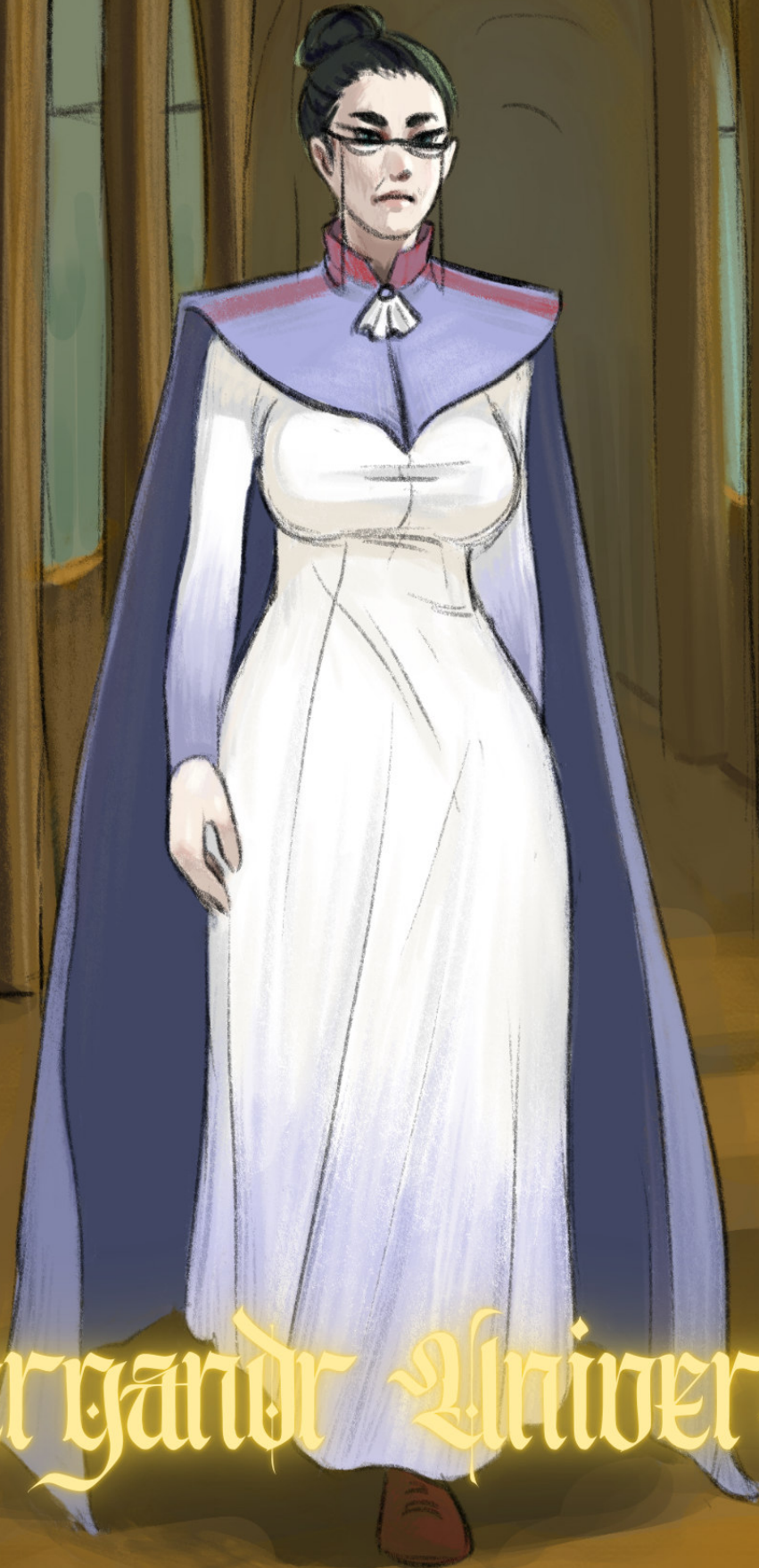


Chapter 2



Glergardr University

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Glergandr University 2

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Written by RawlyRawls

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“Thus, if you look at the stratus of recursive values, you’ll find that the stone around your neck isn’t exactly in this realm. Nor is it in another.” Professor Yaelmuth lectured at the front of the class, drawing a diagram on the magical board set up behind him.

Several boys turned, pointed at Corzin, and snickered.

Zara reached for the stone around her neck, making a show of it to the boys. They quickly turned forward and pretended to listen to the lecture. She leaned her lips close to Corzin’s messy hair. “Ignore them,” she whispered. She turned her attention back to Professor Yaelmuth. He was a bespeckled saurian. She’d never met one of his species before, and found him and his lecture fascinating.

“Yeah,” Corzin whispered back. He looked around the room, letting his mind wander. Like the rest of school, the classroom was Art Nouveau in style, with strange, tall statues guarding the class doors.

A gong shook the walls. “Okay, that’s it for today. Read chapters four and five of Michaelson.” Professor Yaelmuth flicked out his forked tongue, tasting the air as his students hurriedly packed up their notes and left the room.

“They’re still laughing at me.” Corzin held his books in his arms as he walked shoulder to shoulder with Zara out of the room.

“It’s been only a few days. Give them time.” Zara’s strident face betrayed no compassion, even if she did feel for him. At least a little. “Wasn’t the lecture fascinating? To think our stones aren’t really here.”

“Yeah, but they are. I mean we can touch them.” He reached for the stone around his neck. “Although sometimes I wish mine really was in another realm for all the good it does me.”

“You’ll learn to harness it. I ...” Zara stopped abruptly when her friend tumbled forward, spilling his books and notes on the cold hallway stones. “Gavin Glenstrom, you are a first-class bully.” She frowned at the fellow student, who still had his foot out after tripping Corzin. She was disappointed in herself that she hadn’t noticed Gavin in time to stop the attack. Corzin was on his knees, picking up his stuff.



"Why are you hanging out with this loser? Is it the horse cock?" Gavin laughed. "You share that fetish with the dean?"

"Shut up, Gavin." Her cheeks turned red. She had heard a good deal about what a freak of an appendage Corzin had hidden in his pants. She was sure everyone was exaggerating. It didn't matter to her anyway, she didn't value people based on their body parts.

"If you're not too stretched, you could try having some normal sex with me and the boys sometime." Gavin nodded to his friends, who were waiting just down the hall. They laughed on cue.



"Here comes the dean, asshole." Zara made it appear as if Corzin's mother was striding down the hall. Nobody at school knew Zara could do magic without touching her stone, so no one suspected a trick. Gavin and his friends ran in the opposite direction. "You better run." Just as the apparition of Dean Blackbridge dissolved, Zara saw the real dean coming toward them. She hoped the dean hadn't seen the illusion.

"Corzin, what are you doing on the floor, love?" Ophi Blackbridge strode up to her son. She didn't bend to help him, but her expression was warm and compassionate.

"Don't call me that, Mom." Corzin didn't look up at the woman towering over him.

"Hello, I don't believe we've had the pleasure." Ophi put her hand out to Zara.

"Zara Briarwood, ma'am." Zara shook the dean's hand, finding the shake warm and firm.

"Ah ... Briarwood. I remember your application. Yes, we are happy to have you at Glergandr, Ms. Briarwood." Ophi adjusted her glasses and appraised the young woman. "Are you ... friends with Corzie?"

"Don't call me that either, Mom." Finally, having collected his books, Corzin stood. His cheeks were crimson.

"Yes, we're friends, ma'am." Zara's freckled face was expressionless, her lips pressed together.

“Well, isn’t that lovely?” Ophi clapped her hands in joy. “I’m sorry I can’t stay longer, but the school informs me that my double is somewhere close by. Can’t have doppelgangers, can we?”

“No, ma’am.” Zara shook her head.

“No, Mom.” Corzin nodded, watching his mother rush away. “The school saw your fake version of my mother.”

“It seems it did. How odd.” Zara shrugged. “I’ll have to be more careful.”

“How did you do that trick, anyway?” Corzin started walking toward their next class.

“Lots of practice.” For the first time all day, Zara smiled.

The gong sounded, and they rushed to herbology.

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"What's all this?" Ophi stopped in the school's foyer, near the front door. The janitorial staff, who were all fae, floated in a circle over something on the floor. They made room for the dean, opening their circle when she approached.

"Something is molting." The head faerie, Rain, addressed her dean. "I am not sure of the thing or the reason. But we will clean it."

"You were right to wait for me." Ophi pulled up her long skirts and knelt before the thing. It was roughly the size of a man. She pushed it about with her magic, and found that it was also about the shape of a man. Or ... more accurately, a woman. "That's not good. First doppelgangers, and now this. An eventful day. Most of the students are human, and of those that are not, I don't think any of them molt. And certainly, none of the professors would ... not in the front hall." She rubbed her chin. "Be careful with the skin. Preserve it for me."

"Do you intend to eat it, ma'am?" Rain had a polite smile on her face.

"What ...? Goodness, no." Ophi stood and smoothed out her dress. The fae had a habit of surprising her. "Clean the spot thoroughly, treat it as dangerous contamination. And save the skin for further study. No eating."

All the fae bowed and went to work.

Ophi nodded, turned, and strode down the hall. With classes in session, the school felt empty, her shoes echoing off the walls. It was only her, the statues, and the school mascot roaming the halls during class time.

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Rumors of a changeling in the school circulated. Changelings were evil creatures, so Corzin didn't like the thought. But on the other hand, people were no longer talking about his backfired spell or his freakish cock. He had heard tall tales about the school from his older siblings, things his mother wouldn't share, so he knew that there would be more horrifying rumors and news in the near future. With any luck, everyone would completely forget about him soon. Everyone but Zara, that is. He put down his book and smiled at her.

"You're staring at me." Zara continued to read her book, not looking up.

"I was thinking ... what if you helped me find a spell to make everyone forget that incident on the first day?" Corzin smiled hopefully.

"Pfft." She shook her head and kept reading. "It's a little early in the semester to

be considering one of the classic blunders of magic: forgetting. You would think a Blackbridge would know better." She finally lifted her eyes and met his gaze. "Next, you'll want to cast a spell for world peace, or enhance the size of your thing. Or maybe increase your luck? There's a list of the classic blunders around here somewhere. If you're a completist I can fetch it for you, and you can try them all."

Corzin looked around, they were mostly alone in the library, a few students were studying five tables away. An attractive librarian he hadn't noticed before was putting books back on the shelf across the room. He stared at the faint outline of her zaftig form through her robes. "I don't need to enhance it. Just the opposite. You heard the jokes. I just want a normal penis. Is shrinking it a classic blunder?"

"It's that bad?" Zara closed her book and frowned at him. "Really?"

"I could show you. It's not a secret, all the boys in my dorm saw it." Corzin shrugged. "I mean, I'm a freak, so, it's not like it matters that you're a girl ... or anything."

"You are the strangest boy I've met." Zara shook her head slowly. "I haven't ever seen one before that wasn't in an anatomy book," she whispered. "So, I wouldn't be able to judge yours. Anyway, I *do* think it would be weird ... even if your penis is topical."

"Yeah, that was a dumb idea." His cheeks flushed, and he broke eye-contact.

"Shrinking it would indeed be a classic blunder. We're not supposed to change our bodies. Especially not for insecurities." She stood and piled the books she was leaving in the library. "I do have some spells we could use to go hunting for whatever that uninvited guest is. We could be heroes. That would shift the rumors about you to something more Blackbridge appropriate. What do you say? A hunting excursion after supper?"

"Um ... okay." Corzin thought that whatever had sneaked in was more likely to eat them than to get caught by them. But what the heck, if he was going to get eaten at Glergandr, he might as well get it over with.

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“No invisibility?” Corzin held a magical torch aloft as they walked down a third-floor hall. Thankfully, there were no creepy statues here. Only creepy tapestries. Wall-to-wall creepy tapestries.

“Invisibility may be the most famous of magical blunders, doofus. I’ll need to get you that list.” Zara kept her voice low. “Anyway, we don’t want to be invisible.” She rubbed the stone around her neck to give it a little more juice. “The prosaic spell is better. Trust me. We’re here, but we’re not interesting.”

“What’s that?” Corzin stopped suddenly in the dark hall. The sound of heavy, padded footfalls echoed faintly from somewhere ahead. Suddenly, he missed the statues and the places they afforded to hide. He didn’t think slipping under a tapestry would work.

“Relax. We’re prosaic.” Zara stopped next to him, putting a hand on his arm. “I think it’s ...” She listened. “I think it’s the school mascot.”

“Fluffy!?” Corzin pressed his back against the wall. He could see Zara was right. Out of the shadows, walking like it owned the place, was Fluffy in the flesh. The school mascot was a massive white and black tiger with glowing green eyes.





Zara wasn't sure how tame Fluffy was, so she backed into Corzin, pressing her back into his front. Surprised, she realized he had been right, he was abnormally big down there. She could feel that he was soft, but even so, his penis was three or four times bigger than any she'd seen in a book.

Fluffy prowled slowly. She sniffed the eighteen-year-olds as she passed, but didn't slow for them. She glanced at the quivering humans for only a moment and turned her gaze forward, ambling down the hall.

"Well, we've met Fluffy. And she seems agreeable." Zara let out a long exhale and removed her backside from Corzin's front. She smoothed the back of her skirt and shivered. "Shall we keep hunting for the changeling?"

"Maybe we should turn in for the night." Corzin knew

his mother had met Fluffy, because of course she had. But had his brother and sister? If they had, they'd never bragged about it. And meeting a giant tiger was just the sort of thing they'd chatter about endlessly. That thought gave Corzin a boost of pride. He wanted to quit while he was ahead.

"Don't be silly. We still have three hours until curfew. Come on." She beckoned him down the hall in the direction Fluffy had come. Zara was pleased when her new friend fell in beside her without so much as a complaint. "We're going to be heroes, Corzie. Just you wait." A brief smile tugged at her pink lips.

"Only my mother calls me that." Corzin was trying to lower his heart rate.

"And now your friend calls you that, too. Isn't that nice?" She patted him on the back. "Come on. Let's find the uninvited guest."

The teenagers wandered on into the dark.