

Book Learning



With a sort of resigned tedium, knowing it would get rumpled soon regardless of his best efforts, Isan put on the blue robe that was the uniform of the School of Arcane Studies, and prepared himself for the gauntlet ahead.

His movements were slow, drawing out the familiar motions as he finished dressing. Not so long ago, he'd have been eager to get to class. But that was then.

And this... well, this was November.

He finished adjusting his tie and looked at himself in the mirror. Slender, muscled but not overly so, he was also just a little short, which annoyed him. He'd been described as 'cute',

which was not what an 18-year-old out on his own liked to be called. Not that it had stopped the girls. Especially these days, though it was usually followed by, “What are you hiding in those pants?”

He sighed and pushed aside his tousled dark hair, grimacing at himself in the mirror.

“It’ll be fine,” he assured himself. “It’s going to be fine.”

Which was, of course, a lie.

He groaned, shoulders slumping. He never should have signed on to that contract. But what could he do? It was a School of Arcane Studies tradition for November. Not that anyone had told him how long it had been a tradition, which was odd, and something he should have picked up on.

But he had signed. Because he didn’t want to be the only male freshman who didn’t. And he’d also be lying if he said the reward hadn’t been tempting too. What young man fresh into college could resist the allure of being able to ask anything of his female classmates without restrictions for a whole month? Especially given how perky and pretty they were.

And all he had to do was not cum until December.

It had been a crude tradition, true, but he’d heard of similar ones. Every school had their little rituals.

Unfortunately, things had quickly gone downhill. Because the punishment if a male student should... succumb was that they had to obey whichever female student managed to tease him to completion. And the fairer half of the school’s students had proven more lascivious than anyone had expected.

Most of his classmates hadn’t lasted a week.

“Just get out there, Isan,” he told his reflection. “Keep your head down. Move fast. And don’t make eye contact. Yeah? Yeah. Okay. Let’s go.”

Grabbing his study materials, steeling himself, Isan cast a quick ‘Forget me Lots’ charm on himself, and hurried out the door.

The charm worked well, which was something he was glad about. Though he hadn’t needed it at first, when there were plenty of freshmen to choose from.

But numbers had dwindled over the last two weeks, and the remaining men were fair game. And there were far more women than men in the school. Especially since a few female students had managed to snag more than their fair share of men.

Though he'd headed out early to beat the press, he passed one such example on his way to class. A redhead with freckles and a skirt scandalously short, her robe was open at the front to reveal a blouse and the creamy valley of her large, firm breasts with a medallion nestled between them. A distracting sight for any man, but especially the two students with her, who were practically drooling over the view as she led them by their ties like two leashes.

Isan shivered and picked up his pace, but as he neared his Modern Cantrips class, he passed by a male student wearing an actual collar, the leash gripped by a raven haired beauty leaning against the wall, moaning as she tugged, pulling the male student higher beneath her skirt. The wet sounds of a lapping tongue and her moans left little question what was going on.

Isan flushed at the sight, though it was far from uncommon. Everywhere he looked students were locked in the throes of pleasure or teasing torments. He passed a girl sitting on a dimly smiling male like a chair. Another man was pressed against a wall, gasping and panting as his lover kissed his neck, her breasts crushed to his chest, her hand massaging and pumping the bulge in his pants.

"You're a good boy. Such a good boy. Good fuckboy. That's right. So horny for me," she whispered between the presses of her lips.

"Y-yes. Good boy. Gooood booooy," her captive moaned, bucking into her hand with feverish intensity.

The girl grinned, then paused, turning her head curiously as if trying to remember something.

Him.

Isan realized it belatedly. He'd stopped and was staring, and the longer he stayed in place, the less effect his charm had. Nearly jumping, he scuttled off to class.

Which was hardly better, he had to say.

He managed to sneak in and take a spot near the back of the study hall before it filled with girls and their 'boyfriends'. Unfortunately, their whispered conversation very easily reached him nonetheless.

"Did you hear? Cynthia nabbed that cute blonde in C Dorm."

"She did? Bitch! She already has two."

"I know! Those seniors are too good at this."

Isan ducked his head behind his open textbook, trying to tune everything out, but a conversation from another part of the class snuck into his ear despite his best efforts.

“He came sooo easily. It was actually a little embarrassing. I mean, he seemed so sure and confident, but less than three days of me rubbing against him and he was ready to explode! So naturally I let him.”

“That easy, huh?”

“Oh yeah. Because dumb boys just can’t help but think with their cocks. Just slaves to it and to any pair of tits.”

Isan bit back a groan at their laughter, but felt his face flush. Mercifully, the professor arrived soon after and class began.

Though the whispering continued too.

Words drifted up to Isan. Fragments of conversation. “He came...” “...such a bimbo...” “Poor boys are soooo easy...”

But that wasn’t the worst.

No.

The worst was how, as class went on, he could feel his spell losing its potency. And given he was the only man in the room not fawning over a female student like a horny pet, he quickly found himself as the center of some attention. Soon, the spreading whispers took a more direct tone, and he could almost feel the heated gaze of the girls in class eying him. Measuring him. They didn’t move. The teacher was able to enforce at least that much discipline. But once class was over...

Isan swallowed thickly.

The instant the bell rang he practically flew out of his seat.

“Hi there!” one of his fellow students chimed, stepping into his path with a flirty grin. “Got a minute, cutie?”

“Scuse me,” he said, casting a quick blink spell, causing him to pop out of existence before reappearing behind the startled sorceress.

“Ah- hey!” she protested, twirling around, but Isan was already out the door.

And into the fire.

He hurried through the hall as students poured into his path like a flood of predatory femininity. He couldn’t help but slow and jostle his way forward, each time his spell weakening. Each pair of eyes reducing the power of his enchantment.

Shit.

Shit!

Shit!

"Hey! Where you going, cutie?" a voice called to him.

Isan said nothing, picking up the pace.

He heard quick footsteps behind him as he raced through the school, his eyes darting for some sanctuary. His eyes halted on the sign marked Library, and he fairly flew through the doors.

A number of students were already inside, and his sudden arrival made them glance up. From behind the desk, the middle-aged librarian looked up sharply, lips pursing sourly.

Isan flushed at the sudden attention but quickened his step, ducking among the stacks. Just had to get in there. Recast the charm and maybe do a bit of studying. They wouldn't bother him in here. Surely not. Isan's fingers ran along the spines of books, trying to look busy. Unnoticed.

"There you are~."

He froze.

Turned.

Three girls stood at the other end of the row, blocking the exit.

Isan swallowed. "H-hi," he stammered.

The trio smirked and approached, their heels clicking in the scholarly silence. All three were strikingly lovely. The leader was a blonde, a hairband pulling her hair back, so many buttons of her blazer undone she was wearing it more like a bra than jacket. Hands on her hips, she radiated a cocky confidence that made Isan hold the book he'd pulled from the shelf in front of him like a shield.

"Whatcha reading there?" the blonde asked.

"Oh, uh, just some... some studying material. You know. Haha."

"Yeah?" the blonde purred. "Sounds fun."

Isan took an uneasy step back as the three girls stepped forward. "Um, I uh... um..."

“Do you want some company?” one of the blonde’s companions asked, her voice dripping with honeyed sweetness. Cloying suggestion. “We could be study buddies!”

“Yeah!” the third giggled. “It’ll be suuuper fun. Promise.”

Isan’s eyes darted for an escape. “I... I...”

“Or maybe,” the blonde cooed, reaching up, running her fingers along his tie before giving it a tug, yanking him nearly into her breasts, “we could go somewhere more... private...”

Isan swallowed hard. “Um...”

“Ah hem.”

The trio froze and turned around, and even Isan peeked past them.

The librarian from the front stood there, hands on her hips, radiating cold, stern authority. Her eyes slid from girl to girl with cool analysis.

“Ladies,” she said in a clipped tone. “Are you causing a disturbance in my library?”

“N-no, Miss Stencil,” the blonde said quickly.

“Not at all! Just looking to show this boy a good time,” one of the others quickly added.

“Oh are you?” Miss Stencil said in a tone icier than a frozen lake. “In my library? On my shift?”

The trio wilted under that stern gaze. “Um...”

A twitch of her lip lifted it in a sneer, and Miss Stencil folded her arms in stern condemnation. “If you’re not here to study, then I will have to ask you to leave.”

“But-”

“Now.”

The finality of that tone left no room for argument. With expressions ranging from annoyance to chastened, the trio scuttled off under Miss Stencil’s hard eyes.

As they departed Isan slumped against the shelf with a sigh of relief. Right up until the librarian turned his way.

“Well, Isan?” she said, her finger tapping a measured tattoo on her bicep. “You are a bit of a problem, aren’t you?”

“S-sorry, miss,” he said. “I don’t mean to be.”

"Oh I know. I know. But this November nonsense brings out the worst in all these students. And plays merry hell with my library, I should add. Really now," she huffed, lips twisted in a grimace. "I can't count the number of times I've come across some girl and boy in barely a stitch of clothes having fun among the stacks. And if word gets out some free boy is in here, I doubt I'll get a moment's peace."

"I really am sorry, miss," Isan said nervously. "But aside from my dorm room, there isn't really anywhere else for me to go and study. I don't know what to do, really."

"Evidently. But," she mused, putting a red lacquered nail to her lip. "...Perhaps I may have a solution."

Isan wasn't sure he liked the sound of that. "You... do?"

"Yes." She turned on her heel and crooked a finger. "Follow me."

Isan hesitated, but when he realized that Miss Stencil wasn't going to wait, he hustled after her, slowing as he joined her in walking through the library.

Isan wasn't sure what to make of her suggestion. Miss Stencil was something of an enigma about the school. A terrifying one, admittedly. She had a reputation for being a disciplinarian. Which made the female students bitter, and though the male students shared that feeling, there'd also been an undercurrent of lust in their assessment. Unsurprising to Isan. Walking behind her, he couldn't help but agree that there was something about the school's librarian that was strangely attractive. Sure, she was a woman who took no nonsense and carried herself with a stern authority, but there was a certain appeal there too. It was easy to imagine Miss Stencil's power being used in more sensual ways. Coolly delivering orders that could only be obeyed. Punishing infractions with such things as the switch, a spanking, or more.

Naturally, all this was easier to imagine with her looks. Miss Stencil had a body that was both toned and fit, which her tight clothes did wonders to showcase. On anyone else that high skirt would seem risqué, and the way her breasts positively bulged against her top was the source of many a young man's lurid dreams. Her hair bound up in the bun, her lips so soft despite usually being drawn in a thin, disproving line. And even her perfume was...

Well...

It was odd, actually. Isan had never really noticed her perfume before. But now that he was forced to be so close to her, he found it quite... pleasant. Downright soothing. He even found himself breathing deeper. Inhaling the heavy pungency of her floral scent. So familiar, yet he couldn't quite put his finger on it...

"Here we are."

Isan shook himself from his thoughts and found himself with her before a secure door with 'STAFF ONLY' written on it.

"This is..." he asked.

"A private study room," she said, unlocking it with a silver key and opening the door. "A place only I have access to."

Isan followed her inside, peering about. To his surprise, it was quite cozy. The blinds were drawn on the window, allowing only the faintest bit of light. A desk sat in the corner and a bookcase stood not far, loaded with books without any seeming organization. A round rug with a spiral pattern sat in the middle of the floor, and a large, old couch slumped in the corner, frayed but looking comfortable in a well-worn way.

"You'll be able to study here in peace," Miss Stencil said as she shut the door behind them. "It should work for your needs."

"I think it will, yeah," he said, marveling over the space. It was absolutely perfect! Cozy, safe, not even his dorm room felt so secure. And no one would dare try and get to him with Miss Stencil around.

Miss Stencil, whose perfume seemed even heavier in the small room. A scent he wouldn't mind lingering around too much either.

"Excellent. But before that, I think you and I need to have a chat."

Isan blinked and looked back at her. "We will?"

She nodded solidly. "We will," she said, primly taking a seat on the couch and patting the spot beside her. "Have a seat."

"Um, I don't know if I..."

"Now, Isan."

Isan sat down, fidgeting a little beside the librarian.

She eyed him with cool assessment. "So, I suppose you're nervous," she said, her voice strangely smooth. "Nervous you won't be able to resist those girls and their wiles."

He coughed into his hand. "Well uh..."

"Really now. You shouldn't have signed that silly contract. What a foolish thing to do. Downright dumb of you, Isan."

He wilted a bit. "I um... I suppose so..."

“Oh, do you?” she asked with a raised brow. “Do you think you’re foolish, Isan? Dumb? Someone easily led and weak willed? Helpless before lovely girls and their breasts and coos and teasing touching?”

Isan squirmed. “I um...”

“It seems to me,” she said, “that maybe you simply lack the... discipline to resist them.”

Isan swallowed. Was it just him? Or was Miss Stencil awfully... close. Her hip was brushing up against his leg. Her arm rubbing his. And her breasts... were... were the upper buttons of her blouse always undone? And was the valley of her bust so deep?

“I uh... W-well, I mean, the girls are... quite good...”

“Too true,” Miss Stencil said, her voice strangely low. Almost... heavy. Or maybe that was just his head. Gods, her perfume was so strong... Like his every breath was inhaling pink clouds...

“I could help with that,” Miss Stencil said.

Isan jumped, flushing, confused. “Huh?”

Miss Stencil nodded, her eyes lidded. “Yes. You simply need some practice, Isan. Some help learning how to resist. How far you can go. It would be quite the wasted effort on my part if some girl ambushed you as you were entering this room, and proceeded to turn you into her helpless plaything before I could stop by. Fuck your unfortunate brain out and turn you into a whimpering mess of lust and submissive bliss.”

Isan’s face burned hotter. “I... I would never!”

She merely gave him a knowing look. “Really now, Isan,” she said, reaching up and running her fingers through his hair. “I think you’re overestimating yourself.”

Isan shuddered in desire as her fingers threaded through his hair, her touch sending a buzz of pure electricity rippling through his body, throbbing in his crotch. What... what was happening? He felt confused. His thoughts leaden and uncertain how to react. The fact he was absolutely boiling wasn’t helping things.

“See?” Miss Stencil said, leaning in closer, her arm moving around his neck, her breasts mere inches from him, pushing her blouse further open, tantalizing him with a view of round, pliable softness. “Look at the state you’re in now. It’d be almost pathetically easy for some girl to come along and make you cum. Spurt your seed all in your pants and become her hopelessly horny plaything for the entire month. What a shame that would be, Isan. What a terrible shame...”

Isan was breathing hard now. Every gasp taking in a lungful of her scent. He squirmed and bit his lip to keep from whimpering. Keep from proving her right. But oh, how could she not notice? How could she miss the absolute state he was in?

“Shall I help you, Isan?” she asked, her free hand moving to his pants, brushing open his robe as her fingers circled his bulge. “Shall I help you find that limit? Test you to the brink so you’ll know how far you can go before giving in like some dumb, horny boy?”

“I...”

“Just say yes,” Miss Stencil said, her voice husky. Throaty. A sound that vibrated through him with another shudder of pure lust, her warm breath ghosting against his ear. His cock throbbing, pulsing as her fingers danced around it, her touch sending tingles shooting through him from head to toe.

“Y-yes,” Isan gasped.

He couldn’t see it, but he could hear her smile in the soft chuckle that left the librarian.

Then he realized the reason he couldn’t see it was because his eyes were glued to her heaving bust.

“Good boy,” she hummed. “Then, let us begin.”

Her fingers flicked his zipper and literally by magic it slid down. He gasped as his cock fairly burst into the open, quivering in the warm air. Then he groaned as Miss Stencil’s fingers wrapped around him.

“There we are, Isan. My my. Little wonder you’ve been struggling so much. With such a mighty tool locked away, any man would.”

Isan whimpered, which was not helping him. But he couldn’t stop it. His breathing had grown heavy and laboured. His balls throbbed and ached with need as Miss Stencil continued to stroke him. Slow. Lazy. Almost tortuously skilled and cruel in it.

“You must resist, Isan,” Miss Stencil said. “Girls have many tricks to get poor boys too horny to think. You’ve seen the bare fumbings of novices. A true woman knows a man relishes the feel of arousal. The shame of his desire. He knows it,” she said, her voice scarcely a murmur as her other hand slipped from around his neck, picked up his own hand, and pressed it to her breast. “And is helpless to it.”

Isan nearly choked as his fingers sank into the softness of her breast. He didn’t mean to, but somehow his hand simply squeezed, massaging in awe the ripe firmness of the librarian’s chest. As he did, he was shocked to see more of her buttons undoing themselves, her blouse

opening like a bird's wings in the morning, and in an instant nothing separated his skin from hers but a lacy black bra.

"Look at you. Poor thing," Miss Stencil said, her voice both amused and hot as he pumped and squeezed her soft breast. "Young enough to be my son and just helplessly horny. You know you shouldn't be doing this, Isan. You know it's such a bad idea to massage a woman's breast right now. To let her touch you. Stroke you. But you can't help it. How have you survived this long? How hasn't some sadistic young woman seized you and turned you into her hopelessly horny thrall?"

"I... I h-hide," he admitted, flushing with shame.

Miss Stencil chuckled and shifted beside him. "Well. There's no hiding anymore."

Isan looked up in awe as Miss Stencil straddled him, trapping him between her knees. She rose up above him like some goddess of old, and with a word of magic, she stripped.

Her skirt, bra, and anything else she wore seemed to dissolve into golden light, leaving her naked body on full display. Isan gaped, dumbstruck by the sight of her full figure. Her nakedness. The body of a woman of experience. Of power and knowledge and years far beyond girlhood. Her body had a certain weight. A presence and heaviness that was more than physical. The power of experience and knowledge of what she wanted.

And Isan knew she wanted one thing.

"Are you going to stop me?" Miss Stencil asked, a mocking tone painfully familiar in her voice. A tone he'd heard from female students everyday in the halls. A note of confidence. Playfulness. Sardonic assurance in their own power and the weakness of another.

Isan's lip trembled, a word escaping him like a bird from an open cage.

"N-no."

"No?" Miss Stencil asked in amusement. "Even if I told you it wasn't just students who signed on to that contract? If I told you teachers play this game too? If I told you I was in it as well? And that if I make you cum, I'll make you my plaything for the whole month, and even beyond? Turn you into my hopelessly horny boytoy? My sub? My obedient slave for as long as I want?"

Isan gaped, fear choking him. Desire throbbing in him. She... she had to be joking. She couldn't be serious.

But she was.

As he looked into her face, he knew she was. And she was relishing his moment of understanding. His realization he had been played. Since the moment he walked into the library he had been in the palm of her hand. And even knowing all that, the realization came over him that it didn't change a damn thing.

"Well?" she asked, licking her lips sensuously, her hands planting on either side of his head, trapping him beneath her. "Are you going to try and run, boy?"

Her hips rocked.

Her slick pussy brushed, kissing the tip of his twitching cock.

Isan shuddered. "N-no," he whispered shamefully.

"Pathetic," Miss Stencil said, but her hungry smile and almost affectionate tone made the sting of that word throb aching in his balls. Even before she lazily lowered her hips, and fed his cock into the slick tightness of her pussy.

"Nnnnn!" Isan groaned, head lolling and body tensing in toe-curling pleasure as her inner walls devoured his shaft. Squeezing him wonderfully. Gods. Oh g-gods, it was so good. Soooo goood! He could feel the weeks of denial throbbing in his balls. The sensitivity of his torments thrumming up through him. He inhaled sharply, and her perfume rushed into him. So strong he almost choked on it. So thick it swirled in his head like a pink fog, spreading the heat. He tensed, quivering as his balls throbbed, his cock twitched and... and...

And a sudden pain choked off that sweet, sweet release.

"Ah!" Isan gasped, looking down in confusion, eyes widening as he saw a golden ring of light squeezing the base of his cock. Denying his orgasm before he could let it free.

"Ah ah," Miss Stencil breathed as she rode atop his cock with slow steady motions, her breasts bouncing. "Good boys don't cum until I get my pleasure. Those girls out there might be content to let you spurt your cum and claim the victory, but not me. No," she purred, reaching out, grabbing his tie like a leash and giving it a jerk. "I want you to work for it, boy. I want you to beg to cum and be all mine. I want to relish your whimpers and moans. Your pathetic mewls of pleasure until I let you spurt. Your pleasure is mine, Isan. Oh yes," she gasped, breath fairly steaming. "Your cock... is all... mine..."

Isan groaned, helpless before this truth. And truth it was. He felt it pulse through him with every downward stroke of her pussy. Feeling that tender tightness milking his cock, but unable to cum. To give it. Utterly under her control. Utterly submissive to her whims and lusts.

And he loved it.

Heavens help him, he adored it.

It felt good to be beneath her.

It felt right to lose all control.

To surrender it to the gorgeous, mature, powerful woman atop him. To be in her palm. His pleasure at her discretion. At her mercy. To surrender everything to her without reservation and relish the sensation of her slick, tight walls dominating his cock.

“Say it,” Miss Stencil breathed. “Call me mistress and I’ll let you cum. Say you’re my horny slave and you can let it out. Do it, Isan. You know you want to. You know you need to. Just give in. And. Be. Mine!”

“M-Mistressssss!” Isan moaned in helpless need. A cry of surrender. A plea for relief. For release. A sound that ripped from him like a confession of sin.

And the demon astride him smiled.

“Good boy,” she purred.

And like that, the tightness was gone.

And so was Isan.

In an instant he gave in. His cock seemed to explode, fountaining his pent-up need, surrendering in great white bursts into the gorgeous woman atop him. Mistress groaned in ecstasy, head lolling, hair tossed as her eyes lidded, her inner walls rippling about his cock as her own orgasm was triggered by his. Hers driven by triumph and domination as much as his was by submission.

Isan seemed to float in a haze of pleasure, slumping back into the couch. His chest heaved with panting breaths as he stared, feeling the sweetness of the magic close in around him like a noose.

“Mmmm. There it is,” Miss Stencil purred, looking down at his slack face with a predatory smirk. “Perfect. And now, you must do anything I want. Mustn’t you, Isan?”

“Yes... Mistress,” he breathed.

Mistress chuckled and reached down, tilting his chin up so he looked into her eyes, dark with pleasure. “Good. And what I demand is your obedience, Isan. I want your every thought to be of me. Your every dream. I want you to only think of how to please and pleasure me so I might return some measure of the favour. But your pleasure will be in serving me. In obeying me. Do you understand?”

Isan groaned as he felt the spell take hold. Imprint it on him like a divine command. “Y-yes, Mistress,” he repeated, though with a new note in his voice now. A sound of bliss. Of happiness. Of purpose found at long, long last.

Mistress smiled down at him. “Good boy. Now here’s what I want you to do,” she purred, stroking his lips with her finger, making them tingle and buzz in sensitive pleasure. “You’re not going to tell any of those girls that you’re mine.”

“Wha-”

“Shhh,” she cooed, tapping his lips, instantly silencing him. “You’re going to let those girls tease and play with you. Touch and stroke you. Kiss and lick you. Get you so helplessly horny, you’ll just be an utter mess!

“And then,” she continued coyly. “Then, when you’re on the brink. When you’re just aching for release, you’ll come back to the library and this room. And then I’ll make you cum. I’ll make you moan my name as you spurt and whimper and give in to my touch like the horny, helpless boy you are. Does that sound good, Isan?”

He shuddered at the sheer excitement even the idea stirred in him. “S-sounds l-lovely, mistress,” he gasped.

“Mmm. I know it does, silly thing,” she cooed, leaning in, her cloying perfume swirling around him. “I know it does.”

Then she was kissing him. Her lips pressing against his as she pushed him into the warm softness of the couch. Her tongue entering his mouth and conquering it, plundering it with a kiss that left him shivering in pleasure. Her hands stroking him. Teasing him. Stirring his cock to its full, throbbing length again as he helplessly, lovingly, adoringly gave in to her with whimpers and moans.

And he just knew he’d be spending a lot of time in the library from now on...