

Chapter 3



Glergardr University

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

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They didn't find anything of interest until they were descending the west tower just after curfew. The hooded woman ascending was moving so quietly up the circular stairway that Corzin and Zara nearly ran into her.

Corzin put a hand on his friend's chest to keep her from plowing into the woman. He was so startled to find someone else in the tower that he didn't even notice that he was cupping Zara's left boob with his hand.



"Illumination ubiquitous!" Zara had put that spell in the queue hours ago, before they had headed out into dark passageways. The woman before them wore robes and a massive cowl that hid her face in shadow. Zara had another spell ready to go, a shielding spell, but first she wanted to see what they were up against. Light filled the stairwell, overwhelming the soft torch the eighteen-year-olds had been using. The spell protected her and Corzin from most of the light, but it would be blinding to anyone they happened upon. The woman put a shielding hand to her eyes. In the bright environment, her face was no longer hidden. Zara squinted and studied the woman. "Do you know her, Corzin?" *Was this the changeling?*

The woman turned away from them, leaning on a nearby statue. She hid her face in her arms. "Too bright."

"No." Corzin looked at the outline of her ass, just visible through her voluminous robes. He recognized her from the library. "Wait ... she works in the library." He released Zara's boob and tried to tell his dick that it was only his friend's boob. There was no need to rise to the occasion. It was nearly impossible to hide when hard, so he tried to distract it with this new woman. "I'm Corzin, and this is Zara, what's your name?" The distraction didn't work, the woman's ass was too lovely.

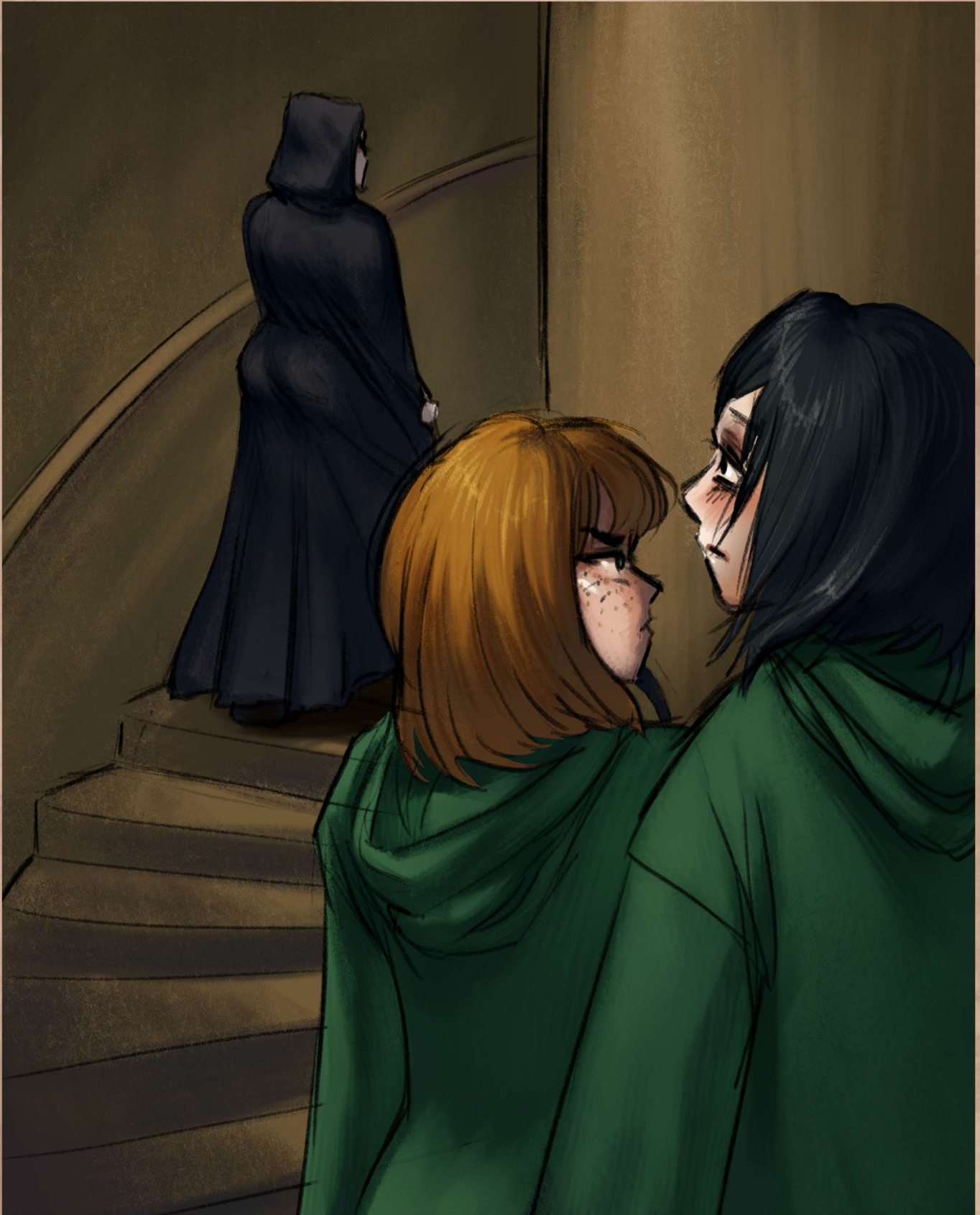
"Rosy ... I'm Rosy. Now, please turn down the lights." Rosy continued to lean against the statue, covering her eyes with an arm.

"Fine, but know I have other spells ready to go." Zara snapped her fingers and the ubiquitous light faded until all that was left was Corzin's torch. "You work in the library, Rosy?"

"Yes." Rosy turned from the statue, pulled back her hood, and blinked as she tried to focus through the after-images that danced in her vision. "You're first years. What are you doing out after curfew?" She frowned at them. "And how did you use such a powerful spell? And ..." She blinked at Corzin, his name suddenly registering. "You're a Blackbridge! I won't report you this time. But head back to your dorms right away." She pushed past them, and continued ascending the tower.



“Does she strike you as odd?” Zara watched the woman go. She was aware that Corzin’s gaze was also on the suspicious rear end disappearing into shadow. “Corzin?” She turned to him and noticed that he had a tent pushing his robes from between his legs up to his belly. “Good gods. Is that what I think it is?” She pointed at the tent.





“Don’t tease me about it. I can’t help it sometimes.” He ineffectually covered the tent with his hands. “You heard her, let’s go back to the dorms.”

“I was thinking we should follow Rosy. But ... yeah ... another time. If you saw her before, she’s not likely to be the changeling.” Zara watched him waddle uncomfortably down the stairs. She guessed that it would be difficult to walk with a giant penis full of blood. She walked slowly next to him, pressing her lips into a thin line and thinking. She had backburnered his penis problem. But she could see it was something that needed to be dealt with. She didn’t have the first clue what to do, but she’d read up on it that night.

They had an uneventful walk in silence back to the dorms, they didn’t even run into Fluffy. Zara was relieved when the tent disappeared and Corzin walked more normally before they reached their destination.

They said their good nights and parted. Zara went to read in her bed. Corzin went to sleep in his.

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When Corzin woke in the morning, it was still dark. He didn't move, staring at the blackness of the ceiling and listening to his roommate, Dash, snore. There was a fluttering in the darkness above him. He flinched, but found it was only a paper falling and settling on his blanket. He picked it up, reached for his necklace, and held the stone. "Let's risk a little light."

Suddenly, the room was brighter than the stairway had been with Zara's ubiquitous spell. In addition, there were the disembodied sounds of a kettle drum and an accordion, playing discordant music.

"What the fuck, Corzin?!?" Dash sat up in his bed, covering his eyes with his arm. His brown skin turned almost pale in the saturated brightness that suffused the room.

"Sorry ... sorry ..." Corzin tried to undo the spell, but instead the drum beat louder. There was an angry knock on the door. "Sorry!" Corzin yelled. To make matters worse, unlike with Zara's spell,

there was no built-in protection for Corzin this time. He couldn't open his eyes and had to cover his ears.

"For fuck's sake, Corzin, just zip the spell!" Dash had to shout over the arhythmic music.

Corzin did as his roommate suggested. He held his stone and did his best to zip the spell up tightly. The room fell into darkness and quiet.

"Gods, what did I do to get stuck with you?" Dash rolled over and was instantly snoring.

Corzin lay in the dark, his heart thundering and his ears ringing. Whoever had been at the door had gone back to bed when the music stopped. Corzin held the piece of paper. He would have to read it when daylight arrived.

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The note turned out to be a summons to the dean's office. Zara had received one, too. They sat outside the office before breakfast, both stiff with unease, gripping the armrests of their chairs tightly. "I was thinking about your ..." Zara lowered her voice and looked around, the dean's assistant was sitting at a nearby desk, but wasn't paying attention to them. "... problem downstairs. I have a spell we might try to keep it contained. You know ... for as long as you want it contained. But it's an automystical spell. You'll have to do it on yourself."

"I don't know. I'm terrible at magic. When the note arrived this morning, I tried to summon a little light." He told her what had happened instead.

"It sounds like you summoned an alarm spell. That seems almost impossible from the original spell. You have a flair for dramatic misfires. But don't worry, I can guide you through the automystical spell." She gave him a cold, tight smile meant to be encouraging.

The office door opened, and Ophi stuck her head out. "Come in, I want to talk to you both."

The teenagers stood and followed her into the office. The place was just as Art Nouveau as the rest of the school, but with warm carpets, bright portraits, and many doilies placed about.

The students sat facing Ophi's large desk. The dean sat behind it. She smiled at them, looking from one to the other. "I hear that you were wandering the halls last night. And when I checked, I see that you were late to your dorms."

"Did Rosy tell you that?" Corzin frowned.

"Fluffy told me." Ophi frowned. "Who's Rosy?"

"She works in the library." Zara's stomach flipped. She had an uneasy feeling.

"I know everyone in the library. There's no Rosy." Ophi pressed her lips together in thought.

Corzin described the woman, trying to leave out the erotic bits.

"Ah, I fear you may have found our changeling." Ophi let out a nervous laugh. "Quite lucky she didn't eat you, actually. I would be heartbroken if something happened to you, Corzie." She glanced at Zara. "And I would be displeased if something happened to you, Ms. Briarwood. You had an excellent application." She sighed. "There are other, darker things that roam the halls after curfew. Even once we capture this changeling, I don't want to hear that you've been out late again, understood?"

"Yes, ma'am." Zara nodded.

"Sure, Mom." Corzin shrugged.

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That night, Zara and Corzin snuck into their empty herbology classroom. It was an odd place to do the spell, but they wouldn't be disturbed by Fluffy, the changeling, or anybody else.

Zara put a solid locking spell on the door. "Okay, get undressed." She put her hands on her hips matter-of-factly.

"It's cold in here. And ... I don't want you to see it." Corzin looked down at the floor.

"You were happy to show me yesterday in the library, remember?" Zara cocked her head, not bothering to offer a fake smile. "And as I understand it, penises shrink when it's cold out. You want it to be smaller? There you go."

"Yeah." Corzin didn't feel like arguing further. He removed his robes and slowly took off everything else. Once naked, he shivered, his eyes on the statues guarding the door. They looked like they were judging him. He didn't want to see Zara's judgement, but he found curiosity got the better of him. Glancing her way, he studied her face. She had no ridicule in her expression. His friend didn't show much of a reaction at all, just a let's-get-down-to-business frown.

"Remember the steps?" Zara stepped closer to him. His soft penis didn't seem all that dangerous or aggressive in its somnolent state. Maybe it was because she knew the soft-hearted owner. "I'll guide you. With any luck, we'll have that big guy contained so people forget what you've got down there."

"Yeah, I'm ready." Corzin held the stone around his neck. This was a complicated spell, so he repeated Zara's words carefully.

About thirty seconds in, Zara stopped. "No, you've got the wrong inflection. And you're mispronouncing the keystone ..."

Eager to get it over with, Corzin repeated without thinking. "No, you've got the wrong -"



"Don't repeat that! You're ... oh, no." Zara grasped her own stone. "Quickly, zip the spell. We'll try again later."

"Okay." Corzin attempted one of the most basic things he'd learned, but the spell wouldn't zip up. Instead, it unfurled. His cock tingled. He looked down, horrified to find that he'd spouted an erection without noticing. The thing cantilevered away from him, seemingly reaching for Zara. "Zara, I think I messed it up."

"I'll zip it." Zara tried to end the spell, but it persisted. To her horror, she could see that the head of his penis was growing, too. Within about twenty seconds, it had doubled in size, although the shaft stayed the same.



"It hurts ... what do we do?"

Corzin stumbled, his cockhead still expanding. Something was happening to his shaft now. It looked like bumps were forming, like someone had put lots of ball bearings just under his skin. It felt like the balls were made of molten metal. "What did I do?"

"Stay calm!" Zara didn't feel very calm herself. The head of his thing had now tripled in size. It pointed at her in a menacing way. The bulbs on his shaft were repulsive. Something had to be done. "Redoxica!" All magic left the room. The door swung open. She quickly went over to the door, closed it, and returned to Corzin. She frowned at his changed penis. The bumps were still there, as was his overly swollen head. It was hideous looking. Her belly cartwheeled, and her knees felt weak. She leaned on a table. "I don't know how you even did that. This isn't even close to what we were working on, and your words ..." Her pulse

thundered in her ears, and perspiration shone on her forehead.

"It's not just how it looks ... uuuggghhh ... it feels different." Corzin was eighteen, so he always had impulse issues when aroused. It felt like those had been turned up to eleven out of ten. "We need to do something ... or I'm going to ..." He stared at the way her breasts rose under her clothes.

“There’s no magic in here now. Step out into the hall.” She ran to the door and threw it open. When Corzin was out in the dark hall, she summoned a tiny raincloud, drawing up the humidity in the dank spaces around them. It was better than a cold shower, soaking Corzin and shocking his penis into slumber. “Oh, thank gods.” Zara stared at it. Even soft, it showed signs of its new form. “The library is open for another hour. Let’s figure out how to reverse this.”

Standing in the gloom, Corzin hugged himself. He was soaked, and his teeth were chattering. “Yeah ... okay. Sorry, I messed that up.”

“My mistake, too. From now on, I’ll believe in your aptitude for catastrophic spells.” She led him back to his clothes, watching his revolting penis disappear under his trousers. She had no idea how they were going to handle the current mess. “Well, at least we didn’t run into the changeling again.” She didn’t bother smiling with the lighthearted remark.

“Yeah.” Corzin was still wet and freezing as they left the herbology room and headed for the library.

