiously. “I thought you two were…” He rubbed anxiously at his left horn.

“Were what?”

The pause became uncomfortable.

“Having sex?” she finished for him.

“Well, everyone knows you two were already doing that,” he said uncomfortably. “I just thought you two were in an actual relationship.”

That made Cybelle laugh out loud. “Hardly. I fuck who I want when I want and I’m not going to limit myself to one person now or ever.”

“Oh.” It was a strange comment for a demon, even a half-demon, to make.

It took all of Cybelle’s control to not let her lip curl up into a sneer when she said, “Now you have to have sex with me.”

“I do?” Damian was perplexed. He was certain he had pissed off the enchanting blonde.

Cybelle swept her foot forward, brushing and muddling the chalk mark on the floor that anchored Damian’s circle, and in the process released him.

“You do,” she demanded. “I’m horny and you’re available and I’m willing to take a chance of you filling my belly.”

“You are?” Damian was not the smartest demon from any circle of hell.

“If, on the off chance, you do knock me up, there’s a chance it’ll be a boy and I won’t lose my powers. And if it is a girl…” her voice hardened. “I don’t have a problem with getting rid of a quarter demon offspring.”

Her words chilled him and that caused a rise in his cock.

Cybelle stepped through the circle and put one hand to the back of Damian's neck and the other to his cock, pulling him forward with both hands so she could kiss him and gauge his excitement by the pulse in his growing flesh.

The kiss lasted longer than Damian expected and only ended when Cybelle pulled back to comment, "I forgot how sharp your teeth are." She ran her tongue on the roof of her mouth feeling the little cuts inflicted by Damian's pointed dentition.

"Sorry."

"Don't apologize. I like a little thrill of pain with my sex. Don't you?"

"Yes, of course." Cybelle wasn't sure if she believed his reply, but that was her primary concern at the moment. He hand had been busy on his cock and Damian wasn't thinking straight. All he knew at the moment was he wanted to get his cock inside her.

"Ready to fuck me?" she asked, playing the game of the false innocent girl.

"Yeah."

"This'll be your one chance to cum in me. Don't make it a waste."

Pulling him by his now fully erect—erect to the point of intimidation for most women—cock, Cybelle led the way to her bed and pulled him down with her. Since she was in charge of the encounter, Cybelle made sure she was on top of him, straddling his hips, aiming his big cock toward her open pussy. The idea of his sharp teeth and ridged tongue exploring around her cunt scared her as well as excited her, but Cybelle wasn't looking for that sort of adventure at the moment. She just needed a straight fuck—or as straight a fuck as a devious enchantress could have with a half-demon.

After mounting Damian, Cybelle leaned forward, showing off her large, round tits, as she began moving her ass up and down on his hard cock. The half-demon was so impressively sized that he filled her up more than any other lover, both in length and width. The stretch of her pussy was almost painful, as was the way his spade-shaped cockhead ran into her cervix, but it was pain she was more than happy to take. She needed a little pain in her life.

“So good,” she purred to him. “So full.”

“Uh-huh,” Damian agreed as he held onto her hips, slowing her down so he wouldn’t cum too soon. His black-taloned fingers dug into her soft skin, piercing it slightly, bringing tiny red dots of blood to the surface.

She leaned further forward. “Suck my tits,” she ordered. “I want your mouth on me.”

Damian obliged. Her prominent pink nipple disappeared between his dark red lips and he sucked as strongly as he dared, running the tip of his tongue around the projection of her nipple. This caused her to groan in appreciation.

“More,” she encouraged him. “Harder. Suck harder.” The motions of her hips and her generously padded ass increased in speed. The slapping sound of pale flesh on hard red flesh was unmistakably that of rough sex. The scent of their joined bodies filled the air.

But it still wasn’t enough for Cybelle. “More! Bite my tits. I want it!”

Her demands were on the edge of what Damian was comfortable with. Sex? Sure. Rough sex? Why not. A little thrill of pain? Okay. But too quickly Cybelle was asking for him to do things he knew was dangerous and harmful.

“No. I’ll hurt you,” he told her, pushing back on her shoulders.

Without warning, Cybelle got inside his guard and slapped him hard across the face hard enough to have left a cherry-red mark if his skin wasn’t already dark-red. He looked up at her in shock. “Bite my tits, fuck my cunt, and dig those claws into my ass,” she demanded through clenched teeth. “Fuck me like a demon, you piece of shit!”

For just a half second they locked eyes in a contest of wills. It was Damian who looked away first, latched on to her tit, and bit down hard on the flesh surrounding her areola. Cybelle screamed out in pain as she ineffectively pounded her fists against his hard shoulders. Damian thrust his cock upward into her pussy, holding her ass in place with his clawed fingers, making her cry out even more.

When he came it was a new thrill of pain for Cybelle. His cock twitched and she

ground her hips down onto him. The burst of cum into her cunt was an acidic burning that made her scream yet again. The pain was impossible to separate from the pleasure of her orgasm. With each pulse and ejaculation from his cock, a new fiery burning centered inside her pussy filled her body. If this was what it was like for all women when they came with a man—or better, a demon—she could see why the female of the species was so willing to go through the ordeal of sex and risk of pregnancy just to savor this one brief moment.

After it was over Cybelle collapsed on Damian and then slid off his body, letting his still firm cock slip from her pussy. The scorching burning didn't immediately go away, but it slowly abated. The burning pulse decreased slightly with every breath, like after the sting of a wasp that was paralyzing at first, but fades to oblivion.

"Was it good for you?" she all but purred at her demon lover.

"Yeah," he agreed, not knowing what else to say.

She brought his taloned fingers to her cunt, letting him feel their mixed juices. "It hurts, but it's good."

"I'm glad I could help."

She laughed at him. "Look at the teeth marks you left in my tit," she said, her hand around her breast, displaying the circle of small punctures around her areola his teeth had made.

"Sorry about that."

Cybelle shook her head. "Don't be. I'm just wondering how I'll explain these marks to my next lover."

Chapter Three

SHIFTY DIDN'T EXPECT a knock on his door mostly because it was late into the night and he was exhausted after having worked with Damian most of the evening on resisting being summoned. Still, he was pleasantly surprised to find Cybelle standing in the hallway.

"I thought Damian would be here," she said without a greeting.

He shook his head at her. "No. He was. We were working together, but he's too tired no. If you summoned him right now, he'd probably appear, but he'd be passed out."

She peered into the small room. "What about Dusty?"

After shrugging Shifty said, "Don't know. He might be with Tamar. They're not in your room?"

"No."

"Are you looking for someone?" he asked, confused.

"Just making sure you're alone," she said, pushing into the room and closing the door behind her. "Wanna fuck?"

It shouldn't have, but the question took him by surprise. "What?"

"I'm horny and I want to have sex," she said as she opened up her dress exposing all of her impressive cleavage but only skin, no nipples. The dress's neckline now plunged nearly down to her navel, pulling Shifty's eyes down toward Cybelle's hidden sex. "You're not busy right now, are you?"

"Yeah, but I'm…tired."

His answer made her laugh in his face. "You don't sound like a man when you turn down freely offered sex."

He grinned wryly. "You couldn't find anyone else to have sex with you? When a woman freely offers sex she usually doesn't have trouble finding a partner."

They glared at each other.

Cybelle broke first. “Let’s just have sex.” She went to her knees and reached out to open up his leather breeches.

Shifty was too tired to resist. His cock wasn’t too tired, however. The moment her lips came into contact with his soft flesh, it started hardening. “I’m exhausted,” he complained even as his body responded.

“My lips are magic,” she told him quickly between sucking on his flesh and going back for more. “They can revive even a dead man.”

While he doubted that, Shifty’s initial resistance to her advances fell and he pulled off his shirt while she continued to suck him.

“It’s not going to be great sex,” he told her.

Looking up and him, Cybelle backed off his cock and got to her feet. “I’m not looking for great sex,” she said as she pulled her dress down to step out of it. Normally this would excite Shifty, but this time it excited him in the wrong way. He was enraged.

“Who did that to you?” he demanded.

Cybelle looked down at her body where Shifty was pointing. Too late she realized that her body still bore the injuries from her session with Damian.

“No one,” she automatically lied and realized right away how stupid the lie sounded.

“What in the name of seven hells happened to you?” he all but growled at her. His voice deepened and his body became more muscular and larger. “Who attacked you?”

“No one,” she insisted again and then sighed, wishing she had thought up a better lie or had taken some time to magically accelerate her healing before coming to Shifty’s room. “Nobody attacked me. These are just…leftovers from when I had sex with Damian.”

“When did you have sex with him?” he asked, trying not to sound angry or jealous. He closed his eyes for half a second and deflated his body, trying to look less intimidating.

“Yesterday, last night. I was bored,” she said as half an explanation.

“And now you’re bored again and you want to have sex with me? How’s that supposed to make me feel? Am I your second choice or are you bored with him?”

“Not that it’s any of your fucking business, but I get frustrated only half having sex with men,” she spat at him. “You don’t know what it’s like being unable to finish with a man because I can’t get pregnant.”

“Well, that’s true,” he admitted. During their argument his eyes hadn’t moved from her body. There were small pinprick wounds on both sides of her hips, a ring of cuts around one nipple, various bruises on her body. Someone her injuries on her other perfect and shapely body made her even sexier. She was wearing woolen stockings that came up to her mid-thigh and that tiny bit of clothing gave her a tawdry appearance. “I don’t know what it’s like to be unable to finish with a man.”

“Hilarious,” she said. “So are we going to do this or not?”

“Shit yeah. Let’s fuck!” He crossed the room in three quick steps, grabbed her, pressed her up against the cold stone wall and kissed her ferociously. She kissed back and lifted up one leg to hook her ankle behind him, to pull him in closer, to open up her pussy and allow his still-hard cock that was squeezed between them, access to her sex.

“Now, now,” she whispered in his ear. “You need to fuck me now.”

He dipped his hips and rutted with his hard cock, searching for her entrance. Shifty had never had difficulty keeping an erection even under the most trying of circumstances. It was easy to find the opening to her slit and push inside, helped by her encouraging ankle under his ass. They weren’t the same natural height so Shifty shortened his legs making them on par and making it much easier for him to fuck her against the wall in a knee-wobbler they both struggled to maintain.

“You like this?” he barked at her, an unexpected ferocity in his voice. “You like getting fucked up against the wall like a cheap moonshadow woman? A whore? A slut?”

“Yes!” she cried back at him, grabbing his face between her hands and kissing

him, letting her tongue slip between his lips. “Harder! Like you mean it!”

A grunt of supreme frustration had him pull out of Cybelle’s pussy and roughly whirl her around to pin her body up against the wall, but this time facing it. He only saw the back of her head and the outline of her cheek through her thick, blond hair. The breath in and out of her lungs was indicated by the gently moving strands of hair, but Shifty wasn’t distracted by that; he was focused elsewhere.

Using on hand he grabbed her wrists and pinned them together above her head, against the cold stone wall. With his feet he spread her legs wide and probed between her thighs with his rock-hard cock. Getting and staying erect was never a problem for him, but in the back of his mind he wondered if Cybelle had done something to help the situation. Dead men and all….

“You don’t want to get pregnant, do you?” he hissed in her ear.

“Not with your child,” she mocked back at him.

“Not a problem.”

Shifty had been dragging his cock back and forth between her labia, but now he fully withdrew, leaving her pussy gaping and wanting to be penetrated. But he didn’t release her. Instead he reached down to grab his cock with his free hand and probed further back, not between her labia, but between her buttocks.

“No…” she moaned.

“Shut up. You’ll love it.”

She could have fought back harder, but in her secret heart, Cybelle didn’t want to. Instead she arched her hips in order to better receive him. With his cock head slickened by the juices leaking out her pussy Shifty was lubricated enough to push by her sphincter and into her ass. Cybelle groaned at the uninvited intrusion, half in pain but half in a sort of sexual triumph. He’d be able to get her off and she wouldn’t risk losing her magic.

Getting buggered wasn’t her first choice in sex, but Cybelle had done it before to know what to expect. While she enjoyed it, she needed a little extra help to get full enjoyment out of the encounter.

“My cunt,” she begged under her curtain of hair. “You need to play with my cunt.”

Keeping her arms pinned above her head, Shifty used his free hand to reach around her curvy hip to find the top of her slit. She wasn’t asking to be penetrated with his fingers; she wanted her clit attended to, and he did.

While thrusting into her ass with firm, steady strokes, Shifty kept his fingers busy, buried in her slit, teasing out her clit, giving Cybelle more attention than she really wanted. The orgasm, when it came, knocked the support of her legs out and she trembled, pinned by Shifty’s muscular body against the stone wall that was now warm from her body heat. It was just her first orgasm. She begged for him to stop, but he refused and he made her cum three more times before he finally finished, emptying his balls into her ass in a wave of welcome relief for them both.

Afterward, while they were resting together on his bed Cybelle confessed to him, “I let Damian cum in me last night.”

Shifty sat bolt upright. “In your ass?” he asked hopefully.

She shook her head. “No. And not in my mouth either.”

He gasped. “What about—”

Rolling off the bed she went to the crumpled pile of her dress on the floor and picked it up. “Don’t worry about it. A half-demon can’t get me pregnant.” She started struggling into her dress.

“Are you sure?”

“It’s never happened in a thousand years of history,” she told him from under the folds of fabric, glad he couldn’t see the grimace on her face.

“That doesn’t mean it never will,” he pointed out.

“I’m not fertile right now,” she added. “So there’s almost no risk. And it burned when he came in me; he’s probably a mule, can’t get anyone pregnant.”

“That’ no guarantee—”

“And if by some black miracle I do wind up with a quarter demon in my belly, first there’s a fifty-fifty chance it'll be male, so no problem. And even if it is a girl…there is a way to take care of that.”

“How?” asked a puzzled Shifty as Cybelle pulled her dress all the way down and started tightening the laces.

“Like I would any other parasite,” she said, her voice very cool. “I get rid of it.”

Shifty looked away, unable to meet her gaze. No weakling ever finished the program at the Invisible College. “Where does this leave you and me?” he finally asked.

“Us?” asked Cybelle as she finished tying the dress’s laces.

“Yeah, us. I thought we had…I don’t know. Something?” The moment he spoke the words, Shifty realized he had fallen into some sort of trap. What that trap was and why the enchantress would need to use one, he couldn’t say.

“Bezoar’s balls, Shifty. What we have is good sex. Don’t romanticize it. I’m not getting married and I’m not staying exclusive to you.”

“Right. No. Of course not. I just wanted to be clear on that.”

She leaned down and kissed him lightly on the lips, trailing her fingers down his chest. “You’re sweet, and some better woman will be happy to have you all to herself, someday. But not me. I’m not that sort of woman.”

“Right. But I’ll be at your door the next time I’m horny.”

A smile twisted on her lips. “I’ll be waiting for you.”

“Great. And we all meet tomorrow in the library for final preparations.”

Cybelle nodded and left his room. She scratched her fingernails inside her closed fist, raking the skin, trying to distract herself with some physical pain.

Halfway back to her room, she encountered Daisy floating down the hallway, but large butterfly wings flapping lightly. It was only then that Cybelle realized the fairy’s wings were more for directional control than propulsion. Magic kept the

fairy aloft and moving forward. Daisy was also very drunk.

Upon noticing the enchantress, Daisy looked at her with glazed, unfocused eyes. “Hi…Cybelle.”

“Hello, Daisy.”

“I just fucked the Harshaw boys. Have you ever had one dick in your mouth and one in your pussy?”

Cybelle paused for half a second before answering. “No.”

“I highly recommend it. I don’t know what they gave me before we fucked, but I it made: everything in-cred-ible.”

The Harshaw boys were a pair of humans who focused on potions. They made the ridiculous claim to be identical cousins, but it was just as likely they were unrelated as they were to be gay lovers. It didn’t surprise Cybelle that Daisy had fucked them—they were always looking for new partners in their hedonistic quest.

“You should be careful when playing with them,” Cybelle warned her friend. “You never know what they’re going to slip into you.”

Daisy laughed the laugh of the debauched and deranged. “I know. That’s what makes it even more fun.”

Chapter Four

“SON OF A demon bitch’s tits!” screamed out Daisy in her high squeaky voice.

Almost immediately there was an explosive clap in the fairy’s room and Damian appeared in the middle of the protective circle the fairy had created. She grinned in amusement as the half-demon immediately thrust his hands in front of his cock.

“I forgot that clothes don’t teleport,” Damian said, but his voice cadence was off.

“You need to work on his cock,” observed Daisy.

“Excuse me?”

“I’ve seen Damian’s cock,” the little fairy replied. “What you have there is close, but not exactly what he has.”

The demon’s brow furrowed. “How would you know?”

“I’ve seen it up close and personal,” she answered proudly.

Damian’s skin melted and reformed into the familiar shape that Shifty usually wore. “You fucked Damian?” the shapeshifter asked.

“I didn’t say that,” Daisy mocked him.

“Now I’m confused.” Shifty attempted to step through the protective circle but was stopped by the magic containing him. “And would you mind releasing the circle, please?”

“What’s in it for me?” she teased.

Glancing at the celling in frustration, Shifty asked, “Fine, Daisy, what do you want?” He was pleased that his experiment had gone well

“I want to fuck you,” she said.

With a roll of his shoulders he replied, “We’ve already had sex.”

“Yeah, but that was with Cybelle there. I want you alone.” She looked meaning fully at his cock, which was flaccid but she knew the potential that it held. “And

I want you with the biggest cock possible."

"If you want to have sex, you can just ask, you don't have to trap me in a protective circle."

She giggled at him. "I know, but it's more fun this way."

"Fine. Agreed."

Daisy swept aside the outline of the circle and in a flash, propelled by her wings, her tiny dress was torn away and she was on Shifty, pressing her lips to his, causing him to stumble about the room for a second before falling backwards onto her bed. The little fairy was eager to start; her hand was between them, anxiously working Shifty's cock, trying to make it rise.

"Slow down," he urged her.

"How big can you get?" she asked, ignoring his question.

In response Shifty pushed her back and held his hands roughly a foot apart, demonstrating the length of his cock. Daisy blinked in disappointment. "That's it? I'm certain that Damian is larger. Maybe I should just find him and see how much bigger he is."

Offended, and a bit embarrassed, Shifty quickly replied, "In this form." He indicated his mundane body. "I can get much, much bigger if you want."

Her eyes lit up with stars. "Really. How much bigger?"

"Um…as big as a troll."

"Mountain or cave troll?" she asked, eager to see. "I've seen bridge trolls and they don't impress me at all."

In response he pushed her all the way off his naked body and got off the bed. It took a few seconds but Shifty changed his body into that of a typical mountain troll with green-gray skin and flaming red hair. His limbs bulged with ridiculously sized muscles. The troll form was large enough that his head would have scraped the ceiling had he been standing upright, but it was the natural pose of a troll to be hunched over ready to shift from awkward bipedal locomotion to

quadrapedal.

None of this did Daisy notice. She was entirely focused on the huge bit of anatomy dangling between Shifty's troll thighs. His cock was enormous compared to any scale. "That's what I want!" she gasped as shot off the bed to caress the organ that was nearly and thick and heavy as she was.

"Uhh…there's no way I'm getting this cock into your cunt," Shifty pointed out between his large troll fangs. His voice had deepened considerably and his words were nearly unintelligible.

"I know," Daisy breathed as she wrapped her arms around the giant cock. It slowly, steadily, started to grow rigid and upright. "But it feels so wonderful. Can I just play with it?"

This was, by far, the most unusual request Shifty had ever had from a sex partner. But he didn't say no. Instead, he rocked back and sat down, pressed his back to the thick stone wall, opened up his legs, and let Daisy Thornthistle explore and paly with his enormous troll cock.

It did get larger, but mostly it got thicker, which made Shifty wonder about female trolls, and Daisy was in a state of rapture, manipulating a male organ that was nearly as large as she was. And Shifty didn't mind it, what she did to his thick shaft, heavy balls, and sensitive crown were all pleasurable, but he knew he wouldn't be able to get off on this sort of thing. While he was in command of nearly any imaginable shape, he preferred his sex to be a little more traditional.

After several minutes of delight Daisy finally asked him, "What'll it take to make you cum?" She was rubbing both her tiny hands on opposite sides of his shaft, running them right up to the big ridge that male trolls used to hook their cocks inside a female, creating a union, a tie, that held male to female, letting him ejaculate into her as many times as possible to ensure that he impregnated his mate. But Shifty wasn't really a troll and he wouldn't be doing that to Daisy, not this night or any other.

"I don't think I can," he rumbled in the troll's deep voice. "At least, not like this."

Stars appeared in her eyes once again. "What gets you off, Tom? What special kink do you need to cum?"

He shook his head; the shaggy orange-colored hair obscured his face. “Nothing special. Just fucking someone who wants to be fucked.”

If she caught the sadness in his voice, she ignored it. “Well, you aren’t going to fuck me with this massive tool. What do I need to do to make you cum all over me?” She grinned eagerly, trying to give him the impression she was happy with whatever he did.

Once more he shook his head. “Nothing.”

“Well I want to be covered in your cum,” she abruptly demanded. “I want to be drowning in it and I deserve to have that. What do you need to do to cum?”

Shifty struggled forward, getting off his ass and landing on his knees and feet. “You want me to cum on you?”

Her wide smile and eager grin didn’t fade at all. “Exactly! I want to be coated—covered—in cum. Like you’d shoot your load all over another woman’s tits or ass, you need to do that to me entirely.”

A nod of his head showed that Shifty understood. He gently pushed Daisy aside and wrapped his thick fingers around his barrel-sized cock. “Just stand there and watch,” he told her.

Intrigued, she did as she was told and stood directly in front of Shifty’s massive troll cock while he masturbated, his meaty paw going up and down on the rigid piece of flesh. She was fascinated by the process and felt like she was right in front of a dangerous weapon, like a ballista or crossbow.

When it happened, she was ready. At first it was just a glistening on the slit of his cock. Precum, nothing more. Then the first fat blob of white fluid hit Daisy in the chest, exploding like a sticky bomb all over her skin and spattering off to the walls and floor. She ducked down, intentionally, catching the second spurt in the face. She was prepared: eyes and mouth closed, and so was coated in the thick fluid, a film covering her body. Daisy opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue, running it around her lips to taste the salty spooge. The next several spurts weren’t nearly as powerful, but added to her overall filthiness until the last bit hit the floor at her feet. Shifty’s orgasm was over.

Daisy ran her hands over her body, making sure every inch of skin was covered

in glorious cum. She felt dirty and nasty and reveled in it. She couldn't help it; her hand went to the tiny slit between her legs and she jilled herself almost violently for a few seconds before she came. It barely took more than a few strokes—combined with the dirty and delightful act she had just encouraged Shifty to perform on her—to climax. Her family would be horrified at what she had done and that pleased Daisy even more. She thought about how they would disown her and throw her out of the tribe and that made her cum again.

Finally Daisy collapsed to her knees and managed to whimper out, "Thank you."

Shifty nodded and shrank his form back to what was normal for him. "Sorry about the mess," he apologized.

"It's fine. I'll clean it up."

He was pretty sure she wouldn't be cleaning it up immediately, but it was her room and not his problem. "I'll see myself out."

"Uh-huh." Daisy still had one hand tucked between her thighs, wedged up against her pussy. Shifty stepped carefully around the mess he had made and left the room.

It had been Daisy's intention to ask him what he had fantasized about when he came, but at the moment of crisis, she was too far gone to remember. Not that it mattered. Shifty wouldn't have told her the truth anyway.

Chapter Five

THE BEDS IN the dorms weren't large enough for more than two people to share, so the best solution was to toss the two mattresses on the floor side-by-side, and use them as one common surface for three bodies on which to fuck.

They were using Dusty and Shifty's room, mostly out of convenience, since Cybelle was otherwise occupied in her room and no one willingly went into Damian's room. It was hard to keep track of which limb belonged to which person in the tangled mess of bodies. Easiest to pick out were Damian's limbs because of his red-toned skin. Dusty and Tamar both had similar skin tone, but since Dusty would periodically change to a rock-solid skin, it wasn't that difficult to keep them separated. That and the fact that Damian and Dusty both sported cocks they were using on Tamar in all her holes.

"Why are we doing this?" Tamar asked, taking Damian's large cock from her mouth. She was on all fours sucking on Damian while Dusty fucked her from behind.

"Because the theory is sex draws the killer," Dusty explained, pausing in his thrusting.

"Why not just have giant orgy with all the students in the school then?"

"Don't be ridiculous," interrupted Damian. "How would we determine who the killer is in a giant orgy? We need someone on the outside focusing on protecting the students. An orgy will distract too many people."

Tamar looked over her shoulder at the half-demon. "I think it's just because you want to fuck me."

Damian grinned, his sharp teeth exposed behind his lips. "There's that too."

"Aren't you afraid of getting burned by me?" she asked, letting a small flame form in the palm of her hand. She moved the flame under Dusty's balls, but he had already turned them to actual granite. There was no effect to him other than a slight warming of the stone.

"I'm safe enough as a demon," replied Damian. Tamar just nodded and put Dusty's cock back into her mouth. Since it wasn't much fun for her to suck on a chunk of rock, he softened himself back into flesh.

The three continued on, steadily fucking without any hurry to reach a climax. This was all part of the plan. A quick climax ensured safety. They didn't want safety, they wanted to capture—or preferably, kill—whatever was murdering their friends. It stood to reason, Shifty had argued again and again. The sexual energy drew in the hunter and because the victim was too distracted by lust, they were an easy target. If they could continue to have sex long enough, the hunter would have to investigate at the least, and hopefully make an attempt on a life where they could strike back.

To that end Shifty had recruited Cybelle to create what he called a reverse love potion.

"You know there's no such thing as a love potion," she told him. "What anyone can whip up is a concoction that will simply focus the victim's sexual interest in one person."

"I know, I know. But can you create something that will stave off orgasm?"

She tightened her lips. "Yes. But that's really something for the Harshaw boys. Potions are their specialty."

"I don't want to involve them."

The three had partaken of the drink and now had been fucking for nearly an hour. They had gone through a variety of positions and variations, but none had come close to orgasm.

"Do you think that maybe the potion is keeping the killer away?" asked Tamar, pausing once more to take Dusty's cock from between her lips.

"Why would that be?" asked Damian just as a black pseudopod circled around his neck and forcibly yanked him from where his cock was buried Tamar's body.

"Coitus interruptus!" Dusty's spell was both too late and inappropriate. Damian was already flying across the room, his cock erect, flexible pseudopods around his neck, arms, and waist.

The creature that had grabbed him was attached to the floor. Or seemed to be. The rug on the floor was old and worn, but it was better to stand on than the cold stones. Somehow the hunter had slipped inside the dorm room and underneath

the scrap of floorcovering. The hunter displayed greater shapeshifting skill than Shifty who was limited largely to bipedal humanoids, with the notable exception of a centaur. There was no way Shifty could imitate the flexibility and versatility of the hunter who seemed to have no limitation on how it could reshape and alter its body, it was more like a giant amoeba than a real creature.

“The eighth hell,” gasped Tamar after she spat out Dusty’s hard cock. She waved her hands in a desperate attempt to form a spell against the hunter, but she was surprised, worried, and rushed. Instead of creating a giant gout of flame, the best she could summon up was a small display of sparks jumping from her fingertips. The hunter completely ignored her.

Dusty had a bit more presence of mind, but instead of the agreed upon signal he just started screaming, “It’s here! It’s here!”

Meanwhile Damian wasn’t just a prisoner of the monster. He fought back the best he could by changing his shape back to that of Thomas Varieg and attempting to slip free of the hunter’s bindings, but since Shifty and Damian were roughly the same size and shape, the change was useless.

The words seemed to travel through the very stones of the dorm tower itself. “Son of a demon bitch’s scaly cunt!” The thunderclap that accompanied it nearly deafened them all. The thunderclap was accompanied with a near-blinding flash of light and the abrupt appearance of the very naked Damian. The hunter was gone and for just half a second Shifty hung free in the air, and then he fell heavily to the flagstones.

“Ouch,” he complained.

The other three in the room looked at each other and realized that the hunter, the beast that had attacked and nearly killed their friend, was gone.

“Cybelle!” called out Tamar as she scrambled to her feet and ran out the dorm room door, quickly followed by Dusty and Damian. All three were naked. No one noticed their dash down the hall because the rest of the students were all stunned by the thunderclap. Shifty followed more slowly, wheezing and half-limping because of his fall.

The quartet burst into Tamar and Cybelle’s shared room ready for the worst. Tamar had focused herself and had a fireball spell on the tip of her tongue. Dusty

had already changed over to a granite-like form. Damian's eyes were blazing with hellfire. Even Shifty had managed to summon up the form of a mountain troll ready to do hand-to-hand combat.

Inside the room is was almost unnaturally quiet…except for the muted growling of the hunter trapped within the protective circle attended by Cybelle.

"What took you so long?" she asked calmly.

The four of them crowded around the protective circle, admiring and recoiling from the hideous beast trapped within. It was almost as if were being held inside the largest glass beaker in the multiverse. It was impossible for their eyes to lock on and focus on the constantly changing shape of the hunter. The only true way to describe it was an amorphous mass of purple-black jelly.

"We…uh…we were distracted by Shifty falling," said Dusty after a moment.

"You fuckers abandoned me when I fell," the shapeshifter wheezed. "Why doesn't it change into a more normal form?"

"Protective circle strips away most of its power," said Damian. It was he who had created the containment device for Cybelle to use when she initiated a triple swap with him, Shifty, and the monster. "And since it can't teleport, it's trapped…for the time being."

"I'll get Professor Cryfix," said Daisy, pulling on her skirt and blouse. She had been lounging on Cybelle's bed during the capture attempt. No one questioned why she was naked because, except for the blonde enchantress, everyone else was also naked. As soon as she was clothed she shot out of the room, zooming down the hallway to report the incident to the school's head.

"Why don't we just kill it?" asked Shifty. His hands grew larger and the troll's talon's grew sharper.

"We don't know that we can," cautioned Cybelle, putting a hand on his large biceps. "And another murder in the school isn't what the teachers want."

By this time other students had come out in to the hallway and started pressing around the entrance to Cybelle's room. Some immediately reeled back when they caught sight of the monster, horrified, others stayed rooted in place,

fascinated. There was mass confusion until Professor Cryfix came and evaluated the situation. After a quick—and stern—reprimand, he sent the other students back to their rooms and summoned several other teachers who transported the effectively defanged monster out of the tower.

“I’ll see all of you in my office tomorrow morning. This was highly questionable judgment and endangered all the students at this school.” He left without further comment.

“We’re going to get expelled,” moaned Daisy.

“I don’t care,” commented Shifty. “I’d do it again given half a chance.”

“What do we do now?” asked Tamar. They were all too keyed up for a simple night’s sleep. A celebration appeared to be in order but a loud party after Cryfix’s admonishment seemed a bad idea.

“No party,” said Damian. “I’m not going to risk it.”

It was Cybelle who proposed the idea. “Well, everyone is already naked,” she said while shimmying out of her dress, “and we still have a pretty big bottle from the Harshaws. Who wants to have a nice, relaxing orgy?”

End Book Four

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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