

After a point, one got sick of the mindless debauchery. A bunch of freshmen running around getting drunk out of their skulls because they finally had the chance to slip out from under their parents' watchful eyes and drink. Hours spent stumbling around wasted, only to end up kneeling at the porcelain altar before they collapsed into bed and woke up the next day, miserable and tormented.

That's why Arthur appreciated the idea Phi Alpha Epsilon parties, though he'd never really been before. Apparently they were more classy affairs - - as classy as Fall socials could be, at least -- where the emphasis was on socializing, not mindless overindulgence. Phi was definitely the classiest sorority on-campus, and while that wasn't saying much, it was still a refreshing break from the other houses.

And on top of everything else, it gave him an excuse to dress up.

Not in a costume, mind you, but when else would he really have the chance to wear a proper suit? Not at a Beta party or a Gamma party, that was for sure. But at Phi, it was expected, and the girls were similarly dressed. Definitely a perk, if you asked him.

So there he was, kind of shyly sipping his drink -- just because he wasn't there to get wasted didn't mean he wasn't going to drink -- and standing off by the wall. His friends had decided to duck out and visit another sorority, so he was all on his lonesome. Not necessarily a problem, but it looked like most of the people here had settled into little conversational clusters of their own. He didn't exactly know how to break into them, so-

"Hello!"

Oh, and it looked like he didn't have to. A stunning young woman approached him from the side, smiling brightly at Arthur. To his credit, he managed to merely choke on his drink, not spill it. Small wonder, considering how immediately smitten he was. Long, gold-blond hair pulled back into a French braid, smooth, pale skin, and cornflower-blue eyes. Slender and elegant, dressed in a white, floor-length ball gown, she held his attention like a magnet, and-

Well, he should've expected this sort of thing, right? It was the Fae house.

Campus rules meant they had to sort of rein in their glammers outside of their sororities, and the sight of this bewitching soror only proved the rationale behind the rule. He'd seen some fae outside before -- pretty sure he had a class or two with one, even -- but this, this was the difference between a candle and a spotlight.

It then occurred to him that he'd been silent for a full minute.

"Hi! Hi, sorry, hi!" Arthur, red-faced and smiling, extended a hand for her to shake. "I, ah. You caught me in the middle of a little- You know, a little thing I was thinking of. Sorry, kind of drifted off there for a second."

"Please, there's not a thing to worry about," she said with a wink, bringing his hand to her lips and pressing a kiss to the back of it. Arthur couldn't

help but giggle at that, looking away. Oh, he'd be going to more Phi parties. If this is how he was treated? No doubt in his mind. "We all have our moments."

She blinked. And straightened up! "Oh, where are my manners!" With a deep curtsy, she smiled again. "Morgan De Winter. Delighted to make your acquaintance. And what," she continued, standing straight up again, "ought I call you, my dear?"

Arthur had been relegated to delighted laughter in the meantime, glancing away as she asked him his name. Oh, he would assuredly be going to more Phi parties. Finally, he collected himself. With a slight bow, he replied. "Arthur Stanford. Pleasure's all mine. Wow, you guys really know how to make a guy feel special!" He traced the rim of his glass with one idle finger, smiling at Morgan.

"We try. Sometimes we even succeed!" She glanced over her shoulder at the assembled partygoers and smiled. "It's always nice to kind of bring out the fine China, one supposes." She turned back to focus those brilliant blue eyes on Arthur. "I take it this is your first time at a Phi Alpha Epsilon house soiree?"

"Ooh, a soiree!" He chuckled. "I think this is my first time at a soiree period. But, ah." He cast an eye down at himself, then back to her. "I hope it's not too obvious?"

"Oh! No, no," she laughed, shaking her head and placing a hand on his shoulder. "You're fine, dear. It's just that usually people tend to gravitate towards the people they've met at other ones. Fae are a sort of solitary people, which is why this house ought not really work period. Did you know," she continued, leaning in conspiratorially, "that this is the first sorority in the country to house both Seelie and Unseelie Fae?"

He blinked at her.

"I know," she whispered, eyes wide. "Can you imagine?"

"No, I-" He blinked at her again. "Is that. Is that special?" He straightened up, suddenly looking around with a more scrutinizing eye. "Is that weird?"

"Oh! Ah." Morgan sort of rolled her eyes, thinking. "Well. It's atypical. But enough about that! I'm playing hostess, not tour guide. Oh, but I should ask-" She pointed to his drink. "You did get that from the table, yes? The, ah." And then to the long, wooden table pushed up against the far wall. "The communal one?"

"Yeah. It's just a glass of the punch, so..." Arthur took a compulsive sip of it. "Everything's alright, right? I think I heard that Fae are kind of particular about some of their, uh. Traditions and stuff, so I hope it's OK that I just kind of." He moved to take another, but stopped himself. Out of something like nervousness. "That I just kind of took it."

"Yes! Yes, oh don't worry." Morgan patted his shoulder once more, laughing. "Yes, we're a bit quirky when it comes to food and drink, but

you're fine, darling. I ask because that's the communal food and drink, so that's actually what we prefer our guests to have when they first come in. I just wanted to make sure because I know some of our girls can be..."

She paused for a moment, eyes tracing a half-circle above her head.

"...territorial." Her gaze focused on Arthur after a moment. "It's more of an Unseelie thing, honestly -- don't tell anyone I said that -- but I've heard stories of girls offering a drink -- just a beer or something, something small -- and then trying to pressure the poor boy into an oath. Honestly, the nerve of some of these girls!"

And suddenly the party felt a great deal less fun. Arthur tried to look for the exit discreetly, just so he knew where it was, and replied. "Ah, well, I think you're the first person to really talk to me here, so I guess we're safe in that regard..."

"Excellent! Oh, sweetness, I hope I didn't worry you." Her hand moved to his hand, and as Arthur's cheeks heated in response, she laced her fingers with his. "It's just a few bad apples in the barrel." She stared into his eyes, and it occurred to Arthur that he had nothing to worry about. Not with a girl as sweet as Morgan there to keep an eye on him. She bared her pearl-white teeth in a smile and continued. "Most of us are quite nice. If a little unusual."

"I don't think you're unusual," Arthur blurted out, blush deepening as he realized what he'd just said. When she started to giggle, his face practically glowed with heat.

Morgan stood beside Arthur, still holding his hand and leaning just so against him. "That's a very sweet thing to say, but I don't think being unusual is a bad thing. Especially not when it's kind of." She clicked her tongue and shut her eyes, leaning her head against his shoulder. "How best to put it. Nostalgic, I suppose?"

"Nostalgic?"

"Mm." She didn't budge, and the perfume she wore -- honey and clovers, as far as he could tell -- surrounded the pair of them like a fog. "It's a bit silly and old-fashioned, but a lot of Fae are very traditional when it comes to gender roles. The whole thing about the women being more direct in their approach and taking the lead. The men playing coy and such."

She cracked an eye open, glancing up at him. "Some boys don't like it very much, of course. It's insulting to them. Honestly, I can't really blame them for thinking so. I've met some girls here, and they- Oh!" Morgan pulled away suddenly, reaching out to cup his now-empty glass. "You've finished your drink!"

Then it was Arthur's turn to look down. "Oh." He raised his glass, inspected it, and...she was right. "I have. I have?" He didn't really.

Remember doing that. But his glass was empty, and it wasn't like he'd spilled it on himself or something. "Uh. Hold on, I'll get a refill-"

"No, no, no." Morgan cut him off with a shake of her head. "Here, I saw what went into that punch, and it's nothing special. I have, up in my room, a bottle of mead back from my fairy-mound, and I've been looking for an opportunity to crack it open." She stepped away from his side, guided him gently forward by the hand, and smiled.

"Would you like to come up to my room? We could open it up. Have a few drinks. Maybe, ah..." She stepped up closer, and her scent only grew stronger in his flaring nostrils. Wildflowers joined the bouquet. "See where it takes us."

Arthur gulped. Not with any sort of conscious anxiety, but there was a pleasant sort of pressure to her request.

He liked to think of himself as at least aware of gender equality and the issues that came part and parcel with it. He didn't like being cat-called or spoken down to. And Morgan was being anything but subtle in her advances.

So why did he get a little tingle in his belly when she made such guileless offers? Why was he nodding along with her, smiling back, giggling? He knew exactly what was going to happen if he went upstairs with her, and he wasn't, like. He wasn't a slut or anything. He hadn't come to this party just to let a girl fuck him, but.

Maybe it was the atmosphere. All these boys dressed up all fancy and nice getting hit on by all these girls dressed up all formally. Refilling their drinks whenever the boys were running low, complimenting them, holding doors open and-

Arthur nodded again, more emphatically. "Yeah. Yeah, I think I'd-" He giggled and looked aside. "Yeah, I think I'd like that. Uhm. Lead the way, I guess."

It was kind of nice, letting her take charge like this. Hand in hand, the pair ducked out of the dining room, the den, went up the stairs to the bedrooms, and-

"Now, I'm going to make a guess, Arthur." Morgan called over her shoulder as they finally stepped in front of what he assumed was her room. She fished for a key in her purse, smiling to herself. "You're from Albion, I'd wager?"

He smiled back. "How'd you guess?"

She shrugged one shoulder, turning the key in the lock and opening the door. "Fae have an eye for that sort of thing. An affinity for kindred spirits. Here-" She stepped aside and presented the doorway with something of a flourish. "Gentlemen first."

Arthur stepped inside, giving Morgan a slight bow in the process. Her room was just as he imagined: impeccably neat with an element of subdued refinement. So tidy as to appear unused, her desk and bed

looked more like what one would find in a guest room than anything else. Hell, the only real sign that anyone actually lived there was the open wardrobe, a few outfits hanging on the door. "I'm guess your family's from there, too?"

"Not just my family. It's kind of..." She closed the door behind her and moved to her desk. "It's a bit difficult to explain if you're not more intimately acquainted with the Fae, but Albion's sort of a special spot for us. It's where most of our tales come from." She found what she was looking for -- a small, wooden box -- and popped it open, looking at Arthur over her shoulder. "Titania's from Albion, if that means anything to you."

It didn't. "Oh! Oh, cool! Yeah, I'd always wondered where. Titania was from."

She quirked a brow at him, and her smile turned more to a smirk than anything else. She stared at him for a moment, silent, and finally spoke. "I can only imagine how many sleepless nights were spent agonizing over that. In any case." She turned to face him, the box's contents in hand.

"This, my dear, is a bottle of Thraie Mound mead. Now." She had in her hand two glasses -- must've grabbed them when he wasn't looking. "Normally this is reserved for special occasions -- which is not to suggest that our meeting is not special." She placed a hand on his shoulder, sitting beside him on the bed. There weren't any seats otherwise, so Arthur had opted for the only spot he could find. Drink was hitting him a little bit harder than he'd realized, and he needed to sit down.

"But typically honey-wine of a vintage as renowned as this is appreciated more with the eye than it is with the tongue." She settled a hand on his thigh, and it occurred to Arthur that maybe things were moving a bit fast, but.

But she was being so charming. And apparently she was going to pop open a bottle of some very expensive booze for them to drink. He gulped, and the butterflies in his stomach fluttered once more. He was a strong, independent man, and he wasn't about to let himself be pressured into anything he wasn't comfortable with.

But...

"That being said, it's a bit of a waste if you never end up actually drinking the damned thing, isn't it?" She laughed with a wink. With a twist of her hand, Morgan pulled the cork from the bottle and poured a glass. "Here. Tell me what you think. Don't be shy! It's traditional for the guest to have the first sip."

He wasn't feeling shy in the first place, but somehow the merest implication that he would be was enough to coax temerity from Arthur. Still, it would be rude to refuse. He took the glass -- as Morgan poured her own -- and tilted it to his lips. It finally touched his tongue, and-

His eyes widened just so, lips curling up in a faint smile, and he brought the glass down. "Oh! Ooh, this is pretty good!" Smooth, sweet, very mild with just a touch of heat at the end of his first sip. Arthur could get used to this, he decided at the end of his second, and he laughed. "Oh, no, I could totally drink this like a, uh."

He snapped his fingers.

"Like a drink." He leaned in, adding quickly. "But you know what I mean. Like, a non-alcoholic drink! How strong is this?" He took his third sip before Morgan had taken so much as her first.

"Mm, hard to say." She leaned against him, an arm sliding around his waist, its hand settling on his flank. "This was bottled, I believe, before things like that came under proper regulation. But does it really matter? You can taste it for yourself; it can't be that strong, can it?"

Morgan's hand on his hip squeezed just so, and she cooed. "Ooh, do you play sport? I wasn't quite able to tell under that suit of yours -- that rather dashing suit of yours, if you'll pardon the amendment -- but you seem to be quite, ah." She grinned impishly, staring into his eyes. "Built."

"Ah-" She caught him mid-drink, so he had to finish before answering, but -- oh, and she refilled his drink, what a dear -- he lowered his glass and nodded. "Yeah, I'm actually in on a lacrosse scholarship, so I get plenty of exercise. I actually have practice tomorrow morning, so I was worried I'd have to, like..."

He took another drink.

"...watch what I was drinking, but this seems--"

"Don't worry too hard about that, dear." She cut him off with a giggle. "If push comes to shove, I'll just have a word with the coach. Other sororities may not have much political good-will with the faculty, but Phi Alpha Epsilon's managed to earn a certain reputation. So just enjoy yourself."

She stared up at him, and it occurred to Arthur that he'd always loved blue eyes.

And her eyes were very, very blue.

She was silent in tandem with him, though her smile widened. She started to lean in close, though he didn't notice until she was a few inches from his face. He felt like he should say something, but.

But why would he? It wasn't like she was, like. Hitting on him or something. Right? They were just kind of. Flirting. Right.

Up until Morgan pressed her lips to Arthur. Her eyes shut, his went wide, and he kind of squeaked against her mouth.

That seemed to delight Morgan so much that she pulled away, hand going

over her mouth primly. "I'm sorry!" She finally laughed. "I'm sorry, but that was precious!"

"No, no, uh! It's fine! I just-" He sputtered, setting his glass down, red-faced, flustered. "I'm not- I'm not really, like, I'm not, uh- I'm not. Looking for a relationship right now!"

"Why not?"

"Because, uhm. I don't, like-" It was getting a bit harder to piece together the thoughts he knew he had in his head. He was half-hard in his pants, and the mead must've been stronger than he realized, because all he really wanted to do was stare into her eyes.

She had such beautiful eyes.

"I-I dun' wanna be a slut," he finally mumbled.

Morgan's eyes went wide, her cheeks dusted pink, and her breath fogged hot against his skin. Either he'd said the exact right thing, or the exact wrong thing. She leaned in, brought her free hand to his shoulder, and whispered. "Oh, darling." Her hand moved to his cheek, cupping it and running her thumb over his skin. "There's nothing wrong with what we're doing here, is there?"

"I-"

"Is there?" She repeated. And her voice was so beautiful and clear that he just kind of. Arthur just kind of nodded. "Of course not," she hummed. She was being real gentle and slow, and he appreciated that.

"Sorry," he murmured. She clicked her tongue and shook her head, but he shook his back. "No, I'm real sorry, because, uh. I'm." He shut his eyes, and as soon as he did, she pressed another kiss to his lips. This time, he didn't flinch away as violently. "I'm kinda. I guess I'm kinda buzzed. I don't drink often."

"It's perfectly fine, darling." Her voice was like smoke, pluming in- No, that made it sound sinister. Her voice was like. Was like a ray of sunlight through a window. Pure warmth against him. Suffused into his thoughts. "Here, just take another sip of mead while you're thinking. There we are, darling."

It did taste good, after all. And maybe it wouldn't help him focus, but it helped him loosen his tongue. He shifted on the mattress, adjusting to lean against her. Her hand on his hip stayed there. The other relocated to his thigh, rubbing circles against it. "It's, like. I know that most guys to go to parties and stuff like this."

"They're just looking to get, like. Laid. And they just wanna feel sexy and have girls hit on them. But, like, I'm- Muh-More than that, you know? Uhm." He trailed off, drink nearly empty once more. "I-I'm not, like. I don' wanna just be, like, some girl's boyfriend and just. Be that. And. But, like. I get."

He fell silent, not just in a pause.

"You get what, darling?"

He hesitated.

"I get, like. Huh. Horny. Sometimes. Like-" Arthur was suddenly galvanized into explanation. "Like, duh, everyone does, and it's not weird or different or, like, I don't get some kind of special super horny, like, I'm not a nympho, but I, just-" If he'd been leaning against her before, now Arthur was slumped against Morgan. "I dunno what t'do when I get, like. Super. Horny."

Staying upright was an exercise in futility. Thank God that Morgan seemed to understand -- she was so understanding, he could tell already -- because as soon as he whimpered, straining against gravity, she guided his head to her lap and stroked his hair.

"Well." She finally began, having remained otherwise silent. "I can tell you right now that I don't think you're being promiscuous. Here. Let's unpack this. You and I."

Arthur nodded.

"Can you open your eyes for me, darling?"

He opened his eyes, if only just so. It was a little easier to open them wider when he saw Morgan staring down at him. She'd been beautiful before. Now she was angelic. Flawless, gorgeous, and. Overwhelmingly kind. Her eyes bored into his, and if he tried to -- which he didn't -- he'd find himself unable to look away.

"Good. Very good." She hummed. "Now." One hand stroked his hair, the other cupped his cheek. "What would you do tonight that you're afraid makes you look...Well, for lack of a better word. 'Slutty?'"

Even the thought of it brought a whine from his lips. Arthur almost looked away, but he found he couldn't

quite manage it

So instead he just furrowed his brow and frowned up at Morgan. "I-I guess, uh. Guys who go to bed with girls they just met. They're, uh. They're. Easy, right?"

"Why?"

"Because they don't- They- They'll fuck anyone, and they just go to bed with the first girl who, like. Compliments them."

"Would you go to bed with 'anyone?'"

He shook his head.

"Then you're not 'easy.'"

Arthur was quiet for a moment. But it kind of. Made sense? One of her hands moved to his belly, rubbing it gently, and trepidation turned to lazy appreciation. Nervousness began to evaporate, and he smiled.

"That makes sense."



"Of course it makes sense," she continued, her voice a sweet, sibilant whisper. "But moreover, we need to talk about something else you said. What's wrong with sleeping with someone you just met?"

The smile on his lips faded, but not because Arthur felt uncomfortable. More because he kinda had to. Think about it for a second.

"Uhm. Because. It's. Special? And you shouldn't-"

"Why is it special?"

"Buh-Because-" He had to think about this one for a bit longer. "Because it's- Buh-Because-"

"I've had that bottle of mead for years now," she suddenly said. Arthur's nascent explanation faded into silence as he listened, and his lips parted just so in passive audience. "But I decided that I liked you enough to open it and enjoy it with you. It's a special bottle of mead. But that doesn't mean I felt guilty or ashamed for wanting to enjoy it with you."

That made sense. Arthur-

"And didn't it taste good?"

He giggled up at her, eyelids drooping. "It did taste good."

"It tasted very good," she said with a smile. "But you wouldn't have gotten to have any if I had decided that it would have been something to feel guilty about if I were to share it with you. You see?"

But all Arthur could see was her eyes. All he could feel was her hand soothing him with each slow circuit of her hand on his stomach. Suddenly not even that.

Oh-

No, she'd just moved her hand from his belly to his groin. Rubbing against the stiffening bulge in his pants.

"If I had decided that I should feel guilty about doing that. We wouldn't be doing this. Doesn't that sound silly?"

Arthur giggled. Morgan giggled back.

"See? You see how silly it sounds now, don't you? The idea that you have to deny yourself because you've not yet satisfied some arbitrary threshold. It's a very silly, antiquated idea. Now."

Her voice carried an element of authority to it. One that confused Arthur with how much he liked it.

"You're a little drunk, it looks like."

He felt drunk, yeah.

"So I'm going to lay you down to rest. And I'm going to tell you what you're going to do tonight, tomorrow, and overmorrow."

"mokay," he mumbled, eyes sinking dreamily shut.

"You have to promise to listen to me, darling. You have to promise to obey me."

It was kind of thrilling how her voice was so sweet and so commanding. Like she knew what was best for him. Knew what he wanted and what he needed. And was willing to control him to make sure he did it. But she couldn't really control him, could she? No, Morgan was just-

"You have to promise, darling. You have to repeat after me."

Morgan was just trying- She was only-

"I, Arthur Stanford."

I, Arthur Stanford.

"Solemnly swear before the Courts Seelie and Unseelie."

Solemnly swear before the Courts Seelie and Unseelie.

"To honor Morgan De Winter in her Requests, Commands, and Compulsions, no matter what They may be."

To honor Morgan De Winter in her Requests, Commands, and Compulsions, no matter what They may be.

"For I trust in Her to deliver me unto safety."

For I trust in Her to deliver me unto safety.

"And know that She promises me pleasure in exchange for my eager service."

Her hand had grown steadily insistent in its grinding against his groin, and his cock was so stiff. In his pants. Arthur groaned, pushing up into her hand. She slipped beneath the waist of his pants with a flick of her wrist, undoing his belt, the buttons, the zipper. She was stroking his cock directly now, and all he could see was her eyes. All he could hear was her voice. All he could feel was her hand.

"You have to repeat after me, darling."

He had to repeat after her.

A-And know that She promises me pleasure in exchange for my. Eager. Service.

She thrummed with delight at that, her whole body seeming to glow with warmth.

"And I swear before the Moon, the Stars, and the Sky to be her loyal knight, her prince of princes, her everything and all."

And I swear before the Moon, the Stars, and the Sky to be her loyal knight, her

his cock was so hard, he was so close. his eyes sank shut, and when he wasn't speaking, his mouth hung open.

her prince of princes, her everything and all.

"Having shared the bounty of the land and having joined in ecstasy," Morgan continued, pumping at his cock, milking his shaft of everything he had, everything he so eagerly gave. "I call upon the powers Fae and Eternal to join Arthur Stanford to me, Morgan De Winter. I seal our oath with a kiss. And the pearl-white seed of Man."

She leaned in, breathing heavy. He was breathing heavy, too, but as far as he could tell, there wasn't much of a reason that she should be blushing so hard. But he wasn't complaining.

"Now, my prince charming," she hissed, a wide, toothy smile on her face. "Surrender. Surrender to pleasure, and know that it is but the ambrosial aperitif to your life as a Fae's lover."

He opened his mouth to answer, but before he could speak, she silenced him with a ferocious kiss. Her tongue thrust into his mouth, his eyes rolled back, and he groaned against her lips. There was no art to it, just aching, hungry need, and as she kissed him, as he kissed back

he pushed his hips up and grunted, staining the front of his pants damp and wet with his orgasm.

His eyes finally sank shut in the afterglow, and it was with a smile on his lips that he drifted off to sleep to her mellifluous chorus of praise.

For the most part, nothing really changed. Arthur played lacrosse. He went to class. He studied, ate, drank, slept, et cetera.

But every so often -- never so frequently as to interrupt his day-to-day life -- Morgan would find her way to him. And they'd go on a nice, normal date.

He'd never really remember it afterward. But he knew he loved her. And he knew she loved him in turn.